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THE

# CATHOLIC WORLD.

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OF

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THE

# CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. XX., No. 115.—OCTOBER, 1874.

## MATTER.

III.

THE plain philosophical and scientific proofs by which we have established the *actio in distans*, although sufficient, in our judgment, to convince every unbiassed reader of the truth of the view we have maintained, may nevertheless prove inadequate to remove the prejudice of those who regard the time-honored doctrine of action by material contact as axiomatic and unassailable. It is true that they cannot upset our arguments; but they oppose to us other arguments, which they confidently believe to be unanswerable. It is therefore necessary for us to supplement our previous demonstration by a careful analysis of the objections which can be made against it, and to show the intrinsic unsoundness of the reasonings by which they are supported. This is what we intend to do in the present article.

*A first objection.*—The first and chief argument advanced against the possibility of *actio in distans* without a material medium of communication is thus developed in the *Popular Science Monthly* for November, 1873 (p. 94), by J. B. Stallo:

"How is the mutual action of atoms existing by themselves in complete insulation, and wholly without contact, to be realized in thought? We are here in presence of the old difficulties respecting the possibility of *actio in distans* which presented themselves to the minds of the physicists in Newton's time, and constituted one of the topics of the famous discussion between Leibnitz and Clarke, in the course of which Clarke made the remarkable admission that 'if one body attracted another without an intervening body, that would be not a miracle, but a contradiction; for it would be to suppose that a body acts where it is not'—otherwise

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expressed: Inasmuch as action is but a mode of being, the assertion that a body can act where it is not would be tantamount to the assertion that a body can be where it is not. This admission was entirely in consonance with Newton's own opinion; indeed, Clarke's words are but a paraphrase of the celebrated passage in one of Newton's letters to Bentley, cited by John Stuart Mill in his *System of Logic*, which runs as follows: 'It is inconceivable that inanimate brute matter should, without the mediation of something else which is not material, operate upon and affect other matter *without mutual contact*. . . . That gravity should be innate, inherent, and essential to matter, so that one body may act on another, at a distance, through a vacuum, without the mediation of anything else by and through which their action and force be conveyed from one to the other, is to me so great an absurdity that I believe no man, who in philosophical matters has a competent faculty of thinking, can ever fall into it.'"

Before we enter into the discussion of this objection we must remark that it is scarcely fair to allege Newton's view as contrary to *actio in distans*. For he neither requires a material contact of matter with matter nor a material medium of communication; he says, on the contrary, that the inanimate brute matter needs *the mediation of something else which is not material;* which amounts to saying that his inanimate brute matter must have all around a non-material sphere of power, without which it would never reach any distant matter. This assertion, far from being a denial of *actio in distans*, seems rather to be a remote endeavor towards its explanation; and it may be surmised that, had Newton been as well acquainted with the metaphysical doctrine about the essential constituents of substance as he was with the mathematical formulas of mechanics, he would have recognized in his "inanimate brute matter" the potential constituent of material substance, and in his "something else which is not material" the formal constituent of the same substance and the principle of its operation. The only objectionable phrase we find in the passage now under consideration is that in which he describes action and force as *conveyed* from matter to matter. But, as he explicitly maintains that this convection requires no material medium, the phrase, whatever may be its verbal inaccuracy, is not scientifically wrong, and cannot be brought to bear against the *actio in distans*. We therefore dismiss this part of the objection as preposterous, and shall at once turn our attention to Clarke's argument, which may be reduced to the syllogistic form thus:

"A body cannot act where it is not present either by itself or by its power. But *actio in distans* is an action which would be exerted where the body is not present by itself, as is evident; and where the body is not present by its power, as there is no medium of communication. Therefore the *actio in distans* is an impossibility."

The objection, though extremely plausible, is based on a false assumption—that is, on the supposition that there can be distance from the active power of one element to the matter of another. The truth is that, however far matter may be distant from matter, no active power can ever be distant from it. For no distance in space is conceivable without two formal

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ubications. Now, a material element has undoubtedly a formal ubication in space by reason of its matter, which is the centre of its sphere of activity, but not by reason of its active power. Distances, in fact, are always measured from a point to a point, and never from a point to an active power, nor from an active power to a point. The matter of a primitive element marks out a point in space, and from this point we take the direction of its exertions; but the power of an element, as contradistinguished from its matter, is not a point in space, nor does it mark a point in space, nor is it conceivable as a term of distance. And therefore to suppose that there may be a distance from the active power of an element to the point where another element is ubicated, is to make a false supposition. The active power transcends the predicament *ubi*, and has no place within which we can confine it; it is not circumscribed like matter, and is not transmissible, as the objection supposes, from place to place through any material medium; it is ready, on the contrary, to act directly and immediately upon any matter existing in its indefinite* sphere, while its own matter is circumscriptively ubicated in that single point† which is the centre of the same sphere. Prof. Faraday explicitly affirmed that "each atom extends, so to say, throughout the whole of the solar system, yet always retains its own centre of force";‡ which, in metaphysical language, means that while *the matter* of a primitive element occupies a single point, *the form* constitutes around it an indefinite sphere of power. And for this reason it was Faraday's opinion that the words *actio in distans* should not be employed in science. For although the matter of one body is distant from the matter of another, yet the power that acts is not distant; and therefore, although there is no contact of matter with matter, there is a *contactus virtutis*, or a contact of power with matter, which alone is required for the production of the effect.

We are far from supposing that the adversaries of the *actio in distans* will be silenced by the preceding answer; as it is very probable that the answer itself will be to many of them a source of new difficulties. Still, many things are true which are difficult to be understood; and it would be against reason to deny truths sufficiently inferred from facts, only on account of the difficulty which we experience in giving a popular explanation of them. Those who, to avoid such a difficulty, deny action at a distance, expose themselves to other difficulties which are much more real, as admitting of no possible solution; and if they reject actions at a distance because their explanation appears to be difficult, they are also bound to reject even more decidedly all actions by material contact; for these indeed admit of no explanation whatever, as we have already shown.*

To understand and explain how material elements can act at any distance is difficult, for this one radical reason: that our intellectual work is never purely intellectual,

* We say "indefinite," because this virtual sphere in its continuous expansion wanes away insensibly, and has no definite limiting surface.

† That the matter of a primitive element is mathematically unextended will be rigorously proved in the next following articles.

‡ "A Speculation touching Electric Conduction and the Nature of Matter." *Philos. Magazine*, 1844, vol. xxiv. p. 136.

* The Catholic World, August, 1874, p. 584.

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but is always accompanied by the working of that other very useful, but sometimes mischievous, power which we call imagination; and because, when we are trying to understand something that transcends imagination, and of which no sensible image can be formed, our intellect finds itself under the necessity of working without the assistance of suitable sensible representations. Our imagination, however, cannot remain inactive, and therefore it strives continually to supply the intellect with new images; but as these, unhappily, are not calculated to afford any exact representation of intellectual things, the intellect, instead of receiving help from the imagination, is rather embarrassed and led astray by it. On the other hand, the words which we are generally obliged to use in speaking of intellectual objects are more or less immediately drawn from sensible things, and have still a certain connection with sensible images. With such words, our explanations must, of course, be metaphorical in some degree, and represent the intelligible through the sensible, even when the latter is incompatible with the former. This is one of the reasons why, in some cases, men fail to express intelligibly and in an unobjectionable manner their most intellectual thoughts. True it is that the metaphysicians, by the definite form of their terminology, have greatly diminished this last difficulty; but, as their language is little known outside of the philosophical world, our use of it will scarcely help the common reader to understand what it conveys. On the contrary, the greater the exactness of our expressions, the more strange and absurd our style will appear to him who knows of no other language than that of his senses, his imagination, and popular prejudice.

These general remarks apply most particularly to *actio in distans*. It is objected that a cause cannot act where it is not, and where its power is not conveyed through a material medium. Now, this proposition is to be ranked among those which nothing but popular prejudice, incompleteness of conception, and imperfection of language cause to be received as axiomatic. We have pointed out that no material medium exists through which power can be conveyed; but as the objection is presented in popular terms and appeals to imagination, whilst our answer has no such advantage, it is very probable that the objection will keep its ground as long as men will be led by imagination more than by intellect. To avoid this danger, Faraday preferred to say that "the atom [primitive element] of matter is everywhere present," and therefore can act everywhere. But by this answer the learned professor, while trying to avoid Scylla, struck against Charybdis. For, if the element of matter is everywhere present, then Westminster Abbey, for instance, is everywhere present; which cannot be true in the ordinary sense of the words. In fact, we are accustomed to say that a body is present, not in that place where its action is felt, but in that from which the direction of the action proceeds, and since such a direction proceeds from the centres of power, to these centres alone we refer when we point out the place occupied by a body. Prof. Faraday, on the contrary, refers to the active powers when he says that matter is everywhere present; for he considers the elements as

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consisting of power alone.* But this way of speaking is irreconcilable with the notions we have of determinate places, distances, etc., and creates a chaotic confusion in all our ideas of material things. He speaks more correctly in the passage which we have already mentioned, where he states that "each atom [element] extends, *so to say*, throughout the whole of the solar system, yet always retaining its own centre of force." Here the words "so to say" tell us clearly that the author, having found no proper terms to express himself, makes use of a metaphor, and attributes *extension* to the material elements in a sense which is not yet adopted in common use. He clearly wishes to say that "each element extends *virtually* throughout space, though it *materially* occupies only the central point from which its action is directed."

This latter answer is very good. But people are not likely to realize its full meaning; for in speaking of material substance men frequently confound that which belongs to it by reason of its matter with that which belongs to it by reason of its substantial form. It is evident, however, that if the substance had no matter, it would not mark out a point in space; it is, therefore, only on account of its matter that a substance is formally ubicated.

*He says: "What do we know of the atom apart from its force? You imagine a nucleus which may be called *a*, and surround it by forces which may be called *m*; to my mind the *a*, or nucleus, vanishes, and the substance consists in the powers of *m*. And, indeed, what notion can we form of the nucleus independent of its powers? What thought remains on which to hang the imagination of an *a* independent of the acknowledged forces?"

We answer that there remains the *inertia*, the *passivity*, and the *local position*, which are not the property of the *m*, but of the *a*. The *a*, even according to Faraday, is the real centre of a sphere, and therefore it cannot vanish while the sphere exists, except inasmuch as it must be conceived without bulk, according to the theory of simple elements which he adopts.

As to the substantial form (which is the principle of activity), although it is said to have a kind of ubication on account of the matter to which it is terminated, nevertheless, of itself, it has no capability of formal ubication, as we have already shown. Hence the extent to which the active power of an element can be applied is not to be measured by the ubication of its matter; and although no cause can act where it is not virtually by its power, yet a cause can act where it is not present by its matter.

The direct answer to the argument proposed would, therefore, be as follows:

"A body cannot act where it is not present either by itself or by its power." *Granted.*

"But *actio in distans* is an action which would be exerted where the body is not present by itself, as is evident." *Granted.* "And where the body is not present by its power." *False.*

To the reason adduced, that "there is no medium of communication," we simply reply that such a medium is not required, as the active power constitutes an indefinite sphere, and is already present after its own manner (that is, virtually) wherever it is to be exerted; and therefore it has no need of being transmitted through a medium.

This is the radical solution of the difficulty proposed. But the notion of an indefinite sphere of activity, on which this solution is grounded, is, in the eyes of our opponents, only a whimsical invention, inconsistent, as they think, with the received principles of philosophy. We must therefore vindicate our preceding answer against their other objections.

*A second objection.*—A sphere of power, they say, is a mere absurd-

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ity. For how can the active power be there, where its matter is not? The matter is the first subject of its form; and therefore the form must be in the matter, and not outside of it. But in a primitive substance the active power is entitatively the same thing with the substantial form; accordingly, the active power of a primitive substance must be entirely in its matter, and not outside of it. And the same conclusion is to be applied to the powers of all material compounds; for in all cases the form must be supported by the matter. How is it, then, possible to admit a sphere of power outside of its matter, and so distant from its matter as is the sun from the planets?

This objection, which we have often heard from men who should have known better, is wholly grounded on a false conception of the relation between the matter and the form of a primitive being. It is false, in fact, that the matter *supports* the substantial form, and it is false that the substantial form exists in the matter as in a *subject*. The accidental act requires a subject already existing; but the substantial act requires only a potential term to which it has to give the first existence. This is evident; because if the substantial act ought to be supported by a real subject, this real subject would be an actual substance before receiving the same substantial act; which is a contradiction in terms. And therefore the form is not *supported* by the matter, but only *terminated* to it; and the matter is not the *subject* of the form, though it is so called by many, but is only the substantial *term*, to which the substantial form gives existence. "Properly speaking," says S. Thomas, "that which is potential in regard to some accidental actuality is called *subject*. For the subject gives actuality to the accident, as the accident has no actuality except through its subject; and for this reason we say that accidents are in a subject, whereas *we do not say that the substantial form is in a subject*. 'Matter,' therefore, and 'subject,' differ in this: that 'subject' means something which does not receive its actuality by the accession of anything else, but exists by itself and possesses a complete actuality (as, for example, a white man does not receive his being from his whiteness). 'Matter,' on the contrary, means something which receives its actuality from that which is given to it; because matter has, of itself, only an incomplete being, or rather no being at all, as the Commentator says. Hence, to speak properly, the form gives existence to the matter; whereas the accident gives no existence to the subject, as it is the subject that gives existence to the accident. Yet 'matter' is sometimes confounded with 'subject,' and *vice versa*." *

From this doctrine it is manifest that the matter is not the subject of the substantial form, and consequently that the form, or the principle of activity, is in no need of being supported by its matter. It is rather the matter itself that needs to be supported—that is, kept in existence—by its form; as it has no being except from it. The matter is potency, and the form is act; now, all act is nobler than its corresponding potency. It is not, therefore, the potency that determines the conditions of existence of its act, but the act itself determines the conditions of existence

* Opusc. *De Principiis Naturæ.*

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of its potency. And thus it is not the matter that determines the range of its form, but it is the form that determines the being of its own matter, in the same manner as the form of a body determines its centre of gravity. These considerations, which will hereafter receive a greater development, suffice to show that the range of the elementary power is not determined or circumscribed by its material term. And thus the objection is substantially destroyed.

Those who make this objection suppose that the activity of a material element is entitatively enclosed, embedded, and merged in the matter as in a physical recipient by which it must be circumscribed. This supposition is a gross philosophical blunder. The matter of a primitive element is not a physical recipient of the substantial form; for it is nothing physically before it is actuated. The substantial form gives to the matter its first being; and therefore it cannot be related to it as the enclosed to the encloser or the supported to the supporter, but only as the determiner to the determinable. This is an obvious metaphysical truth that cannot be questioned. Moreover, the form can determine the existence of a material point in space without being itself confined to that point. This is very clearly inferred from the fact already established, viz., that a material point acts all around itself in accordance with the Newtonian law; for this fact compels the conception of a material element as a virtual sphere, of which the matter is the central point, while its virtual sphericity must be traced to the special character of the form. Now, although the centre of a sphere borrows all its centric reality from the sphericity of which it is the intrinsic term, yet the sphericity itself cannot be confined within its own centre; which shows that, although the matter of an element borrows all its reality from the substantial form of which it is the essential term, yet the substantial form itself, on account of its known spherical character, must virtually extend all around its matter, and constitute, so to say, an atmosphere of power expanding as far, at least, from the central point as is necessary for the production of the phenomena of universal gravitation.

Nor can this be a sufficient ground for inferring, as the objection does, that in such a case the form would be distant from its matter as much as the sun is from the planets. The form, as such, cannot be considered as a term of the relation of distance; for, as we have already remarked, there is no distance without two formal ubications. Now, the form, as such, has no formal ubication, but is reduced to the predicament *ubi* only by the ubication of its own matter. Hence it is impossible rationally to conceive a distance between the matter and its form, however great may be the sphere of activity of the material element. When the substantial form is regarded as a principle of accidental actions, we may indeed consider it, if not as composed of, at least as equivalent to, a continuous series of concentric spherical forms overlying one another throughout the whole range of activity; and we may thus conceive every one of them as *virtually* distant from the material centre, its virtual distance being measured by its radius. But, strictly speaking, the radius measures the distance between the agent and the

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patient, not between the agent and its own power; and, on the other hand, as the imagined series of concentric sphericities continues uninterruptedly up to the very centre of the sphere, we can easily perceive that the substantial form, even as a principle of action, is immediately and intrinsically terminated to its own matter.

*A third objection.*—What conception can we form of an *indefinite* sphere? For a sphere without a spherical surface is inconceivable. But an indefinite sphere is a sphere without a spherical surface; for if there were a surface, there would be a limit; and if there were a limit, the sphere would not extend indefinitely. It is therefore impossible to conceive an indefinite sphere of activity.

This objection is easily answered. A sphere without a spherical *form* is indeed inconceivable; but it is not necessary that the spherical form should be a *limiting* surface, as the objection assumes. We may imagine an indefinite sphere of matter; that is, a body having a density continually decreasing in the inverse ratio of the squared distances from a central point. Its sphericity would consist in the spherical decrease of its density; which means that the body would be a sphere, not on account of an exterior spherical limit, but on account of its interior constitution. Now, what we say of an indefinite sphere of matter applies, by strict analogy, to an indefinite sphere of power. Only, in passing from the former to the latter, the word *density* should be replaced by *intensity*; for intensity is to power what density is to matter. And thus an indefinite sphere of power may have its spherical character within itself without borrowing it from a limiting surface. We may, therefore, consider this third objection as solved.

Let us add that in our sphere of power not only all the conditions are fulfilled which the law of gravitation requires, but, what is still more satisfactory, all the conditions also which befit the metaphysical constitution of a primitive substance. We have a centre (*matter*), the existence of which essentially depends on the existence of a principle of activity (*form*) constituting a virtual sphere. Take away the substantial form, and the matter will cease to have existence. Take away the virtual sphericity, and the centre will be no more. But let the spherical form be created; the centre will immediately be called into existence as the essential and intrinsic term of sphericity, it being impossible for a real sphericity not to give existence to a real centre. And although this spherical form possesses an intensity of power decreasing in proportion as the sphere expands, still it has everywhere the same property of giving existence to its centre, since it has everywhere an intrinsic spherical character essentially connected with a central point as its indispensable term. Whence we see that the substantial form, though virtually extending into an indefinite sphere, is everywhere terminated to its own matter. Thus the Newtonian law and the *actio in distans*, far from being opposed to the known metaphysical law of the constitution of things, serve rather to make it more evident by affording us the means of representing to ourselves in an intelligible and almost tangible manner the ontologic relation of matter and form in the primitive substance.

*A fourth objection.*—A power

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which virtually extends throughout an indefinite sphere must possess an infinite intensity. But no material element possesses a power of infinite intensity. Therefore no element extends its power throughout an indefinite sphere. The major of this syllogism is proved thus: In an indefinite sphere we can conceive an infinite multitude of concentric spherical surfaces, to every one of which the active power of the element can be applied for the production of a finite effect. But the finite taken an infinite number of times gives infinity. Therefore the total action of an element in its sphere will be infinite; which requires a power of infinite intensity.

The answer to this objection is not difficult. From the fact that the active powers virtually extend through an indefinite sphere and act everywhere in accordance with the Newtonian law, it is impossible to prove that material elements possess a power of infinite intensity. We concede, of course, that in an indefinite sphere "an infinite multitude of concentric spherical surfaces can be conceived, to every one of which the active power of the element can be applied for the production of a finite effect." We also concede that "the finite taken an infinite number of times gives infinity." But when it is argued that therefore "the total action of an element in its sphere will be infinite," we must distinguish. The total action will be infinite in this sense: that it would reach an infinite multitude of terms, if they existed in its sphere, and produce in each of them a determinate effect, according to their distance—this we concede. The total action will be infinite—that is, the total effort of the element will be infinitely intense; this we deny. The schoolmen would briefly answer that the action will be infinite *terminative*, but not *intensive*. This distinction, which entirely upsets the objection, needs a few words of explanation.

In the action of one element upon another the power of the agent, while exerted on the patient, is not prevented from exerting itself at the very same time upon any other element existing in its sphere of activity. This is a well-known physical law. Hence the same element can emit a thousand actions simultaneously, without possessing a thousand powers or a thousandfold power, by the simultaneous application of its single power to a thousand different terms. The actions of an agent are therefore indefinitely multiplied by the mere multiplication of the terms, with no multiplication of the active power; and accordingly an active power of finite intensity may have an infinite applicability. This is true of all created powers. Our intellect, for instance, is substantially finite, and yet it can investigate and understand any number of intelligible objects. This amounts to saying that, if there is no limit to possible intellectual conceptions, there is no limit to the number of intelligible terms; but from this fact it would be absurd to infer that a created intellect has a power of infinite intensity. In like manner, the motive power of a material element is substantially finite, and yet it can be applied to the production of a number of movements which has no limit but the number of the terms capable of receiving the motion. The infinity of the total action is therefore grounded on an assumed infinity of terms, not on an infinite intensity of the power.

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Nor can this be a matter of surprise. For, as the motive power is not transmitted from the agent to the patient, it remains whole and entire in the agent, however much it may be exerted in all directions. It is not absorbed, or exhausted, or weakened by its exertions, and, while acting on any number of terms, is yet ready to act on any number of other terms as intensely as it would on each of them separately. If ten new planets were now created, the sun would need no increase of power to attract them all; its actual power would suffice to govern their course without the least interference with the gravitation of the other existing planets. And the reason of this is that the power of all material elements is naturally determined to act, and therefore needs no other condition for its exertion than the presence of the movable terms within the reach of its activity. The number of such terms is therefore at every instant the measure of the number of the real actions.

We have said that the active power is not weakened by its exertions. In fact, a cause is never weakened by the mere production of its connatural effects, but only because, while producing its effects, it is subjected to the action of other agents which tends to alter and break up its natural constitution. Now, to be altered and impaired may be the lot of those causes whose causality arises from the conspiration of many active principles, as is the case with all the physical compounds. But primitive causes, such as the first elements of matter, are altogether unalterable and incorruptible with respect to their substantial being, and can never be impaired. When we burn a piece of paper, the paper with its composition is destroyed, but we know that its first components remain unaltered, and preserve still the same active powers which they possessed when they were all united in the piece of paper.

This incontrovertible fact may be confirmed *à priori* by reflecting that the active principle, or the substantial form, of a primitive element, is not exposed to the influence of any natural agent capable of impairing it. Everything that is impaired is impaired by its contrary. Now, the active principle has no contrary. The only thing which might be imagined to be contrary to a motive power would be a motive power of an opposite nature, such as the repulsive against the attractive. Motive powers, however, do not act on one another, but on their matter only, as matter alone is passive. On the other hand, even if one power could act on another, its motive action would only produce an accidental determination to local movement, which determination surely would not alter in the least the substance of a primitive being. Hence, although two opposite actions, when terminated to the same subject, can neutralize each other, yet two opposite motive powers can never exercise any influence on each other by their natural actions; and therefore, in spite of their finite entity, they are never impaired or weakened, and are applicable to the production of an unlimited number of actions.

*A fifth objection.*—An action of infinite intensity cannot but proceed from a power of infinite intensity. But, according to the Newtonian law, two elements, when their distance has become infinitely small, act on one another with an intensity infinitely great. Therefore, if the Newtonian law hold good even to the very centre of the element, the

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elementary power possesses infinite intensity.

To this we reply that the mathematical expression of the intensity of the action, in the case of infinitesimal distances, does not become infinite, except when the action is supposed to last for a finite unit of time. But the action continued for a finite unit of time is not the *actual* action of an element; it is the integral of all the actions exerted in the infinite series of infinitesimal instants which makes up the finite unit of time. To judge of the true intensity of the actual exertion, it is necessary to exclude from the calculation the whole of the past or future actions, and to take into account the only action which corresponds to the infinitesimal present. In other terms, the actual action is expressed, not by an integral, but by a differential. In fact, the elements act when they are, not when they have been, or when they will be; they act in their present, not in their future or in their past; and the present, the *now*, is only an instant, which, though connecting the past with the future, has in itself neither past nor future, and therefore has a rigorously infinitesimal duration. It is this instant, and not the finite unit of time, that measures the actual effort of the elements. Accordingly, the action as actually proceeding from the elements, when at infinitesimal distance, is infinitely less than the integral calculated for a finite unit of time; which shows that the argument proposed has no foundation.

This answer serves also to complete our solution of the preceding objection. It was there objected that the active power of an element can be applied to the production of an infinite multitude of *finite* effects; to which we answered that a finite power was competent to do this by being applied simultaneously to an infinite multitude of terms. But now we add that none of those effects acquire a *finite* intensity, except by the continuation of the action during a finite unit of time, and therefore that the true effect produced in every instant of time is infinitesimal. Hence the infinite multitude of such effects, as related to the instant of their actual production, is an infinite multitude of infinitesimals, and the total effort of a primitive element in every instant of time is therefore finite, not infinite.

*A sixth objection.*—If we admit that a material element has an indefinite sphere of power, we must also admit that the element has a kind of immensity. For the active power must evidently be present entitatively in all the parts of space where it is ready to act. Accordingly, as by the hypothesis it is ready to act everywhere, its sphere being unlimited, it must be present everywhere and extend without limit. In other words, the elementary power would share with God the attribute of immensity—which is impossible.

This objection, which, in spite of its apparent strength, contains only an appeal to imagination instead of intellect, might be answered from S. Thomas in two different ways. The first answer is suggested by the following passage: "The phrase, *A thing is everywhere and in all times*, can be understood in two manners: First, as meaning that the thing possesses in its entity the reason of its extending to every place and to every time; and in this manner it is proper of God to be everywhere and for ever. Secondly, as meaning that the thing has nothing in itself by which it be

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determined to a certain place or time."* According to this doctrine, a thing can be conceived to be everywhere, either by a positive intrinsic determination to fill all space, or by the absence of any determination implying a special relation to place. We might therefore admit that the elementary power is everywhere in this second manner; for although the matter of an element marks out a point in space, we have seen that its power, as such, has no determination by which it can be confined to a limited space. And yet nothing would oblige us to concede that the active power of an element, by its manner of being everywhere, "shares in God's immensity"; for it is evident that an absence of determination has nothing common with a positive determination, and is not a share of it.

The second answer is suggested by a passage in which the holy doctor inquires "whether to be everywhere be an attribute of God alone," and in which he proposes to himself the objection that "universals are everywhere; so also the first matter, as existing in all bodies, is everywhere; and therefore something is everywhere besides God." To which he very briefly replies: "Universals and the first matter are indeed everywhere, but they have not everywhere the same being."† This answer can be applied to the active power of primitive elements with as much reason, to say the least, as it is to the first matter. The active power may therefore be admitted to be everywhere, not indeed like God, who is everywhere *formally*, and "has everywhere the same being," but in a quite different manner—that is, by extending everywhere *virtually*, and by possessing everywhere a different degree of virtual being. We know, in fact, that this is the case, as the exertions of such a power become weaker and weaker in proportion as the object acted on is more and more distant from the centre of activity.

Yet a third answer, which may prove to be the best, can be drawn from the direct comparison of the pretended immensity of the elementary power with the real immensity of the divine substance. God's immensity is an infinite attribute, which contains in itself the formal reason of the existence of space, and therefore eminently contains in itself all possible ubications. By his immensity God is essentially everywhere with his whole substance, and is as infinite and entire in any one point of space as he is in the whole of the universe and outside of it. On the other hand, what is the pretended immensity of the elementary power? It is unnecessary to remark that an indefinite sphere of power does not give existence to space, as it presupposes it; but it is important to notice that, however great may be the expansion of that virtual sphere, the essence and the substance of the element are absolutely confined to that single point, where its form is terminated to its matter. Both matter and form are included in the essence of an element; hence there only can the element be with its essence and substance where its matter and its form are together.

* Aliquid esse semper et ubique potest intelligi dupliciter. Uno modo, quia habet in se unde se extendat ad omne tempus et ad omnem locum, sicut Deo competit esse ubique et semper. Alio modo, quia non habet in se quo determinetur ad aliquem locum vel tempus. *Summa Theol.*, p. 1, q. 16, a. 7.

† Universale est ubique et semper; materia etiam prima, quum sit in omnibus corporibus, est ubique. Neutrum autem horum est Deus. Ergo esse ubique non est proprium Dei.—Ad primum dicendum, quod universale et materia prima sunt quidem ubique, sed non secundum idem esse. *Summa Theol.*, p. 1, q. 8, a. 4.

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But they are not together, except in a single point. Therefore the element, however great may be the virtual expansion of its sphere of power, is essentially and substantially present only in a single point.

From this every one will see that there is no danger of confounding the virtual ubiquity of created power with God's immensity. Divine immensity has been ingeniously, though somewhat strangely, defined by a philosopher to be "a sphere of which the centre is everywhere." The power of an element, on the contrary, is "a sphere of which the centre is ubicated in a single point." If this does not preclude the notion that the element "shares in God's immensity," we fail to see why every creature should not share also in God's eternity, by its existence in each successive moment of time. The objection is therefore insignificant. As to the virtual sphere itself, we must bear in mind that its power loses continually in intensity as the virtual expansion is increased, till millions of millions of elements are required to produce the least appreciable effect. Hence the virtuality of elementary powers tends continually towards zero as its limit, although it never reaches it. And as a decreasing series, though implying an infinity of terms, may have a finite value, as mathematicians know, so the virtuality of the elementary powers, although extending after its own manner beyond any finite limit, represents only a finite property of a finite being.

From what we have said in these pages the intelligent reader will realize, we hope, that the much-maligned *actio in distans*, as explained by us according to Faraday's conception, can bear any amount of philosophical scrutiny. The principles which have formed the basis of our preceding answers are the three following:

1st. Motive powers have no other formal ubication than that from which their exertions proceed;

2d. Motive powers are never distant from any matter;

3d. Motive powers are not merged or embedded in the matter to which they belong, but constitute a virtual sphere around it.

That *actio in distans* not only is possible, but is the only action possible with the material agents, has been proved in our preceding article. The embarrassment we experience in its explanation arises, not from our reason, but from our habit of relying too much on our imagination. "Imagination," says S. Thomas, "cannot rise above space and time." We depict to ourselves intellectual relations as local relations. The idea that a material point situated on the earth can exert its power on the polar star suggests to us the thought that the active power of that element must share the ubication of the polar star, and be locally present to it. Yet the true relation of the power to the star is not a local relation, and the exertion of the power is not terminated to the *place* where the star is, but to the *star* itself as to its proper subject; and therefore the relation is a relation of act to potency, not a relation of local presence.

There is nothing local in the principle of activity, except the central point from which its action is directed; and there is nothing local in its action, except the direction from that central point to the subject to which the action is terminated. True it is that we speak of *a sphere* of power, which seems to imply local relations. But such a sphere

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is not locally determined by the power, which has no ubication, but by the matter to which that power is to be applied. For the necessity of admitting a sphere of power arises from the fact that all the matter placed at equal distance from the centre of activity is equally acted on. It is only from matter to matter that distance can be conceived; and thus it is only from matter to matter, and not from matter to power, that the radius of a sphere can be traced. Abstract geometry deals with imaginary points, but physical geometry requires real points of matter.

Power is above geometry, and therefore it transcends space; hence the difficulty of understanding its nature and of explaining the mode of its operation. Nevertheless, power and matter are made for one another, and must have a mutual co-ordination, since they necessarily conspire into unity of essence. Hence whatever can be predicated *potentially* of the matter can be *virtually* predicated of the power; and, as the matter of an element, though actuated in a single point of space, is everywhere *potentially*—viz., can be moved to any distant place—so also the principle of activity, though formally terminated to a single point, is everywhere *virtually*—that is, it can impart motion to matter at any distance. Thus *actio in distans* might directly be inferred, as a necessary result, from the ontological correlation of the essential principles of matter. But we have no need of *à priori* arguments, as, in questions of fact, the best arguments are those which arise from the analysis of the facts themselves. These arguments we have already given; and, so long as they are not refuted, we maintain that nothing but *actio in distans* offers a philosophical explanation of natural facts.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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## HOPE.

YOUTHFUL hope around thee lingers;
Soon its transient lines will fly:
Time and Death with frosty fingers
Touch its blossoms, and they die.

Yet rejoice while hope is keeping
Watch upon her emerald throne.
Ere thy cheek is pale with weeping,
Ere thy dreams of love have flown.

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# THE VEIL WITHDRAWN.

'TRANSLATED, BY PERMISSION, FROM THE FRENCH OF MADAME CRAVEN, AUTHOR OF "A SISTER'S STORY," "FLEURANGE," ETC.

## XVI.

As soon as I rose from my place I perceived the young lady who had been collecting money in the morning not far off. She was going by with her mother without observing me, and I followed in the crowd that was making its way to the door. But a pouring rain was falling from the clouds which were so threatening two hours before, and a great many who were going out suddenly stopped and came back to remain under shelter during the shower. In consequence of this I all at once found myself beside the young lady, who was diligently seeking her mother, from whom she had been separated by the crowd. She observed me this time, and with a child-like smile and a tone of mingled terror and confidence that were equally touching, said:

"Excuse me, madame, but, as you are taller than I, please tell me if you see my mother—a lady in black with a gray hat."

"Yes," I replied, "I see her, and she is looking for you also. I will aid you in reaching her."

We had some trouble in opening a passage, but after some time succeeded in getting to the place where her mother had been pushed by the crowd at some distance from the door of the church. She was looking anxiously in every direction, and when she saw us her face lighted up, and she thanked me with equal simplicity and grace of manner for the service I had rendered her daughter. We conversed together for some minutes, during which I learned that though I had met them twice that day in the same church, it was not the one they usually attended, their home being in another quarter of the city. The daughter had been invited to collect money at S. Roch's that day, and wishing, for some reason, to be at home by four o'clock, they had returned for the afternoon service, which ends an hour earlier there than anywhere else. This variation from their usual custom had probably caused a misunderstanding about the carriage which should have been at the door, and they felt embarrassed about getting to the Rue St. Dominique, where they resided, as the violent rain prevented them from going on foot. Glad to be able to extricate them from their embarrassment, I at once offered to take them home in my carriage, which was at the door. They accepted the offer with gratitude. Their manners and language would have left no doubt as to their rank, even if I had not met them in society. And I soon learned more than enough to satisfy me on this point.

As soon as we were seated in the carriage the elder of the two ladies said: "I know whom I have to thank for the favor you have done me, madame, for no one can forget

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the Duchessa di Valenzano who has ever seen her, even but once, and no one can be ignorant of her name, which is in every mouth. But it is not the same with us. Allow me, therefore, to say that I am the Comtesse de Kergy, and this is my daughter Diana, . . . who is very happy, I assure you, as well as surprised, at the accident that has brought her in contact with one she has talked incessantly about ever since she had the happiness of seeing you first."

Her daughter blushed at these words, but did not turn away her eyes, which were fastened on me with a sympathetic expression of charming *naïveté* that inspired an irresistible attraction towards her in return. The name of Kergy was a well-known one. I had heard it more than once, and was trying to recall when and where I heard it for the first time, when, as we were crossing the Place du Carrousel, the young Diana, looking at the clock on the Tuileries, suddenly exclaimed:

"It is just going to strike four. We ought to feel greatly obliged to madame, mamma for, had it not been for her, we should have been extremely late, and Gilbert would have been surprised and anxious at our not arriving punctually."

Gilbert! . . . This name refreshed my memory. Gilbert de Kergy was the name of the young traveller whom I had once seen at the large dinner-party. He must be the very person in question. . . . Before I had time to ask, Mme. de Kergy put an end to my uncertainty on the subject.

"My son," said she, "has recently made an interesting tour in the Southern States of America, and it is with respect to this journey there is to be a discussion to-day which we promised to attend. I have given up my large *salon* for the purpose, on condition (a condition Dinia proposed) that the meeting should end with a small collection in behalf of the orphan asylum for which she was soliciting contributions this morning—a work in which she is greatly interested."

"My husband, who has also travelled a great deal," I replied, "had, I believe, the pleasure of meeting M. de Kergy on one occasion, and conversing with him."

"Gilbert has not forgotten the conversation," exclaimed the young Diana with animation. "He often speaks of it. He told us about you also, madame, and described you so accurately that I knew you at once as soon as I saw you, before any one told me your name."

I made no reply, and we remained silent till, having crossed the bridge, we approached the Rue St. Dominique, when Diana, suddenly leaning towards her mother, whispered a few words in her ear. Mme. de Kergy began to laugh.

"Really," said she, "this child takes everything for granted; but you are so kind, I will allow her to repeat aloud what she has just said to me."

"Well," said the young girl, "I said the discussion would certainly be interesting, for Gilbert is to take a part in it, as well as several other good speakers, and those who attend will at the close aid in a good work. I added that I should be very much pleased, madame, if you would attend."

I was by no means prepared for this invitation, and at first did not know what reply to make, but quickly bethought myself that there would be more than an hour before Lorenzo's return. I knew, moreover, that, even according to his ideas, I should

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be in very good society, and it could not displease him in the least if I attended a discussion at the Hôtel de Kergy under the auspices of the countess and her daughter. Besides, on my part, I felt a good deal of curiosity, never having attended anything like a public discussion. In short, I decided, without much hesitation, to accept the invitation, and the young Diana clapped her hands with joy. We were just entering the open *porte-cochère* of a large court, where we found quite a number of equipages and footmen. The carriage stopped before the steps and in five minutes I was seated between Diana and her mother near a platform at one end of a drawing-room large enough to contain one hundred and fifty or two hundred persons.

I cannot now give a particular account of this meeting, though it was an event in my life. The principal subject discussed was, I think, the condition of the blacks, not yet emancipated, in the Southern States of America. An American of the North, who could express himself very readily in French, first spoke, and after him a missionary priest, who considered the question from a no less elevated point of view, though quite different from that of the philanthropist, and the discussion had already grown quite animated before it became Gilbert de Kergy's turn to speak. When he rose, there was a movement in the whole assembly, and his first words excited involuntary attention, which soon grew to intense interest, and for the first time in my life I felt the power of language and the effect that eloquence can produce.

It was strange, but he began with a brief, brilliant sketch of places that seemed familiar to me; for Lorenzo had visited them, and he had such an aptness for description that I felt as if I had seen them in his company. My first thought was to regret his absence. Why was he not here with me now to listen to this discussion, to become interested in it, and perhaps take a part in it? . . . I had a vague feeling that this reunion was of a nature to render him as he appeared to me during the first days of our wedded life, when his extensive travels and noble traits made me admire his courage and recognize his genius, the prestige of which was only surpassed in my eyes by that of his tenderness! . . . But another motive intensified this desire and regret. The boldness, the intelligence, and the adventurous spirit of the young traveller were, of course, traits familiar to me, and which I was happy and proud to recognize; but, alas! the resemblance ceased when, quitting the field of observation and descriptions of nature, and all that memory and intelligence can glean, the orator soared to loftier regions, and linked these facts themselves with questions of a higher nature and wider scope than those of mere earthly interest. He did this with simplicity, earnestness, and consummate ability, and while he was speaking I felt that my mind rose without difficulty to the level of his, and expanded suddenly as if it had wings! It was a moment of keen enjoyment, but likewise of keen suffering; for I felt the difference that the greater or less elevation of the soul can produce in two minds that are equally gifted! I clearly saw what was wanting in Lorenzo's. I recognized the cause of the something lacking which had so often troubled me, and I felt more intensely and profoundly pained than I had that very morning.



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While listening to Gilbert I only thought of Lorenzo, and, if I reluctantly acknowledged the superiority of the former, I felt at the same time that there was nothing to prevent the latter from becoming his equal; for, I again said to myself, Lorenzo was not merely a man of the world, leading a frivolous, aimless life, as might seem from his present habits. Love of labor and love of nature and art do not characterize such a man, and he possessed these traits in a high degree. He had therefore to be merely detached from other influences. This was my task, my duty, and it should also be my happiness; for I had no positive love for the world, whose pleasures I knew so well. No, I did not love it. I loved what was higher and better than that. I felt an immense void within that great things alone could fill. And I seemed to-day to have entered into the sphere of these great things; but I was there alone, and this was torture. All my actual impressions were therefore centred in an ardent desire to put an end to this solitude by drawing into that higher region him from whom I was at the moment doubly separated.

This was assuredly a pure and legitimate desire, but I did not believe myself capable of obtaining its realization without difficulty, and sufficiently calculating the price I must pay for such a victory and the efforts by which it must often be merited. . . .

While these thoughts were succeeding each other in my mind I almost forgot to listen to the end of the discourse, which terminated the meeting in the midst of the applause of the entire audience. The vast hall of discussion was instantly changed into a *salon* again, where everybody seemed to be acquainted, and where I found the *élite* of those I had met in other places. But assembled together for so legitimate an object, they at once inspired me with interest, respect, and a feeling of attraction. It was Paris under quite a new aspect, and it seemed to me, if I had lived in a world like this, I should never have experienced the terrible distress which I have spoken of, and which the various emotions of the day had alone succeeded in dissipating.

The charming young Diana, light and active, had ascended the platform, and was now talking to her brother. Gilbert started with surprise at her first words, and his eyes turned towards the place where I was standing. Then I almost instantly saw them descend from the platform and come towards me. Diana looked triumphant.

"This is my brother Gilbert, madame," said she, her eyes sparkling. "And it is I who have the honor of presenting him to you, as he seems to have waited for his little sister to do it."

He addressed me some words of salutation, to which I responded. As he stood near me, I again observed his calm, thoughtful, intelligent face, which had struck me so much the only time I remembered to have seen him before. While speaking a few moments previous his face was animated, and his eyes flashed with a fire that added more than once to the effect of his clear, penetrating voice, which was always well modulated. His gestures also, though not numerous or studied, had a natural grace and the dignity which strength of conviction, joined to brilliant eloquence, gives to the entire form of an orator. His manner was now so simple that I felt perfectly at ease with him, and told him without any hesitation how

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happy I was at the double good-fortune that had brought me in contact with his sister, and had resulted in my coming to this meeting where I had been permitted to hear him speak.

"This day will be a memorable one for me as well as for her, madame," he replied, "and I shall never forget it."

There was not the least inflection in his voice to make me regard his words as anything more than mere politeness, but their evident sincerity caused me a momentary embarrassment. He seemed to attach too much importance to this meeting, but it passed away. He inspired me with almost as much confidence as if he had been a friend. I compared him with Landolfo, and wondered what effect so different an influence would have on Lorenzo, and I could not help wishing he were his friend also. . . .

I continued silent, and he soon resumed: "The Duca di Valenzano is not here?"

"No; he will be sorry, and I regret it for his sake."

"The presence of such a traveller would have been a great honor to us."

"He was very happy to have an opportunity of conversing with you on one occasion."

"It was a conversation I have never forgotten. It would have been for my advantage to renew it, but I never go into society—at Paris."

"And elsewhere?"

"Elsewhere it is a different thing," said he, smiling. "I am as social while travelling as I am uncivilized at my return."

"We must not expect, then, to meet you again in Paris; but if you ever go to Italy, may we not hope you will come to see us?"

"If you will allow me to do so," said he eagerly.

"Yes, certainly. I think I can promise that the well-known hospitality of the Neapolitans will not be wanting towards the Comte Gilbert de Kergy."

After a moment's silence he resumed: "You must have been absent when I was at Naples. That was two years ago."

"I was not married then, and I am not a Neapolitan."

"And not an Italian, perhaps."

"Do you say so on account of the color of my hair? That would be astonishing on the part of so observant a traveller, for you must have noticed that our great masters had almost as many blondes as brunettes for their models. However, I am neither English nor German, as perhaps you are tempted to think. I am a Sicilian."

"I have never seen in Sicily or anywhere else a person who resembled you."

These words implied a compliment, and probably such an one as I had never received; and, I need not repeat, I was not fond of compliments. But this was said without the least smile or the slightest look that indicated any desire to flatter or please me. Was not this a more subtle flattery than I had been accustomed to receive? . . . And did it not awaken unawares the vanity I had long thought rooted out of the bottom of my heart? I can affirm nothing positive as to this, for there is always something lacking in the knowledge of one's self, however thoroughly we may think we have acquired it. But I am certain it never occurred to me at the time to analyze the effect of this meeting on me. I was wholly absorbed in the regret and hope it awakened.

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As I was on the point of leaving, Mme. de Kergy asked permission to call on me with her daughter the next day at four o'clock — a permission I joyfully granted — and Diana accompanied me to the very foot of the steps. I kissed her smiling face, as I took leave, and gave my hand to her brother, who had come with us to help me in getting into the carriage.

XVII.

All the way from the Rue St. Dominique to the Rue de Rivoli I abandoned myself to the pleasant thoughts excited by the events of the day. For within a few hours I had successively experienced the inward sweetness of prayer, the charm of congenial society, and the pleasure of enthusiasm. A new life seemed to be infused into my heart, soul, and mind, which had grown frivolous in the atmosphere of the world, and I felt, as it were, entranced. Those who have felt themselves thus die and rise again to a new life will understand the feeling of joy I experienced. In all the blessings hitherto vouchsafed me, even in the love itself that had been, so to speak, the sun of my happiness, there had been one element wanting, without which everything seemed dark, unsatisfactory, wearisome, and depressing — an element which my soul had an imperious, irresistible, undeniable need of! Yes, I realized this, and while thus taking a clearer view of my state I also felt that this need was reasonable and just, and might be supplied without much difficulty. Was not Lorenzo gifted with a noble nature, and capable of the highest things? Had he not chosen me, and loved me to such a degree as to make me an object of idolatry? Well, I would point out to him the loftier heights he ought to attain. I, in my turn, would open to him a new world! . . .

Such were the thoughts, aspirations, and dreams my heart was filled with on my way home. As I approached the Rue de Rivoli, however, I began to feel uneasy at being out so much later than I had anticipated, lest Lorenzo should have returned and been anxious about my absence. I was pleased to learn, therefore, on descending from the carriage, that he had not yet come home, and I joyfully ascended the staircase, perfectly satisfied with the way in which I had spent the morning.

I took off my hat, smoothed my hair, and then proceeded to arrange the *salon* according to his taste and my own. I arranged the flowers, as well as the books and other things, and endeavored to give the room, though in a hotel, an appearance of comfort and elegance that would entice him to remain at home; for I had formed the project of trying to induce him to spend the evening with me. I seemed to have so many things to say to him, and longed to communicate all the impressions I had received! With this object in view I took a bold step, but one that was authorized by the intimacy that existed between us and the friends whose guests we were to have been that day — I sent them an excuse, not only for myself, but my husband, hoping to find means afterwards of overcoming his displeasure, should he manifest any.

Having made these arrangements, I was beginning to wonder at his

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continued absence when a letter was brought me which served to divert my mind for a time from every other thought. It was a letter from Livia which I had been impatiently awaiting. We had corresponded regularly since our separation, and I had begun to be surprised at a silence of unusual length on her part. It was not dated at Messina, but at Naples, and I read the first page, which was in answer to the contents of my letter, without finding any explanation of this. Finally I came to what follows:

. . . . . .

"I told you in my last letter that I had obtained my father's consent, but on one condition—that he should have the choice of the monastery I must enter on leaving home. What difference did it make? As to this I was, and am, wholly indifferent. I should make the same vows everywhere, and in them all I should go to God by the same path. In them all I should be separated from the world and united to him alone. And this was all I sought. The convent my father chose is not in Sicily. It is a house known and venerated by every one in Naples. I shall be received on the second of September. Meanwhile, I have come here under Ottavia's escort, and am staying with our aunt, Donna Clelia, who has established herself here for the winter with her daughters. So everything is arranged, Gina. The future seems plain. I see distinctly before me my life and death, my joys and sorrows, my labors and my duty. I am done with all that is called happiness in the world, as well as with its misfortunes, its trials, its conflicting troubles, its numberless disappointments, and its poignant woes. Therefore I cannot make use of the word *sacrifice*. It wounds me when I hear it used, for I blush at the little I have to give up in view of the immensity I am to receive! Yes; I blush when I remember it was suffering and humiliation that first made me raise my eyes to Him whom alone we *should* love, and whom alone I now feel I *can* love. If I had not been wholly sure of this, I should never have been so bold as to aspire to the union that awaits me—the only one here below in which the Bridegroom can satisfy the boundless affection of the heart that gives itself to him! . . .

"But to return to you, my dear Gina. Are you as happy as I desire you to be, and as you deserve to be? Your last letter was sad; and the calmer and better satisfied I feel about my own lot, the more I think of yours. Whatever happens, my dearest sister, do not forget that we both have but one goal. Your way is longer and more perilous than mine, but the great aim of us both should be to really love God above all things, and, *in him* and for him, to cherish all the objects of our affection. Yes, even those whom we prefer to all other creatures on earth. I am not using the language of a religious, but simply that of truth and common sense. If this letter reaches you on your return from some gay scene, at a time when you will not feel able to enter into its meaning, you must lay it aside. But if you read it when your mind is calm, and you are at leisure to listen to your inner self, you will understand what your Livia means by writing you in this way. Whatever happens, whether we are near each other or are widely separated, we shall always

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be united in heart, my dear sister. The convent grates will not separate me from you. Death itself cannot divide us. One thing, and one alone, in the visible or invisible world, can raise a barrier between us and really separate us. And rather than behold this barrier rise, I would, as I have already told you, my beloved sister, rather see you dead. Gina, I love you as tenderly as any one ever loved another. I will pray for you on the second of September (Sunday). Probably when you read this I shall already have left the world. But I shall not have left you, dear sister. I shall be nearer you than when distance alone separated us. Besides, I am at Naples, to which you will soon return, and you will find that the grates will neither hide my face, nor my thoughts, nor my heart, nor my soul from you. . . .

"Gina, let me once more repeat that there is only one way of attaining real happiness—there is only one object worthy of our love. Let me beseech you not to desire any other passionately. But, no; you would not understand me; you would not believe me now. . . ."

. . . . . .

Everything added to the effect of this letter—its date, and the day, the hour, and the moment in which it was received. The deed my sister had accomplished that very day had brought us nearer together, as she said. Had not a breath of the purer air she breathed reached me already and preserved me through the day from the aimless frivolity of my usual life?

"Happiness," it has been said, "is Christian; pleasure is not." Had I not profoundly realized the force of this saying for one day? Had I not experienced a happiness as different as possible from the pleasure I enjoyed in the world? And did I not feel desirous this very instant of attaining the one at the expense of the other, and not only of taking a different view of life myself, but of imparting this desire to

"Him who ne'er from me shall separate." *

The day was beginning to decline, and I gradually sank into a short, profound slumber such as is usually attended by confused dreams. In mine most of those who had occupied my thoughts during the day passed successively before me—Livia first, covered with a long white veil, and next to her was the pleasant, smiling face of Diana. . . . Then I was once more at the Hôtel de Kergy, listening again to some parts of Gilbert's address. But when I was on the point of calling Lorenzo to hear him also, it no longer seemed to be Gilbert, but Lorenzo himself, on the platform, repeating the same words with an air of mockery, and gazing at me, in return, with the penetrating look so peculiar to him. . . . Then everything changed, and I found myself at twilight at the fork of a road in the country, and, while I was hesitating which path to take, I saw Gilbert beside me. He was familiar with the way, he said, and offered to be my guide; but I repulsed his arm, and made a violent effort to overtake Lorenzo, whom I suddenly perceived at a distance on the other road. . . . Then Livia seemed to be beside me, and give me her hand to help me along. Finally I saw Lorenzo just before me again, but he did not look like the same person; he was poorly clad, and his face was pale and altered. I recognized him, however, and sprang forward to overtake him,

* *Questi che mai da me non fia diviso.*

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when I awoke breathless, and with the painful feeling of uneasiness that such sleep generally produces when terminated by such an awakening. . . .

My heart throbbed. . . . I found it difficult at first to recall what had occupied my mind before I fell asleep. I soon came to myself, however, and was able to account for the utter darkness that surrounded me. I hastened to ring the bell and, when a light was brought, I looked at the clock with a surprise that gave way to anxiety. At that instant I heard the bell that announced Lorenzo's return at last. I heard him enter the ante-chamber, and I ran to open the drawing-room door myself. But I stopped short. It was not Lorenzo; it was Landolfo Landini, and he was alone. I drew back with a terrified look without daring to ask a question. But he smiled, as he closed the door behind him, and, taking my hand, said: "Do not be alarmed, my dear cousin, I beg. Nothing in particular has happened to Lorenzo—nothing, at least, which you are not prepared to hear after what occurred last night."

I breathed once more. . . . I know not what other fear crossed my mind, but I said with tolerable calmness:

"That means he has been playing again, or at least betting at the races, and has lost?"

"Yes, cousin, frightfully. There—I ought not to have told you, but I see no reason for concealing it from you; and as I have this opportunity of speaking privately to you, I will profit by it to give you another piece of advice more serious than any I have yet given you. Immediately make use of all the influence you still have over him to persuade him to leave Paris. There is some fatality about this place, as far as he is concerned. He is more prudent everywhere else, and will become so here once more. The fever he has been seized with again must absolutely be broken up. The deuce!" continued he, "two or three more relapses like this would lead to consequences that would test all your courage, *ma belle duchesse*, and bring you, as well as him, to extremities you are ill fitted to bear. That is what I am most anxious about, you will allow me to say; for, without making you the shadow of a declaration, I find you so beautiful, so good, and so adorable that the mere thought of you some day. . . ."

"Keep to the point, Lando, if you please," said I with an impatient air. "Where is Lorenzo? Why did he not return with you, and why have you come to tell me what he would probably tell me himself?"

"Tell you himself? He will take care not to do that. I have already told you I am betraying his confidence, but it is for his good as well as yours. It is best for you to know that the sum he has lost today surpasses the resources he has on hand, and in order to make the necessary arrangements to pay at once the debt he has incurred, he is obliged to write to his agent at Naples or Sicily. He went directly to the club for this purpose, and commissioned me to tell you it was for nothing of importance, and beg you to attend the dinner-party without him, and present his excuses to your friends. He will join you in the evening."

Everything now seemed easily arranged according to my wishes, and of itself, as it were.

"That is very fortunate," said I eagerly, telling him of the excuse I

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had sent for us both. "Therefore, Lando, go back to the club, I beg; or rather, I will write Lorenzo myself that he can arrange his affairs at his leisure, and return when he pleases to dine with me. I shall wait till he comes."

I hastily seized my pen to write him, but Lando resumed:

"Oh! as to that, cousin, you will only waste your trouble; for seeing how late it was, and that he could not possibly be here in season to accompany you, he accepted an invitation to dine with an acquaintance of his (and yours also, I suppose) whom he met at the races to-day."

"An acquaintance of his? . . ." I repeated, my heart filling with a keen anguish that made me turn pale without knowing why.

Lando perceived it. "Do not be alarmed," said he, smiling. "It is not Mme. de B——, though she was at the races also, and made a fruitless effort to divert Lorenzo's mind from what was going on. Really, in your place," continued he with his usual levity, "I should regret she did not succeed. That would have been much better than . . . Come, . . . do not frown. I am joking. To be serious, Lorenzo is not going to dine with her to-day, but with a lady from Milan who has just arrived, and whom you doubtless know. It is Donna Faustina Reali, the Marquise de Villanera! . . ."

Faustina Reali! . . . This name seemed to justify the strange presentiment I had just had, and I was tempted to exclaim with Hamlet,

"O my prophetic soul!"

thou hast not deceived me! . . . I had at that moment a sudden intuition of the past, the present, and the future. I saw clearly before me a life in which I should no longer be able to influence Lorenzo, or even to guide myself! . . .

I controlled my agitation, however, by a powerful effort, and Lando soon left me, renewing his first injunctions, and persuaded he had fully reassured me on other points. I gave him my hand with a smile as he left the room, and as soon as I found myself alone I covered my face with my hands, and exclaimed:

"O my dreams! my pleasant dreams! Where have they vanished?"

## XVIII.

Faustina Reali! . . . That was the never-to-be-forgotten name I had read on the card Lorenzo snatched so violently from my hands at Naples! I had never seen it again, never heard it pronounced, but I remembered only too well the expression of my husband's face when he saw it, and the way in which he tore up the card on which it was written! . . .

I endeavored to lead the conversation at another time back to this circumstance, but at once desisted, frightened at the manner in which he imposed silence on me, and a certain impression of both mystery and danger remained associated with the name.

As soon as I became calmer, however, I acknowledged that I really knew nothing, absolutely nothing, to cause the violent emotion I had just experienced. It had an imaginary cause, then, and might simply be owing to my mind, so recently lost in vague dreams, and perhaps a little too high-flown, be-

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ing suddenly recalled to a painful and unpleasant, as well as very commonplace reality. I had imagined I was going to transform, as by the stroke of a wand, my husband's habits, tastes, occupations—nay, his entire life—but was brought to my senses by learning he had just lost an enormous sum at the races, and his mind, for the moment, was absorbed in the necessary complications for paying the debt. I had planned spending several hours alone with him that evening, during which, away from the bustle of the world, I would give him a minute account of my recent impressions, and tell him of all the wishes, projects, and ardent desires of which he was the object. I would rouse a nobler pride in his soul, and appeal to a thousand sentiments that were dormant, but not extinct; and I believe I expected to see them awakened at the mere sound of my voice! . . . Instead of this, . . . I was alone, and he was with another. . . . And what other? . . . Who was this Faustina, whose name had so suddenly appeared in my life, and who, at the very hour when I was aiming at so pure and elevated an influence over him, came thus, like an evil genius, to thrust herself between us? . . . I reminded myself in vain, that Lorenzo had no idea of the plans I had, unbeknown to him, formed for the evening, but supposed me at this very moment to be with my friends, where he had promised to join me; but nothing could calm the sudden agitation of my heart, nothing could check the flood of thoughts that sprang from my anxiety, jealousy, and misconceptions, and my excitement became more intense in proportion to the lateness of the hour. Would he never come? . . . And what would he say when he should arrive? . . . I was sure he would try to conceal his interview with Donna Faustina, and perhaps I ought to hide my knowledge of that as well as everything else, and feign ignorance of all that had occurred, in order not to betray Lando's indiscretion. . . . But what should I do when his eyes, so accustomed to interpret every expression of my face, should be fastened on me? How could I practise any dissimulation with him? It was not, indeed, my place to do anything of the kind. I had no cause to blush or be intimidated. And should he discover, after all, that I was not deceived, so much the better; and should he be displeased, so much the worse for Lando.

I had arrived at this point in my reflections when I heard the bell ringing loudly in the next room. Then there was a quick step, which this time was really his, and Lorenzo entered the room. He was pale and appeared excited, but said in a sufficiently calm tone:

"I have just come from M——'s, where I supposed I should find you; but I learned that, in sending my apology, you also excused yourself, and I did not remain an instant. What is the matter, Ginevra? . . . Are you ill? . . . Why did you not go? Why did you remain at home alone in this way?"

His expression was singular. It was at once affectionate and troubled. He looked earnestly at me, as he gave me his hand, and put back my hair in order to see my face more distinctly.

My cheeks were burning. The traces of the tears I had shed were visible, and, with his scrutinizing eyes upon me, I felt it hardly possible to restrain those that still

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filled my own. . . . He took my head between his two hands, and held it a moment against his breast in silence. The throbbing of his heart perhaps equalled that of mine. I was touched, speechless and disarmed, and less than ever in a condition to dissimulate anything, when he suddenly said:

"Why have you been crying, Ginevra? I must know."

Raising my still tearful eyes towards him, and looking confidingly in his face, I replied: "I have been crying, Lorenzo, because I heard Donna Faustina is here, and that you had gone to see her."

He started, and, though accustomed to the variations of his mobile face, I was struck with the effect my words had produced. His face reddened, then turned paler than before, and for some moments he was incapable of making any reply, and even seemed to forget my proximity. He seated himself beside the table, and remained silent. I looked at him with amazement and anxiety. At length he said:

"Who has told you anything about Donna Faustina, and what do you know of her?"

"No one has told me anything about her, and all I know of her you have told me yourself by the very emotion you show at her name."

He was again silent for a moment, and then resumed in his usual tone, as if he had triumphed over all hesitation:

"Well, Ginevra, even if you had not known of her being in Paris, or had never heard of her name or existence, I had resolved to speak to you about her this very evening. Listen to me. It is not, after all, a long story."

He had perfectly recovered his self-control, and yet he continued with some effort:

"It is not for you to be jealous of her, Ginevra. It is she who has reason to be jealous of you. She has done you no wrong; whereas, without suspecting it, you have done her a great and irreparable injury."

I opened my eyes with surprise.

"It is not necessary to tell you when and where I met her for the first time, but perhaps it is right I should acknowledge that I was inspired with a passion for her such as a man willingly imagines he can never feel but once in his life."

I could not repress a start.

"Wait, Ginevra; hear me to the end. She was married and virtuous. I left her, . . . but I had just learned she was free, and was about to go to see her when I was called to Sicily by the lawsuit on which my property depends. You know the rest. . . . The sight of you effaced the impressions of the past. I was still free—free from any promise that bound me to her, though perhaps she was expecting me to return to Milan. . . ."

"You forgot her, and offered me your hand? . . ." I exclaimed with mingled pity and almost reproach.

He replied with some emotion:

"Yes, Ginevra, and without any scruple; for after passing a month in your vicinity, I felt I loved her no longer, and *at that time* . . . I did not know she loved me."

His brow grew dark. He stopped an instant, and then rapidly continued:

"At a later day I ascertained, . . . I had reason to believe, . . . beyond a doubt, that the feeling she had succeeded in hiding from me existed really, profoundly, . . . and that she had suffered. . . .

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Ginevra! in the intoxication of my new happiness I could not feel any regret, but I acknowledge I had a moment of remorse. Yes; I never wished to hear her name again, never to see her or hear anything that would recall her. . . . I was almost irritated at Naples at finding her card among those left on your arrival there. . . . I was angry with her, poor Faustina, when I should have been grateful as well as you."

"What do you mean?"

"It was at Naples, which she happened to be passing through, that the news of our marriage reached her. And when we arrived just after, she wished to show, by leaving her card, that she should henceforth only consider herself my friend and yours. But at that time I did not regard it in this way, and I was unjust as well as ungrateful."

"And now, Lorenzo?" I said with many commingled feelings I could not have defined.

"Now, Ginevra, I think she was generous, and it would be well for you to be so in your turn. She wishes to know you, and I come to ask you to receive her to-morrow. . . . You hesitate! . . . I do not suppose, however," said he a little loftily, as he frowned, "that you think me capable of making such a proposition to my wife, if the Marquise de Villanera had not a spotless reputation, and I were not certain that there is no reason why you should not grant her the favor I beg."

Lorenzo was perfectly sincere at the moment he uttered these words. But as I write the account of that day by the light of events that followed, I do not feel the same assurance I did at the time he was talking. All he then affirmed was true; but he did not tell me everything. He did not, for instance, explain how he happened to learn, at a time when he had better have never known them, the sentiments that had hitherto been concealed from him. Still less did he tell me the effect this revelation produced on him. But with regard to this he doubtless did not deceive me any more than he did himself. Meanwhile, it was not possible to give more heed to a vague, inexplicable presentiment it would have been impossible to justify, than to what he said. I therefore consented, without any further hesitation, to the interview he proposed, and gave him my hand. He kissed it and held it lightly in his; then gave me a new proof of his confidence as well as unexpected satisfaction by the following words:

"This interview, Ginevra, will not commit you to any great extent at the most, as, for many reasons it would be useless to give you, I wish, if not too great a disappointment for you, to leave Paris—sooner than we intended. We will go in a week."

He saw the ray of joy that flashed from my eyes, and looked at me with an air of surprise. I was afraid of compromising poor Lando by betraying my knowledge of the danger that rendered this departure so opportune. I was also afraid he would regard it as a new proof of the jealous distrust he had just allayed, and hastened to speak of Livia's letter and my desire to return to Naples, where I had just learned I should find my sister. He accepted this explanation, and the day full of so many different causes of excitement ended more tranquilly than I had anticipated two hours before. It was difficult, however, when I once more found

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myself alone, to collect my troubled thoughts. A confused crowd of new impressions had replaced those of the morning. The projects inspired by the lofty eloquence of Gilbert de Kergy all at once seemed chimerical. My hopes had fled beyond recall. And yet I could not account for my apprehension. Anxiety, a vague anxiety, persistently prevailed over everything. I only succeeded in regaining my calmness at last by two considerations: we were to leave Paris, and it was Lorenzo himself who proposed our departure.

## XIX.

The following day, for some reason or other I did not explain to myself, I gave unusual attention to my toilet. I generally read while my waiting-maid was arranging my hair according to her own fancy, but that day I turned more than once towards the mirror. I observed with pleasure the golden lustre of my hair in the morning sunlight, and suggested myself the addition of a bow of ribbon of the same color as my belt. After I was dressed I gave, before leaving my room, a scrutinizing look in a large glass where I could see myself from head to foot. It seemed to me I was becomingly attired, and I felt pleased.

My satisfaction was confirmed by an exclamation that escaped Lorenzo as soon as he caught sight of me. He was already seated at the breakfast-table, which stood at one end of the room.

"You are charming this morning, Ginevra!" said he, smiling. He then grew thoughtful. After remaining silent a few moments, he resumed, perhaps to divert my mind from another thought he supposed it occupied with:

"I was sorry to leave you alone so long yesterday. How did you while away the time during the long afternoon?"

If he had asked this question the evening before at the imaginary *tête-à-tête* I had planned, what a minute, animated account should I have given him! How readily the thoughts which then occupied my mind would have sprung to my lips! He regarded me as a child, but I was no longer one; and beholding me all at once in the new aspect of an energetic, courageous woman, capable of aiding him with a firm hand in ascending to higher regions, he would have been surprised and touched; the passing gleam that sometimes manifested itself in his eyes would perhaps have been less transient this time, and I should have succeeded in kindling a flame of which this light was a mere emblem! . . . Lorenzo, if you had only been willing! If you had only listened to me then, entered into my feelings, and read my heart, what a life ours might have been! . . . Ah! happiness and goodness are more closely allied in this world than is usually supposed. If virtue sometimes does not escape misfortune, it is sure there is no happiness without it! But the impetus by which I hoped to attain my aim at a single bound had been suddenly checked, and I no longer remembered now what I longed to say the evening before, or the motive I then had in view. I therefore answered my husband's question with the utmost coolness without interrupting my breakfast:

"I went to S. Roch's. It rained in torrents, and, finding the Comtesse de Kergy and her daughter at

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the door without any carriage, I took them home."

"I am glad you did. There is no family more respected, and Kergy is one of the most intelligent of travellers."

"Yes, so I should suppose. I have heard him speak of his travels. There was a meeting at the Hôtel de Kergy yesterday at four o'clock, which I was invited to attend, and he made an address."

"And spoke very ably, I have no doubt. I have heard him, and can judge."

"You have heard him?"

"Yes, a fortnight ago. . . . Though scarcely acquainted, we are the founders and chief supporters of a review devoted to art and scientific subjects, the acting committee of which summoned a meeting of its members to draw up some resolution, and at this meeting he spoke."

"He is very eloquent, is he not?"

"Very eloquent indeed, but, on the whole, visionary."

"Visionary?"

"Yes, visionary, and sometimes incomprehensible even. He soars to such vague heights that no one can follow him. But in spite of this, he is a fellow of great talent, and has a noble nature, I should think."

Lorenzo rose while speaking, and drew a memorandum-book from his pocket:

"I will write down the address of the Hôtel de Kergy, that I may not forget to leave my card."

"Mme. de Kergy and her daughter," said I, "are coming to see me to-day about four o'clock."

He was silent a moment, and then said:

"And till that time?"

"Till then," I replied, turning red, "I shall be at home and alone."

"Very well," rejoined he, taking up a newspaper, while I silently went to a seat near the open window.

I compared the conversation which had just taken place with the one I imagined the evening before. I remembered the effect of the very name of her whose visit I was now expecting, and I felt inclined to both laugh and cry. In a word, I was nervous and agitated, and doubtless manifested my uneasiness and irritation more than I wished.

Lorenzo raised his eyes, and looked at me a moment.

"What are you thinking of, Ginevra?"

"Are you quite sure," said I abruptly, "that this Donna Faustina is not a *jettatrice?*"

He rose and somewhat impatiently threw his paper on the table. But quickly overcoming himself, he said calmly:

"Do you find any evidence in what I related last evening that she ever brought ill-luck to any one?"

"If it is not she," I exclaimed quickly, "I hope, at least, you do not think . . ."

I was about to add, "that it is I," but I stopped on seeing the cloud that came over his face.

"Come, Ginevra," said he, "you are really too childish! You are joking, doubtless, but no one knows better than you how to point a jest. But you shall tell me yourself what you think of the Marquise de Villanera after seeing her. As for me, I am going away. It is not necessary to have a third party when she comes. I will go meanwhile to see Kergy. But," added he, as he was leaving the room, "as you have consented to receive her, remember I depend on your doing so politely."

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He went away, leaving me in a frame of mind by no means serene. I felt angry with him, and at the same time dissatisfied with myself. Everything went contrary to what I had hoped, and I awaited my visitor with a mixture of anguish and ill-humor.

I felt a kind of uneasiness analogous to that experienced when there is thunder in the air. I tried to apply myself to something, but, finding this impossible, I ended by returning to the window, where, book in hand, I rose from time to time to see what was going on in the street or the garden of the Tuileries.

At length, about two o'clock, I saw a small *coupé* coming around the corner from the Rue St. Florentin. I had seen an endless number pass while I stood there, but I watched this one without a shadow of doubt as to the direction it would take. It was but a moment, indeed, before I saw it stop at the door of the hotel. We were not, to be sure, the only occupants, but it never occurred to me that the person in the carriage would ask for any one but myself. I returned to the drawing-room, therefore, and had taken the seat I usually occupied when I received callers, when the Marquise de Villanera was announced in a loud voice.

I rose to meet her. There was a moment's silence, doubtless caused by an equal degree of curiosity on both sides. It was only for an instant that passed like a flash, but nevertheless each of us had scanned the other from head to foot.

At the first glance she did not seem young. I was not twenty years old myself then, and I judged as one is apt to at that age. In reality, she was not thirty. She was tall and fine-looking. Her form was noble and graceful, her features delicate and regular, her hair and eyebrows black as jet, her complexion absolutely devoid of color, and her eyes of a lively blue. This somewhat too bright a color gave a cold, hard look to her eyes, but their expression changed as soon as she began to speak, and became sweet, caressing, beseeching, irresistible. She was dressed in black, apparently with extreme simplicity, but in reality with extreme care.

I had not time to wonder how I should break this silence. It was she who spoke first, and her very first words removed the timidity and embarrassment that rendered this interview still more painful. What she said I am really unable to remember, and I cannot comprehend now the effect of her words; but I know they wrought a complete transformation in the feelings I experienced the evening before at the very mention of her name!

Women often wonder in vain what the charm is by which other women succeed in pleasing, and, as Bossuet says, in "drawing after them captive souls." In their eyes, at least, this charm is inexplicable. But this is not always the case; for there are some women who, while they reserve for one the absolute ascendency of their empire, like to feel able to exert it over every one. Such was Donna Faustina. However deep the strange, secret warning of my heart might be, it was beyond my power to resist her. While she was talking I felt my prejudices vanish like snow before the sun, and it could not possibly have been otherwise, perhaps; at least without a penetration I was not endowed with, a distrust I was wholly incapable of, and an experience I did not then possess.

Did she really feel a kind of attraction towards me that rendered

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her sincere at this first interview? I prefer to think so. Yes, I prefer not to believe that deceit and perfidy could disguise themselves to such a degree under an appearance of cordiality, simplicity, artlessness, and sincerity. I prefer to hope it was not wholly by consummate art she won my confidence while seeming to repose unlimited confidence in me.

She very soon learned all she wished concerning me, and in return gave me her whole history; and however singular this sudden frankness on the part of a stranger ought to have appeared to me—and, indeed, was—the grace of her manner and the charm of her language prevented any doubt or criticism from crossing my mind. Young, without position or fortune, she had married a man three times as old as herself, with whom she lived in strict retirement. Her meeting with Lorenzo (but how this happened she did not explain) had been the only ray of joy in her life. She did not hide from me either the grief his departure caused her or the extent of her disappointment when she vainly awaited his return after she was left free. But all these feelings, she said, belonged to the past. Nothing remained but a friendship which she could not give up. The death of the aged Marquis de Villanera had of course left her free again, but it had also taken away her only protector. She felt alone in the world now, and begged me, in the midst of my happiness, to consider her loneliness and take pity on her.

While thus speaking she fixed upon me her large, blue eyes bathed in tears. And as I listened to her, tears also streamed down my cheeks. I almost reproached myself for being happy. Lorenzo's inconstancy weighed on my heart like remorse, and all that was generous in my nature responded to her appeal. Consequently, before our interview was over I embraced her, calling her my dear Faustina, and she clasped me in her arms, calling me for the twentieth time "her lovely, darling Ginevra."

My *naïveté* may seem astonishing. I was, indeed, *naïve* at that time, and it would have been surprising had I not been. People of more penetration than I would have been blinded. Lorenzo himself was at that time. When he found us together at his return, and comprehended the result of our interview from the very first words he heard, he turned towards me with eyes lit up with tenderness and gratitude.

His first, and probably his only, feeling at meeting again the woman to whom he thought he had been ungrateful and almost disloyal, had been a kind of humiliation. To get rid of this feeling, he had sought some means of repairing this wrong, and, thanks to my docility to him and my generosity towards her, he persuaded himself he had found a way.

In the state of affairs at that moment I had the advantage. I gained that day a new, but, alas! the last, triumph over my rival!

## XX.

Lorenzo accompanied the marchioness to her carriage, and then returned an instant to inform me she would dine with us that evening, and that he had invited Lando to join us. He embraced me af-

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fectionately before he went away, looking at me with an expression that caused me a momentary joy, but which was followed by a feeling of melancholy as profound as if his kiss had been an adieu.

But though my apprehensions of the evening before were allayed, I could not get rid of a vague uneasiness impossible to overcome—perhaps the natural result of the hopes that, on the one hand, had been disappointed since the previous day, and, on the other, the fears that had been removed. But my mind was still greatly troubled, and though the atmosphere around me had apparently become calm and serene, I felt, so to speak, the earth tremble almost insensibly beneath my feet, and could hear the rumbling of thunder afar off.

My interview with Donna Faustina lasted so long that I had not been alone half an hour before Mme. de Kergy and her daughter were announced. This call, which, under any circumstances, would have given me pleasure, was particularly salutary at this moment, for it diverted my mind and effected a complete, beneficial change of impressions. After the somewhat feverish excitement I had just undergone, it was of especial benefit to see and converse with these agreeable companions of the evening before. I breathed more freely, and forgot Donna Faustina while listening to their delightful conversation. My eyes responded to Diana's smiling looks, and her mother inspired me with a mingled attraction and confidence that touched me and awakened in my soul the dearest, sweetest, and most poignant memories of the past. Mme. de Kergy perceived this, and likewise noticed, I think, the traces of recent agitation in my face. She rose, as if fearing it would be indiscreet to prolong her visit.

"Oh! do not go yet," I said, taking hold of her hand to detain her.

"But you look fatigued or ill. I do not wish to abuse the permission you gave me."

"You do me good, on the contrary. I have a slight headache, it is true, but it is soothing to talk with you."

"Truly?"

"Yes, truly."

"Well, then, let me propose, in my turn, a drive in my carriage. The weather is fine to-day. Come and take the air with us. It will do you good, and afford us great pleasure."

I felt quite disposed on my part to accept the sympathy manifested by Mme. de Kergy, and at once accepted her invitation. I took a seat in her *calèche*, and, after an hour's drive with her and her daughter, I had not only recovered from the nervous agitation of the morning, but we had become fully acquainted, and for the first time in Paris I ceased to feel myself a stranger.

"What a pity you are going away so soon!" exclaimed Diana.

"Yes, indeed," said her mother; "for it seems to me you would find some resources at my house you have not found elsewhere, and we might reveal Paris under a different—perhaps I may say under a more favorable—aspect than it generally appears to strangers, even in the fashionable world, which is, I imagine, nearly the same everywhere."

I made no reply, for the regret she expressed awoke a similar feeling in my heart, and aroused all the recollections of the evening be-

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fore. I once more felt for an instant an ardent desire to take refuge in a different sphere. I longed more earnestly than ever to escape from that in which some vague peril seemed to threaten me. We were, it is true, to leave Paris, but for what a motive! . . . What a pitiful aspect the life Lorenzo wished to escape from took in comparison with the one so different which Mme. de Kergy had just given me a glimpse of! . . . The thought of this contrast embittered the joy I felt in view of our departure.

We agreed, however, as we separated, to meet every day during this last week, and Mme. de Kergy promised to take me, before my departure, through various parts of the unknown world of charity in Paris, whose existence she had revealed to me, that I might, at least, have a less imperfect idea of it before leaving France.

On my return I found Lando as well as Lorenzo in the drawing-room, and learned that, as the weather was fine, they had decided we should dine at some *café* I do not now remember, in the Champs Elysées, and afterwards, instead of returning home, we should take seats under the trees, and quietly listen in the open air to the music of one of the famous orchestras. The hotel the Marquise de Villanera stopped at was on the way; we could call for her, and she would remain with us the rest of the evening.

This new programme did not displease me. I rather preferred this way of meeting the marchioness again, instead of the one I anticipated after Lorenzo told me she would dine with us. In spite of the favorable impression she produced, this prospect annoyed me. The arrangement now proposed suited me better. I unhesitatingly assented to it, but could not help thinking, as I did so, how much I should have preferred passing the evening alone with him! . . . I longed for solitude—but shared with him! My heart was full of things I wished to give utterance to, and it seemed as if a kind of fatality multiplied obstacles around us, and kept us absorbed in matters wholly foreign to the sentiments I found it impossible to awaken during the too brief moments in which we were together. My heart was filled with these desires and regrets while I was preparing to accompany him, and they cast a shade over the evening I am giving an account of.

Lando took a seat in front of us, and our carriage soon drew up at the door of the marchioness, who followed us in her little *coupé*. She descended when we arrived at our place of destination, and Lorenzo, as was proper, gave her his arm. I took Lando's, and we proceeded towards the room that had been reserved for us, traversing on our way the principal coffee-room, which was filled with people. Every eye turned towards us.

I saw that Lando's vanity was more gratified than mine by the observations that reached our ears. I looked at Lorenzo; he too seemed to be proud of the effect produced by the one leaning on his arm, and for the first time did not appear to notice the flattering murmur of which I was the object. I noticed this, and it did not increase my good-humor. But after we arrived at the little dining-room that was ours for the time, Faustina seemed wholly occupied with me. We took off our bonnets, and while I was silently admiring her



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magnificent tresses, which made her resemble some antique statue, she went into open ecstasy about my "golden hair," my form, and my features; but while she was thus going on, evidently supposing it was not displeasing to me, Lorenzo stopped her.

"Take care, marchioness," said he, smiling, "you do not know Ginevra. Do not take another step in that direction. No one can venture on that ground *but myself alone.*"

He uttered these last words with an accent that made my heart beat and rendered Faustina silent. An expression flashed from her blue eyes quicker than the sharpest lightning, and seemed to give them a terrible brilliancy. However, she soon resumed her playfulness and graceful ease of manner. Like most Italian ladies, she had that naturalness, that total absence of affectation, which often gives to their conversation an originality without parallel, and makes all wit which is less spontaneous than theirs seem factitious and almost defective. It has an inexpressible charm which fascinates, enchants, sets every one at ease, and gives to their very coquetry an appearance of artlessness.

We were full of liveliness and gayety at the table. Never was a dinner more agreeable. Donna Faustina had an uncommon talent for relating things without appearing to try to win attention. She could mimic other women without any appearance of malice, and even sound their praises with an earnestness that made her more charming than those of whom she was speaking. Sometimes, too, she would change her tone, and, after making the room ring with our laughter, she would entertain us with some serious account which displayed a powerful, cultivated mind, with all her exuberant gayety. In short, when she was present, nothing was thought of but her, and even those whom she wittingly or unwittingly threw into the shade could not deny the charm by which they were eclipsed.

It was, however, with some surprise I recalled after dinner the conversation that had affected me so strongly some hours before, and I asked myself if this was the melancholy, forsaken woman whose fate had moved me to tears.

She seemed to have almost read my thoughts; for, as we were returning to the open air, she left Lorenzo's arm, and came to take mine.

"Ginevra," said she in a low voice, "you find me gay and happy as a child this evening. It is because I no longer feel alone. I have found, not only friends, but a sister! . . . I am filled with love and gratitude to you."

The Champs Elysées were illuminated. We could see each other as distinctly as by daylight. She seemed much affected and sincere. Perhaps she spoke the truth at that moment. . . . Perhaps she had only looked deep enough into her own heart to feel persuaded that the romantic friendship she wished to make me believe in was real. However this may be, the illusion did not last long either for her, or Lorenzo, or myself.

The music was delightful, and I listened to it for some time in silence. Faustina had taken a seat at my right hand. Lorenzo sat next her, and Lando beside me.

"Bravo! Cousin Ginevra," said the latter in a low tone as soon as the first piece was ended. "Thank heaven, your influence is still all

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it ought to be! . . . I am delighted, but not surprised!"

So many things had occupied my mind since my last conversation with him that I was at a loss to know what he referred to.

"You have persuaded Lorenzo to leave Paris?"

"No; he proposed going of his own accord."

"Indeed! When was that?"

"Last evening."

"And when are you to leave?"

"Next Monday."

"A whole week! It is a long time. . . . In spite of my personal regret to lose you, I wish your departure could take place sooner."

"And I also," I murmured without knowing why, for at that moment I was not at all preoccupied with the cause of Lando's anxiety.

"Endeavor, at least, to make him pass every evening like this. Your friend is pleasing; she amuses him, and may be able to divert him from other things."

"Lando, stop!" I exclaimed with a vehemence I could not repress. He uttered a slight exclamation of surprise, and I hastily continued, lest he might have comprehended me:

"Yes, be quiet, I beg, while they are playing the *Marche du Prophète*. I wish to hear it undisturbed."

But I did not listen to the *Marche du Prophète*. I only listened to—I only heard—the voices beside me. Lorenzo and his companion at first continued to converse in an animated manner on subjects apparently indifferent, but concerning people and places I was entirely ignorant of. . . . Recollections of the past were recalled which I knew nothing about. A long silence soon intervened, and when at last they resumed the conversation, it was in so low a tone I was unable to follow it.

Lorenzo and Lando returned on foot, and I took Donna Faustina home. Before separating we embraced each other once more, saying *au revoir;* but after leaving her I thought without any regret that before another week I should bid her a long farewell, and perhaps even then I should not have been sorry were it for ever.

## XXI.

During the following week, that looked so long to Lando, and was indeed long enough to affect my whole life, what transpired? . . . Apparently nothing very different from the evening I have just described; nothing that did not seem the natural consequence of the intimacy so suddenly formed between Donna Faustina and myself, the recent date of which I alone seemed not to have forgotten. But little by little, I might say hour by hour, I felt a secret, powerful, subtle influence growing up around me, and the deepest instincts of my heart, for a moment repressed, were violently roused, causing me to suffer all the pangs of doubt, anxiety, and the most cruel suspicion. But as nothing new seemed to justify these feelings, I forced myself to conceal them, for fear of rendering myself odious in Lorenzo's eyes and losing the charm of my generous confidence. Moreover, did not my continuing to manifest this confidence oblige him to merit it? . . . And could Faustina be treacherous while I was redoubling my cordiality and affection, and confiding in her as a friend? Was I not in a certain

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manner protecting myself by obliging both of them in honor not to deceive me?

But honor, we know, in such cases—honor alone, without the holy restraints imposed by conscience—is a feeble barrier and a mere mockery. Those who imagine they have not overstepped this barrier sometimes make it recede before them, and believe themselves still within its limits when they are already far beyond the line it first marked out. . . .

A barrier so easily changed soon trenches on the enemy's ground, and the honor that is purely human—insufficient guardian of vows the most solemn—after violating the most sacred obligations, often becomes subject to some imaginary duty, and, according to a barbarous code that keeps pace with that of the Gospel amid all our civilization, persuades him whose sole guide it is that he would be disloyal if he ceased to be a traitor!

This is a sad, commonplace occurrence in the world, which does not excite anything more than a smile or a shrug of the shoulders on the part even of those who would tremble with indignation if any one should think them capable of betraying the confidence of a friend—what do I say?—even of a stranger or an enemy!

I will not undertake to follow Lorenzo in this obscure phase of his life. Neither will I try to penetrate into the soul of Faustina. I will only speak of the influence her crossing my path had on my life; for the account I have undertaken is one of bitter trials and formidable dangers, and the extraordinary grace I derived therefrom!

During the last week of our stay in Paris my time was strangely divided between Mme. de Kergy, who came every morning to take me on the proposed rounds, and Donna Faustina, with whom I unfailingly found myself every evening. I thus daily went from one world to another exactly opposite, and seemed to undergo a periodical transformation, becoming, according to the hour, as different as the two women with whom I thus became simultaneously connected, but whom I never beheld together.

Every day I appreciated more fully the beneficial intimacy, that had commenced at the same time as the other intimacy, to which I already hesitated to give its true name, and I found more and more salutary the happy influences of the morning, which always diverted my mind from the annoying recollections of the evening before. Mme. de Kergy's simple dignity and sweetness of manner were allied with a noble mind and a large heart. Though somewhat imposing, every one felt at ease with her, because she entered into every one's feelings, criticised nobody, and only gave others the lesson of her example. I considered myself fortunate to see her so often, and wished I could always remain under her guidance.

I accompanied her in her charitable rounds through Paris, and at the sight of the misery I thus witnessed I felt I had never understood before to what an extent both misery and charity can extend. And yet poverty and humanity are to be found in all countries and in all climes. Certainly, we also have the poor amongst us, and Southern Italy is called, *par excellence*, the land of beggars and wretchedness. Nevertheless, when my imagination transported me to the gates of the convent where Don Placido daily distributed alms,

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without any great discernment perhaps, but accompanied with pious words, received by those to whom they were addressed as alms of almost equal value, I asked myself if this did not somewhat counterbalance the excessive poverty and the lack of a more rigid and discriminating way of alleviating it. And when I witnessed the profound misery at Paris, augmented by the climate, and often embittered by hatred; when I saw this vast number greedy for the things of this world, but without any hope of those in a better, I asked myself if any possible compensation in the world could be given the poor who are deprived of the precious faith that would console, sustain, and ennoble them. Yes, *ennoble* them; the word is not too strong to express the living exemplification of the Gospel I had often observed in accompanying Livia and Ottavia to the miserable habitations where they were welcomed so cordially. "Ah! signora," these so-called wretched creatures would sometimes say, looking at us with an air of compassion, "yes, we will pray for you, and our Lord will hear us; for, after all, *we poor* are his favorites. He chose to take upon himself our likeness, and not that of the rich."

A thousand expressions of the same nature crossed my mind while accompanying my noble, saintly friend to the places where she exercised, and taught her young daughter to exercise, a double mission of charity. One day in particular, seeing the charming Diana kneeling beside the bed of a poor old woman whose infirmities were incurable, but who was without religion, I recalled the words that fell from the lips of a poor woman at Naples who had implored the cure of her malady through the intercession of some saint, *and had obtained it*, "Ah! mia cara signora, doctors are for the rich; as for us, we have the saints."

"You must relate all this to Gilbert," said Mme. de Kergy, listening to me with a beaming face. "In spite of the absorbing interest he takes in discoveries and inventions of all kinds, he is not incapable of comprehending this solution—the highest and most simple of all—of the great problem repeated under so many different forms. He would readily acknowledge that, viewed in this light, the inequalities of social life assume a wonderfully different aspect."

This was not the first time I had heard her speak in this way of Gilbert de Kergy since we had daily met. Among other things, she explained, on one occasion, the object of various associations of which he was an active member.

"He could explain all this much better than I," she added; "but I have urged him in vain to accompany us in our explorations through what I call his domain. He absolutely refuses, and, though I am accustomed to his uncivilized ways, they afflict me, because he often yields to them to the injury of others as well as himself."

One day, however, I found his card at my door when I returned home; but I had seen him only once since the meeting at the Hôtel de Kergy.

Saturday arrived, the day but one before our departure, and I was to take my last drive with Mme. de Kergy. I was suffering from a thousand conflicting emotions, agitated and melancholy, and sorry to be separated from her, and yet happy and impatient to leave Paris, where I now seemed to be-

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hold nothing but two large blue eyes following me everywhere. On the other hand, however, a strange, inexplicable regret weighed on my heart when I thought of the world into which I had not yet penetrated, except in imagination, but where I longed to be transplanted with Lorenzo, that our lives might bring forth better fruit. While conversing with Mme. de Kergy such a life seemed less chimerical. I felt my wishes might easily be realized if . . . I could not wholly define my thought, but it was there, alive, actual, and poignant, and the recollection of its source added a degree of tenderness to the affectionate farewell I bade Mme. de Kergy when her carriage stopped to leave me at my door. My eyes were filled with tears. I found it difficult to tear myself away. She, on her part, pressed my hand, and, fastening her softest look on me, finally said:

"My dear Ginevra" (I had some time before begged her to call me so), "would it be indiscreet to ask you to come and dine with us to-morrow, and spend your last evening with us?"

"O madame!" I exclaimed with a joy I did not try to conceal, "how happy I should be to come!"

"Then I shall depend on seeing you—both of you; for of course my invitation extends likewise to the Duca di Valenzano."

I felt my face turn red simply at these words. Alas! why? Because I was at once terrified at the thought of conveying an invitation to Lorenzo which, ten days before, he would have eagerly accepted. Now I felt if he replied in the affirmative, it would be a triumph for me; if in the negative, a painful defeat.

All this rapidly crossed my mind, and made me silent for a moment. Finally I replied:

"I do not know whether my husband has any engagement for to-morrow or not; but as for me, I hope nothing will prevent my coming. At all events, you shall have my reply in a few hours."

This reply was despatched at a late hour that same evening, and was to this effect: "That important business would oblige my husband to be absent the whole day, and I alone should be able to accept Mme. de. Kergy's invitation."

What it cost me to write this note Mme. de Kergy never imagined. And yet, when I hastily wrote these lines, I had no positive reason for doubting the truth of the excuse assigned for Lorenzo's absence—no reason except the promptings of my own heart, to which I was less able than ever, within a few hours, to impose silence.

But to relate what took place from the time I left Mme. de Kergy till I wrote her the above note:

That evening, as usual, I was to meet Donna Faustina, but not her alone. Our friends were to assemble to bid us farewell, and it was at this *soirée* I saw her for the first time in all the *éclat* of a brilliant toilet. And, though I was far from foreseeing it, it was there I spoke to her for the last time! . . . And I was still further from foreseeing in what place and in what way I should afterwards find myself beside her for an instant! . . .

We both attracted much attention that evening. Which of us was the more beautiful I cannot tell. As to this, I was indifferent to the opinion of all but one. What he thought I longed to know, and I now watched him in my turn. As I have said, he had good

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reason to pride himself on his penetration; but that was a faculty by no means lacking on my part, and one, it may be remarked *en passant*, that Sicilians of both sexes are said to be rarely devoid of. In this respect we were well matched. I knew every line in his forehead, and understood every movement of his mouth and the slightest change in his mobile, expressive face, and during the whole evening, when for the first time I was able to observe them together without attracting his attention, I used as much art in studying him as he knew how to use in studying others: I followed them with my eyes around the room; whereas, separated from me by the crowd, he forgot my presence, and, by some phenomenon akin to that of second sight, every word they uttered seemed to resound distinctly in my ears! . . . It was with reluctance I gave her my hand when I left her. It was she, and not Lorenzo, who was at that moment the object of the resentment that burned in my heart.

I had doubtless overcome some of my faults at that time, but far from all. I was not so frivolous as is usually the case at my age. I loved everything great and noble. But with all this, I was impetuous, wilful, and jealous, and, though not occupied about my appearance, I was with myself. The happiness I had an indisputable right to was menaced. All means of defending my rights seemed allowable, but to use address, prudence, and management would have amounted almost to insincerity in my eyes.

Pretexts, and even excuses, are seldom wanting for yielding to the impulse of the moment. Therefore I yielded to mine when I again found myself alone with Lorenzo, breaking a long silence which he did not notice, or would not ask the reason of, with a violent outburst I afterwards regretted, but which, at the moment, it seemed impossible to repress.

"I have tried to please you, Lorenzo, and must still believe in your sincerity, which it would kill me to doubt; but I can no longer have any faith in the false, perfidious friendship of that woman. . . . My heart, my whole soul, revolts against her. . . . God forgive me, Lorenzo, I really believe I hate her, and feel as if I could never see her again! . . ."

Such were a few of the hasty, incoherent words that escaped from my lips. Lorenzo, with folded arms, compressed brow, and a cold, ironical look of surprise, listened without interrupting me.

As I gazed at him, I felt my impetuosity die away and give place to intolerable anguish. My heart swelled, and I should have burst out into sobs had not a certain pride hindered me from responding to the icy coldness of his smile with tears. He did not excuse himself, and by no means tried to defend her whom I thus attacked. He made neither protestations nor reproaches.

"As you please, *cara mia*," said he with a calmness that seemed a thousand times more cruel than anger. "I will not attempt to oppose the furious fit of jealousy I see you are in. Indulge in it at your leisure. . . . Nothing is easier than to find some excuse for not spending to-morrow evening with Donna Faustina—and the day after, *ma belle Ginevra*," continued he with a sarcastic look that was more marked than his words. "You seem to forget we are both going away, and very probably you will never see

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her again. . . . This is a reassuring circumstance, and ought to have sufficed, it seems to me, to prevent you from making so absurd a scene as this."

His manner and words completely disconcerted me. I now felt painfully mortified at my outburst, and an earnest desire to repair it. And yet the sensation caused by his injustice still raged in my heart. But I repressed this by degrees, and when Lorenzo was on the point of leaving the room, I said in a low tone:

"Forgive me; I was too hasty. But I have suffered more than you may have supposed."

He made no reply, and his coldness restored my self-control.

"It is not necessary to seek any pretext to avoid meeting Donna Faustina," continued I with a *sang-froid* nearly equal to his own. 'Mme. de Kergy has invited me, and you also, to dine there to-morrow, and pass the evening."

"Very well, go; nothing could be more fortunate. As for me, I shall not go with you. I have business I am obliged to finish before my departure. To-morrow I shall be absent all the morning, and shall not return in season to accompany you."

I knew through Lando what business he referred to. I knew he was to settle the next day the important accounts I had learned about the preceding Sunday. I recollected likewise that he was afterwards to dine with Lando. . . .

It was not, then, an imaginary excuse I had to transmit to Mme. de Kergy, and yet, when I wrote the note before mentioned, it was with a trembling hand and a heart heavier than it had ever been in my life!

TO BE CONTINUED.

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## SEPTEMBER—SABBATH REST.

Most holy of the numbers, sacred Seven!
Which reverently the ancient sages held,
And by thy hidden charm the music swelled
Of rare old prophecies and songs of heaven,
We wonder, yet the secret have not riven
(So closely are the mysteries sentinelled),
If only by the calendar* compelled,
Thy sign of grace unto this month was given.
Rather, we think, a fair connection lies
Between the blessedness of Sabbath peace,
When all of labor finds divine surcease,
The while rich incense rises to the skies,
And that sweet rest from summer's burdened days,
Which makes the ripe year now yield sevenfold praise!

* Formerly September was the 7th month.

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## THE PRESENT STATE OF ANGLICANISM.

A BILL for the regulation of public worshjp, prepared by Dr. Tait, Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury, and which after certain modifications has passed through Parliament, is causing the state church to undergo another of those feverish crises which for about thirty years past have marked with a new feature its internal as well as its external disorganization.

Before that period it had been the chief boast of that church, in every section of her members, whether "High" or "Evangelical," to have repudiated the "blasphemous fables and dangerous deceits" of the ancient faith from which she had apostatized, the ancient unity from which she had severed herself, and the ancient doctrines which she denounced.

Since that period, however, a change has come over a portion of the Establishment, by the formation in its bosom of a new party, differing from all its predecessors, and possessing, moreover, its own scale of belief, graduated *ad libitum*.

The thoughtful and earnest writers of the *Tracts for the Times*, becoming painfully conscious of the want of consistency of belief, and also of the need of a spiritual head or centre of authority in their own communion, sought anxiously into the details of its origin and history, and also into the past and present of the ancient church, from whose venerable features they removed the veil of obloquy and misrepresentation which had been thrown over them. Their search proved that to be a merely human institution which they had regarded as divine, and the unveiling of that long-hidden countenance revealed to them the divine lineaments of the one true Mother who for three weary centuries had been to England a "Mother out of sight."*

Most of those men transferred their allegiance whither alone it was due; having dug to the foundations of their edifice to find them giving way at every corner, they took refuge in the city against which so often the "hail descended, and the wind blew, but it fell not; for it was built upon a rock." But they did not fail to leave an abiding impression upon the communion they abandoned. Many who forbore to follow their example were yet unable to deny the truth of the principles which had found their ultimate resolution in this exodus, although they persuaded themselves and others that it was their duty to remain in order to solidify and adorn that structure which they designate the "church of their baptism," slow to believe that it is a house "built on the sand."

Thus, during the last thirty years or so, it has been the aim of a small but increasing number of Anglicans to claim consideration for their communion on higher grounds than its founders would by any means have approved, and, becoming suddenly shy of its state parentage, to declare it to be a "Branch" and a "Sister" of that

*This is the title of a remarkable poem by the Rev. John Keble, unpublished until after his death.

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church which the creators of their own moved heaven and earth, or rather the gates of hell, to destroy.

In order to support their claim, they find it necessary to distort the meaning of their formularies in the vain endeavor to coax or to force them into some resemblance to the teaching of the Council of Trent, those which are hopelessly irreconcilable being left out of the account as little differences which it is inconvenient to remember. In numerous cases they are practically set aside, or contradicted, notwithstanding the fact that at their "ordination" the ministers of the Church of England solemnly bind themselves to teach in accordance with these very formularies.

Moreover, finding their own mutilated communion service insufficient, and yet claiming and professing to "say Mass," which they were never intended to say, and which in their present position they are utterly incapable of celebrating, the ritualistic ministers are in the habit of supplementing the deficiencies of their own liturgy by private interpolations from the Roman Missal, which, in case they are questioned on the subject, they designate as "prayers from ancient sources," a statement less honest than true. One thing after another do they imitate or claim as their own, now a doctrine, now a practice, which for three hundred years their communion has emphatically disowned: vestments, lights, prayers for the dead, confession, transubstantiation, in some "extreme" quarters intercession of the saints; here a gesture and there a decoration, which only has its fitness and meaning in the ancient church and her venerable ritual, but which with them can claim no title but that of doctrinal, disciplinary, and decorative disobedience—however great may be the pains they take to force the false to simulate the true, and however pertinaciously they may dare, as they do, to appropriate to themselves and to their chaotic schism the very name of the Catholic Church, out of whose fold they are content to remain in hereditary apostasy.

Among the four principal sections of "High," "Low," "Broad," and "No" church, into which the Anglican communion is divided, the "Low" or (so-called) "Evangelical" school is the sternest opponent of the new "Extreme" or "Ritualistic" party, which it very mistakenly honors with the name of *Romanizers*. We say mistakenly, because, however they may imitate according to their various shades of opinion the outward ceremonial of the church, or adopt, at choice, more or less of her doctrines, yet all this in their case is but a double development of Protestantism (to say nothing of the effect it produces of making them rest satisfied with the shadow instead of seeking the substance);* for none are so bitter as they against the church they are so desirous to resemble, and also none are so practically disobedient to their own ecclesiastical superiors, in spite of reiterated professions to the contrary. It is this persistent disobedience which has brought about the present crisis.

In the Evangelical party there exists a society calling itself the

* Dr. Irons, in his book entitled *New Legislation for the Church: Is it needed?* says: "The most discreditable because the most insincere of all the pleas for new legislation is the cry that the ritualists are encouraging popery amongst us. To say that we are in danger of becoming papists is about as rational as to say that we are becoming 'Plymouth Brethren,'" (one of the many new sects which have sprung up of late years in England).

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"Church Association," of which one principal object is to watch over the principles of the reformation,* and to keep a jealous eye upon the movements of tractarianism in all its varied developments.

Chiefly in consequence of the representations of this society, and also of the determination of the High-Church clergy not to obey the decision that has been given against various of their practices in the "Purchas judgment," until they should have obtained a redecision from another court to which they had appealed, Dr. Tait, Archbishop of Canterbury, laid before the Houses of Parliament a bill entitled the "Public Worship Regulation Bill," of which the object is to secure the suppression of all the illegal practices in which Ritualists habitually indulge, and also to secure obedience to their legally and ecclesiastically constituted authorities. Rightly or wrongly, all the innovations or changes that have been gradually rousing "the Protestant feeling of the country," and which are in fact, if not in intention, imitations of Catholic ritual, were to be put down. The bill requires that in each diocese a local court should be established, before which any church-warden, or three parishioners, "having cause of complaint against the incumbent, as failing to observe the directions contained in the Book of Common Prayer, relating to the performance of the services, rites, and ceremonies of the said book, or as having made or permitted unlawful addition to, alteration of, or omission from such services," etc., etc., shall be empowered to lay their complaint against the said incumbent, who is to be allowed the space of fourteen days in which to give his answer. Should no answer be given, it will be considered that the charges laid against him are true, and proceedings will be taken accordingly. Should an unsatisfactory answer be given, "the bishop may, if he think fit, within six months after he has received a representation in the manner aforesaid, proceed to consider the same in public, with the assistance of the chancellor of the diocese or his substitute, . . . and the bishop shall, after due consideration, pronounce judgment in regard to such representation."

To this an amendment was suggested by Lord Shaftesbury, which was adopted, namely, that instead of a local bishop, a secular judge, to be selected by the two Archbishops of Canterbury and York, should be appointed, under the title of "Judge of Public Worship," and whose office it should be to assist the bishop of any diocese where his services might be required for the hearing of cases, after which not the bishop, but the judge, should, in conclusion, pronounce sentence according to law.

Upon this, the *Spectator*, a leading periodical of the Broad Church party, observes: "So far as the bill is intended to ascertain and enforce the existing law of the church in relation to public worship, the change (namely, from a bishop to a secular judge) makes the whole difference between a tribunal which Englishmen will respect and trust and one which they would hardly have taken the trouble even to consult, so deep would have been, in general, their distrust of the oracle

* At a meeting of a High Church society, called the English Church Union, recently held, a member of this Low Church association who was present rose and informed the assembly that that body further existed "for the purpose of teaching the bishops the law"—a statement which must have been interesting to the Bishop of Lichfield and his two coadjutor-bishops who were present.

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consulted. . . . Lord Shaftesbury having provided a genuine judge, the complainant who prefers a bishop will not often get his antagonist to agree with him, and such complainants will be few."

Of this general mistrust of the Anglican bishops we have more to say, but for the present we keep to the consideration of the bill.

Lord Shaftesbury's suggestion was followed by one from Dr. Magee, Bishop of Peterborough, which, although not adopted, is too remarkable a specimen of Episcopal counsel to be unnoticed, (*The Church Times* respectfully designates it as "one of the prettiest bits of log-rolling ever seen"!) Bishop Magee proposed, and his proposal was "powerfully seconded by the Lord Chancellor," that there should be "neutral regions of ritual laid down by the bill, within which a variety of usages as practised in many churches at the present time should *all* be admissible, even though the actual directions of the rubric against some of them be explicit." Whereupon the *Spectator* goes on to suggest that a varied selection of "concessions" should be made, suitable to the divergent or opposite tastes of Extreme, High, Low, Broad, and No Churchmen; such as, for instance, the optional reading or omission of the words as to the regeneration of the child by the act of baptism, as a concession acceptable to the Evangelicals. For its own part it would like an optional reading or omission of the Athanasian Creed, and so on, and, "to make the compromise a thoroughly sound one," the laity of each parish, it considers, ought to be consulted as to the usage to be adopted. It is hard to imagine anything better calculated to make "confusion worse confounded" than plans like these, at a time, too, when all the Anglican parties alike confess that "in no day has there been so wide a variety of tendency, opinion, and belief in the Church of England as now."

One of the great features in the checkered progress of this bill has been the speech of the late premier, the negative and destructive character of which it is difficult adequately to estimate, and which, upon its delivery, to quote the words of the *Westminster Gazette*, "produced an ecclesiastical conflagration." Even Mr. Gladstone's late colleagues hold aloof from his propositions, and the outcry that was raised soon indisposed his humbler followers to agree with him; yet he laid bare many real difficulties and told many plain truths which might make the friends of the archbishop's bill reasonably hesitate. But as it is, this speech has only fired the zealous determination of the great majority of the House, both liberal and conservative, to strike a blow at the external manifestations of ritualism, come what may, and has set the "Protestant feeling of the country" on horseback.

The bill is doubtless peculiarly vulnerable, and Mr. Gladstone did not spare its weak points, amply demonstrating its dangerous scope and character, and the extreme probability of its leading to convulsions far more serious to the welfare of the Established Church than what he termed any panic about Ritualism. It enforces the observation of the rubrics with a rigidity dependent only upon episcopal discretion in the use of a certain dispensing power. The bishops may protect whom they please, provided they are ready with written reasons for vetoing the proceedings against the accused, which is cer-

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tainly an adroit expedient for catching obnoxious ritualists and letting offenders of another class escape. All might work well if only bishops will be discreet.* Mr. Gladstone showed, however, that he entertained profound doubts of the discretion of twenty-seven or twenty-eight bishops. But, whether his fears are well grounded or not, many minds would agree with him in recoiling from such slippery legislation, although, on the other hand, he launches himself into a course of which it would be difficult to foresee the results. In his six remarkable resolutions he not only reduces the bill so that it should only effect its real objects, but he explicitly asserts the impolicy of uniformity in the matter of enforcing the rubrics. It is really little less than the repeal of the Act of Uniformity, and the six resolutions involve the abolition of that religious settlement which has prevailed in England for more than two centuries. Finding them rejected by an overwhelming majority, Mr. Gladstone withdrew them; "but they may yet furnish a fruitful contribution to the discussion of the position of the Church of England."

But if, as we have seen, the Broad-Church section openly proclaims its deep mistrust of its ecclesiastical rulers, and one object of the Evangelical "Church Association" is declared to be "to teach them the law," it is reserved for the organs of the extreme ritualistic party to treat their bishops, week after week, to an amount of supercilious insolence, which is occasionally varied by invective and abuse, unsurpassed in the annals of even Puritan polemics. In the *Church Times* for May 22 we find a lengthy monition, headed in double-sized capitals, "What the Bishops ought to do," and which, in a tone of mock compassion, thus commences: "It has been a hard time lately for our Right Reverend Fathers-in-God . . . According to their wont, their lordships have seemed, with one noble exception, to give their support to Dr. Tait's plan for stamping out ritualism." "The gods have evidently a spite against the primate, or he would scarcely have committed such blunders, etc." "The poor archbishop has, however, excuse enough for his peevishness." "We have been compelled repeatedly, in the interests of truth, etc., to point out what their lordships ought not to do; unfortunately the occasions which necessarily call forth such remarks occur too frequently; it is therefore only right that we should also give the bishops the benefit of our own experience, and explain to them how they might hope to gain that respect which they certainly do not now possess." And further on the same modest writer requests his ecclesiastical superiors to remember that they are immensely inferior to many of their clergy in natural gifts, mental culture, and parochial experience, adding: "Take, for instance, the question of confession. It is evident from their lordships' utterances respecting it that they are in the darkest ignorance both as to its principles and practice, . . . and this though there are plenty of clergymen who, by

* Upon this the *Times* remarks: "There can be no department of administration . . . without a large deposit of discretionary powers in the best hands that can be found. The Church of England has always had to submit to that law, for it sees its prelates appointed alternately by the opposite political and religious sides, and has had to see the ecclesiastical patronage of populous counties bestowed for a whole generation on men of one school, and then as long on men of the other." Could any words more graphically depict the shuttlecock existence of Anglican ecclesiastical arrangements than these?

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long experience in the confessional, are well qualified to instruct their lordships about it."

Now, this is too unreasonable! As if an Anglican bishop ought fairly to be expected to trouble himself about an obsolete custom that had practically disappeared from the Anglican Prayer-Book, of which there is no mention in the Catechism, and none in the communion service but one ambiguous phrase which may mean anything! *

But to return to the *Church Times*, which with its compeers of the "extreme" school seems to do its best to expose the Babel of confusion in which it dwells, and which its own voice does its little utmost to increase. From this we learn that "it is now decided by archiepiscopal authority, and illustrated by archiepiscopal example, that truth is not one, but two."

Why only *now*, we should like to know, when no true successor of the archapostate Cranmer could consistently teach otherwise—Cranmer, of whom his biographer, Alexander Knox, writes as follows: "To form a church by any sharply defined lines was scarcely Cranmer's object. . . . He looked more to extension than to exactness of periphery." And this man, "whose life was the incarnation of theological and moral contradictions, and whose creed was only consistent in its gross Erastianism, left these as his double legacy to the national Establishment, of which he was the principal contriver." * The same writer (Knox) demonstrates the success of Cranmer's idea in another place, where he describes the constitution of the Anglican communion in the following remarkable words: "In England, as I have already been endeavoring to show, all is peculiar. In the Establishment, the theology common to Luther and Melanchthon was adopted in the Articles, but the unmixed piety of the primitive church was retained in the daily liturgy and occasional offices. Thus our church, by a most singular arrangement of Providence, has, as it were, a Catholic soul united to a Lutheran body of best and mildest temperament. . . . May we not discover traces of the All-wise Hand in these principles of liberality, which are implanted in the very bosom of our Establishment by the adoption of articles that are deemed by different men to countenance their different opinions? And Bishop Burnet, in the Introduction to his *Commentary on the Articles*, declares that "when an article is conceived in such general terms that it can admit of different senses, yet even when the senses are plainly contrary one to another, both (*i. e.* persons of opposite opinions) may subscribe to the Articles with a good conscience, and without any equi-

* See *Peace through the Truth*, by the Rev. F. Harper, S.J., whose words we occasionally venture to adopt, as expressing so much more completely the state of the case than could be done by any of our own: "In the authorized formularies of the Church of England there is only one single instance in which confession is distinctly alluded to, namely, in the Service for the Visitation of the Sick." But let us hear what is said by the great Anglican authority, Archbishop Whately, with regard to the rubric to which we refer, his work being a text-book which nearly every Anglican bishop recommends to his candidates for ordination. After quoting Marshall and Potter as authorities in his favor, he says: "No authority can be urged from thence for the applying of God's pardon to the conscience of a sinner, or for absolving him from any otherwise than from the censures of the church." (*Whately on the Common Prayer*, ch. xi., sec. 5, p. 430, London, 1840). And the late Bishop of London, Dr. Blomfield, in one of his charges (1842) speaks of auricular confession as "a practice wholly unknown to the primitive church, one of the most fearful abuses of that of Rome, and the source of unspeakable abominations." From all which it ought to be clear to Anglicans themselves that, if they would find authorized confession and valid absolution, they must seek it elsewhere than from the self-authorized confessors of their own communion.

* F. Harper.

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vocation." Well indeed did Dr. Newman describe these articles as the "stammering lips of ambiguous formularies." After these confessions of Anglicans themselves, what reason have they to be surprised if their present archiepiscopal authority decides that truth is not one, but two?

The same ritualistic organ we have been quoting speaks of a certain proposal as one which could only be made "by a madman or a bishop." In the *Church Times* for June 12, under the title of "The Worship Bill in the Lords," we find the following courteous, charitable, and refined observations: "The scheme devised by Archbishops Tait and Thompson for harrying the ritualists, and nearly pulling down the Church of England in order to do so, like that lord chief-justice in China who burnt down his town-house to roast a sucking-pig, is not going quite as its authors hoped," etc. Again: "But Dr. Tait has been contented to remain to the present hour in entire ignorance of the laws, usages, and temper of the Church of England, and therefore it is impossible for the most charitable critic to give him credit for religious motives. The best that can be said of him is that he has a creed of some kind, which is Erastianism, and therefore prefers the English Establishment to the Scottish, as the wealthier and more dignified of the two. [The bishops] have collectively betrayed their trust, and convinced churchmen that the episcopal seats in the House of Lords are a weakness and not a strength to the church." "This misconduct of the bishops will do much to destroy the unreal glamour which their official position has enabled them to throw over the eyes of the moderate High-Church clergy, who now learn that no considerations of faith, honor, and duty have the least weight with their lordships when any personal questions intervene, and therefore their wings will be clipped pretty closely when," etc. "But there is, we are thankful to say, a deep-rooted distrust of the bishops," and "even archiepiscopal mops and brooms cannot drive back the waters of ritualism!" With specimens such as these before us, we do not wonder that Dr. Pusey, who is a gentleman as well as a Christian, thought it advisable at the opening of his speech before the recent ritualistic meeting at S. James' Hall, against the archbishop's bill, to express his hope that the words of S. Paul would not be forgotten, "Thou shalt not speak evil of the ruler of my people."

Before quitting this part of the subject there is one thing we wish to say. Let these men be content to settle their own quarrel with each other and with their bishops as best they may, but let them, if they will not hear S. Paul, remember a command that was given amid the thunders of Sinai: "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor"; and let them, if they can, refrain from "evil speaking, lying, and slandering" not only against the Catholic Church in general, but also against the noble church in France in particular, whose close union and devoted filial obedience to her Head, the Vicar of Jesus Christ, they appear to regard with a peculiar and malignant envy. Would that it were a holy emulation instead!

These men dare to say that the church in France has been "brought to ruin": that it is "Rome and its agents who have

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procured that ruin," and by means which they "will expose on a future occasion." They aver that there is not a canonical authority, but "an absolute despotism," "a hateful absolutism" exercised by "the bishops over the inferior clergy" (in which statement we cannot but perceive a reflection of the perpetual episcopal nightmare which troubles the ritualistic dreams at home); the said inferior clergy being described as "veritable pariahs, who from one day to another, at the caprice of a bishop, can be reduced to become crossing-sweepers or cab-drivers"—a "reduction" which we are allowed to suppose must be very common from the additional declaration that "it is a principle with the bishops to crush the wills of their clergy," while they themselves, "being merely the prefects of the Pope, have in their turn to submit to a tyranny no less painful," the Pope making himself "lord and master more and more"; in fact, "the only person who is free in the Roman Church, ever since the Council of Trent, is the Pope." *

Elsewhere in this same exponent of reckless ritualism we find the following singular justification of the tone so habitually adopted by that party towards their spiritual superiors: "We hear a good deal about the reverence of the elder tractarians for bishops and dignitaries, but we fail to see the merit of their conduct when we reflect that it cost us a disastrous exodus Romewards." An apparently unconscious testimony to the inevitable tendency and final result of respect for lawful authority.

* See "Our Paris Letter" in the *Church Times* for June 12, 1874, which might be fitly described as two closely printed columns of exasperating mendacity.

But we will no longer detain the reader over specimens of High-Anglican journalism, further than to remark the admiring sympathy expressed by this party for the self-styled "Old Catholic" movement, and especially for the apostate Reinkens—a sympathy to be expected from men who, instead of escaping from schism, seek to justify it, and, feeling themselves strengthened by the rebellion of others, applaud each fresh example of revolt.

Thus a long and laudatory notice on the new German schismatics commences as follows: "The text of the Old Catholic Declaration at Bonn, on reform in general, . . . is published, and is, on the whole, extremely satisfactory. At present the movement bears a remarkable resemblance to the ideal English Reformation; and we pray that it may keep a great deal nearer to its theory than we have been able to do."

As a pendant to the above we will mention two "resolutions" moved at a meeting of the "Society for the Reunion of Christendom," recently held in S. George's Hall, the first of which was as follows: "That the only adequate solution for the internal distractions of the English Church, as of Christendom generally, is to be found in the restoration of corporate unity in the great Christianity commonwealth."

The second stood thus: "That the marriage of H. R. H. the Duke of Edinburgh to the daughter of the Czar affords hope of such mutual understanding between the English and Russian churches as may facilitate future intercommunion."

Alas, poor Church of England! Within the breast of many of her

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more earnest members is lovingly cherished the delusive dream of the "corporate reunion" of what they are pleased to call the "three branches of the church." Wearied of their long isolation, they stretch out their hands—to whom? On the one side, to a schism about double the age of their own, but too free from many of their errors and too devoted to the Ever Blessed Mother of God to give easy welcome to so dubious an ally as the creation of Cranmer and his king; and, on the other side, to a schism of a few months old, to which they equally look forward to join hand in hand, and thus, by adding schism to schism, fondly expect Catholic unity as the result!

But what, then, is their attitude with regard to the ancient church? Opposition, strengthened by jealous fear. There is in the Church of England an hereditary antipathy to the Catholic Church, which is evinced in its Articles, more fully developed in its *Homilies*, and sustained in the writings not only of the first reformers, but of all the succession of Anglican divines, with scarcely an exception, no matter how much they may have differed among themselves in their several schools of religious opinion. Nor is the spirit dead within it now. For instance, was there ever a more gigantic commotion than that which was raised all over England, in every corner of the land, and among clergy and laity alike, than that which followed upon the simple act of Pope Pius IX., when, within the memory of the present generation, he exchanged the government of the Catholic Church in England by vicars-apostolic for that of a regular and established hierarchy?

"The same animus exists even among the less Protestant and more eminent of its champions in the present day, among whom we need only mention the names of Dr. Wordsworth, Mr. Palmer, and the Dean of Canterbury among moderate High Churchmen." It manifests itself also quite as plainly in the Tractarian, Ritualistic, and "Extreme" schools of High-Church development; for instance, F. Harper quotes a letter published and signed by an "Old Tractarian," in which the Catholic bishops are described as "the present managers of the Roman schism in England," and a clergyman of the same school, well known at Oxford, on one occasion observed to the writer of the present notice: "We are the Catholics; you are simply Romanists; that is to say, Roman schismatics."

Dr. Pusey, in his recent speech before the meeting at St. James' Hall against the archbishop's bill, expresses as emphatically as ever his assured conviction of the Catholicity of his own communion, in spite of the many difficulties to be overcome before that view can be accepted by ordinary minds. After speaking of the "undivided church of Christ," he goes on to say: "We are perfectly convinced . . . that we are standing within her own recorded limits, and are exponents of her own recorded principles," adding, "The Church of England is Catholic" (great cheering), "and no power on earth can make the Church of England to-day a Protestant society. . . . Her limits we claim to be those of the Catholic Church." And, wonderful as it may seem, the venerable doctor is convinced of the truth of these affirmations, his nature being too noble and sincere wilfully to exaggerate. His speech, which is in condemnation of the archbishop's bill as being aimed against those charged with making



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unlawful additions to their church's ritual, while those who make unlawful omissions from it are likely to be left unmolested, concludes with these words: "If dark days *do* come, . . . I mean to stand just where I am, within the Church of England" (loud and prolonged cheering). . . . "I mean to resist the voices from without and from within that will call on me to go to Rome; but still to endeavor, by active toil, by patient well-doing, and by fervent charity, to defend and maintain the catholic nature of the Church of England." *

There is one Voice which may yet *will* to be heard "*within*," and which may at the same time confer grace, that he who has taught so many souls the way to their true and only home may himself also find his own true Mother and his Home at last.

Meanwhile, what is the condition of this "Catholic" Church of England! Never was there a "house" more notoriously "divided against itself;" and every effort of the Tractarian party to force sound doctrine upon her or elicit it from her has resulted in a more deliberate annihilation of truth on her part, by the formal declaration that on fundamental doctrines her ministers, according to their respective tastes, are free to teach two opposite beliefs. It was thus when the "Gorham judgment" ruled that baptismal regeneration was "an open question" in the church of England. Her ministers are equally allowed to teach that it is a true doctrine or that it is a false one. Truth is made not only "two," but antagonistic to itself. A subsequent judgment did the same thing with regard to the doctrine of the Real Presence in the Eucharist, which is taught in a variety of ways by the clergy of the Tractarian schools, sometimes as consubstantiation, and by some as transubstantiation itself, although this doctrine is explicitly repudiated by the Anglican formularies. By the decision pronounced in the case of Mr. Bennett of Froome Selwood, the Real Presence in the Eucharist was, equally with the doctrine of its opposite, which might be truly designated as the "real absence," authorized to be believed and taught.

It thus not unfrequently happens that the adoration of the consecrated elements practised and inculcated in one parish by the Rev. Mr. A. is in the very next parish denounced as idolatry by his neighbor the Rev. Mr. B.; * and in cases where the one gentleman happens to be

* We are told that "one striking feature of the evening as regards the tone pervading the assemblage was the manifest repudiation of the idea . . . that, if the bill were pressed, the extreme men would secede and free the church from their annoying presence." When Mr. Hillyard, of S. Lawrence's, Norwich, who presented himself as one of the "extremest of the extreme," told how a parishioner of his had said to him, "Sir, if fifteen years ago there had been such services and spiritual privileges at S. Lawrence as there are now, I should never have turned Roman Catholic," he "fairly brought down the house." The idea of "sorrowful departure," . . . when referred to by one of the speakers, was received with *shouts of derisive laughter*. Another clergyman stated that he had "reconciled a great number of Roman Catholics to the church" (!), which announcement was received with "great cheering."

* And Mr. B., moreover, would be able for his part to appeal to the "Black rubric" (so named by the Tractarians), and which is appended to the Communion Service, and Art. XXVIII. The former, apologizing for the order contained in the office for communicants to receive *kneeling*, declares that "thereby no adoration is intended or ought to be done, either unto the sacramental bread or wine there bodily received, or unto any Corporal Presence of Christ's natural Flesh and Blood. For the sacramental bread and wine remain still in their very natural substance, and therefore may not be adored (for that were idolatry to be abhorred of all faithful Christians)." Article XXVIII. declares that "Transubstantiation cannot be proved by Holy Writ; but it is repugnant to the plain words of Scripture, overthroweth the nature of a sacrament, and hath given occasion to many superstitions. . . . The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was not by Christ's ordinance reserved, carried about, lifted up, or worshipped."

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appointed to succeed the other in either parish, what must be the confusion of ideas produced in the minds of the hapless parishioners with regard to the only two sacraments which their catechism teaches them are "generally necessary to salvation"?

Every judgment given by the authorized tribunals of the Establishment on matters of doctrine recognizes by implication that the real strength of the Church of England lies in the indifference of the English people to dogmatic truth. We quote the words of Mr. Wilberforce: That which dishonors the Church of England in the judgment of all other Christians, whether Catholic or Protestant, is its great merit in the eyes of its own members. They want to profess their various religions, from Calvinism to semi-popery, without impediment, and the Church of England is the only community in the world in which they can do it. Even professed unbelievers desire to maintain that institution for the same reason. A church which teaches nothing is in their judgment the next best thing to no church at all; thus the *Pall Mall Gazette* often writes against Christianity, but never against the Church of England. What unbelievers fear is a church which claims to be divine and which teaches only one religion. "We have a regard," says the rationalistic *Saturday Review*, "selfish it may be, but very sincere, for the Church of England as an eminently useful institution. If the Liberation Society chuckles over the revelation of a 'divided church,' the only way to checkmate it is to make all varieties of doctrine equally lawful, though they are mutually contradictory."

Again: when such a man as Lord Selborne says that the opposition to the archbishop's bill is based on the idea that "every clergyman is to be his own pope," and Lord Hatherley that "every one was determined to have his own way," and the Bishop of Peterborough that "those clergymen who were so loud in crying out against the tyranny of the bishops arrogated to themselves a right to do exactly what they pleased"; "every clergyman wishing that there should be *excipienda* in favor of the practices in which he himself indulged, but objected to include those of his neighbor in the list," and that "every one was equally anxious to be himself exempted from prosecution, and equally jealous of the power of prosecuting his neighbor"—the real character of the so-called "Catholic revival" in the Protestant Church of England was acknowledged by the most eminent partisans of that institution. Ritualism, they perceive, is simply Protestantism and the right of private judgment in their extremest form. How vain it is to exorcise such a spirit in a sect founded on the right of revolt, and so utterly indifferent to positive truth that, as the Bishop of Peterborough frankly confessed, the word compromise is written all over the pages of the Anglican Prayer-Book, was undesignedly admitted by Lord Salisbury. "There were," he said, "three parties in the church, which might be described as the Sacramental, the Emotional, and the Philosophical, and the great problem to be solved was how to reconcile their views." The problem, he knows, is insoluble. The very men who profess to revive Catholic dogma can only suggest a "considerate disagreement,"

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which in plain words is an arrangement to betray God's revealed truth by an impious compromise with error.

Before closing this rapid and imperfect notice of the present state of the Anglican Communion, a reflection suggests itself upon which we must say a few words. It may reasonably be asked, What is the authority which the ritualistic party professes to obey? They refuse the right of the state, to which their community owes its being, to rule them in matters ecclesiastical; they refuse obedience *practically*, whether professedly or not, to their bishops, for whom they appear to have neither affection, confidence, nor respect; and they not only refuse submission to her whom they themselves acknowledge to be the "Mother and Mistress of all churches," but they openly express their sympathy and admiration for those who rebel against her authority, invariably taking the part of the revolted against the Catholic Church. "Is there, then, any authority upon earth to which they allow themselves responsible, and if so, where is it to be found?

We give the answer in the words of the able writer quoted above:*

"Anglicans having destroyed, as far as their influence extends, the whole authority of the living church, they affect, since they must obey something, to reserve all their obedience for what they call the primitive church. The late Dean Mansel tells us that some of the worst enemies of revealed truth employed the same pretext. 'The earlier deists,' he says (naming five notorious ones), 'carried on their attack under cover of a reverence for primitive Christianity;' and he goes on to ask, 'Has such a supposition ever been made, except by wicked men desirous to find an excuse for their transgression of the law?' Now, this is exactly the attitude of Anglicans towards the authority of the church. They exalt her prerogatives, and admit that she is 'infallible'; but they deny in the same breath that she has the power to teach or to 'pass decrees,' because that would imply the obligation of obedience, and they are resolved to obey nothing but themselves, and therefore they have invented the theory of the Christian Church which may be enunciated in the following terms:

"'The church of God, though destined by her Founder to a divine life, has become by degrees a mere human thing. In spite of the promises, her decay began with her existence, since even the apostolic sees all "erred in matters of faith."* She was designed to be One, but is now divided. She was intended to be universal, but . . . it is far more convenient that she should be simply national. She still has a voice, but cannot use it. Her decrees would be irreformable if she had not lost the power to make any. She is theoretically infallible, but her infallibility may be corrected by any intelligent Christian who feels qualified for the task. She has a right to enjoin obedience, but everybody has a right to refuse it; for though obedience was once a Christian duty, yet, since there is no longer anything to obey, this particular virtue has lapsed, and every one is a law to himself. It is no doubt her office to correct the errors of others, but unfortunately she has not yet succeeded in detecting her own. "Every tongue that resisteth her in judgment she shall condemn," but meanwhile it is quite lawful for every tongue to condemn *her*. . . . Unity is her essential mark, by which she was always to be recognized, but as

* Mr. H. Wilberforce.

* "As the Church of Jerusalem, Alexandria, and Antioch have erred, so also the Church of Rome hath erred, not only in their living and manner of ceremonies, but also in matters of faith."—Art. XIX., *Book of Com. Prayer.*

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it has no centre it is now purely chimerical. The great teachers of Christendom fancied the Pope was that centre, but this was evidently delusion. It was in the beginning a condition of salvation to "hear the church," but as she has lost her voice nobody can be expected to hear her now, and the conditions of salvation are changed. It used to be her business to impose terms of communion, but it is the peculiar privilege of modern Christians to substitute others for them. The defection of millions in the earlier ages, who became Arians or Donatists, did not in the least affect her unity or impair her authority; but the rebellion of certain Englishmen—whose fathers had obeyed her for a thousand years, or of Russians, who have invented a local religion and do not even aspire to an universal one—is quite fatal to both. Of all former apostates it was rightly said, "They went out from us because they were not of us," but no one would think of saying this of men who live under the British Constitution, because they have a clear right to "go out" whenever they please.'"

Such is the Anglican theory, . . . in the face of which the Anglican prophets go to their temples, and loudly proclaim, "I believe in One, Holy, Catholic Church." The natural result of such teaching is that a majority of Englishmen have long ceased to believe in anything of the kind.

Nor is the Anglican theory about the Catholic Church a more impossible absurdity than what they profess to believe, and apparently do believe, about their own, although they do not state their belief in the bare and unambiguous manner in which we will state it for them.

That sect "existed," they tell us, "before the so-called Reformation, which was only a trivial episode in its history. It left the Church of England exactly what it was before, and only made it a little more Catholic. If its founders called the Mass a 'blasphemous fable,' they must have intended that it was the most sacred rite of the Christian religion. If, whenever they altered their new Prayer-Book (which they did very often), it was always to make it less Catholic, this was probably in the hope that its doctrine would improve in quality as it lessened in quantity. If its bishops for many generations persecuted Catholics to death or tortured them as 'idolaters' this was only a quarrel of brothers, and they were as deeply enamored of the Catholic faith as those whom they murdered for professing it. If for more than a hundred years they gave the highest dignities to men who had never received episcopal ordination, that fact proved nothing against their reverence for the apostolic succession, or their conviction that they possessed it themselves. In like manner their casting down altars (in some cases making them into paving-stones), and substituting a 'wooden table,' in no way affect our constant declaration that the doctrine of the Christian sacrifice was always most firmly held and taught in the Anglican Church. That they allowed their clergy every variety of creed may have been one way of testifying their conviction that truth is one. Their constant execration of the Catholic faith must be interpreted as meaning something quite opposite; in the same way, if you suppress the Homilies and reverse the Articles, which for some sagacious reason were written as they are, you will find the genuine theology of our founders.

"Finally, if the Church of England pretended to be fiercely Protestant for three centuries, this was only to take the world by surprise about the year 1870, and thus secure the 'Catholic revival' which will hasten the time when Dr. Tait

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will be universally recognized as the legitimate successor of S. Anselm—particularly in his religious views—and the Anglican reformation justly appreciated as a noble protest against the noxious errors of Protestantism, with which it accidentally coincided in point of time, but had nothing in common in point of doctrine."

But of what avail is all this? Ritualists succeed in revealing the disorganization of their sect, only to show that it is incurable, and yet are able to persuade themselves that such a sect as this, which exists only to "neutralize" the revelation of the Most High, is an integral part of that majestic and inflexible "Church of the living God," upon which he has lavished all the highest gifts which even divine munificence could bestow.

Speaking of some recent conversions to the Catholic Church, the *Church Herald* says: "From what we hear from quarters which are well informed, there can be little doubt that another large and influential exodus in the same direction is imminent." If Anglicans are not converted now, the case does indeed seem hopeless. But they need more than ever at this moment a solemn warning. They may begin to desire reconciliation, and to flee from the house of bondage; but, if they think they can criticise the church as they have been in the habit of criticising their own sect; if they propose to teach instead of to learn; to command instead of to obey; if they do not seek her pardon and blessing in the loving spirit of penance, humility, and submission, let them remember that the church of God is no home for the lawless and self-sufficient.

But to all those who in humility and sincerity are seeking the truth, we would say with all possible intensity of entreaty: "Let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely," for "the SPIRIT and the BRIDE say, COME."

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# ANTAR AND ZARA;

OR,

## "THE ONLY TRUE LOVERS."

AN EASTERN ROMANCE NARRATED IN SONGS.

BY AUBREY DE VERE.

## PART VI.

THEY SANG.

I.

THE people met me at the rescued gate,
On streaming in the immeasurable joy,
Warriors with wounds, gray priests, old men sedate,
The wife, the child, the maiden, and the boy.

Then followed others—some as from a tomb,
Their face a blank, and vacant; blinded some;
Some that had whitened in the dungeon's gloom;
Some, from long years of lonely silence, dumb.

Anatomies of children with wild glare,
Like beasts new caught; and man-like spectres pale;
And shapes like women, fair, or one time fair
(Unhappiest these), that would not lift the veil.

Then saw I what is wrought on man by men:
Then saw I woman's glory and her shame:
Then learned I that which freedom is—till then
The soldier, not of her, but of her name.

The meaning then of Country, Virtue, Faith,
Flashed on me, lightning-like: I pressed my brow
Down on the wayside dust, and vowed till death
My life to these. *That* was my bridal vow.

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II.

A dream was mine that not for long
Our joy should have its home on earth;
That love, by anguish winged, and wrong,
Should early seek its place of birth;

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That all thy hand hath done and dared
  Should scantlier serve our country's need
Than some strange suffering 'twixt us shared
  Her last great harvest's sanguine seed.

I saw false friends their treaties snap
  Like osiers in a giant's hand;
Saw sudden flames our cities wrap;
  Saw, drowned in blood, our Christian land.

I saw from far the nations come
  To avenge the lives they scorned to save,
Till, ransomed by our martyrdom
  Our country carolled o'er our grave!

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III.

Still to protect the lowly in their place,
  The power unjust to meet, defiant still,
Is ours; and ours to subjugate the base
  In our own hearts to God's triumphant will.

We, playmates once amid the flowers and rills,
  Are now two hunters chasing hart and hind,
Two shepherds guarding flocks on holy hills,
  Two eaglets launched along a single wind.

What next? Two souls—a husband and a wife—
  Bearing one cross o'er heights the Saviour trod;—
What last? Two spirits in the life of life
  Singing God's love-song under eyes of God.

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IV.

I dreamed a dream when six years old:—
  Against my mother's knee one day,
Protected by her mantle's fold,
  All weary, weak, and wan I lay.

Then seemed it that in caverns drear
  I roamed forlorn. The weeks went by
From month to month, from year to year:
  At last I laid me down to die.

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An angel by me stood, and smiled;
He wrapt me round; aloft he bore;
He wafted me o'er wood and wild;
He laid me at my mother's door.

How oft in sleep with heart that yearned
Have I not seen that face! Ah! me,
How slowly, seeing, I discerned
That likeness strange it bears to thee!

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V.

If some great angel thus bespake,
"Near, and thy nearest, he shall be,
Yet thou—a dreamer though awake—
But thine own thought in him shalt see";

If some great angel thus bespake,
"Near, and his nearest, thou shalt be,
Yet still his fancy shall mistake
That beauty he but dreams, for thee";

If, last, some pitying angel spake,
"Through life unsevered ye shall be,
And fancy's dreams suffice to slake
Your thirst for immortality";

Then would I cry for love's great sake,
"O Death! since truth but dwells with thee,
Come quick, and semblance substance make—
In heaven abides Reality."

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VI.

Upon my gladness fell a gloom:
Thee saw I—on some far-off day—
My husband, by thy loved one's tomb:
I could not help thee where I lay.

Ah! traitress I, to die the first!
Ah! hapless thou, to mourn alone!
Sudden that truth upon me burst,
Confessed so oft; till then unknown.

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There *lives* Who loves him!—loves and loved
Better a million-fold than I!
That Love with countenance unremoved
Looked on him from eternity.

That Love, all Wisdom and all Power,
Though I were dust, would guard him still,
And, faithful at the last dread hour,
Stand near him, whispering, "Fear no ill!"

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VII.

"Fear not to love; nor deem thy soul too slight
To walk in human love's heroic ways:
Great Love shall teach thee how to love aright,
Though few the elect of earth who win his praise.

"Fear not, O maid! nor doubt lest wedded life
Thy childhood's heavenward yearnings blot or blur;
There needs the vestal heart to make the wife;
The best that once it hoped survives in her.

"All love is Sacrifice—a flame that still
Illumes, yet cleanses as with fire, the breast:
It frees and lifts the holier heart and will;
A heap of ashes pale it leaves the rest."

Thus spake the hermit from his stony chair;
Then long time watched her speeding towards her home,
As when a dove through sunset's roseate air
Sails to her nest o'er crag and ocean's foam.

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VIII.

"We knew thee from thy childhood, princely maid;
We watched thy growing greatness hour by hour:
Palm-like thy Faith uprose: beneath its shade
Successive every virtue came to flower.

"Good-will was thine, like fount that overflows
Its marge, and clothes with green the thirsty sod:
Good thoughts, like angels, from thy bosom rose,
And winged through golden airs their way to God.

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"To Goodness, Reverence, Honor, from the first
Thy soul was vowed. It was that spiritual troth
That fitted maid for wife, and in her nursed
The woman's heart—not years nor outward growth.

"Walk with the holy women praised of old
Who served their God and sons heroic bore:—"
Thus sang the minstrels, touching harps of gold
While maidens wreathed with flowers the bridal door.

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IX.

"Holy was love at first, all true, all fair,
Virtue's bright crown, and Honor's mystic feast,
Purer than snows, more sweet than morning air,
More rich than roses in the kindling east.

"Then were the hearts of lovers blithe and glad,
And steeped in freshness like a dew-drenched fleece:
Then glittered marriage like a cloud sun-clad
Or flood that feeds the vale with boon increase

"Then in its innocence great love was strong—
Love that with innocence renews the earth:
Then Faith was sovran, Right supreme o'er wrong:
Then sacred as the altar was the hearth.

"With hope's clear anthem then the valleys rang;
With songs celestial thrilled the household bowers:—"
Thus to the newly wed the minstrels sang
As home they paced, while children scattered flowers.

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X.

Circling in upper airs we met,
Singing God's praise, and spring-tide new:—
On two glad spirits fell one net
Inwoven of sunbeams and of dew.

One song we sang; at first I thought
Thy voice the echo of mine own;
We looked for nought; we met unsought:
We met, ascending toward the Throne.

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XI.

Life of my better life! this day with thee
I stand on earthly life's supremest tower;
Heavenward across the far infinity
With thee I gaze in awe, yet gaze in power.

Love first, then Fame, illumed that bygone night:
How little knew I then of God or man!
Now breaks the morn eternal, broad and bright;
My spirit, franchised, bursts its narrow span.

Sweet, we must suffer! Joys, thou said'st, like these
Make way for holy suffering. Let it come.
Shall that be suffering named which crowns and frees?
The happiest death man dies is martyrdom.

Never were bridal rites more deeply dear
Than when of old to bridegroom and to bride
That Pagan Empire cried, "False gods revere!"—
They turned; they kissed each other; and they died.

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XII.

Fair is this land through which we ride
To that far keep, our bridal bower:
A sacred land of strength and pride,
A land of beauty and of power.

A mountain land through virtue bold,
High built, and bordering on the sun;
A prophet-trodden land, and old;
Our own unvanquished Lebanon!

The hermit's grot her gorges guard—
The patriarch's tomb. There snowy dome
And granite ridges sweet with nard
O'er-gaze and fence the patriot's home.

No realm of river-mouth and pelf;
No traffic realm of corn and wine;
God keeps, and lifts her, to Himself:—
His bride she is, as I am thine.

When down that Moslem deluge rolled,
The Faith, enthroned 'mid ruins, sat
Here, in her Lebanonian hold,
Firm as the ark on Ararat.

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War still is hers, though loving peace;
War—not for empire, but her Lord;—
A lion land of slow increase;
For trenchant is the Moslem sword.

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XIII.

Alas! that sufferer weak and wan
Whom, yester-eve, our journey o'er,
Deserted by the caravan,
We found upon our gallery floor!

How long she gasped upon my breast!
We bathed her brows in wine and myrrh;—
How death-like sank at last to rest
While rose the sun! I feared to stir.

All night I heard our bridal bells
That chimed so late o'er springing corn:
Half changed they seemed to funeral knells—
She, too, had had her bridal morn!

Revived she woke. The pang was past:
She woke to live, to smile, to breathe:
Oh! what a look was that she cast,
Awaking, on my nuptial wreath

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XIV.

High on the hills the nuptial feast was spread:
Descending, choir to choir the maidens sang,
"Safe to her home our beauteous bride is led,"
While, each to each, the darkening ledges rang.

From vale and plain came up the revellers' shout:
Maidens with maidens danced, and men with men;
Till, one by one, the festal fires burned out
By lonely waters. There was silence then.

Keen flashed the stars, with breath that came and went,
Through mountain chasms:—around, beneath, above,
They whispered, glancing through the bridal tent,
"We too are lovers: heaven is naught but love!"

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## ASSUNTA HOWARD.

### III.

#### IN EXTREMIS.

How slowly and drearily the time drags on, through all the weary length of hours and days, in a household where one has suddenly been stricken down from full life and health to the unconscious delirium of fever—when in hushed silence and with folded hands the watchers surround the sufferer with a loving anxiety; whose agony is in their helplessness to stay for one moment the progress of the disease, which seems possessed of a fiend-like consciousness of its own fatal power to destroy; when life and death hang in the balance, and at any moment the scale may turn, and in its turning may gladden loving hearts or break them; and, oh! above and beyond all, when through the clouding of the intellect no ray from the clear light of faith penetrates the soul, and the prostrate body, stretched upon its cross, fails to discern the nearness of that other cross upon this Calvary of suffering, from which flows in perennial streams the fountain of salvation! Oh! if in the ears, heedless of earthly sounds and words, there could be whispered those blessed words from Divine lips, "This day thou shalt be with me," what heart that loves would not rejoice even in its anguish, and unselfishly exclaim, "Depart, O Christian soul! I will even crush down my poor human love, lest its great longing should turn thy happy soul away from the contemplation of its reward, exceeding great—to be in Paradise, to be with Christ"? But, alas! there were two crucified within reach of those precious, saving drops, and one alone said, "Lord, remember me."

When the family of Mr. Carlisle first realized that the master of the house had indeed been prostrated by the fever which had proved so fatal in its ravages, they were stunned with surprise and grief. It was just the calamity, of all others the least expected, the heaviest to endure.

Mrs. Grey's affection for her brother was the deepest sentiment of her superficial nature, and for the time she was bowed down with sorrow; which, however, constantly found vent in words amd tears. She would rise from it soon, but not until the emergency had passed. She lived only in the sunshine; she lost herself when the clouds gathered. Assunta was the first to recover her calmness and presence of mind. Necessity made her strong; not so much for the sake of the sick man—that might come by and by—but for his sister, who clung to the young girl as to the last plank from the shipwreck of her bright, happy life. The physician was in constant attendance, and at the first he had proposed sending a nurse. But the faithful Giovanni had pleaded with so much earnestness to be allowed the

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privilege of attending his master that he was installed in the sick-room. And truly no better choice could have been made, for he combined the physical strength of the man with the gentleness of woman, and every service was rendered with the tenderness of that love which Mr. Carlisle had the rare power of inspiring and retaining in dependents. But only Assunta was able to quiet his wandering mind, and control the wild vagaries of delirium. It was a painful duty to strive to still the ringing of those bells, once so full of harmony, now "jangled, out of tune, and harsh." But, once recognizing where her duty lay, she would have performed it at any cost to herself.

Her good and devoted friend, F. du Pont, came to see her the second day of the illness, and brought sympathy and consolation in his very presence. She had so longed for him that his coming seemed an echo of her earnest wish—his words of comfort an answer to her prayers.

"Father," she said at length, "you know all—the past and the present circumstances. May I not, in the present necessity, and in spite of the past, forget all but the debt of gratitude I owe, and devote myself to my dear friend and guardian? You know," she added, as if there were pain in the remembrance, "it was Mr. Carlisle's care for me that exposed him to the fever. I would nurse him as a sister, if I might."

"My dear child," replied the priest, "I do not see how you could do less. From my knowledge of Mrs. Grey, I should consider her entirely unfit for the services of a sick-room. It seems, therefore, your plain duty to perform this act of charity. I think, my child, that the possible nearness of death will calm all merely human emotion. Give that obedient little heart of yours into God's keeping, and then go to your duty as in his sight, and I am not afraid. The world will probably look upon what it may consider a breach of propriety with much less leniency than the angels. But human respect, always bad enough as a motive, is never so wholly bad as when it destroys the purity of our intention, and consequently the merit of our charity, at a time when, bending beneath the burden of some heavy trial, we are the more closely surrounded by God's love and protection. Follow the pillar of the cloud, my child. It is leading you away from the world."

"Father," said Assunta, and her voice trembled, while tears filled her eyes, "do you think he will die? Indeed, it is not for my own sake that I plead for his life. He is not prepared to go. Will you not pray for him, father? Oh! how gladly would I give my life as the price of his soul, and trust myself to the mercy of God!"

"And it is to that mercy you must trust him, my poor child. Do you, then, think that his soul is dearer to you than to Him who died to save it? You must have more confidence. But I have not yet told you the condition I must impose upon your position as nurse. It is implicit obedience to the physician, and a faithful use of all the precautions he recommends. While charity does sometimes demand the risk or even the sacrifice of life, we have no right to take the matter into our own hands. I do not apprehend any danger for you, if you will follow the good doctor's directions. I will try to see him on my way home. Do you promise?"

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"Yes, father," said Assunta, with a faint smile; "you leave me no alternative."

"But I have not yet put a limit to your obedience. You are excited and worn out this afternoon, and I will give you a prescription. It is a lovely day, almost spring-like; and you are now, this very moment, to go down into the garden for half an hour—and the time must be measured by your watch, and not by your feelings. Take your rosary with you, and as you walk up and down the orange avenue let no more serious thoughts enter your mind than the sweet companionship of the Blessed Mother may suggest. You will come back stronger, I promise you."

"You are so kind, father," said Assunta gratefully. "If you knew what a blessing you bring with you, you would take compassion on me, and come soon again."

"I shall come very soon, my child; and meanwhile I shall pray for you, and for all, most fervently. But, come, we will walk together as far as the garden. And summoning the priest who had accompanied him, and who had been looking at the books in the library during this conversation, they were about to descend the stairs, when Mrs. Grey came forward to meet them.

"O F. du Pont!" she exclaimed impetuously, "will you not come and look at my poor brother, and tell me what you think of him? They say priests know so much." And then she burst into tears.

F. Joseph tried to soothe her with hopeful words, and, when they reached the door of the darkened chamber, she was again calm. The good priest's face expressed the sympathy he felt as they entered softly, and stood where they would not attract the attention of those restless eyes. Mr. Carlisle was wakeful and watchful, but comparatively quiet. It was pitiful to see with what rapid strides the fever was undermining that manly strength, and hurrying on towards the terrible moment of suspense when life and death confront each other in momentary combat. With an earnest prayer to God, the priest again raised the heavy damask curtain, and softly retired, followed by Mrs. Grey.

"Will he recover?" was her eager question.

"Dear madam," replied he, "I think there is much room for hope, though I cannot deny that he is a very sick man. For your encouragement, I can tell you that I have seen many patients recover in such cases when it seemed little short of miraculous. It will be many days yet before you must think of giving up good hope. And remember that all your strength will be needed."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Grey impulsively, "I could not live if it were not for Assunta. She is an angel."

"Yes, she is a good child," said the priest kindly; "and she is now going to obey some orders that I have given her, that she may return to you more angelic than ever. Dear madam, you have my deepest sympathy. I wish that I could serve you otherwise than by words."

The two priests bade Assunta good-by at the garden gate. F. Joseph's heart was full of pity for the young girl, whose act of sacrifice in surrendering human happiness for conscience' sake had been followed by so severe a trial. But, remembering the blessed mission

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of suffering to a soul like hers, he prayed—not that her chalice might be less bitter, but that strength might be given her to accept it as from the hand of a loving Father.

And so Assunta, putting aside every thought of self, took her place in the sick-room. She had a double motive in hanging her picture of St. Catherine, from which she was never separated, at the foot of the bed. It was a favorite with Mr. Carlisle, and often in his delirium his eyes would rest upon it, in almost conscious recognition; while to Assunta it was a talisman—a constant reminder of her mother, and of those dying words which now seemed stamped in burning letters on her heart and brain.

Mrs. Grey often visited the room; but she controlled her own agitation so little, and was so unreasonable in the number of her suggestions, that she generally left the patient worse than she found him. Assunta recognized her right to come and go as she pleased, but she could not regret her absence when her presence was almost invariably productive of evil consequences.

The first Sunday, Assunta thought she might venture to assist at Mass at the nearest church; it would be strength to her body as well as her soul. She was not absent from the house an hour, yet she was met on her return by Clara, in a state of great excitement.

"Assunta, we have had a dreadful time," she said. "Severn woke up just after you left, and literally screamed for help, because, he said, a great black cross had fallen on you, and you would be crushed to death unless some one would assist him to raise it. In his efforts, he was almost out of bed. I reasoned with him, and told him it was all nonsense; that there was no cross, and that you had gone to church. But the more I talked and explained, the worse he got; until I was perfectly disheartened, and came to meet you." And with the ready tears streaming down her pretty face, she did look the very picture of discouragement.

"Poor Clara," said Assunta, gently embracing her, "it is hard for you to bear all this, you are so little accustomed to sickness. But you ought not to contradict Mr. Carlisle, for it is all real to him, and opposition only excites him. I can never soothe him except by agreeing with him."

"But where does he get such strange ideas?" asked the sobbing Clara.

"Where do our dreams come from?" said Assunta. "I think, however, that this fancy can be traced to the night when we visited the Colosseum, and sat for a long time on the steps of the cross in the centre. You know it is a black one," she added, smiling, to reassure her friend. "And now, Clara, I really think you ought to order the close carriage, and take a drive this morning. It would do you good, and you will not be needed at all for the next two or three hours."

Mrs. Grey's face brightened perceptibly. It was the very thing for which she was longing, but she would not propose it herself for fear it would seem heartless. To *seem*, and not to *be*, was her motto.

"But would not people think it very strange," she asked, "and Severn so sick?"

"I do not believe that people will know or think anything about it," answered Assunta patiently. "You can take Amalie with you for company, and drive out on the Campagna." And having lightened one



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load, she turned towards her guardian's room.

"Are you not coming to breakfast?" said Mrs. Grey.

"Presently." And Assunta hastened to the bedside. Giovanni had been entirely unable to control the panic which seemed to have taken possession of Mr. Carlisle. He continued his cries for assistance, and the suffering he evidently endured showed how real the fancy was to him.

"Dear friend," said the young girl, pushing back the hair from his burning forehead, "look at me. Do you not see that I am safe?"

Mr. Carlisle turned towards her, and, in sudden revulsion of feeling, burst into a wild laugh.

"I knew," he said, "that, if they would only come and help me, I should succeed. But it was very heavy; it has made me very tired."

"Yes, you have had hard work, and it was very kind in you to undertake it for me. But now you must rest. It would make me very unhappy if I thought that my safety had caused any injury to you."

And while she was talking, Assunta had motioned to Giovanni to bring the soothing medicine the doctor had left, and she succeeded in administering it to her patient, almost without his knowledge, so engrossed was he in his present vagary.

"But there was a cross?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered, in a meaning tone, "a very heavy one; but it did not crush me."

"Who lifted it?" he asked eagerly.

"A powerful hand raised its weight from my shoulders, and I have the promise of His help always, if I should ever be in trouble again, and only will cry to Him."

"Well, whoever he is," said Mr. Carlisle, "he did not hurry much when I called—and now I am so tired. And Clara said there was no cross; that I was mistaken. I am *never* mistaken," he answered, in something of his old, proud voice. "She ought to know that."

Assunta did not answer, but she sat patiently soothing her guardian into quiet at least, if not sleep. Once he looked at her, and said, "My precious child is safe;" but, as she smiled, he laughed aloud, and then shut his eyes again.

An hour she remained beside the bed, and then she crept softly from the room, to take what little breakfast she could find an appetite for, and to assist Mrs. Grey in preparing for her drive.

With such constant demands upon her sympathy and strength, it is not strange that Assunta's courage sometimes failed. But, when the physician assured her that her guardian's life was, humanly speaking, in her hands, she determined that no thought or care for herself should interfere with the performance of her duty.

Mrs. Grey's drive having proved an excellent tonic, she was tempted to repeat it often—always with a protest and with some misgivings of conscience, which were, however, set aside without difficulty.

It was a singular coincidence that Mr. Sinclair should so often be found riding on horseback in the same direction. A few words only would be exchanged—of enquiry for the sufferer, of sympathy for his sister. But somehow, as the days went by, the tone in which the words of sympathy were expressed grew more tender, and conveyed the impression of something held back out of respect and by an effort. The manner, too—which

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showed so little, and yet seemed to repress so much—began to have the effect of heightening the color in Mrs. Grey's pretty face, and softening a little the innocent piquancy of her youthful ways. It was no wonder that, loving the brightness and sunshine of life, and regarding with a sort of dread the hush and solemnity which pervade the house of sickness, and which may at any moment become the house of mourning, she should have allowed her anxiety for her brother to diminish a little under the influence of the new thought and feeling which were gaining possession now, in the absence of all other excitement. And yet she loved her brother as much as such hearts can love—as deeply as any love can penetrate in which there is no spirit of sacrifice—love's foundation and its crown. If the illness had lasted but a day, or at the most two, she could have devoted herself with apparent unselfishness and tender assiduity to the duties of nursing. But, as day after day went on without much perceptible change in Mr. Carlisle, her first emotion subsided into a sort of graceful perplexity at finding herself out of her element. And by the time the second week was drawing towards its close—with the new influence of Mr. Sinclair's sympathy seconding the demands of her own nature—she began to act like any other sunflower, when it "turns to the god that it loves." And yet she continued to be very regular in her visits to the sick-room, and very affectionate to Assunta; but it may be greatly doubted whether she lost many hours' sleep. Surely it would be most unjust to judge Clara Grey and Assunta Howard by the same standard. Undine, before and after the possession of a human soul, could hardly have been more dissimilar.

It was the fifteenth day of Mr. Carlisle's illness when Assunta was summoned from his bedside by Mrs. Grey, who desired to see her for a few moments in her own room. As the young girl entered, she found her sitting before a bright wood-fire; on her lap was an exquisite bouquet fresh from fairy-land, or—what is almost the same thing—an Italian garden. In her hand she held a card, at which she was looking with a somewhat perturbed expression.

"Assunta, love," she exclaimed, "I want you to tell me what to do. See these lovely flowers that Mr. Sinclair has just sent me, with this card. Read it." And as she handed her the dainty card, whose perfume seemed to rival that of the flowers, the color mounted becomingly into her cheeks. There were only these words written:

"I have brought a close carriage, and hope to persuade you to drive a little while this afternoon. I will anxiously await your reply in the garden. Yours, S——."

"Well?" questioned Clara, a little impatiently, for Assunta's face was very grave.

"Dear Clara," she replied, "I have no right to advise you, and I certainly shall not question the propriety of anything you do. I was only thinking whether I had not better tell you that I see a change in your brother this afternoon, and I fear it is for the worse. I am longing for the doctor's visit."

"Do you really think he is worse?" exclaimed Clara. "He looks to me just the same. But perhaps I had better not go out. I had a little headache, and thought a drive might do me good. But,

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poor Severn! of course I ought not to leave him."

"You must not be influenced by what I say," said Assunta. "I may be entirely mistaken, and so I should not alarm you. God knows, I hope it may be so!"

"Then you think I might go for an hour or two, just to get a breath of air," said Mrs. Grey. "Mr. Sinclair will certainly think I have found it necessary to call a papal consistory, if I keep him much longer on the promenade."

Poor Assunta, worn out with her two weeks of watching and anxiety, looked for a moment with a sort of incredulous wonder at the incarnation of unconscious selfishness before her. For one moment she looked "upon this picture and on that"— the noble, devoted brother, sick unto death; and that man, the acquaintance of a few days, now walking impatiently up and down the orange avenue. The flush of indignation changed her pale cheeks to scarlet, and an almost pharisaical thanksgiving to God that she was not like *some* women swept across her heart, while a most unwonted sarcasm trembled on her lips. She instantly checked the unworthy feeling and its expression; but she was so unstrung by care and fatigue that she could not so easily control her emotion, and, before the object of unusual indignation had time to wonder at the delay of her reply, she had thrown herself upon the sofa, and was sobbing violently. Mrs. Grey was really alarmed, so much so that she dropped both card and flowers upon the floor, and forgot entirely her waiting cavalier, as she knelt beside the excited girl, and put her arms about her.

"Assunta dear, what is the matter? Are you ill? Oh! what have I done?" she exclaimed.

"My poor guardian—my dear, kind friend, he is dying! May God have mercy on him and on me!" were the words that escaped Assunta's lips between the sobs.

A shudder passed through Mrs. Grey at this unexpected putting into words of the one thought she had so carefully kept from her mind; and her own tears began to flow. Just at this moment the physician's step sounded in the hall, and she went hastily to summon him. He took in the whole scene at a glance, and, seating himself at once upon the sofa beside Assunta, he put his hand gently and soothingly upon her head, as a father might have done.

"Poor child!" said he kindly, "I have been expecting this."

The action expressing sympathy just when she needed it so much caused her tears to flow afresh, but less tumultuously than before. The remains of Mrs. Grey's lunch were standing on a side-table, and the good doctor poured out a glass of wine, which Assunta took obediently. Then, making an effort at self-control, she said:

"Please do not waste a moment on me. Do go to Mr. Carlisle; he seems very ill. I have been weak and foolish, but I will control myself better next time."

"I have just left Mr. Carlisle's room," replied the doctor. "I will not deceive you. He is, as you say, very ill; but I hope we may save him yet. You must call up all your courage, for you will be much needed to-night."

He knew by the effect that he had touched the right chord, so he continued: "And now, Miss Howard, I am going to ask of you the favor to send one of your servants

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to my house, to notify my wife that I shall not return to-night. I will not leave you until the crisis is passed—successfully, I hope," he added with a smile.

Assunta went at once to give the desired order, relieved and grateful that they would have the support of the physician's presence and skill; and yet the very fact of his remaining discouraged the hope he had tried to inspire. When she had gone, he turned to address a few comforting words to Mrs. Grey, when, suddenly recollecting himself, he said:

"By the way, Mrs. Grey, I forgot to tell you that I met Mr. Sinclair down-stairs, and he begged me to inquire if you had received a message from him. Can I be of service in taking him your reply?"

"O poor man! I quite forgot him," exclaimed the easily diverted Clara, as she stooped to pick up the neglected flowers. "Thank you for your kind offer, but I had better run down myself, and apologize for my apparent rudeness." And, hastily wiping her eyes, she threw a shawl over her shoulders and a becoming white *rigolette* about her head, and with a graceful bow of apology she left the room.

"Extraordinary woman!" thought the doctor. "One would suppose that a dying brother would be an excuse, even to that puppy Sinclair. I wish he had had to wait longer—it wouldn't have hurt him a bit—he has never had half enough of it to do. And what the devil is he coming here for now, anyhow?" he added to his former charitable reflections, as he went to join Assunta in her faithful vigil beside the unconscious and apparently dying man.

Mr. Sinclair met Mrs. Grey at the foot of the stairs with an assumption of interest and anxiety which successfully concealed his inward impatience. But truly it would have been difficult to resist that appealing face, with its traces of recent tears and the flush caused by excited feeling.

As a general thing, with all due deference to poetic opinion, "love is (*not*) loveliest when embalmed in tears." But Mrs. Grey was an exception to many rules. Her emotion was usually of the April-shower sort, gentle, refreshing, even beautifying. Very little she knew of the storm of suffering which desolates the heart, and whose ravages leave a lasting impression upon the features. Such emotions also sometimes, but rarely, leave a beauty behind them; but it is a beauty not of this world, the beauty of holiness; not of Mrs. Grey's kind, for it never would have touched Mr. Sinclair as hers did now.

"My dear Mrs. Grey," he said, taking her hand in both his, "how grieved I am to see you showing so plainly the results of care and watching! Privileged as he must be who is the recipient of such angelic ministrations, I must yet protest—as a friend, I trust I have a right to do so—against such overexertion on your part. You will be ill yourself; and then who or what will console me?"

Mr. Sinclair knew this was a fiction. He knew well enough that Mrs. Grey had never looked fresher or prettier in her life. But the *rôle* he had assigned to himself was the dangerously tender one of sympathy; and where a sufficient occasion for displaying his part was not supplied, he must needs invent one.

Clara was not altogether deceived, for, as she put her lace-bor-

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dered handkerchief to her eyes, from which the tears began again to flow, she replied:

"You are mistaken, Mr. Sinclair. I am quite well, and not at all fatigued; while dear Assunta is thin and pale, and thoroughly worn out with all she has done. I can never be grateful enough to her."

Had the lady raised her eyes, she might have been astonished at the expression of contempt which curled Mr. Sinclair's somewhat hard mouth, as he rejoined:

"Yes; I quite understand Miss Howard's *motive* in her devotion to her guardian, and it is not strange that she should be pale. How do you suppose I should look and feel if the dearest friend I have in the world were at this moment lying in her brother's place?"

Mrs. Grey might have received a new light about the young girl had she not been rendered obtuse to the first part of this speech by the very pointed allusion to herself afterwards, that was accompanied by a searching look, which she would not see, for she still kept her handkerchief before her eyes. Mr. Sinclair placed her disengaged hand upon his arm, and gently drew her towards the garden. Had she been able to look down into the heart of the man who walked so protectingly beside her, she would doubtless have been surprised to find a disappointment lurking in the place where she had begun to feel her image was enshrined. She would have seen that Assunta's face had occupied a niche in the inner sanctuary of the heart of this man of the world, before which he would have been content to bow; that pique at her entire indifference to his pretensions, and the reserve behind which she always retreated in his presence, had led him to transfer his attentions to the older lady and the smaller fortune; and that his jealous observation had brought to his notice, what was apparent to no one else, the relations between Assunta and her guardian.

All this would not have been very flattering to Mrs. Grey, so it was perhaps as well that the gift of clairvoyance was not hers; though it is a sad thought for men and angels how few hearts there are that would bear to have thrown on them the clear light of unveiled truth. The day is to come when the secrets of all hearts are to be revealed. But Mr. Sinclair, even if he knew this startling fact, would not have considered it worth while to anticipate that dread hour by revealing to the lovely lady at his side any of those uncomfortable circumstances which would inevitably stand in the way of the consummation of his present wish. So he bravely undertook the noble enterprise of deceiving a trusting heart into believing in a love which did not exist, but which it was not so very difficult to imagine just at that moment, with the little hand resting confidingly on his arm, and the tearful eyes raised to meet his.

In a broken voice, Mrs. Grey said: "Mr. Sinclair, I came down myself to thank you for the beautiful flowers you sent me, and to excuse myself from driving with you this afternoon. Poor Severn is worse, they think. Oh! if he should not recover, what will become of me?" And as she spoke, she burst into renewed weeping, and threw herself upon a seat beneath a group of orange-trees, whose perfume stole upon the senses with a subtle yet bewildering influence. Mr. Sinclair sat down beside her, saying gently:

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"I hope, dear Mrs. Grey, it is not so serious as that. I am confident that you have been needlessly alarmed."

The world will, no doubt, pardon him—seeing that Mammon was his chosen master—if the thought was not altogether unpleasing that, should Mr. Carlisle die now, before Assunta could have a claim upon him, it would make an almost princely addition to the dowry of his sister. Nor on this account were his words less tender as he added:

"But, even so, do you not know of one heart waiting, longing to devote itself to you, and only with difficulty restrained from placing itself at your feet by the iron fetters of propriety? Tell me, Clara, may I break these odious chains, and say what is in my heart?"

"Mr. Sinclair, you must not speak such words to me now, and my poor brother so ill. Indeed, I cannot stay to hear you. Thank you very much for your kind sympathy, but I must leave you now."

"Without one word of hope? Do I deserve this?" And truly the pathos he put into his voice was calculated to melt a heart of stone; and Clara's was much more impressible. She paused beside him, and, allowing him still to retain in his the hand he had taken, continued:

"I think you take an unfair advantage of my lonely position. I cannot give you a favorable answer this afternoon, for I am so bewildered. I begin to think that I ought not to have come down at all; but I wanted to tell you how much I appreciated the bouquet."

"I hope you read its meaning," said Mr. Sinclair, rising. "And do you not see a happy omen in your present position, under a bower of orange blossoms? It needs but little imagination to lower them until they encircle the head of the most lovely of brides. Will you accept this as a pledge of that bright future which I have dared to picture to myself?" And as he spoke he put up his hand to break off a cluster of the white blossoms and dark-green leaves, when Giovanni appeared at the gate.

"Signora," he said, "will you please to come up-stairs? The Signorina is very anxious to see you."

"I am coming," she replied. "Pardon me, Mr. Sinclair, and forget what has been said." And she walked towards the house.

"Do you refuse the pledge?" he asked, placing the flowers in her hand, after raising them to his lips.

"Really," answered Clara, almost petulantly, "I am so perplexed, I do not know what to say. Yes, I will take the flowers, if that will please you." Saying which, she began to ascend the stairs.

"And I take hope with me," said Mr. Sinclair, in a tender tone. But as he turned to go he mentally cursed Giovanni for the interruption; "for," thought he, "in one minute more I would have had her promise, and who knows but now that brother of hers may recover and interfere?"

Assunta met Mrs. Grey just outside the door of Mr. Carlisle's room, and drew her into the library, where she sat down beside her on the sofa, and, putting her arm affectionately about her, began to speak to her with a calmness which, under the circumstances, could only come from the presence of God.

"I thought, dear Clara, that I had better ask you to come here, while I talk to you a little about your brother, and what the doctor says. We must both of us try to

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prepare." Here her voice broke, and Mrs. Grey interrupted her with,

"Tell me, Assunta, quickly, is he worse?"

"I fear so, dear," replied Assunta; "but we must help each other to keep up what courage and hope we may. It is a common sorrow, Clara, for he has been more than a brother to me."

"But, Assunta, I do not understand. You are so calm, and yet you say such dreadful things. Does the doctor think he will die?" And once again she shuddered at that word, to her so fearful and so incomprehensible.

"I dare not deceive you, dear—I dare not deceive myself. The crisis has come, and he seems to be sinking fast. O Clara, pray for him!"

"I cannot pray; I do not know how. I have never prayed in my life. But let me go to him—my poor, dear Severn!" And Mrs. Grey was rushing from the room, when Assunta begged her to wait one moment, while she besought her to be calm. Life hung upon a thread, which the least agitation might snap in a moment. She could not give up that one last hope. Mrs. Grey of course promised; but the instant she approached the bed, and saw the change that a few hours had made, she shrieked aloud; and Assunta, in answer to the doctor's look of despair, summoned her maid, and she was carried to her own room in violent hysterics, the orange blossoms still in her hand. Truly they seemed an omen of death rather than of a bridal. The doctor followed to administer an opiate, and then Assunta and himself again took up their watch by Mr. Carlisle. Hour after hour passed.

Everything that skill could suggest was done. Once only Assunta left the room for a moment to inquire for Mrs. Grey, and, finding that she was sleeping under the influence of the anodyne, she instantly returned. She dared not trust herself to think how different was this death from that other she remembered. She could not have borne to entertain for one moment the thought that this soul was going forth without prayer, without sacrament, to meet its God. She did everything the doctor wished, quietly and calmly. The hours did not seem long, for she had almost lost her sense of time, so near the confines of eternity. She did not even *feel* now—she only *waited*.

It was nearly twelve when the doctor said in a low voice:

"We can do nothing more now; we must leave the rest to nature."

"And to God," whispered Assunta, as she sank on her knees beside the bed; and, taking in both hers her guardian's thin, outstretched hand, she bowed her head, and from the very depths of her soul went up a prayer for his life—if it might be—followed by a fervent but agonized act of resignation to the sweet will of God.

She was so absorbed that she did not notice a sudden brightening of the doctor's face as he bent over his patient. But in a moment more she felt a motion, and the slightest possible pressure of her hand. She raised her head, and her eyes met those of her guardian, while a faint smile—one of his own peculiar, winning smiles—told her that he was conscious of her presence. At last, rousing himself a little more, he said:

"*Petite*, no matter where I am, it is so sweet to have you here." And, with an expression of entire

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content, he closed his eyes again, and fell into a refreshing sleep.

"Thank God!" murmured Assunta, and her head dropped upon her folded hands.

The doctor came to her, and whispered the joyful words, "He will live!" but, receiving no answer, he tried to lift the young girl from her knees, and found that she had fainted. Poor child! like Mary, the Blessed Mother of Sorrows, she had *stood* beneath her cross until it was lightened of its burden. She had nerved herself to bear her sorrow; she had not counted on the strength which would be needed for the reaction of joy.

"Better so," said the doctor, as he placed her upon the couch. "She would never have taken rest in any other way."

TO BE CONTINUED.

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## A DISCUSSION WITH AN INFIDEL.

### XI.

#### PRIMEVAL GENERATION.

*Reader.* I should like to hear, doctor, how "primeval generation" can afford you an argument against the Mosaic history of creation, and against the necessity of a Creator.

*Büchner.* "There was a time when the earth—a fiery globe—was not merely incapable of producing living beings, but was hostile to the existence of vegetable and animal organisms" (p. 63).

*Reader.* Granted.

*Büchner.* "As soon as the temperature permitted it, organic life developed itself" (*ibid.*)

*Reader.* Not too much haste, doctor. The assertion that "life developed itself" presupposes that life already existed somewhere, though undeveloped. How do you account for this assumption?

*Büchner.* "It is certain, says Burmeister, that the appearance of animal bodies upon the surface of the earth is a function which results with mathematical certainty from existing relations of forces" (*ibid.*)

*Reader.* It is impossible to believe Burmeister on his word. You know that he is a short-sighted philosopher. A man who says that "the earth and the world are eternal," that "eternity belongs to the essence of matter," and that matter nevertheless "is not unchangeable," forfeits all claim to be trusted in speculative questions. I, therefore, cannot yield to his simple assertion; and if what he says is true, as you believe, I think that you are ready to assign some reason for it, which will convince me also.

*Büchner.* Nothing is easier, sir. For "there is exhibited (in the terrestrial strata) a constant relation of the external conditions of the surface of the earth to the existence of organic beings, and a necessary dependence of the latter on the condition of the earth" (p. 64). "It was only with the present existing differences of climate that the endless variety of organic forms appeared

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which we now behold. . . . Of man the highest organic being of creation, not a trace was found in the primary strata; only in the uppermost, the so-called alluvial layer, in which human life could exist, he appears on the stage—the climax of gradual development" (p. 65).

*Reader.* How does this show that "organic life developed itself" and was a mere result of the development of the earth? It seems to me that your answer has no bearing on the question, and that it is, on your lips, even illogical. For you say somewhere: "It is certain that no permanent transmutation of one species of animals into another has as yet been observed; nor any of the higher organisms was produced by the union of inorganic substances and forces without a previously existing germ produced by homogeneous parents" (p. 68). This being *certain*, as you own, I ask: If every organism is produced by parents, whence did the parents come? Could they have arisen from the merely accidental concurrence of external circumstances and conditions, or were they created by an external power? In your theory, they must have arisen from external circumstances, and therefore they had no parents; whilst you affirm that without homogeneous parents they could not naturally be produced. Moreover, if the first parents arose from a concurrence of external conditions, why does not the same happen today?

*Büchner.* "This question has ever occupied philosophers and naturalists, and has given rise to a variety of conflicting opinions. Before entering upon this question, we must limit the axiom *Omne vivum ex ovo* to that extent that, though applicable to the infinite majority of organisms, it does not appear to be universally valid" (p. 69).

*Reader.* Then you evidently contradict yourself.

*Büchner.* "At any rate, the question of spontaneous generations is not yet settled" (*ibid.*)

*Reader.* Do you mean that living organisms can be produced without previously existing homogeneous parents, or germs, merely by the concurrence of inorganic elements and natural forces?

*Büchner.* Yes, sir; and "although modern investigations tend to show that this kind of generation, to which formerly was ascribed an extended sphere of action, does not exactly possess a scientific basis, it is still not improbable that it exists even now in the production of minute and imperfect organisms" (p. 70).

*Reader.* You are cutting your own throat, doctor. For you own that your theory has no scientific basis; and what you say about the non-improbability of some spontaneous generations has no weight whatever with a philosophical mind.

*Büchner.* Indeed "the question of the first origin of all highly organized plants and animals appears at first sight incapable of solution without the assumption of a higher power, which has created the first organisms, and endowed them with the faculty of propagation" (p. 71).

*Reader.* "At first sight," you say. Very well. I accept this confession, which, on your lips, has a peculiarly suggestive meaning.

*Büchner.* "Believing naturalists point to this fact with satisfaction. They remind us, at the same time, of the wonderful structure of the organic world, and recognize in it

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the prevalence of an immediate and personal creative power, which, full of design, has produced this world. 'The origin of organic beings,' says B. Cotta, 'is, like that of the earth, an insoluble problem, leaving us only the appeal to an unfathomable power of a Creator'" (*ibid.*)

*Reader.* Cotta is more affirmative than you. He recognizes that the problem is incapable of solution without a Creator, and does not add "at first sight." What do you reply?

*Büchner.* "We might answer these believers, that the germs of all living beings had from eternity existed in universal space, or in the chaotic vapors from which the earth was formed; and these germs, deposited upon the earth, have there and then become developed, according to external necessary conditions. The facts of these successive organic generations would thus be sufficiently explained; and such an explanation is at least less odd and far-fetched than the assumption of a creative power, which amused itself in producing, in every particular period, genera of plants and animals, as preliminary studies for the creation of man—a thought quite unworthy of the conception of a perfect Creator" (*ibid.*)

*Reader.* I am afraid, doctor, that all this nonsense proceeds from cold-hearted maliciousness more than from ignorance. For how can you be ignorant that, if there be anything odd and far-fetched in any theory of cosmogony, it is not the recognition of a creative power, but the assumption of eternal germs wandering about from eternity amid chaotic vapors? Your preference for this last assumption is an insult to reason, which has no parallel but the act of passionate folly by which the Jews preferred Barabbas to Christ. The Creator, as you well know, had no need of "preliminary studies": yet he might have "amused himself," if he so wished,* in making different genera of plants and animals, just as noblemen and princes amuse themselves, without disgracing their rank, in planting gardens, and petting dogs, horses, and birds. But this is not the question. You pretend that the germs of all living beings had from eternity existed in universal space. This you cannot prove either philosophically or scientifically; and we have already established in a preceding discussion that nothing changeable can have existed from eternity.

*Büchner.* "But we stand in need of no such arguments" (p. 72).

*Reader.* Why, then, do you bring them forward?

*Büchner.* "The facts of science prove with considerable certainty that the organic beings which people the earth owe their origin and propagation solely to the conjoined action of natural forces and materials, and that the gradual change and development of the surface of the earth is the sole, or at least the chief, cause of the gradual increase of the living world" (p. 72).

*Reader.* This is another of your vain assertions. For you confess that "it is impossible at present to demonstrate with scientific exactness" the gradual development of organic beings from mere material forces; and you had previously affirmed that "there *must* have existed individuals of the same species, to produce others of the same kind" (p. 68). Where are, then, to be found the facts of science which "prove with considerable

* "Ludens in orbe terrarum," Prov. viii. 31.

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certainty" the contrary of what you acknowledge to be the fact? Is your method of reasoning a mere oscillation between contradictories?

*Büchner.* "We may hope that future investigations will throw more light on the subject" (*ibid.*)

*Reader.* Very well. But, if this is the case, surely no "fact of science" proves, as yet, the spontaneous evolution of life from inorganic matter. And you may be certain that the future investigations of science will not give the lie to the investigations of the past.

*Büchner.* "Our present knowledge is, however, sufficient to render it highly probable, nay, perhaps morally certain, that a spontaneous generation exists, and that higher forms have gradually and slowly become developed from previously existing lower forms, always determined by the state of the earth, but without the immediate influence of a higher power" (*ibid.*)

*Reader.* All this I have already answered; and I am rather tired, doctor, of repeating the same remarks over and over again. Why should you make these empty assertions, if you had real arguments to produce? And, if you have no arguments, what is the use of saying and gainsaying at random, as you do, the same things? Why do you assert that "the immediate influence of a higher power" has nothing to do with the origin of life, when you know that your assertion must remain unproved and can easily be refuted? If "our present knowledge renders it highly probable, nay, perhaps, morally certain, that a spontaneous generation exists," why did you say the contrary just a few lines before? It is inconceivable that a thinking man should be satisfied with such a suicidal process of arguing.

*Büchner.* "The law of a gradual development of primeval times is impressed upon the present living organic world" (p. 75). "All animal forms are originally so much alike, that it is often impossible to distinguish the embryo of a sheep from that of a man, whose future genius may perhaps revolutionize the world" (p. 76).

*Reader.* What does it matter if it is impossible for us to distinguish the embryo of a sheep from that of a man? Is it necessary to see with our eyes what distinguishes the one from the other in order to know that they are different? If we are reasonable, we must be satisfied that their different development proves very conclusively their different constitution.

But let this pass. Your line of argument requires you to show that the first eggs and the first seeds are spontaneous products of blind inorganic forces, without any immediate interference or influence of a higher power. While this is not proved, nothing that you may say can help you out of your false position. You may well allege with Vogt "the general law prevalent through the whole animal world, that the resemblance of a common plan of structure which connects various animals is more striking the nearer they are to their origin, and that these resemblances become fainter in proportion to the progress of their development and their subjection to the elements from which they draw their nourishment" (p. 76). We know this; but what of it? The question is not about the development of life from a germ, but about the development of a germ from inorganic forces; and this is what you try

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constantly to forget. You say: "The younger the earth was, the more definite and powerful must the influence of external conditions have been; and it is by no means impossible to imagine that the *same* germs might, by very different external circumstances, have conduced to very heterogeneous developments" (p. 77). Were this as true as it is false, it would not advance your cause by one step; for you here assume the germs as already existing.

*Büchner.* "The comparatively greater force of nature in former periods is manifested in the singular forms of antediluvian animals as well as in their enormous size" (p. 78).

*Reader.* Were those animals the product of merely inorganic forces?

*Büchner.* So it is believed.

*Reader.* On what ground?

*Büchner.* "If the contemplation of surrounding nature strikes us so much by its grandeur that we cannot divest ourselves of the idea of a direct creative cause, the origin of this feeling is owing to the fact that we contemplate as a whole the united effects of natural forces through a period of millions of years; and, thinking only of the present, and not of the past, cannot imagine that nature has produced all this out of itself. The law of analogies; the formation of prototypes; the necessary dependence upon external circumstances which organic bodies exhibit in their origin and form; the gradual development of higher organic forms from lower organisms; the circumstance that the origin of organic beings was not a momentary process, but continued through all geological periods; that each period is characterized by creatures peculiar to it, of which some individuals only are continued in the next period—all these relations rest upon incontrovertible facts, and are perfectly irreconcilable with the idea of a personal almighty creative power, which could not have adopted such a slow and gradual labor, and have rendered itself dependent upon the natural phases of the development of the earth" (pp. 84, 85).

*Reader.* If this is your ground for asserting the origin of organic beings from the mere forces of matter, all I can say is that you should learn a little philosophy before you venture again to write a book for the public. Were you a philosopher, you would know that, independently of "the united effects of natural forces through a period of millions of years," every grain of dust that floats in the air affords us a sufficient proof of the existence of "a personal almighty creative power"; your "law of analogies" would suggest to you the thought of a primitive source of life; "the formation of prototypes" would compel you to ask, Who formed them? and how could they be formed without an archetypal idea, which matter could not possess? You would see that nothing can be gained by asserting, as you do, that "the gradual development of the higher organic forms from lower organisms rests upon incontrovertible facts," while you cannot cite a single one in support of your assertion. You would take care not to attribute to the Creator an imaginary waste of time in "the slow and gradual labor" of peopling the earth with organic beings, nor entertain the absurd notion that he would have rendered himself "dependent upon the natural phases of the development of the earth," merely because his action

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harmonized with the order of things he had created. Lastly, you would have kept in view that the fact of which you were bound to give an explanation was not the development of new organisms from existing organisms, but the origin of the first organisms themselves from inorganic matter. Why did you leave aside this last point, than which no other had a greater need of demonstration?

*Büchner.* I may not be a philosopher; but certain it is that "science has never obtained a greater victory over those who assume an extramundane or supernatural principle to explain the problem of existence, than by means of geology and petrifaction. Never has the human mind more decisively saved the rights of nature. Nature knows neither a supernatural beginning nor a supernatural continuance" (p. 88).

*Reader.* How stupid indeed! Your Masonic science cannot stand on its legs, and you boast of victories! Do you not see, doctor, the absurdity of your pretension? When did science attack religion, and was not defeated? I speak of your infidel science, mind you; for true science has no need of attacking religion. Your science tries "to explain the problem of existence by means of geology and petrifaction" without a supernatural principle. But is the origin of existence a problem? and can it be solved by geology and petrifaction? Historical facts are no problems. You may blot out history, it is true, as you might also put out the light, and remain in the dark to your full satisfaction. Thus everything might become a problem. But can you call this a scientific process? Why do you not appeal to geology and petrifaction to explain, say, the origin of Rome, and thus obtain "a great victory" over history? Yet it would be less absurd to believe that Rome is a work of nature than to believe that life originated in dead inorganic matter. The origin of life and of all other things is a primitive fact, which lies outside the province of geology altogether. Philosophy alone can account for it; and philosophy proclaims that your infidel theory of primeval generation is a shameless imposture.

*Büchner.* This is a severe remark, sir.

*Reader.* I will take it back when you shall have proved that the first organic germs originated in inorganic matter without supernatural intervention.

## XII.

### DESIGN IN NATURE.

*Reader.* Everything in nature speaks of God; but you, doctor, seem quite insensible to the eloquence of creation.

*Büchner.* I deny the eloquence of creation. Indeed, "design in nature has ever been, and is still, one of the chief arguments in favor of the theory which ascribes the origin and preservation of the world to a ruling and organizing creative power. Every flower which unfolds its blossoms, every gust of wind which agitates the air, every star which shines by night, every wound which heals, every sound, everything in nature, affords to the believing teleologist an opportunity for admiring the unfathomable wisdom of that higher power. Modern science has pretty much emancipated itself from such empty notions, and abandons these innocent studies to such as delight in contemplating nature rather with the

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eyes of the feeling than with those of the intellect" (p. 89).

*Reader.* This is no reason why you should blind yourself to the evidence of the facts. Every one knows that Masonic science hates teleology. No wonder at that. This science emancipates itself, not from empty notions, as you say, but from the very laws of reasoning. Free thought would cease to be free, if it did not emancipate itself from logic. Yet, since free-thinkers "abandon to us the innocent study" of teleology, would it not be prudent in them to avoid talking on what they are unwilling to study? How can they know that we contemplate nature "rather with the eyes of the feeling than with those of the intellect"? Do they suppose that order and design are objects of the feeling rather than of the intellect?

*Büchner.* I will tell you what our conviction is. "The combination of natural materials and forces must, in giving rise to the variety of existing forms, have at the same time become mutually limited and determined, and must have produced corresponding contrivances, which, superficially considered, appear to have been caused by an external power. Our reflecting reason is the sole cause of this apparent design, which is nothing but the necessary consequence of the combination of natural materials and forces. Thus, as Kant says, "our intellect admires a wonder which it has created itself" (p. 90).

*Reader.* Beware of blunders, doctor! You have just said that our notion of design in nature was caused by our feeling, not by our intellect; but you now say that the sole cause of that notion is our reflecting reason, and maintain, on Kant's authority, that the same notion is a creation of our intellect. Can contradiction be more evident?

Again, if our reflecting reason is the sole cause of our perception of design in nature, surely we are right in admitting that there is design in nature, and you are wrong in denying it. For, if the design were only *apparent*, as you pretend, imagination might be fascinated by it, but "reflecting reason" would never cause us to perceive it. On the other hand, if you distrust "reflecting reason," what else will you trust in its stead?

Moreover, how did you not observe that Kant's proposition, "Our intellect admires a wonder which it has created itself," contains a false supposition? The intellect cannot create to itself any notion of design; it can only perceive it in the things themselves: and it would never affirm the existence of design in nature, unless it perceived its objective reality. Hence our intellect admires a wonder which it perceives, not a wonder which it creates.

Furthermore, you wish us to believe that what we term design "is nothing but a necessary consequence of some combinations." But why did you omit that all such combinations presuppose definite conditions, and that these conditions originally depend on the will of the Creator? Your book on *Force and Matter* is nothing but a necessary consequence of a combination of types, ink, and paper. Does it follow that the book is not the work of a designing doctor? You see how defective your reasoning is. You have nearly succeeded in proving the contrary of what you intended.

*Büchner.* But "how can we speak of design, knowing the objects only in one form and shape, and having

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no idea how they would appear to us in any other? What natural contrivance is there which might not be imagined to be rendered more perfect in design? We admire natural objects without considering what an infinite variety of other contrivances and forms has slumbered, and is still dormant, in the lap of nature. It depends on an accident whether or not they will enter into existence" (p. 90).

*Reader.* I apprehend, doctor, that your notion of design is neither clear nor correct. The "form and shape" of the objects is not what *we* call design. Design, in nature, is *the ordination of all things to an end.* It is therefore the natural aptitude of things to a definite end, and not their form or shape, that reveals the existence of design in nature. It is not even the absolute perfection of a thing that reveals design: it is only its relative perfection, that is, its proportion to the end for which it is created. Hence we have the right to admire natural objects for their adaptation to certain ends, without considering the infinite variety of other contrivances slumbering in the lap of nature. For, if the existing contrivances are proportionate to their ends, there is design, whatever we may say of the possibility of other contrivances, and even of other words.

*Büchner.* "Numbers of arrangements in nature, apparently full of design, are nothing but the result of the influence of external natural conditions" (p. 90).

*Reader.* Yes; but these natural conditions are themselves the result of design, since they are all controlled by a superior mind.

*Büchner:* "Animals inhabiting the north have a thicker fur than those of the south; and likewise the hair and feathers of animals become thicker in winter and fall out in summer. Is it not more natural to consider these phenomena as the effect of changes in the temperature, than to imagine a heavenly tailor who takes care of the summer and winter wardrobes of the various animals? The stag was not endowed with long legs to enable him to run fast, but he runs fast because his legs are long" (p. 91).

*Reader.* These remarks are puerile, doctor, and I might dispense with answering them; yet I observe that, as cold does not foster vegetation, it is not in the north, but in the south, that the fur of animals should grow thicker. At any rate, the "heavenly tailor," who clothes the lilies of the field, does not forget the wardrobe of animals, whether in the north or in the south, in summer or in winter; for his is the world, and from his hand the needs of every creature are supplied. As to the stag, you are likewise mistaken. "He runs fast because his legs are long"; but how does it follow from this that he was not endowed with long legs to enable him to run fast? Does the one exclude the other? Would you say that your works are known because they have been published, and therefore they have not been published to make them known? Your blunder is evident.

*Büchner.* "Things are just as they are, and we should not have found them less full of design had they been different" (p. 91).

*Reader.* This, if true, would prove that our "reflecting reason" cannot exclude design from creation. If things had been different, the design would have been different. Even conflicting arrangements may be full of design; even the destruction of the best works of nature may be

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full of design: for the Author of nature is at liberty to do with it as he pleases. If, for instance, all the new-born babies were hereafter to be males, we could not escape the consequence that the Author of nature designed to put an end to human generation. Whatever may be the order of things, we cannot deny design without insulting the wisdom of our Maker and Lord.

This consideration suffices to answer all your queries and objections. "Nature," you say, "has produced a number of beings and contrivances in which no design can be detected" (p. 94). What of that? Can you deny that men act with some design, only because you cannot detect it? There are beings, you add, "which are frequently more apt to disturb than to promote the natural order of things" (*ibid.*) This merely shows that the natural order of things is changeable—a truth which you had the courage to deny when speaking of miracles.

"The existence of dangerous animals has ever been a thorn in the side of theologians, and the most comical arguments have been used to justify their existence" (*ibid.*) This is not true. No theologian has ever denied that dangerous animals fulfil some design in nature. And as to "comical arguments," I think, doctor, that it is in your pages that we can best find them. "We know, on the other hand, that very innocent, or even useful, animals have become extinct, without nature taking any means to preserve their existence" (p. 95). This proves nothing at all. If God's design could be fulfilled with their extinction, why should they have been preserved? "For what purpose are the hosts of diseases and of physical evils in general? Why that mass of cruelties and horrors which nature daily and hourly practises on her creatures? Could a being acting from goodness and benevolence endow the cat, the spider, and man with a nature capable of these horrors and cruelties?" (p. 96). This is the dark side of the picture; and yet there is design in all this. If I wished to make a "comical argument," I might say that "the hosts of diseases" are, after all, very profitable to the M.D., who cannot live without them. But the true answer is, that the present order of things, as even the pagan philosophers recognized, is designed as a period of probation preparatory to a better life. We now live on a field of battle, amid trials calculated to stir up our energies and to mend or improve our character. We sow in tears, that we may reap in joy. Such is the design of a Being "acting from goodness and benevolence." You do not understand this; but such is the truth. As to cats and spiders, you must bear in mind that they are not worse than the wolf, the tiger, or other animals providing for their own subsistence by the destruction of other living beings. If this be "cruelty," how can you countenance it yourself by allowing the appearance at your table of killed animals?

Your other remarks are scarcely worthy of being quoted, as they prove nothing but your impertinence and presumption. You seem to put to God the dilemma: "Either let Büchner know all the secrets of your providence, or he will rebel against you, and even deny your existence." You ask, Why this and why that? And because your weak brain fails to suggest the answer, you immediately conclude that things happen to be what they are,



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without a superior mind controlling their course. This is nice logic indeed! "Why should the vertebral column of man terminate in an appendage perfectly useless to him?" "Why should certain animals possess the organs of both sexes?" "Why are certain other animals so prolific that in a few years they might fill the seas and cover the earth, and find no more space or materials for their offspring?" "Why does nature produce monsters?" These questions may or may not be answered; but our ignorance is not the measure of things, and the existence of design in nature remains an unquestionable fact. Is not the very structure of our own bodies a masterpiece of design? A physician, like you, cannot plead ignorance on the subject.

*Büchner.* Yet nature cannot have a design in producing monstrosities. "I saw in a veterinary cabinet a goat fully developed in every part, but born without a head. Can we imagine anything more absurd than the development of an animal the existence of which is impossible from the beginning? Prof. Lotze of Göttingen surpasses himself in the following remarks on monstrosities: 'If the fœtus is without a brain, it would be but judicious, in a force having a free choice, to suspend its action, as this deficiency cannot be compensated. But, inasmuch as the formative forces continue their action, that such a miserable and purposeless creature may exist for a time, appears to us strikingly to prove that the final result always depends upon the disposition of purely mechanical definite forces, which, once set in motion, proceed straight on, according to the law of inertia, until they meet with an obstruction.' This is plain language" (p. 99). Again, monstrosities "may be produced artificially by injuries done to the fœtus or to the ovum. Nature has no means of remedying such an injury. The impulse once given is, on the contrary, followed in a false direction, and in due time a monstrosity is produced. The purely mechanical process, in such cases, can be easily recognized. Can the idea of a conscious power acting with design be reconciled with such a result? And is it possible that the hand of the Creator should thus be bound by the arbitrary act of man?" (pp. 101, 102).

*Reader.* That nature "cannot have a design in producing monstrosities" is a groundless assertion, as nature tends always to produce perfect beings, though sometimes its work is marred by obstacles which it has no power to remove. You saw "a goat fully developed in every part, but born without a head." Here the design is evident. Nature wished to produce a perfect goat as usual, but failed. "If the fœtus is without a brain, it would be judicious, in a force having a free choice, to suspend its action." This is another groundless assertion; for, if by *force* you mean the forces of matter, they have no free choice, and cannot suspend their action; and if by *force* you mean God, you presume too much, as you do not know his design. A fœtus without a brain, like a goat without a head, proclaims the imperfection of natural causes; and this very imperfection proclaims their contingency and the existence of a Creator. Thus, a fœtus without a brain may be the work of design; for God's design is not to raise nature above all deficiencies, but to show his infinite perfection in the

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works of an imperfect nature. That "the hand of the Creator should be bound by the arbitrary act of men" is a third groundless assertion. Man may injure the fœtus, and God can restore it to a healthy condition; but nothing obliges him to do so. If he did it, it would be a miracle; and miracles are not in the order of nature. It follows that, when monstrosities are produced, they are not merely the result of mechanical forces, but also of God's action, without which no causation is possible.

But you ask, "Can the idea of a conscious power acting with design be reconciled with such a result?" I answer that it can be reconciled very well. In fact, those effects which proceed directly from God alone, must indeed be perfect according to their own kind, inasmuch as God's working is never exposed to failure; but those effects which do not proceed directly from God alone, but are produced by creatures with God's assistance, may be imperfect, ugly, and monstrous. You may have a beautiful hand; but, if you write with a bad pen, your writing will not be beautiful. You may be a great pianist; but, if your instrument is out of tune, your music will be detestable. Whenever two causes, of which the one is instrumental to the other, concur to the production of the same effect, the imperfection of the instrumental cause naturally entails the imperfection of the effect. God's action is perfect; but the action of his instruments may be imperfect; and it is owing to such an imperfection that the result may be a monstrosity.

But, to complete this explanation, it is necessary to add that, in the production of their natural effects, creatures are more than instrumental. The primary cause, God, and the secondary causes, creatures, are both *principal* causes of natural effects; though the latter are subordinate to the influence of the former. Both God and the creature are total causes; that is, the effect entirely depends on the secondary, as it entirely depends on the primary cause, though in a different manner; for the influx of the primary cause is general, while that of the secondary cause is particular. Hence these two causes bear to the effect produced by them the same relation as two premises bear to their conclusion. God's influence is to the effect produced what a general principle or a major proposition is to the conclusion; whilst the creature's influence is to the same effect what a minor proposition or the application of the general principle is to the conclusion. Take, for instance, the general truth, "Virtue is a rational good," as a major proposition. This general truth may be applied in different manners, and lead to different conclusions, good or bad, according as the application is right or wrong. If you subsume, "Temperance is a virtue," you will immediately obtain the good conclusion that "Temperance is a rational good." But, if you subsume, "Pride is a virtue," you will reach the monstrous conclusion that "Pride is a rational good." Now, this conclusion, however monstrous, could not be drawn without the general principle; and yet its monstrosity does not arise from the general principle, but only from its wrong application. Thus the general principle remains good and true in spite of the bad and false conclusion. And in the same manner the influence of the first cause on natural effects remains good and perfect, though the effects

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themselves, owing to the influence of the secondary causes, are imperfect and monstrous.

You now understand, I hope, how the exceptional production of monstrosities can be reconciled with the idea of a conscious power acting with design.

## XIII.

### BRAIN AND SOUL.

*Reader.* And now, doctor, please tell me what is your doctrine on the human soul.

*Büchner.* The human soul is "a product of matter" (p. 132)—"a product of the development of the brain" (p. 197).

*Reader.* Indeed?

*Büchner.* "The brain is the seat and organ of thought; its size, shape, and structure are in exact proportion to the magnitude and power of its intellectual functions" (p. 107).

*Reader.* What do you mean by *thought?*

*Büchner.* Need I explain a term so universally known?

*Reader.* The term is known, but it is used more or less properly by different persons. Our minds may deal with either sensible or intellectual objects. When we have seen a mountain, we may think of it, because we have received from it an impression in our senses which leaves a vestige of itself in our organism, and enables us to represent to ourselves the object we have perceived. In this case our *thought* is an exercise of our imagination. When, on the contrary, we think of some abstract notion or relation which does not strike our senses, and of which no image has been pictured in our organic potencies, then our *thought* is an exercise of intellectual power. In both cases our brain has something to do with the thought. For in the first case our thought is an act of the sensitive faculty, which reaches its object as it is pictured, or otherwise impressed, in our organic potencies, of which the headquarters are in the brain. In the second case our thought is an act of the intellectual faculty, which detects the intelligible relations existing between the objects already perceived, or between notions deduced from previous perceptions; and this act, inasmuch as it implies the consideration of objects furnished to the mind by sensible apprehension, cannot but be accompanied by some act of the imaginative power making use of the images pictured in the organic potencies. Now, doctor, when you say that "the brain is the seat and organ of thought," do you mean that both the intellectual and the imaginative thought reside in the brain and are worked out by the brain?

*Büchner.* Of course. For "comparative anatomy shows that through all classes of animals, up to man, the intellectual energy is in proportion to the size and material quality of the brain" (p. 107).

*Reader.* You are quite mistaken. The brain is an organ of the imagination, not of the intellect. And even as an organ of imagination it is incompetent to think or imagine, as it is only the instrument of a higher power—that is, of a soul. To say that the brain is the organ of intellectual thought is to assume that intellectual relations are pictured on the brain; which is evidently absurd, since intellectual relations cannot be pictured on material organs. Every impression made on our brain is a definite impression, corresponding to the definite objects from which it pro-

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ceeds. If our intellectual thought were a function of the brain, we could not think, except of those same definite objects from which we have received our definite impressions. How do you, then, reconcile this evident inference with the fact that we conceive intellectually innumerable things from which we have never received a physical impression? We think of justice, of humanity, of truth, of causality, etc., though none of these abstractions has the power to picture itself on our brain. It is therefore impossible to admit that the intellectual thought is a function of the brain. With regard to the working of the imagination, I concede that the brain plays the part of an instrument; but how can you explain such a working without a higher principle? If our soul is nothing but "a product of matter," since matter is inert, our soul must be inert, and since matter has only mechanical powers, our soul must be limited to mechanical action, that is, to the production of local movement. Now, can you conceive imagination as a merely mechanical power, or thought as the production of local movement?

*Büchner.* Yes. "Thought," says Moleschott, "is a motion of matter" (p. 135).

*Reader.* It is perfectly useless, doctor, to make assertions which cannot be proved. Moleschott is no authority; he is a juggler like yourself, and works for the furtherance of the same Masonic aims. Let him say what he likes. We cannot but laugh at a thinker who can mistake his thought for local motion.

*Buchner.* You, however, cannot deny that, while we are thinking, our brain is doing work. But how can it do work without motion?

*Reader.* I do not deny that, while we are thinking, our brain is doing work. I merely deny that the movements of the brain are thoughts. As long as we live, soul and body work together, and we cannot think without some organic movements accompanying the operation. This every one admits. But you suppress the thinking principle, and retain only the organic movements. How is this possible? If thought consists merely of organic movements of the brain, how does the motion begin? The brain cannot give to itself a new mode of being. To account for its movements you must point out a distinct moving power, either intrinsic or extrinsic, either a sensible object or the thinking principle itself. When the motion is received from a sensible object, the movements of the brain determine the immediate perception of the object; and when the motion results from the operation of the thinking principle, the movements of the brain determine the phantasm corresponding to the object of the actual thought. Thus immediate perception, and thought, or recollection, are both rationally explained; whilst, if the thinking subject were the brain itself, how could we recollect our past ideas? When the movement caused by an object has been superseded by the movement caused by a different object, how can it spontaneously revive? Matter is inert; and nothing but a power distinct from it can account for the spontaneous awakening of long-forgotten thoughts.

*Büchner.* Matter is inert, but is endowed with forces, and wherever there are many particles of matter they can communicate movement to one another. Hence, "in the same manner as the steam-engine

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produces motion, so does the organic complication of force-endowed materials produce in the animal body a sum of effects so interwoven as to become a unit; and is then by us called spirit, soul, thought" (p. 136).

*Reader.* Pshaw! Are *spirit*, *soul*, and *thought* synonymous? Do thoughts think? When you perceive that two and two make four, is this thought the thinking principle? And if the soul is "a sum of *mechanical* effects so interwoven as to become a unit," how can you avoid the consequence that the soul consists of nothing but local movement? But if the soul is local movement, it has no causality, and cannot be the principle of life; for local movement is only a change of place, and has nothing to do with perception, judgment, reasoning, or any other operation of the thinking principle. Can local movement say, *I am? I will? I doubt?* Can local movement recollect the past, take in the present, foresee the possible and the future? Can local movement deliberate, love, hate, say *yes* or *no?* To these and such like questions science, reason, and experience give an unequivocal answer, which the president of a medical association should have carefully meditated before venturing to write on the subject.

*Büchner.* Yet "the mental capacity of man is enlarged in proportion to the material growth of his brain, and is diminished according to the diminution of its substance in old age" (p. 110). "It is a fact known to everybody, that the intelligence diminishes with increasing age, and that old people become childish. . . . The soul of the child becomes developed in the same degree as the material organization of its brain becomes more perfect" (p. 111). "Pathology furnishes us with an abundance of striking facts, and teaches us that no part of the brain exercising the function of thought can be materially injured without producing a corresponding mental disturbance" (p. 119). "The law that brain and soul are necessarily connected, and that the material expansion, shape, and quality of the former stands in exact proportion to the intensity of the mental functions, is strict and irrefutable, and the mind, again, exercises an essential influence on the growth and development of its organ, so that it increases in size and power just in the same manner as any muscle is strengthened by exercise" (p. 122). "The whole science of man is a continuous proof in favor of the connection of brain and mind; and all the verbiage of philosophical psychologists in regard to the separate existence of the soul, and its independence of its material organ, is without the least value in opposition to the power of facts. We can find no exaggeration in what Friedreich, a well-known writer on psychology, says on this point: 'The exhibition of power cannot be imagined without a material substratum. The vital power of man can only manifest its activity by means of its material organs. In proportion as the organs are manifold, so will be the phenomena of vital power, and they will vary according to the varied construction of the material substratum. Hence, mental function is a peculiar manifestation of vital power, determined by the peculiar construction of cerebral matter. The same power which digests by means of the stomach, thinks by means of the brain'" (pp. 124, 125).

*Reader.* Your manner of reason-

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ing, doctor, is not calculated to bring conviction, as every one of your arguments contains a fallacy. Your first argument is: The brain is the measure of the thinking power; and therefore the thinking power, or the soul, is a result of organic development. The second is: Brain and mind are necessarily connected; and therefore the soul cannot have a separate existence. The third is: The vital power of man can only manifest its activity by means of its material organs; and therefore the soul needs to be supported by a material substratum. Such substantially is the drift of your argumentation. Now, I maintain that the three arguments are merely three sophisms.

First, the brain is not the measure of the thinking power. The mental capacity of man, and the thinking power of the soul, are not exactly the same thing. The first implies both soul and body, the second regards the soul alone; the first presents to us the musician with his instrument, the second exhibits only the musician himself. The brain is the organ, the soul is the organist. You cannot reasonably pretend that the musical talent, genius, and skill of an organist increase and decrease with the number and quality of the pipes which happen to be in the organ. All you can say is that the musical talent of the organist will have a better chance of a favorable show with a rich rather than with a poor instrument. The organ, therefore, is not the measure of the ability of the organist, and the brain is not the measure of the thinking power. Hence from the fact that the mental capacity of man is enlarged, as you say, in proportion to the material growth of his brain, we have no right to conclude that the thinking principle, the soul, grows with the brain; the right conclusion is that the soul, being in possession of a better instrument, finds itself in better conditions for the exercise of its intrinsic power. The organ is improved and the music is better; but the organist is the same.

Secondly, brain and mind are at present necessarily connected. Does it follow that therefore the soul cannot have a separate existence? By no means. If this conclusion were logical, you might on the same ground affirm also that the body cannot have a separate existence; for the body is as necessarily connected with the soul as the soul is with the body. The reason why your conclusion cannot hold is that the connection of body and soul is necessary only inasmuch as both are indispensable for the constitution of the human nature. But the human nature is not immortal; the soul must quit the body when the organism becomes unfit for the operations of animal life; and therefore the connection of the soul with the body is not absolutely, but only hypothetically, necessary. The soul has its own existence distinct from the existence of the body, for the soul is a substance no less than the body; and therefore it is no less competent to have a separate existence. You deny, I know, that the soul is a substance distinct from the body; but what is the weight of such a denial? What you speculatively deny in your book, you practically admit in the secret of your conscience whenever you say *I am*. It is not the body that says *I*; it is the soul: and it is not an accident that perceives self; it is a substance.

Thirdly, the vital power of man,

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as you say, can manifest its activity only by means of its material organs. This is true; for, so long as the soul is in the body, it must work together with it, according to the axiom, "Every agent acts according as it is in act." But does the work of the vital power in the material organs warrant your conclusion that the soul needs to be supported by a material substratum? Quite the contrary. For, what needs a material substratum is an accident, and no accident is active; and therefore the vital power, whose activity is manifested in the material organs, is no accident, and therefore needs no material substratum, and, while existing in the material organs, exists no less in itself. Had you considered that the soul, which manifests its activity by means of its material organs, exercises the same activity within itself also, you would have easily discovered that the soul has a being independent of its material organs, and that these organs are the organs of sensibility, not of intelligence.

But I am not going to make a dissertation on the soul, as my object is only to show the inconclusiveness of your reasoning. Your chapter on "Brain and Soul," with its twenty-eight pages of medical and physiological erudition, offers no proof of your assumption beyond the three sophisms I have refuted. All the rest consists of facts which have not the least bearing on the question. "The whole science of man," as you say, "is a continuous proof in favor of the connection of brain and mind." This is what your facts demonstrate; but your object was to show that "the soul is a product of the development of the brain"; and this your facts do not demonstrate, as is evident from your need of resorting to fallacies to make them lie to truth. It is on the strength of such fallacies that you make bold to despise your opponents, forgetting all your shortcomings, and committing a new blunder in the very act of assailing the spiritualistic philosophers. According to you, "the whole science of man is a continuous proof in favor of the connection of brain and mind; and all the verbiage of philosophical psychologists in regard to the separate existence of the soul and its independence of its material organ is without the least value in opposition to the power of facts." You should be ashamed, doctor, of this style of reasoning.

*Büchner.* Why, if you please?

*Reader.* Because, first, the connection of brain and mind, as proved by "the whole science of man," does not authorize you to deny the separate existence of the soul and its substantial independence of the material organs. Secondly, because to call "verbiage" those reasonings which all the great men of all times have, after careful scrutiny, considered as unanswerable, to which they gave their fullest assent, and against which you are incapable of advancing a single argument which has not already been answered by philosophers, is on your part an implicit confession of philosophical ignorance. Thirdly, because it is extremely mean to proclaim your own victory, while you have carefully avoided the combat. You have, in fact, prudently dissembled all the reasons by which the substantiality and spirituality of the human soul are usually proved in psychology; and, to give yourself the appearance of a champion, you have set up a few ridiculous sophisms—as, "the material simplicity of the organs of thought" (p. 125)—to

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figure as philosophical objections, which they have never been, and never will be; thus reminding us of the great Don Quixote fighting against the wind-mill. Fourthly, because, while boasting of the support which some physiological facts seem to lend to your materialistic theory, you have entirely ignored all those other facts of the intellectual life which were calculated to expose your sophistry and overthrow your conclusions. This is dishonest, doctor; for you cannot plead ignorance in excuse.

*Büchner.* We proceed from opposite principles, sir; hence we must disagree in our conclusions. It is a law "that mind and brain necessarily determine each other, and that they stand to each other in inseparable causal relations" (p. 139).

*Reader.* This goes against you; for, if the mind determines the brain, the mind must be a special substance.

*Büchner.* "As there is no bile without liver, no urine without kidneys, so is there no thought without a brain. Mental activity is a function of the cerebral substance. This truth is simple, clear, easily supported by facts, and indisputable" (*ibid.*)

*Reader.* Oh! oh! have you forgotten my previous answer? So long as matter remains inert, it is vain to pretend that matter is the thinking principle.

*Büchner.* "Matter is not dead, unquickened, and lifeless, but, on the contrary, full of the most stirring life" (p. xcix.)

*Reader.* A great discovery!—if true.

*Büchner.* "Not an atom of it is without motion, but in constant uninterrupted movement and activity. Nor is matter *gross*, as simple philosophers often call it, but, on the contrary, so infinitely fine and complicated in its composition as to surpass all our conceptions. Nor is it *worthless* or vile, but rather the most precious thing we know of; it is not *without feeling*, but is full of the most acute sensibility in the creatures it brings forth; nor, lastly, is it *devoid of spirit* or *thought*, but, on the contrary, develops in the organs destined thereto by the peculiar kind and delicacy of their composition the highest mental potencies known to us. What we call life, sensibility, organization, and thought, are only the peculiar and higher tendencies and activities of matter, acquired in the course of many millions of years by well-known natural processes, and which in certain organisms or combinations result in the self-consciousness of matter. Wherefore matter is not unconscious, as is often proclaimed" (pp. xcix., c.)

*Reader.* Enough! enough of such nonsense. Do not ruin what little reputation you still enjoy as a scientific man. What will the world say when it discovers that you know nothing about the inertia of matter, which is the basis of physics and mechanics? or when it hears that you confound movement with activity, and activity with life? Every one knows that life implies movement, because the more perfect implies the less perfect; but who ever heard that mechanical movement implies life? Is a stone living because it falls to the ground? Again, how would any one who is not an idiot consider the matter on which we tread "the most precious thing we know of"? Would you sell your honor for a cup of coffee and a pound of sugar? That matter is *not without feeling*, *not without spirit*, and *not without thought*, is

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a demonstrated blunder, of which I need not repeat the refutation. But who can hear without merriment that sensibility, organization, and thought are "tendencies" of matter? and that they have been acquired by matter "in the course of many millions of years"? and that this acquisition was brought about "by *well-known* natural processes"? I repeat, doctor, that such trash will ruin your reputation. Buffoons and charlatans may be allowed to indulge in any amount of absurdities; but a doctor has not the same privilege. Hence it is not safe for you to speak of *well-known* processes, by which matter becomes "conscious" of itself, when the whole scientific world knows nothing of such processes, and may challenge you to substantiate your foolish assertion.

I will tell you what is really *well known*. It is what a celebrated writer teaches about the immateriality of the soul. "There is nothing," he says, "in this lower world that can account for the origin of our souls; for there is nothing in our souls which admits of mixture or composition, nothing which arises from the earth or is made of it, nothing which partakes of the nature of air, or water, or fire. For nothing is to be found in these natural things which has the power of remembering, of understanding, or of thinking—nothing which can hold the past, forecast the future, or embrace the present. The power of doing this is divine, and its possession by man can never be accounted for, unless we admit that it is derived from God himself. Accordingly, the soul is a distinct nature, and has nothing common with the material things with which we are acquainted."* What do you think of this passage?

*Büchner.* It smacks of ultramontanism.

*Reader.* Just so! Bravo! Marcus Tullius Cicero an ultramontane!!

* Animorum nulla in terris origo inveniri potest, nihil enim est in animis mixtum atque concretum, aut quod ex terra natum atque fictum esse videatur nihil ne aut humidum quidem, aut flabile, aut igneum. His enim in naturis nihil inest, quod vim memoriæ, mentis, cogitationis habeat, quod et præterita teneat, et futura provideat, et complecti possit præsentia: quæ sola divina sunt; nec invenietur unquam unde ad hominem venire possint, nisi a Deo. Singularis est igitur quædam natura atque vis animi, sejuncta ab his usitatis notisque naturis. —*Tusc. Quæst*, lib. 1, c 27.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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# A LEGEND OF ALSACE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF M. LE VICOMTE DE BUSSIERRE.

"I do love these ancient ruins.
We never tread upon them but we set
Our foot upon some reverend history."
—*Webster's Duchess of Malfy.*

I.

SIX leagues from Strasbourg a high mountain, pyramidal in form, rises abruptly over the chain of the Vosges. On its summit are some antique churches and chapels and an old convent. The fertile country at its foot is peopled by a great number of smiling villages and several small towns. Its sides are covered with fine forests, in the midst of which may be seen the ruined walls of old monasteries, the crenellated and picturesque towers of several mediæval castles, and the *débris* of an ancient wall of pagan times. This mountain, called in ancient times Altitona or Hohenbourg, was once the principal bulwark of Alsace. In the VIIth century it received the name of Mount St. Odile, and became a celebrated resort for pilgrims.

A shady pathway, and not of difficult ascent, leads to the top of Mount St. Odile, which commands a view as remarkable for extent as for interest and variety. The whole of Alsace, and a large part of the Grand Duchy of Baden, are spread out at the feet of the spectator; bounded on one side by the jagged chain of the Black Forest, whose blue outlines are seen on the horizon, and on the other by the Vosges, which are rounder and more pleasing to the eye. A dense forest of pines covers the Vosges, and on all sides, even on the highest crests, may be seen the ruins of old feudal castles which hundreds of years ago played their *rôle* in the history of the province. The Rhine passes through the middle of this magnificent valley. On each shore are forests, vineyards, meadows, and admirably cultivated fields. A line of dazzling brightness marks the sinuous course of the river, which, sometimes dividing, forms a great number of verdant isles.

The dense population of the country around gives an idea of its richness and fertility. Orchards surround the villages; rustic churches, covered with deep-hued tiles, rise up from the smiling groves; more imposing belfries mark the towns, and the magnificent spire of Strasbourg points out, through the transparent vapor, the old capital of the province. The whole plain is furrowed by fine roads in every direction, which, bordered by walnut-trees, form an immense net-work of verdure. Towards the north the valley of the Rhine is lost in the vapory distance; on the south the Vosges blend with the Jura mountains; and in perfectly clear weather the glaciers of Switzerland may be seen at sunset, like gilded clouds on the horizon.

This landscape is superb at all times, but is particularly beautiful on a Sunday morning in spring-time.

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A fresh verdure then covers the earth, and the fruit-trees, all in bloom, give the whole of Alsace a *parure de fête*. The far-off sound of the bells ringing in every direction to call the people to prayer, and the varied sounds of the plain brought up by the wind, mingle with the mysterious voices of nature, penetrating the soul with a subduing and profound sentiment, and filling it with ineffable peace.

Such is the aspect of the region where took place most of the facts I am about to relate. But, before speaking of the development of the monastic orders in Alsace, and of the convent of Hohenbourg and its illustrious foundress in particular, I will briefly relate the details that have been preserved respecting the introduction of Christianity into the province of which we are speaking.

Tradition attributes the origin of the Alsacian churches to the immediate successors of the apostles; but others date the Mission of S. Materne (and his companions Euchaire and Valère) among the Triboci and the Nemetes, and that of S. Clement among the Mediomatrici, only from the end of the IIId century or the beginning of the IVth. They were the real apostles of the valley of the Rhine. Some think they were called the disciples of S. Peter merely to show that they were sent by his successors, and that their teachings were in conformity with those of the head of the church.*

However this may be, there is no doubt that S. Materne founded the first Christian churches of Alsace upon the ruins of old pagan temples in the forests of Novient and in the towns of Helvetia and Argentorat.

Shortly after the conversion of Constantine, the Holy See sent Amandus and Jesse, the first as bishop of Argentoratum (Strasbourg) and the other of Augusta Nemetum (Speyer), of which city Constantius Chlorus is considered the restorer or founder.

Among the eighty-four bishops assembled at the Council of Cologne in the year 346, the names of Jesse of the Nemetes and Amandus of Argentoratum are found. S. Amandus, the first known pastor of Strasbourg, is at the head of a long line of bishops who have given an example of true holiness, and who have a claim on the admiration and gratitude of posterity. But almost immediately after the death of Constantine the Great the spread of the Christian religion in Alsace was arrested, partly owing to the rulers, and partly to the bloody wars of which the Rhine valley was the theatre, especially the invasion of Atilla, who either massacred the bishops or carried them off with their flocks. This caused a vacancy in the See of Strasbourg for many years. It passed under the spiritual jurisdiction of Metz till 510, when the see was re-established.

The great victory of Clovis over the Germans, and his baptism, gave rise to a new epoch in the history of Alsace and in the spread of Christianity. Argentoratum, which had been devastated by the barbarians, was restored by Clovis and resumed its importance. The kings of the Franks built a palace there which they often occupied.

Clovis re-established the episcopal see at the beginning of the VIth century, and laid the foundations of the cathedral in 510. From his time

* Laguile, in his *History of Alsace*, regards these apostles as the real disciples of S. Peter. He finds a proof of it in the writings of S. Irenæus (who lived in the IIId century), which allude to the churches of Germany.

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the Christian religion spread more rapidly in the province, and was soon professed by the whole country.

II.

Alsace shared in the development of monastic orders throughout Western Europe. In the VIIth and VIIIth centuries a great number of convents and pious retreats were erected in that province. The epoch of the early martyrs was past, but other martyrs succeeded them, separating themselves joyfully from the world and imposing on themselves the greatest privations. That was the time of wonderful legends and acts of personal renunciation. The life of S. Odile is a complete picture of that epoch. In relating it I shall endeavor to preserve the *naïve* and pious simplicity of the chronicles from which it is derived, and which are the faithful expression of the spirit of the times, and of the character and manners of the people.

Erchinald, son of Ega, and major-domo of the king, was, say the old historians, one of the noblest as well as most powerful lords of the time of Dagobert I. Leudet, or Leutrich, son of Erchinald, married Hultrude, a princess of the royal race of Burgundy. Their son, Adalric, was the father of S. Odile and the progenitor of some of the most illustrious houses of Europe. Adalric married Berswinde, the niece, through her mother, of S. Léger, Bishop of Autun, who suffered martyrdom in 685. Lilibilde, Berswinde's sister, or, as some say, her aunt, ascended the throne of Ostrasia by her marriage with Childeric II. The king, united to Adalric by the tie of friendship as well as of relationship, invested him with the duchy of Alsace at the death of Duke Boniface. Adalric established his residence at Oberehnheim, a town at the foot of Mount Altitona.

Few men have been depicted in such various colors as Adalric. Many ancient writers represent him as a ferocious, cruel, and overbearing lord. Other chroniclers, on the contrary, proclaim him as generous as he was just and humane. The opinion of F. Hugo Peltre appears to be the most correct, and it is confirmed by the different traits of the prince which have come to our knowledge. He says Adalric was a man upright and sincere, but tenacious in his designs. He showed himself to be a sincere Christian, and in spite of his rank sought no pretext for dispensation from the duties which his religion imposed upon him, but he had not entirely laid aside the barbarous manners of his time.

Berswinde, whose rank equalled that of her husband, is represented by all the authors of the life of S. Odile as one of the most accomplished women of her day. They say her heart was filled with charity and the fear of God. The deference accorded to her rank did not affect her piety or fill her with pride. She was a perfect model of Christian humility. She made use of her wealth to do good. Prosperity inspired her with tender gratitude towards Him who is the source of every blessing. Every day she was in the habit of retiring for several hours to the most secluded part of the palace, for the purpose of prayer and meditation.

Adalric and Berswinde both longed for a more retired residence, where they could pass a part of the year away from the bustle of the town and the fatigue of business. The duke ordered his followers to explore the neighboring forests to

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find a suitable spot for a castle and a church. They soon informed him that the summit of Mt. Altitona, which rose above Oberehnheim, was covered with the *débris* of ancient buildings which could be made use of in the construction of a vast and magnificent residence. Adalric wished to ascertain by personal observation the correctness of this report, and, after an hour and a half's march, he reached the place mentioned. It was a great esplanade, in a wild but imposing situation, surrounded by very high walls of enormous stones rudely put together, evidently by the most ancient inhabitants of the province. Gigantic pines and old oaks had grown up with wonderful luxuriance among these old ruins. But the buildings that covered the esplanade had by no means fallen entirely to ruin, as his followers had reported. They were partly ruined, to be sure, but a château and an elegant rotunda, both of the Roman style, still remained entire.*

The duke, charmed with the beauty of the place, immediately knelt down and thanked God aloud for having directed him to this spot. Then returning at once to Oberehnheim he despatched that very same day a large number of workmen to the mountain of Hohenbourg to commence the work

Adalric, changing his original intention of building a large church, had the antique rotunda magnificently repaired. It was then consecrated by S. Léger, Bishop of Autun, and dedicated to the holy Patrons of Alsace. A new chapel erected in honor of the Apostles Peter and Paul, the holy protectors of Oberehnheim, was likewise consecrated by the holy bishop and endowed by Adalric. The walls of enclosure were likewise repaired, as well as the old château, in which the duke and duchess habitually passed the summer months.

* An old tradition attributes the foundation of this château to the Emperor Maximin, and declares that the rotunda was formerly consecrated to the worship of the pagan divinities. This rotunda was destroyed in 1734. An inn now stands on the spot.

III.

Though the wealth and power of Adalric had increased from year to year till he was invested with the hereditary fief of the vast duchy of Alsace, yet one blessing was denied him. He had no heir to whom he could transmit his wealth and title, and this profoundly afflicted him. Berswinde, too, sympathized in his disappointment, for it is especially natural for the great and powerful to wish to perpetuate their name and race. They both did all that devotion and confidence in God inspire holy souls to do. They had recourse to fasts, pilgrimages, and generous alms. Often prostrate together at the foot of the altar they shed floods of tears, and besought the Lord to hear their ardent prayer. At length, after some years of married life (in the year 657, or, as some say, 661), Berswinde gave birth—not to the prince so ardently longed for and whose advent was anticipated with the joy and prayers of the whole province—but to a little blind girl. . . .

Adalric's happiness gave place to a profound despair, and the paternal love he had felt in advance for his child was changed into violent hatred. He broke forth into bitter plaints. "God is angry with us," said he, "and wishes to punish us for some grave transgression; for he has overwhelmed us with an opprobrium without precedent among those of my race, and which

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would forever tarnish the glory of my house, should the birth of this child be known."

Berswinde replied: "Beware, my lord, of abandoning yourself to anger and despair. Remember that when the disciples of our Saviour questioned him respecting the man who was blind from his birth, he said to them: 'Neither hath this man sinned, nor his parents; but that the works of God should be made manifest in him.' Let us not murmur, then, against the decrees of the Almighty. Until now he hath loaded us with benefits. Let us bless his holy name in affliction as well as in joy."

This mild and wise reply gave Adalric no consolation. The unfortunate duchess only succeeded in calming his excitement by consenting to keep the birth of her daughter a secret, to have her reared away from home, and never to mention her before her husband.

The duke thought he was satisfying the law of nature by permitting the child to live, and, acting according to the requirements of his rank and his honor, in condemning her to vegetate in obscurity and poverty. He had it proclaimed, at the sound of the trumpet, in the town of Oberehnheim that the duchess had given birth to a still-born child.

But Berswinde, remembering that one of her former attendants, upon whose attachment she could rely, was married and now living in the borough of Scherwiller, sent for her secretly. She came at once, and, finding her mistress profoundly afflicted and shedding bitter tears, pledged herself to bring up the child. Berswinde's courage revived at this, and, kissing the babe, she placed it herself in the arms of her faithful follower, commending it to her "dear Saviour the Lord Jesus, and to the Blessed Virgin Mary."

The nurse carried the child away, but in spite of Adalric's care to conceal from his subjects the birth of the princess—in spite of the oblivion in which its second mother sought to bury its existence, it was almost impossible to prevent such a secret from transpiring in time. Five or six months had hardly elapsed when it was reported throughout the country that there was a blind child of unknown origin at Scherwiller, which evidently belonged to people of high rank, judging from the care it received. Some one recalled that the woman who took care of this mysterious child was formerly in Berswinde's service, and noticed that its age coincided with the time of the duchess' illness. The nurse lent an attentive ear to this gossip, and did not fail to report it to Berswinde. The latter, fearing the report might reach Adalric's ears, ordered her old attendant to leave her home at once, and repair to the Convent of Baume in Franche Comté, a few leagues from Besançon, where the child would be readily received and brought up. Berswinde had two motives for preferring this monastery to all other places of safety: she hoped its distance would ensure the child's safety, and the abbess was the sister of the duchess' mother.

The Abbey of Baume was not then under any particular rule;* but prayer, reading, the chanting of the Psalms, the observance of the evangelical counsels, the mortification of the senses, and manual labor, continually occupied the humble recluses who lived there.

* This abbey, at a later day, adopted the rule of S. Benedict, and in the VIIIth century became of great importance, being rebuilt and endowed by Duke Garnier.

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The young exile arrived safely at this peaceful asylum. She lived there tranquilly, far from the tumult of the world, and received an education fitted for developing the treasures of grace with which her soul was enriched. Her destiny was evident almost from her cradle. The names consecrated by religion were the first to strike her ears and for her tongue to utter, and her first language was that of prayer. Her pious aunt, and all who surrounded her, only spoke to her of holy things, to which she lent a surprising attention, as if interiorly enlightened respecting divine truths. Her mind was precocious and clear, and her memory extraordinary. She understood the duties of a Christian better at the age of four or five than many grown-up persons.

It was thus, away from the world, that the daughter of Adalric became from childhood the model of piety, drawing pure instructions, as from an inexhaustible source, from the noble superior of Baume.

IV.

While these things were taking place in Franche Comté, Deodatus, Bishop of Nevers, and son of S. Hunna, arrived in Alsace to preach the Gospel and join the hermits who officiated at Novient (Ebersheim-Münster), the most ancient church of the province, and founded by S. Materne. The preaching of Deodatus drew an immense audience, among whom Adalric and Berswinde were the most assiduous. The duke, desirous of giving a public testimony of the benefit he had derived from the holy bishop's sermons, resolved to build at Novient a convent and church in honor of SS. Peter and Paul, and endow them with ample revenues. He begged Deodatus to superintend the construction of the new buildings. The work was commenced at once. Adalric refused nothing necessary for its completion, and Deodatus, wishing the church to be very solid, used in its construction the *débris* of an old pagan temple in a neighboring forest, which he razed to the ground. S. Materne had long before overthrown the idols.*

When the church was finished, Deodatus and Adalric convoked, not only the Alsacian clergy, but a great number beyond the Vosges, that the pomp of the ceremony of consecration might equal the grandeur of the solemnity. The duke and duchess came from Hohenbourg with a great retinue. The duchess brought rich ornaments for the altar, and sacerdotal vestments which she had partly wrought with her own hands. After the consecration the duke gave S. Deodatus a sealed document conferring a great number of farms on the new cloister, for the support of the Benedictine monks who were to inhabit it and vow themselves to the worship of the Almighty.†

These events happened about the year 666. The franchises of Ebersheim-Münster were afterwards confirmed by Charlemagne.‡

* The remains of S. Deodatus have been preserved in this church. Formerly they were borne in procession with great pomp around Ebersheim-Münster on the 19th of May, the festival of this saint.

† S. Odile was particularly attached to Ebersheim-Münster. After the foundation of the Convent of Hohenbourg she appointed the abbot director of her community, and made to it some donations on condition that some of the monks of Ebersheim-Münster should celebrate divine service at Hohenbourg on certain festivals, and the abbot himself on the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Déobald, Abbot of Eber heim-Münster, had the particular confidence of Charlemagne. He travelled with him to Saxe in 810.

‡ The remains of Adalric were, long after his death, removed from Hohenbourg to Ebersheim-Münster, and were for a long period venerated by the pilgrims.

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But let us return to the blind girl of the Convent of Baume, who was destined by heaven to be the greatest glory of her race. Cut off from the world by her infirmity and by her position, her life was one long prayer—one long act of adoration. Nevertheless she was twelve or thirteen years old before she was baptized, as all the most reliable chroniclers declare.

It was then, as now, the custom to baptize children shortly after their birth, and it is not to be supposed that Berswinde would neglect the precepts of the church, or be more solicitous for the temporal welfare of her child than for her eternal salvation. It is probable that the ceremony, being private in consequence of Adalric's anger, consisted only in the application of water, or that there was some grave omission rendering the baptism null. However this may be, it was in the designs of Providence, as one of the old chroniclers says, that things should happen thus in order that a miracle might mark the solemn admission of the young princess into the Christian fold.

In those days, adds our historian, there lived in Bavaria a holy bishop named Erhard, on whom rested the divine blessing. This prelate had a vision in which he was commanded to go at once to the Convent of Baume. A voice said to him: "Thou wilt find a young servant of the Lord, whom thou shalt baptize and give the name of Odile. At the moment of baptism her eyes, which hitherto have been closed, shall open to the light."

S. Erhard did not delay obeying this order, but, instead of taking the most direct route to Franche Comté, he passed over the steep mountains of Alsace and Lorraine, that he might see his brother Hidulphe, of high repute in the Christian world, who had voluntarily resigned the dignity of Archbishop of Treves to retire into the wilderness and found the Abbey of Moyenmoutier, where he might end his days in solitude and prayer. Erhard wished his brother to accompany him in his mission. An ancient tradition relates that, when the two brothers met, they flew into each other's arms, and during their long embrace their souls held an intimate and mysterious communion which made words unnecessary. Hidulphe immediately prepared to follow Erhard, that he might witness the miracle about to be wrought by his means.

When the two holy pilgrims arrived at Baume, they asked to see the blind girl, and, on beholding her, they both exclaimed, as if animated by one spirit: "O Lord Jesus! who art the true light that enlightenest every man who cometh into the world, let thy mercy be diffused, like a beneficent dew, upon this thy young handmaiden, and grant sight to the eyes of her body, as well as light to her soul!"

Proceeding then to examine the catechumen, they found her thoroughly instructed in all the dogmas of the Christian religion, and were edified by the intelligence and piety manifested in her replies.

The ceremony of baptism took place a few days after. All the inmates of the abbey assembled in the church, and S. Hidulphe presented the young girl at the font. Erhard, having said the prescribed prayers, proceeded to anoint her eyes with the holy chrism, saying: "Henceforth let the eyes of thy body, as well as those of thy soul, be enlightened, in the name of Jesus Christ our Lord." The nuns,



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kneeling around the church, awaited in profound silence and prayer the operation of the miracle, and their expectation was not vain; for, the moment Erhard ceased speaking, the child's eyelids unclosed, her large blue eyes opened to the light, and her first look, which displayed the purity of her soul, was directed heavenward, as if to thank the Almighty for the favor he had accorded her.

All the witnesses praised God aloud. Erhard gave the princess the name of Odile, as he had been commanded. Then, turning towards the assembly, he recalled to their minds that there is no instance recorded until the time of Christ of the opening of the eyes of one born blind. "The miracle you have just witnessed," added he, "is likewise the work of our beneficent Saviour. Beware of imitating the Jews, whose hearts closed more and more, though they saw the wonderful deeds Christ wrought before them, that they might be converted. God has permitted you to behold the wonderful event that has just happened, in order that your spiritual eyes may also be opened, and you may be the better disposed to serve the Divine Master, who protects his servants in so extraordinary a manner, and permits hardened sinners to be cast forth into eternal darkness!" Then, having blessed a veil, the prelate placed it on Odile's head, giving her at the same time a golden *cassette* containing precious relics, and predicting that Heaven reserved still greater favors for her if she carefully preserved the treasures of grace she had already received.

Hidulphe and Erhard left Baume as soon as their mission was accomplished; but before their departure they recommended the abbess and her companions to watch the unfolding of the rare flower which grew in their peaceful cloister. Then, giving a last benediction to Odile, Erhard said to her: "O my dear daughter! may we hereafter, through the mercy of Almighty God, be reunited in the kingdom of heaven, and taste the joys to which we are all called!"

V.

The two brothers, having learned the secret of Odile's birth, decided to inform Adalric of her miraculous cure, hoping to awaken in his heart the feeling of paternal love. The retreat in which Hidulphe lived being only a few hours' distance from Hohenbourg, he was entrusted with the commission to the Duke of Alsace, and Erhard returned directly to his diocese, where the miraculous cure of Odile soon became known, and contributed greatly to the propagation of the faith.

Meanwhile, Hidulphe repaired to Oberehnheim, and, as he possessed in the highest degree the power of influencing men's hearts, and his words generally made a profound impression on high and low, he flattered himself that, in informing the duke of what had just happened at Baume, his feelings towards the young exile would be immediately changed.

But the affection of Adalric was fastened on other objects. Notwithstanding the gravity of his fault, the blessing of Heaven continued to rest on his house. After sending away the poor blind child in anger and disdain, the duchess had borne him in succession four sons and a daughter named Roswinde, who by their sanctity became the ornaments of the church and of their country.

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From them sprang most of the royal families of Europe.

The duke refused to send for Odile. Perhaps, without owning it to himself, he experienced a certain fear of one so miraculously healed, and whom he had so unjustly banished. Nevertheless, he was not entirely insensible to the news, and, wishing to testify his gratitude to Hidulphe, he gave him the lands of Feldkirch for his abbey of Moyenmoutier.

Odile, then, continued after her baptism to live in the Convent of Baume. Her devotion, her indifference to the things of this world, and her profound recollection inspired a sentiment of respect among the virgins with whom she lived. With a grave and elevated mind, fervent piety, and an active charity, she possessed uncommon beauty,* and a child-like simplicity marked with all the grace of her age. Not one of the recluses of the monastery subjected herself to greater austerities than Odile. Her fervor was particularly manifest during the solemn days in which the church celebrates the great mystery of the Redemption.

Her countenance and her tears testified to the love with which her heart was filled. It was evident that, at her first essay, her pure young soul had soared heavenward with the swiftness of a dove on the wing.

But she was to experience the trials of life. The nurse, for whom she had an affection truly filial, and who had sundered her family ties to be near Odile, fell dangerously ill at Baume. Her sufferings lasted several months. Doubtless God ordained it to be so, say the ancient chronicles, that she might satisfy in this world the eternal justice, and that Odile's gratitude, generosity, and charity might be displayed. With the sanction of the superior, she only left the bedside of the guardian of her infancy to attend service at the chapel. She was at once servant, nurse, and, above all, comforter. She inspired her patient with courage, so that she humbly offered up her sufferings to our Lord, and awaited with joy and hope the hour of her departure. When the hour of deliverance appointed by Providence came, having received the last sacraments, she died peacefully in the arms of Odile, who closed her eyes and buried her.

* Chroniclers speak particularly of the wonderful beauty of Odile's fair locks.

VI.

In spite of her cruel exile, Odile had for a long time felt an ardent desire to behold her parents, at least once, and this feeling became stronger after the death of her nurse, the only tie that recalled her native land. She did not dream of being restored to her rank, or of exchanging her peaceful life for the bustle of her father's court. She only wished to testify her love for her parents, and to be loved by them.

She had been told that Count Hugo was the most noble of Adalric's four sons. He was universally considered the handsomest and most accomplished prince of his time. His illustrious birth was his least recommendation: he was prudent and generous, and animated by that lofty courage and goodness of heart so becoming to youth. Odile wrote to him, entrusting the letter, carefully wrapped in a piece of scarlet stuff, to a pilgrim. Hugo, charmed with the letter and, unlike most of the nobility of that time, knowing how to write, henceforth

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kept up a frequent correspondence with her. Odile often gave him serious advice, which he received with tender gratitude. Finding him well disposed, she decided to open her heart to him. Hugo joyfully hastened to intercede for his sister, begging his father to banish no longer a daughter whose virtues would reflect so much honor on his house. But the duke, with his inflexible pride, assumed a severe expression, and, in spite of his partiality for Hugo, told him he had particular motives, for which he was accountable to no one, for requiring Odile to remain at Baume. He also forbade his son ever making a like request. The young man was profoundly afflicted. Impelled by his ardent love for his sister, and believing her sweet presence would justify him in his father's eyes, he immediately despatched horses and everything necessary for such a journey, telling his sister to set off immediately. Full of confidence in Hugo, and sure that her father had consented to her return, she left Baume. It was a sad and painful leave-taking, but she consoled her aunt and the nuns by promising to return and end her days among them. But Heaven otherwise decreed.

Odile had hardly left the monastery when she began to reproach herself for too strong a desire to return to her family, and for the eagerness with which she looked forward to a taste of earthly happiness. She remembered that he to whom she wished to consecrate her life is a jealous God, who wishes his servants, instead of clinging to human creatures, to consider them as instruments of perfection. She shed many and bitter tears, but, according to her custom, she had recourse to prayer, which assuaged the trouble of her conscience and restored a sweet serenity and trust to her soul.

Protected by holy angels, she arrived safely at the foot of the mountain on which rose the new castle of Hohenbourg. Adalric was conversing with his sons when he perceived a company of armed men accompanying a vehicle that was slowly ascending the acclivity. He inquired who the strangers were. "It is my sister Odile," replied Hugo joyfully. "And who dared bring her here without my orders?" cried the duke in an angry tone. The youth saw the truth must be acknowledged, and, bending his knee before his father, he said: "It was I, my lord. Impelled by my ardent love for her, I wrote her she could come. I am guilty through excessive affection. Punish me alone, if you will not forgive, for she is innocent."

Hugo, relying too much on his father's partiality, thought he should escape with only a few sharp words; but Adalric, inflamed with rage, raised the staff he held in his hand, and inflicted such a blow on his son that he fell senseless at his feet. Ashamed and sorry for his rashness, the duke raised him, and ordered that his bruises should be cared for.

Adalric's anger had passed away when Odile arrived at the top of the mountain. Kneeling, she lifted towards him the eyes once closed to the light. The duke, recalling the miracle wrought in her behalf, felt, for the first time, an impulse of affection, and, raising her in a kind manner, he bade his sons to welcome her affectionately. At that instant Berswinde and her daughter Roswinde came running out. The duchess kissed, with many tears, Odile's eyes, acknow-

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ledging that God had suffered her child to be born blind that he might at a later day manifest his power by repeating the miracle of the gospel. Our saint was then conducted to the chapel. There, humbly prostrate, she thanked God for protecting her in her journey and reuniting her to her family.

VII.

Although Adalric's aversion to Odile was lessened, and he showed her some kindness at her arrival, he was far from feeling the same love for her as for the rest of his children. He assigned her a retired part of the castle, and gave her as a companion a holy maiden from Great Britain who was vowed to the service of God. He never admitted her to his presence, and only allowed her the portion of a servant for her subsistence. Our saint, overlooking this unjust treatment, led at Hohenbourg a life as simple and retired as at the Convent of Baume, often finding means, by really depriving herself of the necessaries of life, of aiding the needy. It was not long before her father awoke to better feelings. Crossing a court of the castle, one day, he met Odile carrying a covered dish. Laying aside his usual coldness, he said mildly: "Where are you going, my child?" "My lord," replied she, "I am going to cook a little oat-meal for some poor sick people." These words, timidly uttered, touched the duke. He looked tenderly at his daughter, whose love and sweetness were unchanged by his treatment, and exclaimed, with tears in his eyes: "Be not afflicted, my dearest child, at having hitherto led a life of privation. It shall not be so hereafter."

In fact, from that moment the relations of Odile and her father were changed. He began to treat her with marked favor, as if to pay the long arrear of paternal love; but she, who was not cast down by misfortune, showed herself unelated by prosperity. Disdaining the pleasures now at her command, she continued to devote her whole life to God. Her days and nights were passed in prayer and good works. Her example produced such an effect that it was imitated by the rest of the family. Her sister Roswinde renounced the pleasures of the world to bear the cross of our Lord. The manners of her father and brothers were softened, and they endeavored to practise the Christian virtues. Even the servants of the castle began to live devoutly. She gained all hearts. She was such a friend to the poor and unfortunate that Hohenbourg soon became their refuge. "Our dear saint," for such is the name the old historians of Alsace give her, was not satisfied with bestowing on them kind words. She gave them all the money and clothing she possessed. She often endured hunger and refused food that she might aid the sick still more. Every day she descended the steep mountain-path to seek those who were unable to reach the castle, and encourage them with her pious counsels. Her zeal in their behalf was unbounded. She performed the most revolting offices with her own hands. The unhappy regarded her not only as a benefactress, but as a friend to whom they could open their hearts and consciences. The duke and duchess soon became so fond of her that if any one wished a special favor they begged it through her. Adalric's repentance for his past injustice exceeded the anger he felt at her birth. He

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once thought his conduct justifiable, now he acknowledged it was inexcusable, thus showing himself superior to most men of his station, who are unwilling to allow they are ever wrong. He actually commended Hugo for his disobedience, and tried to atone by particular favors for his cruel treatment at the time of Odile's arrival.

But this serenity could not last forever. Our saint, who had endured her father's coldness so heroically, now began to grow weary of a life of grandeur. She was depressed by the flattery of which she was the object. Duties that were purely worldly absorbed part of the time she wished to consecrate to God. In a word, she often sighed after the retirement of Baume and the life she led there. She finally asked her father's permission to return to her aunt and end her days in penitential works. "I am misunderstood here," said she; "I am treated with a respect of which I am not worthy. You do not know what I really am, and, if I remain here any longer, I may even forget it myself."

But the duke opposed her departure, telling her that by practising the Christian virtues at court she could do more good than by leaving the world for the austerities of Baume. Prayers and tears were of no avail; Adalric's resolution was not to be shaken. Odile, despairing of her return, wrote a touching farewell letter to her old companions. Their sorrow was tempered by remembering that she was under the special protection of God, who doubtless wished to make use of her in extending elsewhere the glory of his holy name. Full of veneration for her memory, they put carefully away among the precious objects in their church a violet-colored veil, embroidered with gold and silk of different colors by the daughter of the Duke of Alsace when she lived among them, an exile from the house of her father.

TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH.

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## FAC-SIMILES OF IRISH NATIONAL MANUSCRIPTS.

FEW of our readers are probably aware that the English government, for the last ten years, has been making fac-similes of the most important national MSS., for publication and sale, by the process of photo-zincography. The *Domesday Book* was the first work taken in hand. This wonderful record, without a peer in the world, is a general survey of the land of England, ordered by William the Conqueror in the year of our Lord 1085. It is the undisputed testimony of the relations existing at that period between the landlords and their tenants; and it describes the state of society which existed in England under the Anglo-Saxon kings up to the conquest of the kingdom by the Duke of Normandy. So successfully was the printing of the fac-similes of the *Domesday Book* accomplished,

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and so acceptable to historical students of every degree was its publication, that, in the spring of 1864, the Lords of H. M. Treasury unanimously endorsed the proposal by the late Master of the Rolls (Lord Romilly) that the same process of photo-zincography should be applied to the reproduction and perpetuation of some of the "National Records." Three volumes of English manuscripts and three volumes of Scottish manuscripts have been followed by the preparation for three volumes of Irish national MSS., which will rank (says Mr. William Basevi Sanders, the Assistant Keeper of Her Majesty's Records, in his *Annual Report*, printed in the year 1873, on the fac-similes photo-zincographed at the Ordnance Survey Office, Southampton) among the first of the many valuable publications which Sir Henry James (the military engineer officer in charge) has been the means of laying before the public.

Let us look over Mr. Sanders's description of the Irish MSS. He has gathered his information from the best sources, having consulted and freely used O'Donovan's edition of the *Annals of the Four Masters*, the accessible works of Dr. Petrie, Dr. Todd, Dr. Reeves, and Prof. Westwood, and more particularly from the elaborate investigations of Prof. O'Curry, published in his *Lectures on the MS. Materials of Ancient Irish History*.

The first of these MSS., both in point of age and on account of the remarkable history that attaches to it, is the volume known as *Domhnach Airgid*, or *Silver Shrine*. This is a volume of the Gospels—perhaps the oldest in the world—of the Vth century, and traditionally believed to have been the private book of devotion of S. Patrick himself, and to have been given by him to S. Mac Carthainn when he placed him over the See of Clogher. The legend in which this curious story is narrated appears in the *Tripartite Life of S. Patrick*, and O'Curry in his lectures gives the following literal translation of it:

"S. Patrick, having gone into the territory of Ui Cremthainn, founded many churches there. As he was on his way from the North, and coming to the place now called Clochar, he was carried over a stream by his strong man, Bishop Mac Carthainn, who, while bearing the saint, groaned aloud, exclaiming 'Uch! uch!'

"'Upon my good word,' said the saint, 'it was not usual with you to speak that word.'

"'I am now old and infirm,' said Bishop Mac Carthainn, 'and all my early companions on the mission you have set down in their respective churches, while I am still on my travels.'

"'Found you a church, then,' said the saint, 'that shall not be too near for us for familiarity, nor too far from us for intercourse.'

"And the saint then left Bishop Mac Carthainn at Clochar, and bestowed on him the Domhnach Airgid, which had been given to him from heaven when he was on the sea coming from Erinn."

The shrine which held this relic is composed of three distinct covers, of different dates—of wood, of copper plated with silver, and the most modern of silver plated with gold, richly ornamented with figures of the Saviour, the Blessed Virgin, and saints, and with representations of animals, and traceries, among which is a mounted figure, sword in hand, and displaying with minute accuracy all the dress and

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accoutrements of an Irish noble of the XIVth century.

The MS. itself is in such a state from age and damp as to make inspection of its contents impossible, the leaves being all stuck together, and the whole of about the consistency and appearance of a piece of brick. The portions of which facsimiles will be given present a good example of the better parts of it. It was originally the property of the monastery of Clones, and was procured in the county Monaghan by Mr. George Smith, from whom it was purchased for £300 (say $1,500) by Lord Rossmore, who presented it to the Royal Irish Academy, where it remains at present.

The next MS. is as curious—the *Cathach*, or *Book of Battles*—a copy of the Psalms, supposed to have been written by S. Columba. It consists of fifty-eight leaves of vellum, and appears to be perfect from the xxxist to the cvith Psalm, all prior to which are gone, and is enclosed in a handsome shrine. Why it was called the *Book of Battles* is told by O'Curry, from the *Life of S. Columba*, by Magnus O'Dohmnaill. S. Columba, when on a visit to S. Finnen of Drom Finn, being very anxious to have a copy of S. Finnen's Book of the Psalms, made one surreptitiously by borrowing the book, and copying it in the church after every one else had left. S. Finnen had notice of this underhand proceeding of his brother saint from one of his pupils, and accordingly, as soon as the copy was finished, demanded possession of it. S. Columba refusing to comply with this demand, the matter was referred to Diarmaid Mac Ferghusa Cerrbheaill, King of Erinn, who pronounced against him in a judgment which to this day remains a proverb in Ireland—*Le gach bóin a boinin* ("To every cow its calf"), and so, by analogy, "to every book its copy." This adverse judgment, closely followed by the accidental death of the son of Diarmaid's chief steward while engaged in a game of hurling with the son of the King of Connaught—at that time a hostage at Tara—who was torn from S. Columba's arms, into which he had thrown himself for sanctuary, and put to death, so enraged the saint that he stirred up his relatives in Tirconnel and Tyrone to revenge the insult, and a bloody battle was fought in Connaught, which ended in the rout of the king's army: and this was how the book obtained its name.

For thirteen hundred years the book was preserved as an heirloom by the O'Donnells, having been handed down by S. Columba himself, who belonged to that clan. It is now preserved in the Royal Irish Academy. Four pages have been selected for copying, containing severally the first twelve verses of Psalm lxxx., the last three of lxxxix., and the first seven of xc., the whole of xciv., and the first eleven of xcv. The condition in which these pages remain is wonderful, and reflects great honor upon the family who have for so many ages and through so many national troubles and disturbances preserved this relic with sacred care.

The next is the *Book of Durrow*, or *Gospels of S. Columba*, a volume containing 248 leaves of vellum, written in columns by the hand of S. Columba himself, as asserted in the following inscription on the fly-leaf: "Liber autem hic scriptus est a manu ipsius B. Columbkille per spatium 12 dierum anno 500"; and again, "Rogo beatitudinem tuam,

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sancte presbiter Patrici, ut quicunque, hunc libellum manu tenuerit, meminerit Columbæ scriptoris, qui hoc scripsi ipsemet evangelium per xii. dierum spatium gratiâ Domini nostri." This last inscription is quoted by Dr. Petrie as conclusive evidence of the date of the volume, which is considered by Dr. Reeves to be either as old as S. Columba's day, or nearly so (a somewhat curious hypothesis if the volume were written by S. Columba).

Until its presentation to Trinity College by Dr. Jones, Bishop of Meath, this book was kept at Durrow, in King's County, the monastery and church of which were founded by S. Columba about the year 550, where the tradition of its having belonged to their patron saint was preserved and believed in by the monks. It was originally enclosed in a silver-mounted *cuhmdach*, or shrine, made for it by order of Flann, King of Ireland, who reigned from 879 to 916, which was lost, as Mr. Westwood conjectures, in 1007, when the volume was stolen.

The portions selected for copying are pages $12^b$, $14^a$, $118^a$, and $173^a$. The first contains the prayer of the writer above quoted, under which is also written, "Ora pro me, frater mi; Dominus tecum sit"; the second is the first page of S. Matthew's Gospel, the third the first page of S. Luke's Gospel, and the fourth the concluding page of the same Gospel, at the bottom of which is written, "+ Miserere Domine Naemani + filii Neth + " names which O'Curry states had not been identified at the time of his lectures, though the surname seems to be very like that of the scribe after whom another of the MSS. contained in this volume is called—*Mac Nathi*.

The next MS. in order is the famous *Book of Kells*, a copy of the Gospels, also traditionally ascribed to S. Columba—a tradition doubted by some, but which Dr. Todd saw no reason to mistrust, as the book is undoubtedly a MS. of that age. About the same time as that when the *Book of Durrow* was sacrilegiously deprived of its shrine, the *Book of Kells* was also stolen out of the church from which it takes its name. The circumstance is thus narrated in the *Four Masters:* "The age of Christ 1006. . . . The great Gospel of Colum Cille was stolen at night from the Western *Erdomh* [sacristy] of the great church of Ceandrrus. This was the principal relic of the Western World on account of its singular cover, and it was found after twenty nights and two months, its gold having been stolen off it, and a sod over it."

It continued in the possession of the Church of Kells till the time of Archbishop Usher, after whose death it was granted with the rest of that prelate's library, in which it was then found, by King Charles II., to the university of Dublin, and has been preserved in the library of Trinity College ever since.

Of the pages chosen for copying, $6^b$, $7^a$, and $27^a$ are entries concerning lands, believed to be the only existing specimens, of pre-Anglo and Norman date, of deeds written in the Irish language. They are written in a rude, rough hand, that looks unsightly in contrast with the character of the contents of the volume proper. $34^a$ is the beginning of S. Matthew's Gospel, and is entirely filled with the initial of "Liber generationis." $123^a$, $124^a$, and $126^b$ contain S. Matthew's story of the crucifixion, $124^a$ being all taken up by the words, "Tunc

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crucifixerant Christum et duos latrones," written in a very singular fashion, and enclosed in a framework profusely decorated. 200b contains a portion of the genealogy in the third chapter of S. John, and 19b displays a collection of fantastic symbols, with a very handsome capital Z, and the first two syllables of Zacharias embellished with spirited figures of a dog pursuing a wolf.

It is impossible to exaggerate the elaborate ornamentation of this remarkable volume, or the quaintness of the grotesque subjects introduced into it. The gigantic initial letter, which is given as an example in this volume, is filled in with an almost incredible interlacing of extravagant impossibilities: Serpentine figures with human heads; intertwined sketches of men spotted like leopards in attitude of earnest conversation; rats sitting on the backs of cats, who are holding other rats by the tails, the rats being engaged in eating a cake; human figures with impossible combinations of their own and other creature's limbs; strange shapes of birds and fishes, geometrical designs and intricate arabesque traceries, all woven together in the wildest dreamlike way, and having an effect that charms the eye, and fills the mind with amazement at the fancy that designed and the hand that executed them.

The next is another copy of the Gospels, known as the *Book of Dimma Mac Nathi*, made, it is said, at the express desire of S. Cronan of Roscrea, who died in the beginning of the VIIth century. The drawings in this book are very rude, and the writing of some parts of it difficult to read, though the scribe Dimma is supposed to have belonged to a family of saints, one of whom, at any rate, was greatly distinguished as a penman. It was purchased from Sir William Betham, its original place of deposit having been the Abbey of Roscrea, and is now in the library of Trinity College, Dublin.

Four pages have been chosen for copying. The first contains portions of chapters 27 and 28 of S. Matthew's Gospel, and has this note at the foot: "Finit. Oroit do Dimma rodscrib pro Deo et benedictione" ("A prayer for Dimma, who has written for God, and a benediction"). Between the 49th and 50th verses of the 27th chapter there is this other verse, the substance of which only appears in the Gospel of S. John: "Alius vero, acceptâ lanceâ pupugit latus ejus et exivit aqua et sanguis." Here, however, the piercing is made to take place before the death. The second is the illuminated page preceding S. John. In it is depicted a bird, probably intended for that saint's symbol, an eagle, carrying a book in its talons, surrounded by a border of arabesque design. The last two pages contain the first thirty-eight verses of the 1st chapter of S. John, the first written along the full breadth of the page and with a handsome initial "In," the second written in columns.

The next MS. is another copy of the Gospels, known as the *Book of Moling*, and supposed to have been written about the year 690 by S. Moling, Bishop of Ferns. It was presented to Trinity College, Dublin, by a member of the family of Kavanagh, by whom it had been preserved for many generations in its metal *cumhdach*, or covering.

Four pages have been selected. The first is a figure of one of the Evangelists, with a book in his

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left hand, and a pen, which he is dipping into an ink-horn, in his right. The second contains the 18th chapter of S. Matthew, from the 8th verse to the 27th; the third, from the 27th verse to the 16th verse of the 19th chapter of S. Matthew; and the fourth, the concluding verses of the last chapter of S. John.

*The Book of Armagh* has also been selected. This volume, a transcript of one still older, supposed to have been the holograph of S. Patrick, was ascribed by Sir W. Betham to Bishop Aedh of Stetty, whose death is recorded in the *Four Masters* in 698; and O'Curry conceived it to be as old as 724, but Mr. Graves seems to have proved that it was written by the scribe Ferdomnach in 807. It is a small quarto volume, consisting of 221 leaves of vellum, and containing an extract from the *Tripartite Life of S. Patrick*, annotations on that saint's life by Tirechan and others, his confession or epistle to the Irish, the Epistle of S. Jerome to Pope Damasus, the ten Eusebian canons, an explanation of Hebrew names used in the Gospels, with various prefaces and arguments, the four Gospels and remaining books of the New Testament, the life of S. Martin of Tours by Sulpicius, with two epistles by Sulpicius and Severus, and concludes with a prayer. It belonged to the Church of Armagh, being, as Prof. Westwood relates, held in such veneration that the family of Mac Mayre held lands from the See of Armagh by the tenure of its safe keeping; and in 1846 it was presented to Trinity College, Dublin, by the Rev. Francis Brownlow, into whose family it had passed in the XVIIth century.

Six pages have been selected, the first three of which contain the extract from the *Tripartite Life of S. Patrick*. On the first column of page 18[b] is the following account of a miracle performed by S. Patrick: "Sechnall went afterwards to rebuke Patrick on account of a chariot he had. Then Patrick sent the chariot to Sechnall without a charioteer in it, but it was an angel that directed it. Sechnall sent it, when it had stopped three nights there with him, to Manchan, and it remained three nights with him. He sent it to Fiacc. Fiacc rejected it. After that where they went to was round the church three times, when the angel said, 'It is to you they have been given from Patrick when he came to know your disease.'" The miracle as here related is, as O'Curry very truly observes, not quite intelligible, but the key to it is to be found in the *Tripartite Life*, from which it had probably been taken. The story there is that once, when Sechnall was at Armagh, he remarked that two chariot horses which he saw there would be a fitting gift to Bishop Fiacc. Patrick was not at home at the time, but as soon as he returned and heard this he had the horses harnessed to a chariot, and sent them off, without a coachman, to Fiacc at Stetty, where they arrived safely. The reason of S. Patrick making him this present was to enable him to go to his cave on the hill of Drom Coblai, where he used to repair on Shrove Saturday with five loaves, and remain till Easter Saturday; and because "chafers had gnawed his legs so that death was near him."

Then come *The Gospels of Maelbride Mac Durnan*, Archbishop of Armagh from 885 to 927, a small and beautifully-written copy of the Gospels, made apparently by the

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same scribe, Ferdomnach, who wrote the *Book of Armagh*, and at about the same period. The initial page of each Gospel is very gracefully illuminated, and to each is prefixed a page bearing the figure of its writer, surrounded by a border of delicate tracery. The pages selected are the first four, comprising the "Liber generationis" and the inscription in capitals, the face of folio 5 being the beginning of S. Matthew's narrative; the dorse of folio 65, which contains his account of the scourging and mocking, and at the foot this note by the scribe: *Mór assársa for Coimdid nime agus talman* ("Great this violence upon the God of heaven and earth"); the dorse of folio 69, containing the following letter, written in Saxon, is probably the earliest known contemporary copy of a petition for restitution of temporalities to an English bishop:

"Wulfstan, Archbishop, greets Cnut his Lord and Aelfgyfe the Queen humbly, and I make known to you two, liege, that we have done as the certificate came to us from you with regard to the Bishop Aethelnoth, that we have now consecrated him. Now pray I for God's love, and in the name of all God's saints, that ye will have respect to God and to the holy order. That he may be admitted to the possessions that others before him were: namely, Dunstan the good and many another: that he may be likewise admitted to rights and honors. In which case it shall be for both of you meritorious before God, and eke honorable before the world."

At the end of S. Matthew's Gospel there is, in addition to Archbishop Wulfstan's (of York) letter, this memorandum in Latin: "Cnud, King of the Angles, has given to Christ's Church an arm of S. Bartholomew the Apostle, with the great pall and the golden crown of his head; and the port of Sandwich and all issues of the water of the same from either side of the river; so that a ship floating in the stream when the water shall be high, at the distance of the cast of a very small hatchet from the shore, the droits of the ship are to be received by the servants of Christ's Church. And no man whatsoever has custom in the same port except the monks of Christ's Church. Theirs also is the ferry over the port, and the boats and toll of boats and of all ships which come to Sandwich from Peperness as far as Northmouth. If, however, anything be found on the high sea, being brought to Sandwich, Christ's Church shall take half, and the remaining part shall rest with the finders."

The volume is preserved in the library of Lambeth Palace, but it is a singular fact that it finds no place either in the catalogue of that library published in 1812, or in the catalogue of the library of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, where Archbishop Parker's collection of MSS. is preserved.

TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH.

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## CONGRESS OF THE CATHOLIC GERMANS AT MAYENCE.

On the 16th and 17th days of June the Second Congress of the Catholic Germans assembled at Mayence. This congress must be distinguished from the regular annual congress of all the Catholic societies of Germany. The constitution of the latter was formed during the stormy times of 1848. It treats only upon religious questions, and excludes on principle the discussion of politics during its deliberations; whereas the Congress of Catholic Germans, which held its first session two years ago, has for its object, according to its statutes, the defence of the liberty and the rights of the Catholic Church, and the maintenance of Christian principles in all the spheres of public life by all moral and lawful means, especially by the use of constitutionally-recognized and guaranteed civil rights; and it therefore desires to be considered a political organization. It is already in operation throughout Germany, in Prussia particularly. Its sessions are held in Mayence—in that city which, owing to its advantageous position in Middle Germany, opposite the confluence of the river Mayence with the Rhine, was chosen by the Romans as a boundary, and by S. Boniface as the central point for the Christianization of the Teutons. It is true that "Golden Mayence," the special and true daughter of the Roman Church (*Aurea Moguntia sanctæ Romanæ Ecclesiæ specialis vera filia*), as the inscription reads upon the old city seal, has, since the beginning of this century, fallen greatly from its former splendor. In it once resided an archbishop, who was the legate of the apostolic chair for Germany, and metropolitan over twenty-four bishoprics, which extended from Brandenburg to Chur in Switzerland, and from Metz to Prague and Olmütz, and which comprised the largest part of the old German empire; so that next to the Pope he was called the greatest prince of the church (*Post Papam secundus*, says Marianus Scotus (+ 1086) in his *Chron. Act. VI.*, ad a. 750), and in his temporal position as elector and hereditary chancellor of the empire ranked next to the emperor, and was called the Prince of princes (Moguntius post imperatorem princeps est principum—*Vita Arnoldi*). Mayence is now only a provincial city belonging to little Hessia, and the boundaries of its bishopric are inconsiderable. Nevertheless, in the present combat for the liberty of the church, it occupies, and has for years occupied, an important place by reason of a succession of great men, Bishop Von Ketteler at the head, and it cannot be doubted that the city will in future be of great importance to the Catholic interests of Germany.

The *centrum* of the Catholic party in Mayence is the Casino zum Frankfurter-hof (Casino of the court of Frankfort), whose spacious and imposing hall has not its equal in the city. In former times this hall was used when a blow was to be struck at the interest of the

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Catholic Church; but things are changed, and the Frankfurter-hof is now the stronghold in which the defenders of the Catholic Church meet together. Not until the use of this hall was acquired, owing to the determined efforts of Falk III., the people's champion, so well known throughout all Germany, did the Catholic party in Mayence begin to feel its own importance. For the past twenty years its members have appeared regularly at every election upon the battle-field, to be as regularly defeated; but they were finally successful in securing Canon Dr. Moufang as their deputy at the last election for the *Reichstag*.

In the above-named hall the Congress of Catholic Germans held its late sessions. It was appropriately decorated for the occasion. In a prominent place, surrounded by beautiful flowers, was seen the bust of our Holy Father, Pius IX. Above, in golden letters, were written the words, "For God and Fatherland," and over this the sign of redemption with the inscription, "In this sign thou shalt conquer." Upon the pillars of the hall were placed the coats-of-arms of the different bishoprics of Germany. The crape hanging over those of the Archbishops of Cologne and Posen and Gnesen, and that of the Bishop of Treves, was emblematic of the grief which fills the heart of every Catholic when he remembers the three venerable prelates who, forcibly removed from their episcopal sees, now testify in prison to the divinity of Christianity and the inalienable right of the church to that liberty in matters of faith and religion left her by her Founder. The evening before the opening of the Congress many members of the society met from all parts of Germany to greet one another. Even the United States was represented in the person of the learned F. Hecker. A superficial glance was enough to convince any one that the nobility in particular desired by their presence to show their love and affection for our persecuted mother, the church. For years the majority of the Catholic nobles of Westphalia and the Rhine have been animated with a deep religious feeling. The best names among the aristocracy are generally found at the head of the numerous appeals in behalf of religion; and in their own homes (a fact which is of great importance) these nobles do not strive to emulate by outward splendor those "capitalists" whose lives are spent in acquiring riches, but they rather seek to uphold the honor of their names by the simplicity of their mode of life, in their daily actions, by educating their children as Catholics should, and instilling into them principles of honesty, morality, and every Christian virtue. It makes a lasting impression upon whomsoever is admitted to familiar intercourse with any of these noble families to see all the members of the household devoutly assembled in the private chapel of the mansion, for the adornment of whose altars no expense has been spared, there to attend the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass; and in the evening to behold the father of the family, by ringing a bell, again summons them into the chapel for evening prayer and examen of conscience, at which the chaplain, but oftener the head of the house, be he old or young, performs the duty of reading the prayers. Fathers and mothers should imitate the example of these noblemen, and when priests, on account of their faith, are imprisoned or exiled, they themselves should take the place of the priests in their

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own homes. Then will the zeal of priests grow stronger and Catholic faith take deeper root. Would to God that we could see the same state of things in many castles in Middle Germany, in Silesia, Bavaria, and in Brisgau (Baden), as is now seen in Westphalia and on the Rhine!

But let us return, after this digression, to our Congress in the Frankfurter-hof. Its president, Baron von Loë, representative in the *Reichstag*, who last year with manly courage defended the organization against intrigues of all kinds, was received with universal applause when he ascended the rostrum and opened Congress with the salutation, "Praise be to Jesus Christ!" In a few but convincing words he explained why, despite the serious aspect of the times, they had met in "Golden Mayence," where liberty of speech is yet permitted. (A short time ago a meeting at Treves was dissolved because Herr Majunke, a representative in the *Reichstag*, had said in the course of his remarks that Bismarck was only mortal, and while lying upon his sick-bed suffered as much as any beggar who lies ill in his hut. Another meeting was broken up by the Prussian police because the speaker had announced his intention of discoursing upon one particular theme. Who knows what terrible things the police understood by the word "theme"?) Then followed a long succession of congratulations which the guests, coming from all parts of Germany, had personally to offer. As space does not permit us to give a lengthened sketch of all these speeches, we must content ourselves with simply giving the title of the address and the name of the speaker.

Dr. Evels of Bonn spoke concerning the latest cultivated plant, which grows only in Germany, and there sporadically, notwithstanding the most careful attention from high quarters—that is, Old Catholicism. With this exception, no dangers threaten the Catholic Church in Germany. Count Bassenheim was the bearer of greetings from the Bishop of Basel, who asked the prayers of the members for the persecuted friends of religion in Switzerland. Baron Stillfried of Vienna assured the Congress that the Catholics of Austria were united, and expected the salvation of Austria only from intimate union with the church. Dr. Lingens of Aix-la-Chapelle invited all present to attend the exposition of relics in the venerable electoral city of the old German emperors, which exposition takes place this year, and not again until 1881. Baron von Frankenstein of Bavaria spoke on the state of affairs in his country, declaring his belief that they would soon change for the better. Count Kageneck of Freiburg in Baden looked confidently forward to a happy future, relying upon the just rights of the Catholics and upon the powerful protection of God. Count Bissingen of Würtemberg (Swabia) asserted that the fable of the Catholics hating the empire finds no believers among the honest people of Swabia. Herr Baudri of Cologne, the brother of the coadjutor-bishop, an old, faithful warrior, proclaimed in words of burning eloquence the earnestness with which the enemies of the Catholic Church publicly declare that the destruction of the church is the order of the day, and he denounced the corruption of public opinion by the state, and the manner in which it subsidized the press by means of

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the funds stolen from the church. He thanked divine Providence for giving Germany such a united episcopate, and the present affliction of the church only demonstrated the fact that not only in Germany, but through the whole world, Catholics form only one family. While our enemies, he continued, raise on high the torch of discord, which has so frequently brought our fatherland to the verge of ruin, our Congress should use every effort to build a new great and united Germany upon the foundations of a Christianity similar to that upon which old Germany became great and powerful. Herr Stroebel of Charlottenburg made the next speech, and he was followed by the Rev. F. Altheimer, Curate of Amorbach in Odenwald, Hellwich of Deidesheim in Palatine, Herr Wiese, merchant of Werden, Baron von Schorlemer of Overhagen, Herr Busch, contractor of Neuss, and finally by the junior editor of the *Germania*, Herr Cremer of Berlin.

While the hall reverberated to the hearty cheers of the members, letters and telegrams were constantly arriving from the interior and from foreign countries, thus making perfect the picture of Catholic unity presented by this assembly. Despatches from Austria were especially numerous, showing thereby that in that country also the Catholics are keeping watch in the struggle that has begun. The old imperial city of Vienna gladdened our hearts with two telegrams. In the one the Prince von Fürstenberg salutes us in the name of the Catholic societies of Vienna; in the other the president of the Catholic people's associations of Lower Austria sends his best wishes that "the heroic battle which Germany's bishops, priests, and laymen wage with such sublime courage may find its end in a speedy victory for the holy cause of the church," and adds the assurance: "We Catholics of Austria are firmly determined, confiding in God's protection, to offer the same resistance if the same attacks are made upon the church." Six telegrams from "green Styria" reached us, four of which were sent by the Catholics of Grätz, and two by the Catholic societies of Marburg and Wildon. "They desire to oppress you and us," telegraphed Senator Karlon of Grätz, "but we will yet be the victors; for Christ lives, Christ reigns, Christ commands, and Christ will triumph." To these were added a telegram from the Catholic Society of Klagenfurth in Carinthia, and two others from ever-faithful Tyrol, from the society in Botzen, which numbers more than 3,000 members, and from the society of Innsbrück. The president of the last society, Julius von Riccabona, sent us the following characteristic Tyrolese wish: "As the snow melts on the high mountain beneath the rays of the sun, so also may the intrigues against our holy church disappear before the power of truth." Charles Count of Schoenbrunn and George Prince of Lobkowitz expressed in telegrams their respect, sympathy, and good wishes, while from far-distant Hungary the Catholic Political Society of Presburg sent assurances of their love and affection. From Munich, Bavaria, came telegrams, from the diocesan clergy of Eichstaedt, from the Centrum member Lang of Kelheim, and from the society of Catholic men in Wasserburg on the Inn. From Noerdlingen the society of Catholic men in Riesa, numbering over 1,400 members, writes among

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other things: "We feel in our hearts the afflictions which the Catholics of Prussia endure; we pray for the bishops, priests, and laity who are imprisoned on account of their religious convictions; we approve of the conduct and praise the fidelity of our Catholic brethren; yes, we are edified by their unity in faith and by their firmness, and we congratulate them on their perseverance and courage, which, because it comes from God, will conquer the world. . . . We shall never consent to give to Cæsar the things that belong to God; if it should be demanded of us, we shall obey God rather than man, and imitate the example of the Prussian Catholics." From the south came greetings from the society of men in Constance and from the president of the Helvetian Pius Society, Count M. Scherer-Bouard of Lucerne, and finally from Hunfeld, Viersen, München-Gladbach, Bochum, Luedinghausen, Kluesedoerpen, Prussia, two from the city of Hanover, one from the northern missionaries of New Münster in Holstein, and the last from remote Dantzic. Among other despatches, there is worthy of special mention the telegram of Prince Salvati, in the name of the Congress of the Catholic Societies of Italy, which met at Venice, and the following from London: "The Catholic Union of Great Britain extends to you a brother's hand to encourage you in the struggle with the evil spirit, and at the same time it deplores the death of your champion, Malinckrodt. (Signed) Duke of Norfolk, President of the Catholic Union of Great Britain."

The greatest interest was shown when the mammoth address from the United States was exhibited. It contained upon a roll of paper one thousand feet long 30,000 signatures of Catholic men whose own or whose fathers' cradle had rested upon German soil. (A few days after this address was again exposed in the great hall, and the endless roll of paper was drawn from the table of the president up to the glass cupola, and from there letting it fall down again upon the president's table, it was taken up for the second time to the chandelier, and from thence to the roof.) The fearless expressions contained in this document, which, thanks to "our freedom of speech," could not be dwelt upon at length, and the grandeur of this manifestation, showed the imprint of the youthful and vigorous mind of men who glory in being citizens of the greatest republic in the world—the United States. Not long ago we finished a great war in a great manner. It was then the pride of Germans to be German. Since then, however, the little banners of religious narrow-mindedness have been everywhere unfurled, and the so-called liberal party has sacrificed not only its principles, but the most important articles of the Prussian constitution—the idea of a great Germany and peace and liberty. With the exception of a huge military power, everything has dwindled away. The men who won renown in 1870 and 1871 are no longer heard of. The men of the *Centrum* are our real consolation, for by their prudent and fearless defence of truth, liberty, and justice they have obtained great merit and are entitled to enduring praise.

To place their labors under the protection of God, the Catholic Congress of Germany assembled early on the morning of June 16 in the venerable Cathedral of Mayence, where they assisted at the



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Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, and received holy communion from the hands of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Herr von Ketteler.

The devotion of these men, gathered from all parts of Germany, was greatly increased by the music, which was executed in a most masterly manner by the cathedral choir, who gave selections from the following composers: Vechi, Aichinger, Orlando Lasso, Palestrina, Croce, Vittoria, and Piadana.

In the session which was held with closed doors the president first spoke of the sadness which filled the hearts of all the Catholics of Germany on account of the untimely death of Herman von Malinckrodt, deputy to the *Reichstag*. The memory of this wonderful man, like a mourning accord, seemed to permeate all the transactions, whether in writing or in words, and made itself felt even in the banquet-hall. We shall not, however, dwell any longer upon this theme, as we intend to give a short sketch of the life of this faithful champion of the church.

Of the business transacted in the private session we shall make brief mention. That which, as a general rule, is *last* thought of in all great Catholic undertakings, was in this instance the *first* to receive attention—we mean the finances. In this regard, however, the Congress is deserving of no reproach, as it attached too little instead of too much importance to money—a prince seemingly so insignificant, but yet one who rules the world. The Catholic Congress, organized as it is throughout Germany, stands in need of certain pecuniary means, which want will be felt in future even more than now. For this reason every member is obliged to give six *Silbergroschen* (about fifteen cents). It must, however, be understood that the collection of this money is not made without some difficulty, since the organization is only in its infancy, and the number of members constantly increasing.

We learn from the report of Herr Racke, High Treasurer of Darmstadt, owing to whose self-sacrificing labors the finances of our Union are in a very prosperous condition, that the collections of last year amounted to 17,883 thalers, 14,000 of which were put out on interest, including 7,000 loaned to different Catholic newspapers. Another question came up regarding the existence of the Union. According to the law of Prussia in reference to societies, a political society cannot act as a union or central society, nor form branches depending upon the union; on the other hand, however, it is lawful for one society to exist over all Germany, and it can have its affairs conducted by authorized agents. Our union was from the very beginning most anxious to correspond with this law. Notwithstanding this, however, the Prussian authorities have pretended to discover the existence of local branches, in consequence of which many of them have been suppressed. The reason for this proceeding, which called into question the existence of the Union itself, was Section 10 of the statutes, which has reference to meetings held in different parts of the empire. To avoid further vexations, this paragraph was stricken out, and at the same time it was expressly said that Mayence was to be the headquarters of the Union, and that there the annual general meetings were to take place.

Herr Racke, merchant of Mayence, and secretary of the Union, who had taken upon his youthful and strong shoulders the principal burden of the pecuniary affairs of

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the Union, then introduced a series of propositions, for the examination of which three committees were appointed, viz., one upon the social question of the day, another upon science, and a third on the influence of the press; and finally he submitted certain rules of proceeding.

The short address to the bishops assembled in Fulda, which was received with enthusiasm, and which was now read, deserves a place in this periodical. It is as follows:

"RIGHT REV. BISHOPS:

"In a momentous time like the present the Catholics of Germany assembled at Mayence respectfully desire to show their gratitude and admiration for the right reverend bishops of the fatherland, who have defended the rights and liberties of our Holy Catholic Church with such calm and fearless dignity; but, alas! our words of sympathy cannot reach several of the prelates, except through prison-doors. In proportion as the distress of the church increases, the more do we feel ourselves bound in conscience to declare before Germany and the whole world that no power upon earth shall separate us from our dear bishops, appointed by Almighty God, and that no power of man can force us to recognize other pastors than those who are in communion with the Holy See, and who are recognized as true pastors by the successor of Peter, the chief pastor of the church.

"Our dearly-beloved bishops have become shining examples of apostolic courage as our leaders in these days of combat; and as true children of the church we will follow them, and leave the consequences to Almighty God.

"The hand of God rests heavily upon us, and the end of our sufferings is concealed from the eyes of man. But we also know that this trial will be of benefit to us; we thank God that he deigns to allow us to combat and to suffer for his holy cause and for the liberty of his church.

"'Through the cross to the light' were the words spoken in the last *Reichstag* by that heroic warrior for whom all Catholic Germans pray, and who died in the defence of truth and right. It shall be our device also: 'Through the cross to the light!'

"With these sentiments we ask your episcopal blessing, and with the most profound veneration we subscribe ourselves

"The most obedient servants and sons of our revered German bishops."

At one o'clock a banquet was held in the same great hall, at which 300 members of the Union were present, among whom was the Rt. Rev. Bishop Ketteler of Mayence. It was he who proposed the first toast to the Holy Father, which was received with enthusiasm, as it was the twenty-eighth anniversary of his appointment to the chair of Peter. The speaker reviewed the long series of years of combat between light and darkness, and in the increasing enthusiasm and affection of the Catholic people for Pius IX., the representative of unity, appointed by Almighty God, he saw an increase of the unity which the church, like an impregnable fortress in the midst of combats, exhibits, while the world threatens to split asunder. Baron von Frankenstein proposed, as the second toast, the Grand Duke of Hessia and all the German princes belonging to the Union, and made a few remarks appropriate to the occasion.

The president, Baron von Loë, proposed the health of the leaders given us by Almighty God, the Rt. Rev. Bishops of Germany, under whose guidance we some years ago saved the thrones from the whirl of revolution, and under whose direction we now hope to conquer the revolution which is preached by the government. Among the other toasts given, we will only mention that of the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Mayence, who paid a high tribute of praise to the men of the *Centrum* who had in Berlin defended with such courage and skill the

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cause of truth, justice, and liberty. After the banquet the different committees of the Union entered upon the discussion of the proposed resolutions, while the presiding officers of the Congress consulted upon the drawing up of these resolutions.

The same resolutions formed also the theme for the speakers in the public evening sessions, to which such a great number of persons were attracted that the hall of the Frankfurter-hof, large as it is, was not sufficient to contain all.

The first speaker, Baron von Wendt of Westphalia, passed in review the public events that had transpired in Europe for the last year, and he demonstrated in a convincing manner that hostility to the church had everywhere appeared simultaneously, and was therefore the result of preconcerted action. The explanation of this fact the speaker found in the activity of modern liberalism, which had determined upon the complete denial of Christianity, and which boldly avows that by adhering to the principles of what its advocates are pleased to call humanity all those inestimable blessings would be obtained which the Saviour has left us in his sublime teachings upon the obligations and morality of a Christian life. Like the work of redemption, so also would the church become superfluous, and the state, to which liberalism gives the preference over everything else, would then enter upon its inheritance, and, as in the days of the pagan Cæsars, assert its ascendency even over the spirit.

Herr Cremer, the editor of a Berlin journal, next proceeded to point out the imperfections to be found in the constitution of the German Empire, which gave security only to material interests and military power, while there was not an article which had reference to the moral problem of state life and the fundamental rights of civil liberty. In the course of his speech he with much humor and sarcasm drew attention to the fatal avowal of Bismarck in regard to his own policy. When the question was proposed in the *Reichstag* as to whether Catholics had forfeited their rights to citizenship and were dangerous to the state, the prince answered in the affirmative. This "yes," remarked the speaker, "was the most absolute condemnation of his own policy which could have ever been pronounced by any one; for no state was ever so powerful that it could dispense even for a time with the co-operation of one-third of its inhabitants. This policy must be changed, for nine millions of Catholics could not be forced to emigrate or be declared outlaws like helots. This policy was in every respect to be rejected as rotten and false, even if it did rest upon the shoulders of this modern Atlas." The vigor and readiness of expression displayed by the youthful speaker caused him to be warmly applauded.

The V. Rev. Dr. Monfang, deputy to the *Reichstag*, delivered an admirable speech upon the present state of society. The great change, he argued, took place in the beginning of our century, and he attributed it to the following causes: First, the French Revolution, which overturned the laws of commerce and labor without regulating them anew; second, the wonderful use to which machinery can be put, particularly by the application of steam-power, which, in union with the development of capital, directed industry into entirely new chan-

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nels; third, the exemption from taxation brought about by the increase and facility of the means of commerce, which keeps a certain class of labor in constant demand, and in a measure takes it from the business men and the farmers; and, fourth, most especially to that pseudo-liberalism whose national economy regulates the relations between employers and employed, between rich and poor, not in accordance with true Christian principles, but according to the dictates of egotism. The social question, the orator declared, resolves itself into this: that a man, to be really happy, needs but three things—that is, a competency, a respectable position in society, and inward peace of soul. After applying this true remark to the condition of the working-men, the speaker finally passed to the solution of the social question, and said that as this problem affects all the relations of human life, a general co-operation was necessary for its explication. The laborer himself must co-operate as well as the family, the parish, the state, the church. Without religion, without prudent legislation for the protection of labor, without Christian marriages among the laborers, without public spirit and united effort, it is not possible to avert the evils which every day threaten the laboring class more and more.

Herr Racke, the indefatigable secretary of the Union, spoke upon the difficult subject of passive resistance to laws which are in direct opposition to conscience. He adduced particularly from the best authors upon state rights the evidence that the state has no right to demand from its citizens absolute obedience to all its laws and regulations. Laws which are in opposition to conscience, morality, and religion, be they ever so formally enacted, are not laws in the sight of God, but are in defiance of those of all law-givers, of the only absolute Lord who is above all states, all rulers, and all men, and from whose authority alone even the state laws derive their power and obligation. The animated speech of Herr Racke was also loudly applauded.

At the request of the president the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Mayence gave the episcopal blessing, whereupon the public session was adjourned. The second day also began with prayer, a High Mass of Requiem being sung for all the members of the Union who had died during the last year. Then in a private session followed the discussion and approval of resolutions. The resolutions proposed by the officers of the Congress, and received by all with acclamation, surpassed in importance all others which had yet passed. We give them, therefore, a prominent place; they are a sign that the Catholics of Germany have not lost their courage as yet, and they deserve to be published verbatim. They are as follows:

The Second Congress of the Catholic Germans declares:

I. *Regarding the State of Christian Society.*

1. The violent persecution which the Catholic Church in some parts of Europe and South America now suffers, verifies the expression of the Holy Father that anti-Christianity—that is, modern civilization—is incompatible with Catholicity.

2. The certain result of a systematically-arranged combat against the church of Christ, as well as against Christianity itself and the essential foundations of society, will be the dissolution of social and political order, endless war, and the destruction of the nation's rights.

3. The re-establishment of permanent and national order is only to be looked

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for when political independence is again restored to the Holy See, and when all those rights are recognized which belong to the head of the Catholic Church by virtue of divine dispensation and historical development.

II. *Regarding the State of Germany.*

1. The constitution of the German Empire, for the reason that it guarantees neither protection to personal liberty, nor to the independence of states, nor to the different ranks of society and incorporations, cannot establish the true welfare of the German people.

2. The influence of the so-called national party, which abjures the essential rights of the German people and of the representation of the people, will be the ruin of the German Empire.

3. The exception laws, by which the German Empire, founded as it is by a common sacrifice, has deprived one-third of the citizens of their essential rights, thereby destroying the peace and the power of Germany.

4. The unlimited development of military power is incompatible with natural rights, civil liberty, and the spiritual as well as the material welfare of the German people.

5. The unchristianizing of public instruction now in progress, the control by the state of the entire school system, founded as it is upon compulsion, and at the same time the suppression of the educational rights of the church and of the family, is a source of spiritual and moral ruin.

6. The venal press, working in the interests of political servility and of property-holders, continually misrepresents public opinion, and is the principal cause of the social evils that threaten Germany.

7. The foreign policy of the German Empire, especially in its relations to the Holy See, is not in harmony with the principles and interests of the Catholic population of Germany, and is not capable of securing the preservation of the peace of Europe.

III. *Regarding the State of the Working-Classes.*

1. Like all other states of Europe, Germany is threatened by the discontent existing among the working-classes.

2. The principal reasons for this discontentment are: Decrease of the retail business; overtaxing the agricultural classes; miserable condition of the operatives in manufactories; and the endless development of money speculation.

3. The real origin of these misfortunes is the enervation of Christian faith and morality in the higher as well as in the lower ranks of society, caused by modern rationalism and liberalism, whereby it has happened also that a great portion of the working-classes have allowed themselves to be deceived by the illusions of irreligious and revolutionary leaders.

4. The means of healing these social evils and reconciling all classes of society consist in the passing of laws prohibiting the exhausting of the bodily and financial strength of the people; in claiming that protection from the state to which all classes are entitled; in the continued effort to remove the particular defects of the present commercial laws by means of legislation; in establishing the rights of the working-classes in accordance with Christian principles and the demands of general equity; in founding different industrial auxiliary houses, either through the union of the working-classes and others, or through the friends of the working-classes; in restricting the amount of labor to be performed by females and children; in the careful cultivation of the moral and religious life in the families of the working-classes, especially by having Sunday kept holy, and by applying Christian principles to the sphere of business life; in the free development of Christian charity to alleviate inevitable want.

IV. *Regarding the Rights of the Church.*

1. The Catholic Church is, according to divine ordination, an independent society, which has the right to exist publicly in all lands as the one and universal church of Jesus Christ, and to protect which every Christian government should feel itself bound.

2. The ecclesiastico-political system which the parties opposed to the church are endeavoring to carry out stands in irreconcilable and open contradiction to the constitution of the Catholic Church, founded by Almighty God, sanctified through all centuries, recognized by the state, and guaranteed by the law of nations.

3. The power of the office of teacher, priest, and pastor, given by the Pope to

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the bishops, cannot be suspended or limited by any law of the state.

4. Church and state are ordained by Almighty God to harmonious co-operation. Their separation is to be lamented. If the hostility with which the modern state treats the church should make such a separation necessary, it will be more to the disadvantage of the state than to the church.

V. *Regarding Liberty of Conscience.*

1. No state power has the right to impose obligations upon its subjects which are in opposition to the commandments of God, the decrees of Jesus Christ, and the precepts of the church.

2. The apostolic courage with which the Catholic bishops, not fearing temporal loss, not even imprisonment and exile, defend the rights of God and of his holy church, as also the inalienable rights of Catholic conscience, and the priestly fidelity and firmness with which the Catholic clergy, not led astray by illusions and threats, remain true to the episcopate and the church, deserve the admiration and respect of all Catholics and of every right thinking man.

3. The measures used against the bishops and priests of the Catholic Church do not succeed in their object; they grieve most deeply the Catholic people, but they cannot be persuaded to exchange a church founded by Almighty God for one founded by the state. In vain are all the experiments used to separate Catholics from their rightful superior.

4. The Catholics of Germany recognize always the legitimately-elected Bishop of Rome, the Pope, as the head of their religion and church. In him they revere the infallible teacher of faith, the high-priest and the supreme watchman of Christianity. No power can separate the Catholics of Germany from the chair of S. Peter.

5. The only prelates of the German bishoprics are those bishops who are legitimately appointed by the Pope according to canon law. Catholics obey and reverence these bishops, be they in prison or in exile.

6. The Catholics of Germany recognize as pastors only those who are appointed by the Pope and legitimate bishops. With unshaken determination they repel every attempt to induce them to revolt against Catholic authority.

VI. *Regarding the Mission of the Catholic Union in Germany.*

1. The Catholic Union of Germany complains of the severity with which the state officers of the German Empire, particularly in Prussia, oppose their rightful endeavors to labor for the true welfare of the fatherland.

2. The Catholic Union of Germany shall with undaunted courage defend their natural rights, the rights of the church and of the German nation, against revolutionary and bureaucratic force.

3. The Union invites all Catholics to join the authorized organization, and in the confidence of assistance from God, which the Union implores for itself through the most Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary, they surely expect the speedy triumph of a just cause.

The other resolutions had reference to the adoption of a short prayer to the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary, under whose protection the Union is placed; then the appointing of a committee charged with the erection of a monument to the memory of Herman von Malinckrodt; with the foundation of a fund for exiled clergymen; to send an address to the oppressed Catholics of Switzerland; with the making out of a list of the priests who have been punished in defending the rights of the church; with the establishment of an intelligence office for young Catholic merchants; with the recommendation of the *Christian Blaetter*, published in Aix-la-Chapelle; and finally with the recommending of various institutions for the removal of social evils. All of these motions were not adopted, others were laid upon the table, in order to concentrate the strength of the young Union upon the momentous question to the Catholic Germans as to the best means of ending the conflict now in progress against the church. No one will deny the wisdom and prudence of this proceeding.

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In the afternoon a pilgrimage to Mount Roch was determined upon; it is four German, or about twenty-four American, miles from Mayence, and is one of the most charming places on the Rhine. The congress could not have closed its labors in a more appropriate manner. Soon after twelve o'clock the steamer *Lorelcy*, which was hardly large enough to accommodate the vast crowd of pilgrims, commenced to move its engines. Inspired by the pious sentiments which filled their hearts, the pilgrims made the air resound with songs which charmed the ear, while the beautiful views, as seen from the deck of the steamer, of the country lying between the Taunus Mountains and the Rhine, captivated the eye. This little spot has justly been called the garden of Germany. The whole shore is lined with villages, rich in monumental reminiscences of past ages, handsome residences and ancient abbeys, modern and mediæval castles. But the greatest pride of the Rhineland are the luscious grapes which ripen upon these sunny hills. Who has not heard of the Marcobrunner, the Steinberger, the Johannisberger, the Ruedesheimer, and many other species of Rhine wine? The vine-dresser of the Rhineland is firmly convinced that in the whole world there is no wine which in delicacy is equal to his. But let us proceed. The good Catholic inhabitants of these vine-clad shores saluted our steamer by discharging cannons. The Prussian authorities had prohibited in some places such signs of joy and sympathy to be shown "the enemies of the state" who were passengers on the *Loreley*. The banner of the Chapel of S. Roch, which is built upon a high mountain, had from a long distance been seen waving, and we could also descry the great crowd which had already taken possession of the top of the mountain. When we approached the city of Bingen, situated at the foot of the mountain, nearly the whole population awaited us on the banks of the river. A special deputation saluted the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Mayence, who had come to address the pilgrims. The immense crowd, praying and singing, then marched through the city, which was ornamented with flags, and soon all the streets and paths leading to the mountain were filled with men, so that it was very difficult for the marshals to form a regular line of procession in order to reach the top of the mountain. From this eminence only was it possible to obtain a good view of the multitude, which was greater, perhaps, than Mount Roch had ever before carried on its back. It was a splendid spectacle, and the effect was greatly enhanced by the beauty of the surroundings—the majestic river, whose course the eye could follow for miles, the green islands that now and then appeared in the channel of the river, the blooming vineyards, and the ever-fertile valleys.

As the chapel could contain only a small portion of the assemblage, the Rt. Rev. Bishop made his address while standing under the blue canopy of heaven. We will only give a few extracts from his admirable discourse. In his introduction he said: "We are here to-day assembled upon this mountain from all parts of Germany. Without knowing each other, we yet feel that we are all united by the common bond of faith, a miniature picture of the Catholic Church. We stand upon a venerable spot. Here lived S. Hildegardis, that

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great prophetess of the middle ages, whom S. Bernard visited to examine her prophecies. Long before her advent S. Rupert and his saintly mother Bertha, whose relics are exposed for veneration in this chapel, dwelt here. At our feet flows the river Rhine, in whose waters the most beautiful cathedrals of Germany are reflected, and upon whose shores, from the earliest ages, faithful and honest Catholics have lived. There (pointing to Niederlingen, with its palace of Carlovingian date) stood the cradle of Charles the Great, the founder of the old German power and glory; there that great emperor spent his youth, who never unsheathed his sword except for the protection of truth, and never lent it to an unrighteous cause."

In the course of his speech he made mention of a fact which he had observed when provost of Berlin and delegate for the few Catholic congregations in Brandenburg and Pomerania. "In the last century King Frederick II. had determined to drain the marshes along the river Oder, and had for this end summoned laborers from the Rnine and from the Palatinate. Those from the last-named place began their long journey after they had received assurances that ample provision had been made for their religious wants, and that lands would be given them for cultivation. These promises, however, were not fulfilled. When the work was finished, the poor people were distributed among the different Protestant cities in Pomerania, in order to force the inhabitants, as it were, to cede to them some territory. Some of them received as their portion the sandy plains near Pasewalk. Here wooden sheds were erected, the best of which was reserved for a chapel. Without a priest, these good people met together every Sunday for divine service, sang their hymns as if for High Mass, and an altar-boy rang the bell at certain parts, just as it was done in their former homes. Fifty years passed in this way without their ever having seen a priest, and in the course of these fifty years *not one* Catholic became an apostate. This congregation was afterwards visited once a year by a priest, and this state of things continued for another fifty years; but during this whole time not a Catholic left his faith—a proof that our Lord and Saviour, when the priests are expelled, has other means to keep his own in the true fold. When in our own times institutions are destroyed, priests are exiled, and bishops are cast into prison, we have more reason than ever before to impress deeply upon our hearts the words of Christ: Confidite in me; ego vinci mundum—'Have confidence; I have overcome the world' (S. John xvi. 33). If all else perishes, at least one divine institution remains which the state cannot destroy—we mean the *Christian family*. In proportion as the other representatives of God are prevented from fulfilling their duty, Christian fathers and mothers must, following the example of S. Bertha, fill their vacancies. What obstacles did not this saintly woman overcome! Her husband, who ruled over all this part of Germany, was a heathen, and was killed in a battle with the Christians; but notwithstanding this, she has given in her son a saint to the church."

Turning then to the subject of the schools, the Rt. Rev. Bishop reminded them of a resolution passed about ten years ago by the Grand Lodge of Belgium, which

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commanded the sister lodges to give their written opinions as to the question in what manner they could best exercise a decided influence over the public schools. They all agreed on this point: that the schools should be separated from the church, and that it was not sufficient to keep the children in school until they were fourteen years of age, but that compulsory education should be continued up to their eighteenth year, in order to thoroughly uproot from the minds of the children the prejudices which they had received from their families and from the church. To this the objection was raised that such a law would be in direct opposition to the rights of parents; but in the reply, which was afterwards published, it was expressly maintained that, if the state had the right to cut off the heads of men, it could also set them right again. In view of the present aspect of affairs in respect to the school question, it is very easy to draw parallels.

At the conclusion of his address the Rt. Rev. speaker again returned to the text of his discourse: "'Have confidence in Jesus.' Place not your hope in princes, who cannot help you. The Holy Ghost has said it; they also must die. Make no calculations, therefore, as from what earthly source or from what earthly prince the salvation of the church may be expected. Confide in me, says Christ. Fear not the power of falsehood, for I have overcome the world. Be watchful and firm. While the world is worshipping Mammon it is our duty to imitate the example of those Catholics who have never bowed their knees before Baal, and who were found worthy to make any sacrifice for their convictions. Be courageous and of good cheer! At this time the church needs men of determination. Let every one, then, do his duty, and God will strengthen us and lead us to victory."

These significant words, the truly apostolic appearance of the Bishop of Mayence, the place, and the feeling exhibited by the vast audience, all contributed to leave a deep impression upon their hearts. After some short devotions in the chapel of grace, the pilgrims returned in a seemingly endless procession, with song and prayer, through the beautiful vineyards to Bingen. We were told that those in the rear of the procession were yet upon the top of the mountain when the first had entered already the parochial church of Bingen, where the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given by the Rt. Rev. Bishop, which ended the festive celebration of the Second Congress of the Catholic German Union.

The Congress has given testimony that the Catholic people of Germany in these our days will not be misled or permit violence to be offered to them; it gave testimony also to the truth which Malinckrodt had expressed one month before in the *Reichstag*, and eight days before his death, when he said: "If they imagine that we will bow ourselves before their Protestant ideas, which they clothe in the garment of the state, they are greatly mistaken. They can trample us under foot, but we reserve to ourselves the liberty not to become unfaithful to our convictions."

The Union has many and powerful enemies; but an old German proverb says: "Many enemies, many honors." May Almighty God continue to protect it as before! Then it will show by its success that, true to its motto, it has worked for truth, justice, and liberty, and that it has excelled all other organizations in patriotism.

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# SWITZERLAND IN 1873.

## LUCERNE.

It sounds like a platitude when any one nowadays ventures to lament returning to the prose from the poetry of travel, so universal is this feeling, and so constantly is it expressed; yet it is impossible to avoid noticing it when recalling a railway journey that followed abruptly on weeks of Alpine rambles. My friend and I had been gradually gathering discontent, it is true, from the causes I have already stated, and yesterday, at Berne, had felt that a complete change was necessary; but further than this we had not stopped to reflect. No sooner, however, had we started in the train than the scream of the engine-whistle, the jerking of the carriages at the stations, the rush of passengers and hoarse cries of the fruit-sellers, grated discordantly on our nerves, and a sudden pining for the grand mountains, with their quiet, simple life and its elevating tone, took possession of us. Had we carried out our intention of going to Lyons, it would speedily have grown into a real Swiss *mal du pays*. Heartily, therefore, did we thank Mrs. C—— for having appeared so opportunely, and acted the part of a good angel in saving us from a species of suicide; for we felt that our spirits would have completely evaporated long before we could have reached Notre Dame de Fourvières or any other such congenial haven.

"Well, yes," she answered; "the flat plains of France would assuredly have proved too harsh a contrast. Now you will still have mountains, besides so many other matters that must deeply interest you."

These reflections having restored us to good-humor, we fully enjoyed the approach to Lucerne, as the train wound round the wooded hills alongside the green Reuss, rushing on in full-grown vigor from the lake, and past the mediæval walls and towers that still guard the sturdy old town. The sun was setting as we entered the station, just as happened a few nights previously when we drove into Interlachen; but in other respects everything was different. Here, the train was rapidly emptied of its hundreds of Northerners, still brimful of their city ways, or ill at ease in some faultless Alpine costume fresh from a London shop; while there, though one could detect many season-loungers, effort at display was not thought of, especially amongst tourists, for dress and such externals had long since lost their importance in the wear and tear of real mountaineering. And what a noise and bustle and clatter steam, and everything belonging to it, entails! Enough to drive one wild, after many weeks of leisurely excursion habits—the tinkling bells of the steamboats waiting at the pier to carry off impatient tourists to fifty different destinations, the crowd of omnibuses, the

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jostling of porters, and, to complete the trouble, the announcement that no rooms could be had at the Schweizerhof or Lucernerhof, or various other *hofs;* although we had telegraphed from Berne, and expected to find all ready. If we would try, it was said, at the Beau Rivage—the hotel furthest off—there was just a chance. Worn out by the noise and fuss, we two begged to walk, the remainder of our party offering to drive on in a carriage without delay, in order to secure any vacant places there might be before the omnibus and its load of new-comers should reach the hotel.

No arrangement could have been happier; for as we crossed the handsome new bridge, on issuing from the station, the scene at once restored our shattered nerves. The sun had just sunk behind the wood-clad hills, dotted all over with pretty villas and *pensions*, that rise to the northwest above the town, and whose sharp, dark outline every instant became blacker against the clear sky above, which, on its part, was rapidly changing from one tint to another, each more delicate than the preceding one. Below, the river moved like a mass of molten gold, whilst the covered bridge close by and the old tower at the corner wore a dark, warm brown hue, all the richer from the reflection of the waters beneath. Turning round towards the lake, on whose margin we stood, the magnificent panorama of snow-tipped mountains which encircle its upper end transfixed us with admiration. Every peak, every line, was visible in the clear atmosphere, from Mount Pilatus, bathed in a flood of purple, right in front, to the most distant of the long line rising beyond. In a few minutes the colors in the west grew faint and fainter, but a fresh after-glow lit up the mountain-crests opposite, fading gradually into the tenderest pink, until one by one they sank into the approaching night. How wonderfully beautiful it was! Impossible to be surpassed! And for an instant we felt half tempted to become unfaithful to the glorious Jungfrau and lovely Interlachen. But the abiding impression of all such scenes in this favored land is, without doubt, one of marvel at the varieties of God's creation, and nowhere does one more cordially echo that inspired voice which of old cried: "Let every spirit praise the Lord!"

Lost in admiration at this effect of color on water, wood, and mountain, we grew deaf to the clatter of the passing crowd across the bridge, when suddenly the sound of bells aroused our attention. It seemed as if every church-bell in the place had been set a-ringing; and so it really was! We listened; but, unaccustomed as we had now so long been to the beautiful practice, some minutes elapsed before we recognized the true mark of a Catholic country—the Ave Maria or Angelus bell! A learned divine has written lately that it would simplify matters very much if the world were classed in two divisions only—namely, those who say the Angelus, and those who do not; or, in other words, those who, believing in the Incarnation and Redemption, boldly and lovingly profess it before God and men, and those Christians whose faith in the mystery is so feeble or their piety so lukewarm that it gives them no happiness to acknowledge it, and who are therefore worse than the heathens, who know not of it. No happier welcome could have been

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given to us, who had been suffering from a spiritual famine for the last few weeks. Calmed by the sweet sounds, which were even softened by the gurgling waters at our feet, we followed our guide along the quay, unmindful of its white dust, fussy tourists, and the general unæsthetic aspect of its many monster hotels, our eyes fixed, as we proceeded, on the *Hofkirche*, or principal church, which towers above it at one end.

It was late when we emerged after dinner from the glare of lights and hot, crowded *table-d'hôte* rooms of the Beau Rivage on to the balcony of the hotel, and the same moon which had entranced us so recently when shining on the Jungfrau was beginning to climb up the heavens, right behind Mount Pilatus. The stern mountain stood opposite to us on the other shore, his rugged form showing dark and unfriendly against the silvered background, but a tremulous path of light came dancing towards us straight across the placid waters. Tiny boats, that were hitherto indistinguishable in the surrounding gloom, shot in numbers, freighted with mysterious figures, across the luminous, quivering pathway; the green and red lights of steamers were seen advancing gradually from out the distant darkness of the lake, like wicked monsters rising from the deep to devour the elves and nymphs gambolling peacefully in our midst, while close to us, round the near curve of the bay, the town, still busy with life and movement, shone in a perfect blaze of illumination, the lamps along its quay glittering like stars reflected in the still waters underneath. Poet or painter never imagined in their highest flights of fancy a more fairy-like, suggestive scene, and again we felt and acknowledged the truth that no art or science of man can approach God's own handiwork in its exquisite variety and beauty.

It was impossible to sit indoors on such an evening, so we wandered down to the walk beside the water's edge, an impulse evidently shared by all the inhabitants; for, as we passed on, it seemed as though every one, including tradesmen with their wives and families, had come forth to refresh mind and body after their busy day's work. The promenade was alive with people, either sitting or quietly sauntering up and down in apparently happy groups, but without noise or boisterous sound, in perfect harmony with the beautiful surroundings.

"This scenery surely must have a powerful effect on the inhabitants," I remarked to Mrs. C——, as we too at length sat down on a bench in front of the hotel. "I can't conceive living constantly within view of all this beauty without having one's mind raised to a higher tone by its influence."

"No doubt," she replied; "and now you can understand the full meaning of Swiss *Heimweh*, or *mal du pays;* how, when these people once begin to pine for their mountains, it becomes a true malady. It does not follow, however, that scenery, as a matter of course, produces admiration or appreciation of its charms. You know the world-old observation of this lack in ancient Greek poetry. Nor have the modern Greeks any more feeling for natural beauty than their ancestors; in fact, they positively dislike the country. The Turks are different; but, generally speaking, southerners never give it a thought. It seems to be more a matter of race than of locality, and the Swiss, especially in these can-

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tons, being Teutonic, have the true German love of nature, which makes them so worthy of living in this favored land! That accounts, too, for their love of the supernatural, to which their lively faith has always given a religious form. The very name of this Mt. Pilatus and its story show this tendency at once."

"What is the story?" I inquired. "I remember reading about it, but have quite forgotten. At this moment one might fancy anything—dragons, concealed in caverns, swooping down on forlorn maidens, knights rescuing Hildegardes and Kunigundes, or any other thing you like, on an evening of this sort."

"Oh! no," she answered: "the homely, burgher lives of the Swiss rarely led them to the romantic, but their simple piety, as I have said, clothed their tales with a religious coloring. This, for instance, is where they believe that Pilate committed suicide; that, having been banished to Gaul by the Emperor Tiberius for failure in the administration of his province when governor, he could no longer bear living in public, and his uneasy conscience drove him from one wild district to another until he stopped here; but even then he continued miserable, and finally threw himself into the small lake near the summit yonder, over which his spirit still hovers. He is the author of all the storms hereabouts. He cannot bear strangers, but, especially if they disturb him maliciously by throwing stones into this lake, he avenges himself by thunder and lightning and a general confusion of the elements. They were so persuaded of this in the middle ages that the Lucerners actually made a statute forbidding any one to explore the mountains, and there are records of several persons being severely punished for venturing up in defiance of the order. He regulates the weather even now; for you can always tell by Pilatus what kind of day it is likely to be. Have you never heard the lines?

"'Wenn Pilatus trägt sein Hut
Darum wird das Wetter gut.
Trägt er aber seinen Degen
Darum wird's wohl sicher regnen.'*

"The *Hut*, or Hood, is a little cloud which settles on the summit only, but the sword is a long streak across the centre of the mountain, which bodes rain and all manner of bad weather. There are omious stories, besides, of dragons and winged serpents, which were formerly seen to fly from Pilatus to the Rigi at night, leaving fiery tracks behind them, and tormenting the shepherds and their flocks."

"Well! if ever there were an excuse for pantheism and belief in a spirit-world animating nature, it certainly would be in Switzerland! Everywhere I go the mountains, cloudy sunsets, the whole moving face of nature, speak a language ever varying in one sense, but uniform in leading one's thoughts upwards."

"Yes; and even in bad weather you would not tire of it! Pilatus is never so grand as when the storm-clouds gather round his brow and roll down pitilessly on this very spot."

"I should very much like to know whether the people keep up their piety now, and how they are likely to act in the coming religious storm," I remarked.

"I have just had an interesting conversation on that very point with an old Lucerner," said Mr.

* "If Pilatus wears his hood
The weather surely will be good;
But if Pilatus dons his sword,
Then rain will soon be the award."

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C——, who now rejoined us, and who, we noticed, had stopped to speak to some acquaintance on the promenade when we first started. "That was old H——, whom we met at Kissingen three years ago," he continued, addressing his wife. "He has retired from his appointment, and returned to this his native town. He was rejoiced to see me, and offered his services; and, thinking he might be useful as a guide, I have begged him to call at our hotel in the morning. He gave me a most interesting account of matters here. They are all staunch Catholics, he says, except a few, who are lukewarm and seduced by the rationalism and liberalism of Olten and Berne. From these alone do they fear dissension. But they are not numerous. However, they tried last winter to get one of the churches given up to them. Fortunately, the town council is orthodox and firm, and Herr H—— is certain that Lucerne will be true to her name, and continue a *light* to her neighbors."

"What a happy play on the word!" I remarked—"a genuine *jeu de mot*. She certainly merits the title in a material sense already, with that girdle of brilliant lamps shining like jewels along the quay."

"It is not a *jeu de mot* of my invention," answered Mr. C——. "The name is said to take its origin from the fact itself. Some of the Swiss towns, such as Chur and Geneva, date from the Roman times of Switzerland; but there are no traces of Roman buildings or settlements here. It is said, however, that even then there was a lantern or kind of light-house at this spot for the boats on the lake, which was dignified by the Latin name of *Lucerna*, or *light;* and this, amidst the vicissitudes of centuries, has clung to it, and, as you say, is as suitable as ever. The town itself, like so many others, is the offspring of a monastery somewhere about the same time as St. Gall and Einsiedeln. But those old walls, with the quaint towers which still encircle it, are only from the XIIIth or XIVth century. The barbarians, you may remember, overran the continent several times in the IXth, Xth, and XIth centuries, pillaging and burning on all sides; but it was noticed that the walled towns escaped, for they did not understand the art of besieging them. One of the German emperors, therefore, issued orders that all the towns should erect fortifications, and that, in times of war, the rural population should take refuge within them. Basel was one of the first that was enclosed in Switzerland, being on the frontier. Then St. Gall, which had sprung up round the great monastery, and was also near the frontier; Zurich and Lucerne followed later. Lucerne has kept up the old Swiss character better than almost any other town, from its position near these forest cantons, which have more or less imbued it with their spirit. The forest cantons," he continued, as if in answer to my inquiring look, "are those which border this lake, and give it the name of the 'Lake of the Four Cantons!' They are Schwytz, Uri, Unterwalden; and now Lucerne makes the fourth—the cradle of Switzerland and the noblest portion of its people. Lucerne has hitherto been a sort of outpost for them—their point of connection with the political world beyond; and so far it has always held stoutly by its old friends. I remember the religious civil war and the *Sonderbund*, between 1842 and 1848, and Lucerne was the head and front of all

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that movement. Those old towns, amongst their various tales, could tell many even of that period; for within their walls, as well as in some of the churches, 1,800 prisoners were confined after the first victorious resistance Lucerne offered the Protestant Volunteers. Amongst the number was a certain Dr. Steiger, said to be the leader of the Protestants. He lay in one of the towers, condemned to banishment and imprisonment by the tribunals of Lucerne, when one night he escaped, aided by three countrymen who were devoted to him, and finally fled to America. I well recollect what a sensation it made, especially when, a few days afterwards the great champion of the Catholics—a peasant—was found murdered in his cottage! Then these Catholics made a defensive league amongst themselves to resist the interference of the Protestant cantons in their religious affairs, and which they therefore called the *Sonderbund*. On this the opposite faction took their stand, asserting that its principle was contrary to the spirit of the Confederacy. It was a good watchword in any case wherewith to rouse their partisans, and they succeeded in this so completely that the Diet soon voted that the league ought to be put down by force. A large army was at once collected, and, surrounding these Catholic cantons as with a cordon, they very soon crushed them. How well I remember it all! Whether the experience is recollected here it is hard to say; but Herr H—— muttered something about their all being determined to stand up manfully for their faith, even if it should ultimately be necessary to fight for it."

"Fighting for one's faith is sublime, and stirs one's deepest feelings," I replied, "and that the spirit which induces it still exists, despite our prosaic, material age, we have seen by the Papal Zouaves, and also, united with love of country, in the Bretons, Vendêans, and others during the French and Prussian war. But it is impossible to combine the idea of fighting of any kind with this poetic scene, and I would rather go to sleep to-night dreaming of nymphs and sprites than of war and prisons, or even of Pilate himself or any other gloomy visions in this fairyland. I fear I am ungrateful for all your information, in feeling almost sorry that we touched on these topics," I said, laughing, as we reluctantly turned homewards late that evening.

I had spoken wisely. Most difficult it is to pacify one's mind after such a conversation, and, between reflections on the past and speculations on the future of these Swiss Catholics, the night was far advanced before my eyes closed in sleep. Suddenly I was awakened by a full-toned church-bell booming across the waters. It might again be the Angelus; but looking at my watch, it was only a quarter before five o'clock, and moreover it was still dark. Then it must be some convent-bell summoning the community to Matins and Prime. It was an uncharitable proceeding on their part, thought I, to waken up a whole town; and the peal kept on for the entire quarter of an hour. At half-past five came another similar bell; and then, soon after, a chorus of full tones, like that which had greeted our arrival on the previous evening, rang out the Angelus from every church-tower in the place, followed at six and half-past six by others in our immediate vicinity. It was quite impossible to sleep; yet, tired though we were, the joyful

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sensation of awakening in a Catholic land reconciled us to the penalty it thus imposed. Up and out we should at once go in search of the Masses which these bells indicated. But there be no such hurry, said the hotel servants; for there would be eight o'clock Mass in the Hofkirche close by. Then we discovered that, so far from the quarter to five bell belonging to any convent, it was in truth rung in order to rouse the towns-people to Mass at the S. Peterskirche—the first each day of the series which ended at eight o'clock at the Hofkirche. And then we recollected how the same custom prevails in Germany, according to the early habits of all German races; how hopeless it seems ever to be up and out before the inhabitants of a small German town; and how, in the Rhenish provinces for instance, the five o'clock Mass in summer, and the six o'clock in winter, are the most fully attended, even in the severe seasons of frost and snow.

We felt, therefore, like sluggards as we ascended the paved hill and mounted the steps leading up to the Hofkirche. It was a bright morning, and pleasant, good-humored faces met us, as we paused to notice the exterior, so plain and unadorned compared to the beautiful Cathedral of Berne. But this seemed all the more suitable to the simple life of Lucerne, with which the fact of the church standing, as it does, in the midst of its cemetery, is in perfect harmony. A curious piece of mediæval sculpture, representing the Garden of Olives, is let into the wall of one of the towers, and we were examining it when to our surprise sounds of music from the inside reached us. But a greater surprise awaited us when, on entering the church, we found it perfectly full. A most devout congregation occupied every seat in the nave. On one side knelt the men, on the opposite the women. Whilst High Mass for the dead was being sung at an altar outside the choir-screen, in front of which was placed the bier, Low Masses were going on at side altars near, and another at the high altar behind. Everywhere earnestness and devotion were perceptible; and a more striking contrast to our previous day's experience in the Cathedral of Berne, where daily services were unknown, it would be utterly impossible to imagine. Yet what must such a morning have been there in the olden days; for even now external advantages are in its favor. The Lucerne church has far fewer claims to architectural beauty, and its general ornamentation is in the bad taste of the last century. But these faults were at the moment imperceptible to us, who had eyes only for the life and spirit pervading the crowd of worshippers that filled it. It is a fine church, however, in its own way, and quite in keeping with the character of the inhabitants. The choir is imposing, and the metal-work of its screen excellent. There are old stained-glass windows too; and a wood carving of the Death of Our Lady over a side altar would be perfect, were it not for the amount of gilding and gaudy coloring with which it has been loaded.

But the benches are the most characteristic point in the building. At one period they must all have been appropriated, though they are now free; for each division still retains a shield, on which is painted a coat-of-arms and the name of a citizen, or of his wife or widow, with the date of the year, going back in



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some cases to the beginning of the last century. When High Mass was over, the women in going out passed round by the bier, on which they sprinkled holy-water, followed by the men, who seriously and piously performed the same act of fraternal charity. Thence we followed them to the small mortuary chapel outside, but so filled was it by a weeping group that we turned back and sauntered round the covered gallery, or cloister, which borders this beautiful *Gottesacker*, or "God's acre," as the Germans so truly call their cemeteries. Sauntering it certainly was; for it was difficult to move quickly, so many were the inscriptions, so well tended the hundreds of pretty graves. Marks of affection and remembrance were visible at every step in fresh wreaths and baskets of beautiful flowers, arranged with a taste and art that told what loving hearts must have guided the skilful hands that made them. Some good oil-paintings and handsome monuments also adorn this gallery; but the most attractive part of the whole burial-ground is its eastern end. This is appropriated to diminutive graves and crosses, hung with white bows of ribbon and white flowers. We knew that in the Catholic Church there is a special service for infants—one of pure joy without a word of grief; but never before had we seen any particular spot set apart for these baptized little angels. Later, we found that it is a custom universal in the burial-grounds of these Catholic cantons; but none that we afterwards saw ever struck us so much as this one of Lucerne.

The whole place, too, was full of stone stoups, provided with water and branches of blessed box, wherewith to sprinkle the graves. Foot-passengers have a right of way from an upper road through this churchyard, and we saw many stop, as they passed, to perform this work of charity over a tomb, with a pious aspiration for the repose of the souls. "Have pity on me, my friends," is a prayer well responded to in this touching *Gottesacker*, where the dead still dwell in the hearts of the living, truly under the shadow and protecting influence of the church and of the cross. The doctrines of the Catholic faith in the communion of saints and intercession for the holy souls in purgatory are here so practically carried out, that they must get intertwined with the tenderest feelings of each Lucerner, and developed in their best sense from childhood upwards, becoming their comfort and mainstay from the cradle to the grave.

And then in what a beautiful position this old church stands—at the head of the town, guarding its flock, and a beacon to the weary-minded! From our guide-book we learned that originally it had formed part of a Benedictine convent, and is dedicated to S. Leodegarius, or S. Leger. The very name of this saint takes us back to the furthest antiquity, to the earliest days of Christianity in these parts; for he was the great Bishop of Autun in the VIIth century whose sanctity and courage shone conspicuously during sixty years in the stormy times of the Clovis and Clotaire kings and of their *maires du palais*, until he was at last cruelly put to death by order of Ebroin, one of the most wicked of that tribe, and who governed in the name of the Frankish king, Theodoric. It tells, too, of those days when the present Switzerland, having been included in Charlemagne's empire, was still fluttering between his successors in Burgundy and those in Germany; and how

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far the fame of saints and martyrs spread and made their mark on countries which, in those days of slow communication, were distant from their own. The convent itself must have been an old foundation, for the church was formed into a collegiate chapter in 1456, and the two existing towers belong to that period. The remainder, destroyed by fire in 1633, was rebuilt soon after in the unarchitectural style of that century. Probably we owe the cloisters round the cemetery and the massive parochial house near, also to the monastic period. Quite worthy, in any case, of Benedictine refinement was the view obtained from the open arches on one side of the cloisters. But alas for modern innovations! My friends remembered this as one of the most lovely points of view in Switzerland some fifteen years ago; but now the roof of that huge caravansary, the International Hotel, rises just high enough close in front to shut out, from all but two openings, everything save the sight of its own ungainliness. From these two, however, it is possible to judge what the world has lost, looking out over the lake and surrounding mountains; and we lingered long, drinking in the charms of this matchless landscape, which again presented itself under an aspect quite different from that of the preceding evening.

On returning to the hotel we found Mr. and Mrs. C—— deep in conversation with Herr H——, who had come according to appointment. He was a shrivelled-up, active, little old man of about seventy, formerly professor in a gymnasium in the north of Germany, but the aim of whose life had been to save a certain sum, in order to return and end his days in his own beloved Switzerland. This he had accomplished within the last two years. The C——s had taken a great fancy to the old man when they made his acquaintance at Kissingen, and he was now burning to be of some use to them. And a great help he proved in planning the next week's excursions, so as to make them finish off at Einsiedeln on the 14th, the chief feast of that monastery. The day was perfectly lovely, and the atmosphere so clear that he pleaded hard to take us up to the Linden Avenue, a terrace walk, twenty-five minutes off, and commanding a magnificent panorama. But we should see the mountains during the rest of our travels, we argued in reply, and our minds were so full of Wordsworth and Longfellow, and, through them, of the covered bridges of Lucerne, that we could hear of nothing else. Our party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. C——, their two daughters, and a good-humored, boyish son of eighteen, besides my friend and myself; so at last a compromise was effected by dividing our forces. One daughter went with Mr. and Mrs. C—— to the Linden walk, while our new Swiss acquaintance politely offered to conduct our division over his native place.

Our first visit, as a matter of course, was to "the Lion," the pride and glory of modern Lucerne! Turning off from the fussy, bustling quay, leaving excitement and noise behind, we wandered through quiet, winding streets that led to the former Zurich road, until, in a leafy recess containing a large basin filled by trickling water, on which the sun played through the foliage of the overhanging beech-trees, this grand king of animals lay right before us, hewn out of the perpen-

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dicular face of the living rock. Overhead is carved the inscription, *Helvetiorum fidei ac virtuti.** This monument, erected in memory of the Swiss guards who fell whilst defending Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette at Versailles, and on the 2d and 3d of September, 1792, was designed by the great Thorwaldsen, and executed by a Zurich sculptor, the expenses being defrayed by subscriptions from all parts of Switzerland. The lion is dying, the spear still in his side, a bundle of spears under him, but one paw still firmly clasping the Bourbon shield. It is colossal; the whole attitude full of strength, firmness, and sorrow—a sorrow inspiring such sympathy that the longer one looks the more human it appears. Yet it is not that hopelessly sad expression of his grand Chæronean prototype, which once having had the good-fortune to see on the spot, I never can forget. But then what different events they commemorate! The Greek, the defeat of an over-glorious nation, crushed to despair; this of Lucerne, the loss, but also the noble heroism, of a few of Switzerland's sons only, who, if they could be so faithful in the cause of strangers, what might not be expected from them and their brethren in defence of their own hearths and homes! And as we stood transfixed to the spot, unwilling to stir, it was pleasant to hear from Herr H—— that foreign service of this sort has now ceased. At least no body of Swiss serve abroad together, except as the Pope's guards, whose picturesque Michael-Angelesque costumes must be remembered by every one that visited Rome in its palmy days. Formerly, not only did they serve as mercenaries in various countries, but there were regular treaties in force between the Swiss government and foreign sovereigns, authorizing the latter to recruit throughout the cantons. These, however, have been swept away, and this "Lion" is now the only link with those times. Close by is a chapel where, according to pious custom, Mass is now and then said for the departed heroes, and the altar-cloth of which has been worked by the Duchesse d'Angoulême, one of Marie Antoinette's two children, protected and saved by those very soldiers.

We had not prepared ourselves for this beautiful, poetic work of art, and hence it was perhaps doubly difficult to leave it; but time pressed, and Herr H—— led the way back to the brilliant quay. He was eloquent on its palatial hotels, and proud that in this particular Lucerne is so far ahead of all other Swiss towns, except perhaps Geneva. But still, he said, this did not compensate him for olden days. How different it had been in his boyhood, in the years prior to 1820, when the present Schweizerhof Quay did not exist! A long, covered wooden bridge, 1,300 feet in length, ran, in its stead, from the middle of the town, near the Swan Hotel, right across here to the foot of the Hofkirche. And then, to our intense regret, we discovered that this was the chief bridge mentioned by Wordsworth in his continental tour. He first speaks of the Hafellbrücke, still existing, and then goes on to say:

"Like portraiture, from loftier source, endears
That work of kindred frame, which spans the lake
Just at the point of issue, when it fears
The form and motion of a stream to take;
When it begins to stir, *yet* voiceless as a snake."

"Volumes of sound, from the cathedral rolled,
This long-roofed vista penetrate; but see,

* "To the fidelity and courage of the Swiss.

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One after one, its tablets, that unfold
The whole design of Scripture history;
From the first tasting of the fatal tree,
Till the bright star appeared in eastern skies,
Announcing One was born mankind to free;
His acts, his wrongs, his final sacrifice;
Lessons for every heart, a Bible for all eyes.

"*Our* pride misleads, our timid likings kill.
Long may these homely works devised of old,
These simple efforts of Helvetian skill,
Aid, with congenial influence, to uphold
The state, the country's destiny to mould;
Turning, for them who pass, the common dust
Of servile opportunity to gold;
Filling the soul with sentiments august—
The beautiful, the brave, the holy, and the just."

Then in a note he goes on to relate that the pictures on the "cathedral bridge amounted to 240, all from Scripture history; subjects from the Old Testament faced the passenger going to the cathedral, and those from the New as he returns." What would he have said could he have foreseen such a speedy annihilation of his aspirations for their long maintenance, and especially when replaced by all that drives away remembrance of that "history" and tends to keep men's thoughts fastened to earth instead of raised to heaven!

When our first disappointment was over, we learned from Herr H—— that this quay, now so venerable-looking from its shady chestnuts, has been won from the lake, like the Thames embankment, within the last forty years. It has one advantage, namely: that the whole tourist-life which brings such gain to Lucerne has been added on to it, without in any way interfering with the ordinary life of its inhabitants. Happily, it would be impossible to change the old part without sweeping it entirely away—a summary proceeding that no one would think of. The original town lies on a strip of land between the lake and encircling hills, and is composed of solidly-built old houses in narrow streets, that are thoroughly sheltered, but without any view, and consequently unfit for tourist requirements. Air and landscape—the two essentials for the wealth-bringing strangers—were fortunately found available in the large space gained from the lake, while the neighboring hills seemed as if especially created for the countless *pensions* that now cover them in every direction. "Travellers," said Herr H——, "—travellers are the great desire of Lucerne. They supply the place of trade and manufactures, which we do not possess, except in a small way in the Krienz valley yonder. Both here and throughout all these forest cantons, the whole energies of the population are of late years directed to this object. You will find them building hotels in all directions as you travel through that district," pointing to the upper end of the lake, which we were lingering to admire from the promenade. "It sometimes seems like over-building, but the larger the houses, the more quickly they seem to fill. The crowds that swarm here from June to October, from every quarter of the globe, are quite marvellous. Since the French war, especially, the Germans come in shoals. It is becoming like another invasion of the northerners! I suppose we dare not call them Huns and Vandals," he continued, laughing. "But I confess I fear their influence in the long run, for they are chiefly the population of the manufacturing and commercial towns of Prussia and the North, and even when they are not decidedly infidel, they are not overburdened with religion, and are perfectly indifferent to its observances. I was stopping up at the Kaltbad for a month this summer, and only a few out of 420 guests ever thought about Sundays. 'Who does, when at a watering-place?' said some.

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There was no Protestant service, it is true, except the English, but still there might have been some difference made between it and other days; but, except amongst the Catholics, one could notice none, unless that the dinner was sometimes rather better than on week-days. And even the foreign Catholics were often very lukewarm. It is a very bad example, to say the least, for the natives. Fortunately, however, the strangers mix with them very little, and they fall back into their customary life when these crowds go home about the end of September. Then all is changed. The country hotels shut up, and even here they dismiss their large staff of servants, and only keep a small portion of each house open. But they are looking forward to a great increase of winter business in Lucerne later, when the St. Gothard tunnel, which is now begun, shall be finished; though, of course, it will be nothing compared to the summer influx."

"And what becomes of the poor servants?" I asked. "Are they turned adrift on the world?"

"Oh! dear, no. They are engaged for the hotels at Nice and Mentone, and all along the Riviera, in bodies of a hundred at a time. If you happen to go south in November, you will doubtless fall in with many a Kellner or a housemaid you met up here in the summer. That is the form the Swiss foreign service has taken in our days of steam and easy communication. And very much they distinguish themselves. Both men and women are considered more honest and active than those of any other nation, and consequently are at a premium. That wonderful race of "Kellners"—a race apart—which goes by the generic name of German waiter, is largely composed of the Swiss element. Strangely enough, however, every waitress you meet, even in these districts, is certain to come from the canton of Berne. The women there have a *spécialité* in that line. The peasants of the Catholic cantons keep to the housemaid department, as a rule, and our Lucerne maidens become ladies' maids or governesses in English families. And very well they turn out, too. Both in this town and in the rural cantons they are a solidly good, pious population. Very conservative also; in fact, most conservative, in spite of our staunch republicanism, and most united at the same time."

It suddenly occurred to us to ask whose funeral we had seen that morning. "No doubt of some distinguished citizen?"

"No," replied Herr H——, "not particularly distinguished; only an old and highly-respected tradesman. Oh! no; that is an every-day occurrence. All the neighbors consider it a duty to attend the High Mass and to pray for each other. I was there, amongst others, just before I went to the Beau Rivage Hotel; for, although I have spent so many years away from Lucerne, I knew this man from my earliest childhood, and he has been working all his life for every one you saw there this morning, so that the least we might do was to go and pray for the repose of his soul, poor fellow! They will do the same for each one of us in turn. Here is a column of advertisements, composed of nothing but 'Thanks' from relatives," he said, drawing a Lucerne daily paper from out of his pocket, and amongst the number we read the following touching one:

"The widow and children of

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—— return their heartfelt thanks to all the kind friends who spontaneously attended the High Mass for, and the funeral of, their lamented husband and father on ——. They are not only grateful for this mark of respect, but they wish to assure these good neighbors that the loving sympathy and the kind manner in which it was offered by each, have done more to soften their grief than they can now express."

"We are a small community," continued Herr H——, "only 14,500 inhabitants—simple folk, working our way on through life without any rich manufacturers or overgrown proprietors, as at Zurich, Berne, and Geneva, so there cannot be much rivalry or pretension. You will not find private villas or large châteaus round this lake—nothing, for instance, even like those handsome ones on the Lake of Thun; but we all hold together, and I only hope the young generation will continue to walk in the footsteps of their fathers."

TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH.

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## ROGER THE RICH.*

### A BALLAD.

DEDICATED, WITHOUT PERMISSION, TO VICTOR EMANUEL.

God prospereth King Stephen!
  His sway is o'er the land.
The Empress Maud hath bowed her head;
Her knights are slain, her armies fled,
  Herself beneath his hand!
God prospereth King Stephen!
  The land is all his own.
From north to south, from east to west,
The whole wide kingdom is at rest—
  Firm sits he on his throne.
God prospereth King Stephen!
  Yet he hath cast his eye
On the rich lands of Sherbourn, spread
O'er many a hill and kie-cropt mead,
  And many a bosky lea.
King Stephen sware a grimly oath—
  God wis he kept it true:
"Since Roger Niger (bishop then)
Hath led against us armèd men,
  Roger shall dearly rue!"

* See Spelman's *History and Fate of Sacrilege.*

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Roger hath lands and riches too,
Marks forty thousand told;
And well I wot the monarch's vow
Hath less to do with justice now
Than with the bishop's gold.
Roger hath to Devizes ta'en
His wealth with all his speed;
Stout men-at-arms, and billmen true,
And bowmen armed with sturdy yew,
Attend him in his need.
Now he hath stored his fortelace well
With beeves and sheep and grain.
He standeth on his topmost tower;
And sayeth in the pride of power,
The king shall knock in vain!
What, O my knights! the monarch cries,
Shall he thus brave our wrath?
Shake forth our banner to the blast,
And gather round us, liegemen fast;
We'll sweep him from our path!
The king, with mighty following,
Hath sat before the tower;
But massy walls and valiant hearts
Have nobly played their several parts—
The bishop mocks his power!
And loudly sware King Stephen then
A fearful oath to hear:
"Build me a gallows-tree before
The haughty prelate's guarded door;
This yet shall cost him dear."
Now they have built the gallows-tree,
And raised it in the air—
Its height is forty feet and three,
A laidly thing it is to see—
And led his nephew there.
Roger the bishop stands and sees
Young Roger led to die—
The nephew he had reared with care,
His only sister's son and heir:
A tear steals from his eye.
Now he hath turned him to his knights;
His words are sad and low:
"God wot I am an old man now;
He layeth sorrow on my brow,
He willeth I should go.
My nephew hath his course to run,
And mine is near its close.
I straight will render up my lands,
My gold shall pass from out mine hands—
I'll yield me to my foe!

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But as God lives he prospereth not
King Stephen's arms again;
His latest triumph he hath won.
Henceforth his is a setting sun;
His efforts shall be vain!
God prospereth not King Stephen now—
The Empress Maud hath fled;
Fitz-Empress Henry snatcheth now
The golden circlet from the brow,
The glory from his head.
God prospereth not King Stephen's arms—.
Anjou is in the field,
And Winchester and Gloucester band
To wrest the sceptre from his hand,
And vanquished he must yield.
God prospereth not King Stephen's cause—
Henry is named his heir;
Still may he sit upon the throne
Weakness forbids him call his own,
Ih sorrow and despair.
God prospereth not his family—
Eustace, his only son,
Pines from that moment, droops his head,
And, withering like a flower, is dead,
And his last prop is gone.
God prospereth not King Stephen's health—
His heart is stricken sore;
Sleep shunneth now his eyes by night;
His days are stricken with a blight;
He smileth now no more.
And still 'tis said God prospereth not
The holder of those lands,
And Sarum's heirs ne'er live to claim
The heritage of land and name—
It slippeth from their hands;
For one, 'tis said, hath fallen by chance;
Another falls in strife;
A father's hand unwitting smote
Another scion through the throat;
Law claims another's life.
God prospereth not that family—
Two hundred years have sped,
And still the bishop's curse clings fast,
As fell and fatal to the last
As when those words were said.
Then the Third Edward rendered back
Unto the church its own,
And the broad lands to Robert gave
(Thou'lt see it figured on his grave);
And now the curse is gone!

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## THE POEM OF IZDUBAR.

M. FRANÇOIS LENORMANT, in continuing the publication of his *Essay on the Propagation of the Phœnician Alphabet in the Ancient World*, and in editing a *Selection of Cuneiform Texts*, has just issued two volumes of important and interesting studies on *Primitive Civilizations*.*

The steps of this learned writer in the almost unknown regions which he explores so fearlessly, and usually with so much success, are not always perfectly sure; but, with a good faith so natural to him that it does not seem to cost him even an effort, he knows how to retrace his path and correct whatever may require rectification.

*Les Premières Civilisations*, several portions of which have been published in various collections, reappears developed and raised to the present level attained by scientific discovery. The work opens by a notice of prehistoric archæology and fossil man, the monuments of the neolithic period, and the invention of the use of metals and its introduction into the West. Studies on Egypt follow, including the *Poem of Pentaour* and the *Romance of the Two Brothers*. The second volume, with the exception of the "Legend of Cadmus, and the Phœnician Establishments in Greece," is entirely devoted to Chaldæa, presenting us with a Chaldæan Vêda, or collection of liturgical and devotional hymns in honor of the principal gods worshipped on the banks of the Tigris and Euphrates; the biography of a Babylonian prince of the VIIIth century before our era, Merodach Baladan, with whose name the Bible has already made us acquainted;* and, lastly, the Babylonian epic poem of Izdubar. It is this last work of which the range is the most general and the value the greatest in connection with the comparative history of the Semitic races, their national genius, and their religious ideas. It touches, amongst other things, upon three points which it is important to put particularly in relief, on account of the manner in which the inferences resulting from them strengthen the ground of Christian apologists—namely, the myths of one of the most important branches of the race of Sem (or, to speak accurately, the race that was equally descended from Sem and Cham), the Assyrio-Chaldæan belief in the immortality of the soul, and the origin of the signs of the Zodiac. There is also a fourth point—that of the tradition of the Deluge.

It has been repeatedly maintained by the sceptic, M. Renan, and is in fact one of his favorite ideas, that the Semites were radically incapable of producing an epic poem. He refuses everything to this race—imagination, the power of invention, the knowledge of the experimental method, philosophy, and science. One thing alone he accords to them—the monotheistic instinct. Now, the cuneiform tablets demonstrate that the sciences, especially those of astronomy and mathematics, held a very considerable place in the intellectual pursuits of the Babyloni-

* *Les Premières Civilisations: Etudes d'Histoire et d'Archéologie.* Par F. Lenormant. Paris.

* Cf. Isaias xxxix. 1.

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ans and Assyrians. The poem of Erech, published by Mr. G. Smith, is sufficient of itself alone, by means of the fragments which are known to us, to reduce to nothing all the assertions in his history of the Semitic languages, in which M. Renan affirms that "the imagination of the Semitic races has never gone beyond the narrow circle traced around it by the exclusive idea of the divine greatness. God and man, in presence of each other, in the bosom of the desert—behold the summary, or, as it is termed in the present day, the formula, of all their poetry."* Assuredly one never found one's self less in the desert in presence of God alone and of man alone than in the Semitic poems of Chaldæa.

The veritable name of the hero on the banks of the Euphrates, sung by Homer, has remained unknown to this day. It is constantly found written in ideographic characters, which, pronounced phonetically, give the three syllables Iz-du-bar; but we know that they were pronounced in quite a different manner by the Assyrio-Chaldæans. We are equally certain, from the testimony of other cuneiform inscriptions, that this Izdubar was one of the gods of Chaldæa. Nevertheless, he figures here as a simple hero, and, according to M. Lenormant, is probably Nemrod, "the mighty hunter," as he is called in the Book of Genesis, alluding to a popular saying, of which the remembrance is still preserved in Assyria, as well as in Palestine, and also in the Egyptian tradition. The historical inscriptions of Assurbanipal name Resen, one of the cities of Assyria, "the town of the hunter."†

The Izdubar of the Babylonian inscription, like the Nemrod of the Bible, reigns over four cities,* three of which, named in Genesis, are certainly identical with those mentioned on the tablet, and which therefore furnish an argument in favor of the supposition. But however that may be, Izdubar, whose name signifies "God of fire," "God of the body or mass of fire," is without doubt the ancient Arcadian God of fire whose worship had so great an importance in the primitive epochs; and this idea throws much light on the Babylonian poem, to which it, in some sort, furnishes the key. This poem is divided into twelve *cantos*, if we may so call them, each forming a distinct episode and inscribed in a separate tablet. Sir Henry Rawlinson has proved that each canto relates to one of the twelve signs of the zodiac, and to one of the twelve months of the year. The god of fire is thus represented as being one with the sun, and the entire epic consists of a poetical history of the annual revolution of that luminary, and its accomplishment in the course of twelve months, around which revolution various incidental episodes have been grouped, amongst others the narrative of the Deluge. The *dénouement* of the poem is the cure of Izdubar, who, at the instigation of the man saved from the Deluge, plunges into the sea, from whence he issues delivered from a sort of leprosy which had threatened his life. M. Gubernatis remarks that this is identical with the Vedic myth of Indra, and also the Hellenic one of Tithonus. Leprosy is invariably the malady of kingly heroes, and signifies old age, which, according to popular belief, could

* Renan, *Livre de Job*, Introd., p. lxiii., 1860.

† Lenormant, *Premières Civilisations*, tom. ii. p. 21.

* See Genesis. x. 10.

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only be cured either by the waters of youth or by the blood of a child. The old solar hero, the dying sun, sprang forth with renewed youth in the morning, after traversing the sea of night—a symbol which would naturally possess an additional force to the nations who beheld the departing sun-god sink beneath the Western sea. The Chaldæan epic presents us, therefore, with the same mythological groundwork as the other polytheistic religions with regard to the worship of fire and of the sun—a groundwork presenting a point of contact among the Semitic, Aryan, and Egyptian races which it is necessary to bear in mind in tracing the comparative histories of the descendants of the sons of Noe.

The details of the Babylonian poem exhibit a mythology as multitudinous as that of India or of Greece; the adventures also of Izdubar for the most part closely resemble those of the classic heroes. He is a great conqueror, who wins immortality by his splendid exploits and his mighty labors, some of which remind one of those of Hercules. We see him successively capture the winged ox, and put an end to the ravages of a sea monster to which is given the name of Boul—two exploits almost identical with those of Perseus. As in Egypt the sun, under the name of Osiris, is the husband of Isis, the personification of the productive power, and sometimes the moon, so in Chaldæa the sun, Izdubar, espouses Istar, the moon, who is also the Assyrian Venus, and daughter of the god Sin. Istar is, however, at this period, already a widow, having lost her first spouse, whose name signifies "Son of Life."

In the poem of Erech a great number of other deities appear, together with Istar. Besides her father, Sin, who is god of the months, we have firstly Anou, the Oannes of the Greeks, and the first personage of the supreme triad; then the second member of this triad, Bel, the demiurge; and lastly the third, Ao, Nesroch, * or Nouah. Around these great divinities are grouped Adar, the god of the planet Saturn; Samas, god of the sun; Nabo, † god of the planet Mercury, and his companion, Sarou; Bin, god of the atmosphere and tempest; Nergal, of the planet Mars; besides a vast army of Annunaki, or secondary genii; of Guzalu, or destroying spirits, and others of inferior race and power. These deities did not agree among themselves any better than did the gods of the Greek Olympus. Their heaven appears to have been anything but an abode of peace or love; and in heaven or hell they quarrelled alike. Istar seems especially to have distinguished herself by her unaccommodating disposition.

It is believed that the account of the journey of Istar into hell (for the story of such a journey in the *Odyssey* and the *Æneid* had also its precursor in Chaldæa) formed one of the episodes of the poem of Izdubar, although the tablet containing it has not yet been discovered; but we possess it on another fragment, and one which is of great value, as it furnishes an incontestable proof of the belief of the Assyrio-Chaldæans in the immortality of the soul. The abode of the dead is called the "immutable land," ‡ and corresponds to

* Cf. Isaias xxxvii. 38. † Is. xlvi. 1.

‡ This is the value of the ideographic sign by which the abode of the dead is designated. It also bears two other names, which are of great importance, as

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the Hades of the ancient Greek poets. It is divided into seven circles, after the model of the celestial spheres, and is depicted as follows by the Chaldæan poet: "Towards the unchangeable land; the region [from whence none return]; Istar, the daughter of Sin, her ear—has turned: the daughter of Sin [has turned] her ear, —towards the dwelling of the dead, the throne of the god Ir . . . ,—towards the abode into which he has entered, and whence he has not come forth, —towards the way of his own descent, by which none return:—towards the dwelling whereinto he has entered, the prison,—the place where [the dead] have naught but dust wherewith [to appease] their hunger; and mud for nourishment: —from whence the light is not seen, and in darkness they dwell where shades (ghosts), like birds, fill the vaulted space,—where, over the uprights and lintel of the portal the earth is upheaped." * Allusion is also made several times to this "unchangeable land" in other poems in the collection of Assurbanipal, as well as to spirits who wander back to earth, and dead who return to torment the living. In a note on the religious belief of the Assyrians Mr. Fox Talbot publishes two prayers composed to ask for eternal life to be granted to the king. The meaning of the first is not perfectly clear, but of the second, which is very explicit, we give the most important passage: "After the gift of the present days, in the festivals of the land of the silver sky, in the shining courts, in the abode of benedictions, in the light of the fields of felicity, may he live an eternal life, sacred in the presence of the gods of Assyria." * Also, in a hymn to the god Marduk, are traces of a belief in the resurrection of the dead. This deity is repeatedly called "the merciful, who restores the dead to life."

Thus, then, the Semites believed in the immortality of the soul; but monotheism was far from being a privilege of their race, by which it would be possible to explain the origin of the Judaic religion without providential intervention and regulation; and thus we see the Chaldæan poets combat along the whole line the assertions of M. Renan respecting their belief and genius alike. Never did facts with more pitiless emphasis give the lie to the learned; and it seems as if the historian of the Semetic languages had had a secret presentiment of humiliations which would result to him from a more generally extended study of Assyriology, when at its outset, about fifteen years ago, he attacked it with a determination which has not been forgotten.†

Another historical fact which may be gathered from the Babylonian epic is the mythological signification of the signs of the zodiac. The cuneiform inscriptions have already shown us that not only was Asia the

proving that the Semites, far from borrowing from the Greeks their belief in another life, have, on the contrary, furnished the latter with the names which they have bestowed on the regions of the departed. In the poem of the descent of Istar into hell this region is, in fact, denominated *Erihus*, probably meaning "the house of darkness," from *Ereb*, "evening," from whence the Erebus of the Greeks; and *bit edie*, "the house of the eternities," from *ed*, "eternity," from whence comes doubtless the Greek Hades. The etymology ἀ-ιδής is not historical, and may easily be an arbitrary invention. Acheron, also, seems very probably derived from *Acharon*, the West, the place of darkness, the land of the dead. (See Talbot, *Transactions of the Society of Biblical Archæology.*)

* *Prem. Civ.* The original text of this poem is given in *Choix de Textes Cuneiformes*, pp. 100, 105.

* *Transactions of the Soc. of Bibl. Archæol*, vol. i., p. 107, and partially translated by Lenormant, *Prem. Civ.*

† See the two articles by M. Renan upon, or rather *against*, the "Expédition en Mesopotame" of M. Oppert, in the *Journal des Savants*, 1859.

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cradle of the human race, but that it was also the primitive nursery of civilization. It can no longer be doubted that it was from thence, instead of, as has been supposed, from Egypt, that Greece herself received indirectly her first lessons in the arts, as it was also from thence that she received her metals. It is equally in Chaldæa that we find the origin of astronomy and of the zodiacal signs; the nomenclature of the latter, as it remains at the present day, differing in no essential point from that established by the Babylonian astronomers, although its value and signification have hitherto been very obscure. This obscurity has been dissipated by *The Poem of Izdubar*, which shows that the ancient Assyrian mythology bestowed on the signs their figures and their names. The myths relating to each of the months formed the subjects of the twelve episodes of the poem. Thus, for instance, the second narrated the capture of the winged bull; and the second month is designated as "the month of the propitious bull," and has Taurus for its sign. Again, the sixth song related the marriage of Istar with Izdubar, and began with the goddess' message to the hero: the sixth month is called "the month of the message of Istar," and has for its sign the archeress, of which we have made Virgo, the virgin, who, according to the attestation of the prism of Assurbanipal, was the goddess Istar herself. The eleventh tablet is consecrated to the god Bin, "the inundator—he who pours abroad the rain," and the sign of that month is the shedder of water, or the vase pouring it forth. Thus crumbles away the whole chronological scaffolding raised by the school of Dupuis, according to whom the zodiacal signs were only to be explained as having direct relation to agricultural labors, and the phases of the seasons to be regarded in reference to the productions of the earth—an interpretation which made it necessary to withdraw the origin of man to an enormously distant period of the past, in order to reach a time in which, owing to the precession of the equinoxes, the presence of the sun in the sign Taurus should coincide with the season of ploughing. All these calculations were equally fanciful with those founded on the famous zodiac of Denderah, and it is now ascertained beyond all reasonable doubt that the zodiacal signs have a religious or rather mythological, and not an agricultural, origin.

—The above is in great part translated from an article by M. Gregoire in the *Revue des Questions Historiques*, for April, 1874.

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## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LIFE OF ANNE CATHARINE EMMERICH. By Helen Ram. London: Burns & Oates. 1874. (New York: Sold by The Catholic Publication Society.)

Many of our readers must have read that part of the record of Catharine Emmerich's visions by Clement Brentano which has been translated into English. Those who have been pleased and edified by them will be delighted with this life of the holy and highly favored ecstatic virgin. It is a charming and wonder-

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ful life, especially that portion which relates the history of Anne Catharine's miraculous infancy and childhood. The volume makes one of F. Coleridge's series, which we have frequently had occasion to praise. We have been surprised to see in the pages of a book issued under the supervision of so accurate and careful an editor a number of inaccuracies in style and typographical errors.

BRIC-A-BRAC SERIES—No. 2: ANECDOTE BIOGRAPHIES OF THACKERAY AND DICKENS. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. 1874.

These recollections and anecdotes of the two favorite English writers of fiction are very readable, and those which relate to Thackeray especially interesting.

THE YOUNG CATHOLIC'S ILLUSTRATED SCHOOL SERIES, comprising: The Young Catholic's Illustrated Primer, Speller, First Reader, Second Reader, Third Reader, and Fourth Reader. New York: The Catholic Publication Society, 9 Warren St. 1874.

Every effort which is likely, in any way, to help on the great work of Catholic education, has of course our entire sympathy. Humanly speaking, the destiny of the church in the United States is to be determined by the education which we give to our children, and the almost universal recognition of this truth by the Catholics of America is, we are persuaded, the most certain evidence that we have really made progress. It is only within a comparatively recent time that we have come to fully realize the inevitable and fatal results of allowing our children to frequent the public schools, and to thoroughly understand that the common-school system of education, based, as it is, upon the implied assumption of the untruth of positive religion, logically and in fact leads to infidelity or to what is scarcely less an evil—religious indifference. The church without the school-house is incomplete, and can at best do but half work; and we consequently find that almost all of our bishops are now beginning to demand that every parish shall have its parochial school.

We have been at some pains to examine the returns made by the different diocesan authorities to the publishers of the *Catholic Almanac*, and we find that last year there were in the whole country about three hundred and eighty thousand children attending our Catholic schools. This is probably less than half the number of Catholic children of school age in the United States; still, we are already doing enough to show that Catholic primary education must be recognized as one of the institutions of the country, and that those who have control of it should set to work without delay to give it a thorough organization. It is well to teach our people that the public schools are dangerous to the faith and morals of their children; it is far better to render them useless by bringing our own up to the standard of excellence which the more abundant means and opportunities of the state have enabled it to give to its educational establishments. There are, we know, many parochial schools which are in every respect equal to those of the state; but under the present system everything is left to the zeal and energy of the pastor. What we want is a system which will cause every parochial school to come up to the requirements of a prescribed standard of excellence. In a word, the necessity of the times demands the organization of Catholic education.

Each diocese should have its school boards and its official examiners and visitors. Annual diocesan school reports should be published, accompanied by remarks on the defects observed in the practical management of the schools and in the methods of teaching.

Out of these diocesan school boards and school reports in due time a national Catholic school system would grow into vigorous life. More of this another time; at present we are glad to take note of the greater desire for excellence in our elementary schools, shown by the demand for improved class-books.

As our system of education is distinctively Catholic, it of course requires Catholic text-books—books composed with a special view to the principles which underlie the Catholic theory of pedagogy.

This truth has been recognized by the bishops of the United States, who, both in the First and Second Plenary Councils of Baltimore, made this one of the subjects of their thought.

That The Catholic Publication Society, which has done so much to elevate the tone of our literature, has felt authorized to begin the issue of a complete series of such works, is undoubtedly an indication of the general feeling among Catholics of

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the want of improved class-books, especially for our elementary schools, which are by far the most important, since they more directly concern the welfare of the masses of our people.

Whilst we are grateful for what has been done in this matter, we cannot shut our eyes to the many defects of most of the text-books now in use. We have before us the Young Catholic's Illustrated Primer, Speller, First, Second, Third, and Fourth Readers; and we have read and examined them with conscientious care, and we have at the same time compared them with similar publications of other houses, and we therefore feel competent to speak of their merits, if not with authority, at least with knowledge. That they should be superior to any other books of the kind is only what we had the right both to expect and to demand, and that they are has already been generally recognized by the Catholic press of the country.

In the choice and arrangement of the matter we discern admirable good sense and tact; in the illustrations, which are very numerous and nearly all original, being explanatory of the text, excellent taste; whilst in the mechanical execution we perceive the skilful workmanship that usually characterizes the books of The Catholic Publication Society.

The series is graded in strict accordance with scientific principles of education, and combines all that is important in the word and phonic methods of teaching, without, however, excluding the *a*, *b*, *c* drill. Books must always remain the indispensable instruments for imparting instruction in school, and hence it is of the greatest moment that the pupil should from the very start be attracted to them. Most children enter school eager to learn; the craving for knowledge is a divine instinct implanted in their hearts by the Author of their being, which they have already in a thousand ways sought to satisfy by their fruitless efforts to penetrate the mystery of beauty with which Nature surrounds them. When they enter school this intellectual activity should be stimulated, not repressed. The books first placed in their hands should be simple, offering many attractions and few difficulties, presenting to their minds under new forms the objects with which observation has already rendered them familiar, and which they now first learn to associate with printed words. These truths have been felt and acted upon by the compilers of the "Young Catholic's Series," which, in simplicity, in correct gradation, in beauty and attractiveness, far surpasses anything of the kind that has yet been offered to the Catholic English-speaking public.

Another truth which can never be lost sight of in Catholic education is that religion should be the vital element of the whole process of instruction.

"Give me a lesson in geography," said Mr. Arnold, "and I will make it *religious*." This is what Catholics desire: that the light of religion should burnish as with fine gold all human knowledge. Indeed, in primary education religion is almost the only subject of real thought, the only power able to touch the heart, to raise the mind, and to evoke from brutish apathy the elements of humanity, and more especially the reason. As religion is the widest and deepest of all the elements of civilization, it ought to be the substratum and groundwork of all popular education.

"Popular education," says Guizot, "to be truly good and socially useful, must be fundamentally religious."

In the compilation of text-books this is precisely the point which demands the greatest amount of good sense and the most consummate tact. Religion must run through the whole fabric like a thread of gold. It must form the atmosphere in which the pupil breathes; it must give coloring to everything, and everything must in one way or another be made to prove and explain its dogmas, and yet there must be no cant, no attempt at preaching, no dull moralizing, and above all no stupidity.

To accomplish all this, our readers will readily believe, is not an easy task, and yet we have no hesitation in saying that if they will take the trouble to examine thoroughly the "Young Catholic's Series," they will agree with us in the opinion that it can stand the test of even this standard of excellence.

We learn that the Holy Father has sent a letter of commendation to the writer of "Italian Confiscation Laws" in The Catholic World for Oct., 1873, and ordered a translation of the article.

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THE

# CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. XX., No. 116.—NOVEMBER, 1874.

## CHURCH CHANT *VERSUS* CHURCH MUSIC.

AN interesting colloquy took place in our mind as we finished the perusal of the paper entitled "Church Music" which appeared in the August and September numbers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD. We transcribe it as faithfully as our memory serves us.

SCENE—*The cloister of a Benedictine monastery. Time, Anno Domini* 1000. *A number of monks rehearsing for a festival.*

GREGORIUS, *the choir-master dictating from an open Gradual.* "Listen, my brothers all. To-morrow is the festival of S. Polycarp the martyr and the name-day of our good father, the abbot. On such a joyous festival we must not fail to make his heart right glad with our chanting. Let us begin the Introit. (*Sings.*) 'Gaudeamus omnes in Domino, diem festum celebrantes.'"

(*All the monks repeating in chorus*) "Gaudeamus omnes in Domino, diem—"

(*They are interrupted by a loud knocking at the door leading from the cloister. Brother Gregorius, on opening it, is confronted by an aged stranger with a long, white, flowing beard, bearing in his hand a roll of printed music, on which the words "Boston," "Ditson," and the date "1874" can be discerned.*)

GREGORIUS. "Salve, frater."

AGED STRANGER. "Prof. Hubanus, at your service; and having come from a great distance, and happily being born at a much later date, I guess you will find my services on this eve of your joyous festival of some value, for I am well acquainted with all the best Masses published. By the way, is one of the brethren lately departed this life?"

GREGORIUS (*with astonishment*). "No, God be praised! Brother Augustine yonder did leave the infirmary vacant this morning, thanks to Our Blessed Lady, that no voice might be wanting in the choir on the morrow; but wherefore the question, good domne Hubanus?"

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HUBANUS. "Because I heard you but just now rehearsing such a sorrowful, in fact, so lugubrious, a *morceau*—an Offertory piece, I presume, for a Requiem Mass—that I supposed you were getting up the music for some such occasion."

(*The monks regard the aged stranger with no little surprise, mingled with curiosity.*)

GREGORIUS. "We must have made indeed sad work of it in our rehearsing. Worthy Hubanus, it was the *Gaudeamus* you heard."

HUBANUS. "The *Gaudeamus*, eh? (*Aside.* I don't remember seeing that in Ditson's catalogue. I wonder what it is. *To Gregorius.*) Would you mind repeating it once more?"

GREGORIUS. "With pleasure. Sing, my brothers." (*They sing the whole Introit.*)

HUBANUS. "Ah! fine; quite solemn! A Gregorian chant, I perceive. A very plaintive movement. The *finale* has an exceedingly mournful effect. In D minor, is it not? Still, for a Requiem Offertory I think Rossini's *Pro Peccatis*, or Gounod's *Ave Maria*, or 'Angels ever Bright and Fair,' for a change, would please the congregation better."

ALL THE MONKS. "Plaintive! Our *Gaudeamus* mournful! Calls an Introit an Offertory *piece!* Like a Requiem Offertory indeed! An *Ave Maria* for that too! What does he mean by D minor? (*Blessing themselves.*) Ab omni malo, libera nos, Domine!"

HUBANUS. "Oh! beg pardon. That is an Introit, is it? Indeed! But, as I said, I have the honor to be born at a much later date than yourselves, and we don't bother ourselves with singing those things in my day and country. We bring out the finest music, however, in our choir of the Church of S. Botolph, in the United States, that you can hear. I'm the organist and director."

GREGORIUS. "Not sing the Introit! Why, good domne Hubanus, our grand and joyous festival on the morrow would be robbed of one of its chief features if we failed to sing the *Gaudeamus*—I mean *the Gaudeamus* that you have just heard."

HUBANUS. "'De gustibus non est disputandum.' Hem! excuse my indulging in the classics; those old Latin fellows say a good deal in a few words, you know. But you don't seriously mean to say that such monotonous stuff—excuse my plain speaking on your plain singing—is fit for a joyous festival? As my friend, Dr. ——, says in his late paper on 'Church Music,' 'to hear Gregorian chant for a long time, and nothing else, becomes extremely monotonous, and burdens the ear with a dull weight of sound not always tolerable.' He says, moreover, that 'this is admitted by all who in seminaries and monasteries have been most accustomed to hear it.'"

GREGORIUS. "Your learned friend did not seek *our* judgment, I assure you, and I am at a loss to know who could have made so silly an admission to him."

HUBANUS. "But do you not 'resort to every device,' as he says again, 'to escape its monotony on festival days, by harmonies on the chant which are out of all keeping with it,' and so forth?"

GREGORIUS. "*We* do not, I trust. What little harmony we sing is in strict keeping with the mode of the chant; and as to escaping anything, we know the rubrics, domne Hubanus, and respect them, and, what is more, we observe them."

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HUBANUS. "On that score I have the advantage of you; for it doesn't require much knowledge of what you call rubrics to bring out a Mass and grand Vespers with us. However, this question of plain chant is settled long ago. It ought to have been settled long before you were born. For, as Dr. —— continues in his paper, 'No one will deny the appropriateness and impressiveness of plain chant on certain solemn occasions, especially those of sorrow; but it is confessedly unequal to the task of evoking and expressing the feelings of Christian joy and triumph.' Ah! Brother Gregorius, you should have been born later."

GREGORIUS. "Then we monks, and the generations of the faithful throughout the world, have for the past thousand years been shut out from the feelings of Christian joy and triumph, have we? Verily, either we or you can have known very little of one or of the other, as the observation of your learned doctor may happen to be true or not. Did the church put a lie into the mouths of her cantors when she bade them sing, 'Repleatur os meum laude tua, alleluia; ut possim cantare, alleluia; gaudebunt labia mea, dum cantavero tibi, alleluia, alleluia'?"*

HUBANUS. "You are a trifle sarcastic, Brother Gregorius; but I willingly pardon it, for I'm a plain-spoken man myself, and call a spade a spade. Besides, you know, you can always fall back on the 'De gustibus'—a quotation I often find very convenient; but I warrant me your *prima donna* doesn't find much satisfaction in exhibiting her fine soprano on your dull chant, which you must confess, with Dr. ——, 'is of limited, very limited, range,' and in my opinion as poor in expression as a kettle-drum."

GREGORIUS. "I crave your pardon, worthy sir. You are a stranger and quite aged—"

HUBANUS (*interrupting*). "Eighteen hundred and seventy-four."

GREGORIUS (*continuing*) —"as the length and whiteness of your beard proclaim, while we have only the experience of one thousand years, the lessons of the church, and the *taste* as well as the examples of the saints to profit by; but we must confess that of a *prima donna* we have never yet heard."

ALL THE MONKS (*very decidedly*). "Never!"

HUBANUS. "Never heard of a *prima donna!* Why, when *were* you born? I mean, of course, the chief lady soprano who sings in the choir."

(*Here all the monks burst out laughing.*)

GREGORIUS (*having got his breath*). "Come, come, my ancient stranger, that explains all. We knew you must be 'chaffing' us, from the very first, with your 'mournful *Gaudeamus*' and your never singing Introits or obeying the rubrics and the rest. Ha! ha! Truly, a 'chief lady in the choir'—*prima donna*, I think you named such a mythical personage—was only needed to cap the climax of your excellent joke."

HUBANUS. "Joke! I'm not joking at all. *We* have ladies in our choir—(*aside*) and it's no joke to manage them either—(*to Gregorius*) and pay them good salaries, as you must; for without that, you know, you never *can* have good music."

(*Here the laughing of the monks suddenly subsided, followed by loud and angry whispers, of which the*

* "Let my mouth be filled with thy praise, alleluia, that I may sing, alleluia; my lips shall greatly rejoice when I shall sing to thee, alleluia, alleluia."

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*word "heretic" was unmistakably heard. Brother Gregorius interposed.*) "Judge not too hastily, good brothers. True, no church which oweth obedience to our Holy Father, the Pope, and which hath a right therefore to call itself Catholic, did ever yet permit women to sing in church choirs; but what she might have done in this matter in the country from which this aged stranger comes—be it ever so contrary to all the rubrics and traditions known unto us—we will the better learn from his own lips. Women, then, good domne Hubanus, do sing in the choir in the Catholic churches of your strange land, standing, perchance, beside the men-singers?"

HUBANUS. "Where else would they stand? You see we put the sopranos and tenors on one side, and the altos and basses on the other."

GREGORIUS (*scratching his shaven crown in great perplexity*). "We have yet to learn many wonderful things! Canst tell me, worthy Hubanus, how comes it? Does your learned friend, Dr. ——, speak of this matter in his celebrated 'paper'? Doubtless he mentions some decree of the Sacred Congregation of Rites which hath allowed this—this (*another scratch*) unheard-of novelty?"

HUBANUS. "I cannot remember that he made any allusion to it. In fact, I fancy that he would rather *not*, and I am glad he didn't. But where's the use of making a fuss over it? Haven't women got voices as well as men, and what did the Lord give them voices for, if he did not intend them for use?"

GREGORIUS. "In the choir?"

HUBANUS. "In the choir, or out of the choir, what's the difference?"

GREGORIUS. "Do the rubrics allow it?"

HUBANUS. "*Ma foi!* I do not know. (*Aside.*) I hope they do, if old fogies like you are going to stir up *that* question. (*To Gregorius.*) No lady-singers! If that were to happen, my occupation, as well as theirs, would be like Othello's—gone. For hark you, Brother Gregorius, although I know but little of your old-fashioned, barbarous chant—can't read a note of it, to tell the truth—if women-singers are banished from the choir, music goes with them. The music I like requires the female voice. I wouldn't waste my time with a parcel of boys and on such music as they can sing."

GREGORIUS. "What music is this of which you speak so often? Hath the church adopted a new style of melody which is not chant?"

HUBANUS. "No, not adopted precisely, but there is a new music—everybody knows it—written by Mozart, Haydn, Mercadante, Peters, and several others, which organists and choirs make use of in our day. Some prefer one, some another, according to taste. 'De gustibus,' you know."

GREGORIUS. "Yet tell me—for here the strangeness of your news almost surpasses belief—how *dare* the organists and choirs make use of *any* melody in accompanying the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass and absolving the Divine Office which has not been adopted, or at least distinctly sanctioned, by holy church, to whom it appertains to dispose the ordering even of the most minute rubric in these important matters concerning the due praise of God and the sure edification of the people?"

HUBANUS. "All I can say is, we do it. It is tolerated in some places, and my friend in his paper quotes some 'Instructions' which the

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cardinal vicar in Rome issued to his own clergy to prove the toleration; but, to my thinking, they sound very much like the careful mother's permission to her boy who asked leave to learn to swim—'Certainly, my child, but don't you never go near the water, leastways any water that is over your ankles.'"

GREGORIUS. "I think I understand, for I have heard our good father, the abbot, say that 'he who would be well carried must not drive with too stiff a rein'; and my holy novice-master, Father Ambrose—to whose soul may God grant rest!—did oft chide my hasty judgment upon my fellow-novices, saying in his sweet way, and after the manner of his wise speech, 'Thou wouldst *re*form monks, good Brother Gregorius, before they are formed. All they need is a little *instruction*.' At present every one is well pleased with your music?"

HUBANUS. "Oh! that is quite another question. Dr. —— himself does not seem to think so, for he says in his paper: 'In consequence of the failure of modern composers to meet the requirements of Catholic devotion, though their music has been introduced into our churches and given every chance of trial, complaints against it are heard on every side. We grumble about it in our conversations; we write against its excesses in the public journals; bishops complain of it in pastoral letters; provincial councils are forced to issue decrees about it; the Sovereign Pontiffs themselves not unfrequently raise their voices, sometimes in warning, sometimes in threats—in a word, the *evil* seems to have attracted a good deal of attention.'"

ALL THE MONKS. "Ab omni malo, libera nos, Domine!"

GREGORIUS. "His account of your *music*—which you seem, nevertheless, to prize so much more highly than our dear holy *chant*, which hath the undoubted sanction of the church—gives pretty plain evidence that the church hath not adopted it in any wise. It rather suggests the thought that she would gladly be rid of it altogether, abstaining, however, like Father Ambrose, from reforming musicians before they are formed, and resolving, as he did often pleasantly say, to my comfort, 'Thou shalt see, Brother Gregorius, that I shall *make no change in our holy Rule*.'"

HUBANUS. "One would think you were born later, after all; for it would appear that our Holy Father, Pius the Ninth—pity you haven't lived to know him, Brother Gregorius, for he is the dearest pope that has ruled the church since the days of S. Peter—is in the van among the leaders of the 'Gregorian movement,' since a little while ago he made a decree that the Gregorian chant should be taught in all the ecclesiastical schools of the states of the church, *to the exclusion of every other kind of music*—'Cantus Gregorianus, omni alio rejecto, tradetur.' You see he wishes to get the Roman priests educated up to it—Rome rules the world—and the thing is done. 'Othello's occupation is gone!' But how in the world we shall ever get up a Christmas or an Easter Mass that is fit to listen to when that day comes is more than I can tell."

GREGORIUS. "Despair not, good Hubanus. Remain with us past the morrow, and thou shalt hear a holy Mass and solemn Vespers which will warm the cockles of thy heart,

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chanted in strains of melody that belie neither the sentences of joyful praise which are uttered nor the exultation which doth lift the hearts of the brethren to heaven, and fill the festival hours with a divine gladness. (*To the monks.*) Brothers, let us rehearse the *Gloria in Excelsis.*"

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As the curtains of our memory dropped upon the scene we have just been present at, our eyes caught sight again of the sentence quoted by Prof. Hubanus: "In consequence of the failure of modern composers to meet the requirements of Catholic devotion"—which *failure* is so utter that, in the judgment of the same writer, he "thinks it no exaggeration to say that, if all their compositions, except a very few, were burned, or should otherwise perish, the church would suffer no loss."

But what of the figured musical compositions of those musicians who may in our time be honored with the title of "ancient," such as Palestrina and his imitators? The music of this style forms, we are told, the staple of what is commonly heard in S. Peter's. The writer of the article we allude to evidently believes any attempt to make such music popular would be no less a failure. The intricacy of the style, the exceeding difficulties attendant upon its artistic execution, and its restricted vocal character, are "fatal" objections.

We fully agree with him. In our former articles on this subject (THE CATHOLIC WORLD, December, 1869, and February and March, 1870) we not only pronounced modern figured music to be in practice a failure as *church* music, but intended also to be understood as asserting that the cause of this failure lay chiefly in the melodious form of such music—the necessary result of a tonality essentially sensuous, which renders it, despite every effort of the artist, intrinsically unsuitable for the expression of the "prayer of the church." That there is *prayerful* music we do not deny, but it will never obtain any more positive sanction from the church than she gives to the hundred and one sentimental "prayers" and turgid "litanies" which fill the pages of our "largest books of devotion" *ad nauseam*, and are equally supposed by the uneducated Catholic and the ignorant Protestant to be the masterpieces of Catholic musical and liturgical art.

We did not think it necessary, writing as we did for a special class of readers, to explain the distinguishing characteristics of the church's "prayer," being, as our learned friend says, fourfold—latreutic, impetratory, propitiatory, and eucharistic. To us the church was not wanting in wisdom in the adoption alone of plain chant to express her divine prayer, whether it happen to be latreutic, impetratory, propitiatory, or eucharistic. She never made any distinction that we know of. But our learned friend, while he cannot help but admit that for the purposes of adoration, propitiation, and supplication it is not only all that could be desired, but is also better than any other melody, denies, with an *ipse dixit*, its capability of expressing praise and thanksgiving. Argument does not seem to be worth seeking. "Plain chant," he says, "is confessedly unequal to the task of evoking and expressing the feel-

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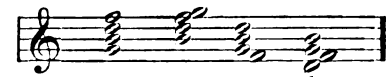
ings of Christian joy and triumph." And again: "It certainly must borrow from figured music the triumphant strains of praise and thanksgiving."

Neither one nor the other. We confess to nothing of the kind. And although, by the rule of argumentation, we are not called upon to prove a negative, we refer to the response good Brother Gregorius has already made, and would furthermore ask if the *Te Deum*, the *Exultet*, the *Preface* for Easter Sunday, the *Alleluia* of Holy Saturday, or the *Lauda Sion*, are confessedly unequal to the task assigned them?

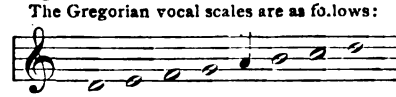
As far as the question has any practical importance, we feel that not another word need be said. Plain chant is in lawful possession, and cannot be ousted by personal caprice or taste, nor by gratuitous assumptions of its inability to answer the end proposed by the wise authority of the church; still less by a proposed substitution of a system which, after three centuries of vain efforts to supplant the rightful possessor, is declared, even by its own friends, to be "a failure," and the majority of its painfully-produced works fit only to be consigned to the flames.

We have, however, a question of more merit to discuss. If modern music has failed to meet the requirements of Catholic devotion, it will be not a little interesting to examine into the true cause of this failure. It will be found to lie in its melodic form (not in the use of harmony), which came into being with the introduction of the chord of the diminished seventh and the substitution of the instrumental, factitious scales called major and minor for the four natural vocal, authentic scales and their four correlative plagal scales.* Like seeks like, and as this chord of the seventh was an inspiration of sentimental, languishing, passional feeling, the new music sought its language in poetry, and chiefly in lyric poetry, in which every sort of human passion finds smooth expression; and as this latter is divided into regular feet, with recurring emphasis and cadence, music soon found itself set to time. Its melody became measured. Pegasus found himself in harness. To express the sublime,

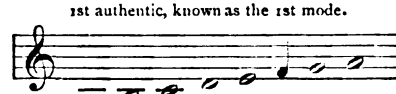
* The chord of the diminished seventh and its inversions, thus:



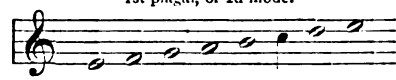
The Gregorian vocal scales are as follows:



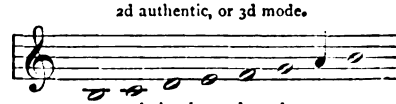
1st authentic, known as the 1st mode.



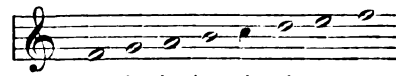
1st plagal, or 2d mode.



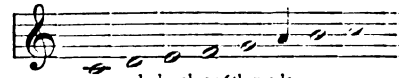
2d authentic, or 3d mode.



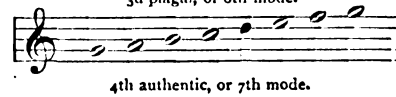
2d plagal, or 4th mode.



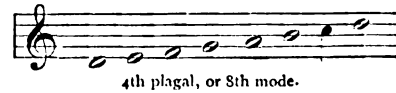
3d authentic or 5th mode.



3d plagal, or 6th mode.



4th authentic, or 7th mode.



4th plagal, or 8th mode.

The dominant notes of each scale are written in the above staff as crotchets. The *finals*, or notes on which any chant must end, are four: *Re* for the first pair—*i.e.*, the first authentic and its plagal, the second mode; *Mi* for the second pair, *Fa* for the

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the heroic, was only possible now by knocking down the bars, putting it all *ad libitum*, and calling the phrase *recitative;* and as the passage from the sublime to the ridiculous is proverbially short, the composition of many of these recitatives, in their leaping intervals and startling contrasts, vividly remind one of Pegasus let loose to scamper and roll unbridled in the open fields.

The invention and perfection of musical instruments are coincident with the rise and progress of the system of melody known as "modern music," the organ and piano holding the mastery. To these are due, in great measure, the universal cultivation of the modern tonality, and the consequent loss of appreciation of the tonality of the ecclesiastical modes. It is heard in the lullaby at the cradle's side, whistled by boys in the streets, sung by children in popular melodies and hymns at school, confirmed by all the concerts given by orchestras in halls, theatres, and public meetings; every young lady strums it forth from her piano, every organist modulates it in church, while all bells, from thousands upon thousands of churches, jangle it forth from one end of Christendom to the other. That the church has been able to withstand the pressure of all this, and still dares to command her priests to chant "per omnia sæcula sæculorum" to her own ancient mode, is, even in that simple and significant sentence, a proof of her divine strength to resist the most alluring seductions and powerful onslaughts of the world, and a note of calm defiance to its "fashion which passeth away."

We are now prepared to enter into a critical examination of the essential character of music as distinguished from plain chant. In the first place, we find, as we have already noted, that it is measured in its melody—that is, it is written, as it is said, in *time;* and, as a consequence of its lyrical movement, it became equally subjected to certain laws of versification and of phraseology corresponding to the stanza. When musicians began to write for the language of the church, and to set the sublime prose of her *Gloria in Excelsis*, *Credo*, etc., to its form of melody, this supposed necessity of making musical stanzas compelled the application of what is known in music as the theme, on which certain fanciful variations were built, shorter or longer, as the musician deemed necessary to complete his "work," altogether forming a sort of Procrustean bed, on which the sacred words of the Liturgy were either dismembered or stretched by repetition in order to make them fit the melody. To make the "work" fit the words was not to be thought of; whence we judge it well for the peace of Mr. Richardson that Mozart and Haydn have departed this life. We remember, when a boy, long before we had made more

third pair, and *Sol* for the fourth pair; from which it will be seen that melodies of an entirely different character are obtained from the modes which may happen to be of the same scale or have a like dominant. The melody, as a rule, is confined to the limit of its own scale. Accidental flats or sharps are not allowed, save only the use of *Si b* to avoid the Triton. The character of these melodies is, as a rule, utterly confounded and hashed up together by our modern musicians, both in their blundering attempts to accompany the chant on the organ, and in their compilation of harmonies found in our *répertoires* of "Music for the Catholic Church." Knowing little of the *tonality* of the chant, and nothing of its *modality*, they have supposed the only harmony possible to be that based upon the principles and tonality of modern music. Hence their chant as delivered to us is hardly recognizable, and deserves only the name of "very poor music." We advise our organists to study plain chant, and they will find it susceptible of a most beautiful harmony *sui generis*, producing sublime effects of which music, with its effeminate dissonances, is not capable.

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than a child's acquaintance with the modern "Masses," squeezing the *Kyrie Eleison* after this fashion on the framework of one of De Beriot's celebrated airs for violin and piano, and gave ourselves as much credit for the originality of the "adaptation" as we are willing to give to the man who first of all (to the misfortune of true church chant) tried to compose a musical theme for the same words of prayer. We refer our readers to the late paper on "Church Music" in the August and September numbers of this magazine, and to the translation of the *Gloria in Excelsis* of Mozart's Twelfth Mass, as given in one of our former articles, as proofs of the perfectly outrageous extent to which this "adaptation" has already been carried.

Now, we affirm, as a principle, that the expression of the "Prayer of sacrifice and of praise," as we may term the Holy Mass and the recitation of the Divine Office, should be consonant with, and conformed to, the manner in which the church directs the celebration of the acts of the same. The celebrant and his ministers, the acolytes and the chorus, do not march, halt, turn about, or otherwise conduct themselves like soldiers or like puppets on wires, neither do they hop and glide and go through set figures like dancers. Melody in measure is therefore wholly unsuited to the character and spirit of the acts of the performers.

In connection with the acts of Catholic worship, melody in measure is therefore incongruous, unmeaning, and absurd. For, to put the question plainly, if neither celebrant, ministers, chorus, nor people are to march—to do which, even in her sacred processions, would be shocking and profane—why sing a march? If they are not to waltz, why sing one? If the church does not want to

> "Make the soul dance a jig to heaven,"

then, in the name of common sense, why shall Master Haydn be permitted to offer the church singers a musical jig? The truth of the matter is that such measured movements, added to the gymnastic feats of melody which characterize the phrasing of the greater number of modern "Masses," are ignorantly supposed to faithfully express that Christian joy and triumph which plain chant is quite as ignorantly supposed to be unable to inspire.

Let any one examine the church's chant, and especially its movement, and he will not fail to be struck with its remarkable consonance with, and the sense of exact propriety of, its accompaniment to the movements and demeanor of the sacred ministers and of all who are appointed to assist them in carrying out the sacred functions of divine worship. How majestic and dignified, how modest and devout, are its measures! A sort of continuous procession of sound, resembling now the deep murmurings of the waves of the ocean, now the gentle breathings of the wind, now the prolonged echoes of distant thunder, now the soft whispering of the woods in summer! Always grave and decorous in its phrasing. Never indulging in trivial antics or in meretricious languishing and voluptuous undulations. Time and arithmetical measures do not straiten and confine its heavenly inspirations, for the thoughts of the soul, and chiefly the thoughts of prayer, do not move like clockwork. One does not adore five minutes, propitiate two minutes, supplicate half a minute, and give

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thanks ten seconds; and to do either in $\frac{2}{4}$ $\frac{3}{4}$ or $\frac{6}{8}$ time would be the height of the ridiculous. A friend tells us that the only time he ever had to do either at High Mass was during the performance of that part of the score called "*point d'orgue.*" Is it any wonder that music for the church is a failure, and that plain chant still holds its own?

*Secondly.* The melody of modern music is essentially mechanical. Formed as it has been upon improved instrumentation, it is neither more nor less than a musical performance. The melody is therefore the chief thing; the words and their expression are only secondary. From which, as a necessary result—if the music be worth listening to—the most accomplished vocalists that the pecuniary resources of the church can procure are called in to render the selections. Hence, also, the introduction of women into the choir, contrary to the laws and traditions of the church, the banishment of the chorus from the sanctuary, and the erection of the detestable Protestant singing-gallery over the doorway of the church. This latter flagrant innovation on the proper rubrical disposition of the choir has been lately specially condemned in the "Instructions" of the cardinal vicar at Rome. No one surely will have the hardihood to call modern music an "ecclesiastical song," as it should be called or it has no place in the church. It is the song of professional singers, distinctly a mechanical performance, and open, without the possibility of reform, to the most shocking abuses. What organist cannot recall instances in which the male and female singers carried on and perfected their courtship in the choir, and where in the same holy (?) place eating and drinking were indulged in during the sermon, and the daily newspapers read? The drinking of water or the chewing of tobacco—well, we would like to see the priest who has been able to banish either from his singing-gallery. These and other numerous irregularities we think ourselves fully justified in adducing as argument in this connection, simply *because they exist*, are *common*, *notorious*, and are a tolerated incumbrance with the mechanism; and, if effectually banished, would leave the said mechanism subject to no little friction and the production of tones of complaint which, whether they proceed from unoiled hinges or choirs, are not agreeable, considered as music.

Compare, again, the character and movement of those upon whom the ceremonies devolve. They are not at all mechanical, but strictly personal. In the first place, the actors are of a restricted class. They must be either men or boys. Women and girls are not permitted to celebrate or serve in any capacity at the sacred functions. The services of a graceful and intelligent acolyte are exceedingly pleasant and edifying to behold, but the stupidest and most awkward, blundering and unkempt boy would be preferable, and must be preferred, before any number of the brightest, most beautiful and quick-witted girls, because he alone possesses the one personal qualification requisite for that office—he is of the male sex. Intelligence, beauty, and graceful manners are not employed by the church for their own sake.

Again, the celebrant must be a priest, the deacon must have received deacon's orders, and all others who, although laymen, may,

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as acolytes and choristers, aid the consecrated personages in their duties, are invested with a quasi-ecclesiastical character while in office. No one should ever dream of engaging the services of Jews, Protestants, or infidels, or even of Catholics whose lives were notoriously bad, or who scandalously neglected receiving the sacraments, as our "gallery-choirs" are constituted in many a church in this country.

In the event of the priest not been able to sing, through any infirmity, no layman of the congregation could take his place, although he were the finest singer in the world, the very prince of *cæremoniarii*, and a greater saint than S. Peter himself.

From which considerations it will readily be seen how unsuited music is for the use of such persons acting in such a capacity.

Practically, music is the song of women. We shall show further on that it is essentially effeminate. There is music which men and boys can perform, it is true, but it is not the genuine article. The want of the female voice for the soprano is always felt; and in some countries where women are not yet admitted as church singers, and "church music" is highly prized, this want is supplied by *castrati*. It is not the song of ecclesiastics. That the use of it is *tolerated*, we know; that the singing of women and *castrati* in church is also tolerated, we know; but the "Instructions" (we guarantee that nineteen out of twenty would agree with us in saying that "Restrictions" would be their better title) of the cardinal vicar on "church music," referred to by the writer of the late articles on that subject in THE CATHOLIC WORLD, remind us of the probable "instructions" that would be given if the abuse of female acolytes were to creep in to any great extent. We would find, without doubt, prohibitions against the wearing of the hair in curls, or *frisée*, or *à la* Pompadour, short sleeves, low necks, and crinoline. They would be instructed also, without doubt, to wear a plain black cassock and linen surplice, be shod like men, and let not their courtesies savor of the *débût* of actresses upon the stage of a theatre. If these instructions would be faithfully observed *ex animo*, and boys were not extinct as a sex in the congregation, we do not think they would very long have any practical application.

Contrast now the character of plain chant with music as a suitable song for the duly-qualified church singers, from the priest down to the humblest cantor. That it is the only song fit for the consecrated priest needs no argument. Thank God, there is no "toleration" of "priests' music," "sacerdotal solos," "Prefaces," and "Pater Nosters," *à la* Mozart, Haydn, Cherubini, or Peters! It is distinguished especially by that gravity of movement, that *modestie ecclesiastique*, in its intonation, which becomes the sacerdotal character. Any other melody from the mouth of a priest at the altar would scandalize not only the least ones of the brethren of Christ, but the greatest also; and however terrible the "woe" our Lord would pronounce upon those who might scandalize the latter, we are not left in ignorance of what is reserved for those who fall under his judgment for scandalizing the former. Any one who has had the good fortune of assisting at a Mass chanted by a properly vested chorus, in strict Gregorian melody, with organ ac-

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companiment, if you will—that is, nothing more than an accompaniment, as the cardinal vicar desires—will assuredly bear testimony that it was not a musical performance—that is, a melodious concert performed for its own sake in any degree—but a religious performance, a chant of priests and the "likes of them," suggesting nothing of this world's vanities or luxury, and as unlike modern music and its mechanism as the melodious whisperings of an æolian harp are unlike a hand-organ with monkey *obbligato*.

What is, to say the least, astonishing, if not lamentable, is to see so many priests devoted with ardor to the study of music, and so many more sanctioning and furthering its inroads upon the domain which it behooves them to cultivate, whilst remaining wholly ignorant of the chant, and unable to intone the *Gloria in Excelsis* or to sing a Collect or Gospel without blundering at every inflection. We see no impropriety in pressing these facts home upon those who are bound by the laws of their profession to interest themselves in the claims which Gregorian chant makes upon them, in order that they may decently perform the sacred functions committed to their care—how sacred one single reflection will show. For what is the song of the priest? It is not a private performance of his own, but rather an inspired expression of the mind of the church, herself the divine voice of God. When she prays and sings, she prays a divine prayer, and sings a divine song. God prays and sings within the walls of the church, the New Jerusalem, which has come down like a bride out of heaven upon the earth. True, it is the priest who prays and sings; but let him not forget that there is a Voice of supplication which ascends to the throne of the Almighty and Eternal Majesty that is not his, and a song which sounds sweetly in the ears of the Divine Mercy, and celebrates the praises of the Most High, whose melody is not the inspiration of his soul.

The Divine, Incarnate Victim of Calvary is the Suppliant, and the Son of David and of Mary is the Singer. And we are told—do our senses not deceive us?—that his song is become extremely monotonous, and burdens the ear with a weight of sound not always tolerable! No, we will not allow in excuse that this sneer of disdain and expression of contempt is only for the chorus, and is not meant for the consecrated priest. There is a divine unity and faultless harmony in the "prayer" of Jesus Christ as the church utters it. It is the seamless garment which clothes his mystic body; who shall dare to rend it?

What master-mind conceived and executed the magnificent and inimitable spectacle which that prayer presents in a solemn Mass and Vespers to the minds and hearts of devout worshippers? What cunning artificer devised the harmony of a composition so complete? Who breathed into all those prayers and anthems, hymns and psalms, Epistles and Gospels from Holy Writ, that spirit of devotion and piety, and informed them with those lessons of the purest morality and professions of the universal faith of Christendom? What more than angelic Artist knew how to dye the martyr's chasuble in blood, and transfer the spotless purity of the lily to the stole of the confessor and the virgin; to weave the robes of penance with the vio-

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let's mournful hue, and paint the verdure of the grass upon the ferial vesture? Who is that heavenly Musician whose soul gave birth to that sweet, intellectual, majestic melody espoused so happily to those chosen words of devout contemplation, of lofty praise, of innocent joy, of dolorous compassion, and of sanctified sorrow? We must look to other sources than mere human science or artistic skill for a solution of these questions. The mind and hand of a *divine* Artist must be in that work whose unity and harmony the hand of man will not sooner or later disfigure, mutilate, reject, or destroy. That artist is the Holy Ghost, who is the Lord and Life-giver of the church, in whom the mystic life of Jesus Christ is perpetuated by the like ineffable overshadowing which wrought his conception in the womb of the Immaculate Virgin—that Spirit of wisdom, from whom come all those inspirations of genius whose matchless productions and marvellous power are the wonder of the world, the envy of the flesh, and the hate of the devil.

But, no; we must believe that the divine Artist has failed, "confessedly" failed, in this one of his masterpieces. Its noblest, highest purpose found no adequate expression. Jesus Christ has been unable to manifest the joy and triumph of his Sacred Heart, the sublimest purpose of his eucharistic life, and his song is fit only to be chanted as a wail over the dead or as groans of penance in sackcloth and ashes!

Do you believe it? We don't.

TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH.

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## A VISION.

A VISION of our Mary, heavenly Queen,
Appeared to me in silence of the night.
Around her flowed a stream of golden light
In which she stood with sweet, celestial mien
And beauty but before by angels seen.
With rapture I beheld the blessèd sight,
That beamed upon me ravishingly bright;
And while entranced, methought her eyes serene
Did rest upon me, and a holy spell
My being thrilled with ecstasy unknown;
But darkness soon upon my senses fell,
Though not before the bliss and joy were shown
That those enjoy who with her ever dwell
In life eternal round the holy throne.

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# ON THE WING.

## A SOUTHERN FLIGHT.

CONCLUDED.

### VII.

"I WISH you and Mary would go down to the Vernons, Jane," said Frank, coming into our room one morning about three weeks after my engagement with Don Emidio. "I did not see Ida; but Elizabeth tells me she is not well, and I believe it all arises from the annoyances to which they have been exposed through the conduct of the Casinelli. It has grown into a complete persecution, for people never forgive those they have injured."

"What are they doing now to vex Ida?" asked Mary.

"I do not understand all the *pros* and *cons* of the matter; but I found Elizabeth rather anxious about Ida, and she could not leave her to walk with me, as she had promised last night."

That, of course, was a very serious affair, and one which demanded immediate rectification, at least in Frank's opinion—as any similar event would have done in the estimation of the other gentleman who so often formed one of our small circle; for I had long since found out that I was not to be allowed the privilege of a headache, or any other excuse for solitude, without a rigorous investigation of the merits of the case being set on foot by Don Emidio.

Of course Mary and I lost no time in going to Villa Casinelli. We took the path that had been cleared through the vineyard, on purpose to save Mary the fatigue of the longer way by the road. The *vigneroli* had taken great pains to make this little approach for the "padre's friends," as we were always called; and they had thrown a plank with a fragile hand-rail across the little, rocky stream where they washed the clothes, and which stream formed the boundary between the property of the Casinelli and that of their neighbors. For a short walk it was nevertheless rather a fatiguing one; for it was up and down all the way, and included one or two short flights of stone steps.

In the early spring the yellow oxalis had covered the ground like a carpet embroidered in gold and green. Now the beans had taken the place of the gayer blossoms, and filled the air with their sweet perfume.

The donkey that took the cart full of clean linen twice a week to Naples had his *al fresco* stable beneath the shade of a venerable fig-tree close by—a blessing promised to his betters in Biblical times, and one which I am sure he too merited in his degree, and I have no doubt considered the fig-tree as his own. Being noisy and loquacious, like all other two or four legged creatures in Naples, he always greeted us with a loud bray when we passed by.

I do not believe any donkey was

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ever so fond of expressing his opinions as that particular animal. I had for some time tried to discover whether his utterances predicted rain, according to the general belief that asses bray when it is going to be wet. But not a cloud could be seen, and no rain fell for weeks; and certainly this particular ass was by no means barometrical in his utterances.

I sometimes had my fears that, as formerly it had been Paolino's duty to feed the poor beast, and that now the lad was in our service, perhaps the fodder was sometimes forgotten by his young master's younger sisters, and that the loud, inharmonious greeting he gave us was meant as a perpetual protest against the injustice of which we were indirectly the cause.

We found Ida suffering from nervous reaction occasioned by the effort to appear cheerful and composed under the various annoyances, and by the feeling that a good work had been put an end to by the malice of designing people. In addition to which, her mother was exposed to a variety of irritating insults which it was hard for her daughters to bear in patience. Mrs. Vernon was exceedingly fond of flowers, and thoroughly understood the cultivation of a garden. She had taken great pains with the very small enclosure which was allotted to their apartment, and from it the altar and their own rooms had been supplied in abundance. But now, no matter how early in the morning she visited her garden, the Casinelli's gardener had always the advantage of her, and had picked not only the best flowers, but even the strawberries, which she had been watching with the kind intention of giving them to us. He plainly told her one day, when he met her as he came out of her garden with a basketful of her flowers on his arm, that he had gathered them by his mistress' special desire. These things were trifles in themselves; but they were a severe trial when they came to be repeated day by day, in one form or another of petty insult and daring impertinence, and generally directed either against Padre Cataldo, who could not revenge his own cause, or against an aged lady in the enjoyment of her few pleasures, or, lastly, in attacking the moral character of the servants, and trying to spread about unfounded accusations. Ida's strong sense of justice, which amounted to a passion, and which made it intolerable to her to see the weak "put upon," had worked her up into a state of nerves injurious to her health. Mary and I spent the day with the Vernons, trying to divert their thoughts, and preaching that patience which we were far from feeling ourselves.

About the time that these troublesome events were occurring we made an excursion to the Carthusian church and monastery of San Martino, which stands on the same summit as the Castle of St. Elmo, a little in front of it, and facing the bay. It commands a glorious view of the city and all the surrounding country; and the delight of visiting so beautiful a place tempered my indignation at the robbery of the government in depriving the monks of their home. Few things of the kind can be more beautiful than the church, where formerly no woman entered. The walls, floor, and roof are entirely composed of marbles of many colors. The altar-rails, or rather the low screen which cuts off the sanctuary—for rails there are none—is sculptured *à jour* in white marble, and looks

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like some exquisite lace-work. The choir behind the altar has also a marble screen of the same wonderful open work. There are pictures by Spagnoletto of Moses and Elias and the prophets. Nothing could be more appropriate to the austere life of a Carthusian monk than that the chapel of his monastery should be decorated by such an artist as Spagnoletto. Nor is the choice of subjects less appropriate. Strength and depth of coloring; the expression of masculine force in all the forms; bold outlines, deep shadows, and strong lights, seem all in harmony with the condition of mind likely to be eliminated by a life of silence and real, though not apparent, solitude; for the monks, though many, dwelt alone in separate cells. It was a life which called to mind the stern grandeur of Old Testament prophecies and the ascetic life of the Old Testament prophets; while the richness of the decoration; the elaborate carving—not in a friable material, such as wood, but in enduring marble; the extraordinarily lavish use of precious stones; the minuteness of detail, combined with the unity of plan, are just the characteristics that we should expect to grow out of the leisure of perpetual silence, and the digging deep down into the mines of thought consequent on all but unbroken solitude. It was impossible not to be struck with the whole as the outward growth of the peculiar inner life of the remarkable order to which it had once belonged; and one marvels to find that the extraordinary degree and nature of the beauty it possesses had not addressed itself to the common sense of even a godless government as a plea for its continued existence in the hands of those for whom it had been reared. It should also be remembered that connected with this life of leisurely meditation there were great opportunities for deep and continued study; for the Carthusians are a learned order.

I may perhaps be fanciful in thus tracing the character of the edifice to the tendencies of the order, for it must be owned that the present building dates no further back than the middle of the XVIIth century, and that S. Bruno, the founder of the order, probably never foresaw so magnificent an abode for his silent disciples. But those who have observed how, unless thwarted by unfavorable circumstances, every religious order in the church stamps its character upon all that pertains to it, will feel that there must have existed a synthesis between the inhabitants of San Martino and the place itself, and that the white-robed Carthusians were in the very home which was specially appropriate to them, and in all ways suited their devotional and intellectual tendencies. And in proof of the above reflections it is well to remark that the beautiful pavement of the church was designed by a Carthusian. We had of course been acquainted with many of the valuable paintings in the monastery, so far as engravings could make us so, and thus we hailed the Deposition from the Cross, by Spagnoletto, which is in the sacristy, as an old friend, also the Baptism of our Lord, by Carlo Maratta, and many of Vaccaro's and Cesari's paintings. The sacristy and the chapter-house are equally full of valuable pictures. It is impossible to exaggerate what must ever be the refining and elevating influence of such treasures of art, and such harmony and beauty, combined with a religious vocation of the highest order,

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heightened by the practice of silence and fostered by solitude.

The cloister breathes the very spirit of peace. The white-marble Doric columns gleam in the sunshine, and cut the tessellated pavement with the black shadows of their shafts, carrying them up the white wall with the arches of intense light between. I can imagine the monks learning to know the exact hour of the day by the fall of those shadows without needing to consult the old clock, also with a glaring white face, which is just below the little belfry with its two bells, one large, one small, that the deep-toned toll of one or the sharp, quick tinkle of the other might denote the various offices and duties to which they summoned the inmates. The cloister court is laid out with formal box-hedges enclosing little plots of garden ground, and one garden more precious than the others, *Gottesacker*,* where are sown the mortal remains of the departed brethren, awaiting in the midst of their survivors and successors the day-dawn of immortality. There is an iron cross in the centre on a twisted white-marble pilaster. And the oblong square of this interesting cemetery is surrounded by a white-marble balustrade, with skulls carved at intervals. In the centre of the court is a marble well of singularly graceful proportions. Around it is a pavement of bricks symmetrically arranged, but now with the blades of grass and tiny weeds intruding their innocent familiarity where they have no right. Statues of saints, vases and balls alternating, run along the entablature of the cloister. We longed for a vision of the old, white-robed inhabitants of this white marble dwelling; and for once I felt not the lack of color, but, on the contrary, perceived a harmony in the white and subdued gray tints, relieved only by the blue sky and green grass. But when we looked out from the *loggia* on the wide view beneath us, it was not color that was wanting. There lay Naples, with its motley buildings, backed by purple Vesuvius, and the rose-colored cliffs of Sorrento beyond. Nature had used all the pigments of her pallet when she painted that lovely scene.

We paid another visit to a suppressed monastery — that of the Camaldoli—before leaving Naples. There is nothing very remarkable in the building itself or in the chapel. But the view is at once one of the most beautiful and the most singular I have ever beheld. We had above an hour's ride on donkey-back to get there; the carriage taking us no further than the picturesque village of Antignano. The lane up which we wound amid young chestnut-trees, the remains of what was once a magnificent forest, was at that time in all the verdant beauty of early spring. It was a glorious day, and I ought to have enjoyed the ride. But, in the first place, I have a feeling amounting to animosity against a donkey the moment I have the misfortune to find myself on his back. I rather like him than otherwise when cropping thistles by the roadside or in a huckster's cart. I appreciate his patient nature and long-enduring powers when they are unconnected with myself. But from the moment I find myself condemned to be carried by him—that I feel his horrid little jogging pace under me, and his utterly insensible mouth within the influence, or I should rather say *not*

* The Germans call a graveyard God's acre.



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within the influence, of my reins—a feeling of antipathy to the beast seizes me, and is rendered all the more painful to me that his resignation and the long history of his habitual ill-usage fill me with an emotion of compassion painfully at variance with my intense dislike of him in the character of a steed.

I do not think I ever suffered more in this way than during our ride to the Camaldoli. I was escorted by a half-drunken donkey-boy, of the most brutal disposition towards the unfortunate animal, whom I at once hated and pitied. I was furious at the way he behaved to my donkey; while he, not supposing I knew enough Italian to understand his abominable *patois*, kept turning all my complaints and reproaches into ridicule to the other donkey men or boys accompanying him. I would gladly have taken the stick out of his hands with which he belabored my poor donkey. Indeed, at last I succeeded in doing so; but nothing short of having Emidio with me to apply the stick to the boy instead of the other animal would have sufficed to soothe my irritation. Unfortunately, my future protector, who I felt certain would punch any head I might wish submitted to that process, had been called away to Rome on business.

The lane was very narrow, and, even had it been as wide as Piccadilly or Broad Street, no doubt our donkeys would equally have considered themselves bound to go in single file. Consequently we were not always within reach of each other for any mutual assistance; and Frank, whom I longed to call to my aid, was altogether absorbed in taking care of Mrs. Vernon, to whom this donkey-climbing of a steep mountain-path amounted to a perilous adventure.

Not many days after, we heard that two or three foreign gentlemen, making the same ascent as ourselves, had been attacked and robbed by these most obnoxious donkey-men. I am afraid the observance of law and the moral condition generally of little, out-of-the-way villages like Antignano, in the vicinity of Naples, is as bad as it well can be at the present time.

When we reached the summit, on which stands the monastery, we went at once to the ridge of the hill to see the view; and I have seldom been more struck by anything of the kind. Naples lay before us, about fifteen hundred feet below; but what was so unexpected was the aspect of Mount Vesuvius, right in front of us, and that of the Monte Somma and a series of other mountainous heights of volcanic origin; and far away to the Apennines, with the wide plains and cities lying in the bright sunshine, Caserta, Capua, and all the Campania Felix. On the spot where we stood a line straight from the eye would have hit about one-third of the height of Mount Vesuvius. To the right we could see all the range of mountains to Salerno and Amalfi. On the other side were Pozzuoli, Nisita, Ischia, and Baiæ. I will not multiply names, nor will I heap up epithets in the attempt to describe what words cannot tell. In short, I forgot all I had said in favor of the position formerly occupied by the Carthusians at San Martino in my enthusiasm for the superior view once enjoyed by the Camaldoli; and had the question been open to me, I believe my vocation to the latter order would have been decided on the spot.

My donkey-boy had sobered down

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by the time I had again to trust myself and my steed to his tender mercies, and nothing occurred to mar the enjoyment of our long but interesting excursion. It must, however, have been a far more beautiful place before the present government of Italy, by permitting the wholesale destruction of the magnificent trees which formerly clothed the mountain's sides, had done so much to impair the climate as well as to destroy the beauty of the country. It is a fact in natural history that trees emit warmth in winter as they produce coolness in summer; and consequently that in a latitude like that of Italy they are specially beneficial, as tending to equalize the temperature. It is notorious that the climate of Italy has become hotter in the summer, while it is colder in the winter than was the case formerly. The country has also been subject to terrible ravages from mountain torrents, the downward course of which was formerly intercepted by the grand old trees of immense forests. Their impetuosity was broken and their waters partially absorbed. Now they tear down the barren sides of the mountains unchecked, and devastate the plains below, to the ruin of the crops and consequent impoverishment of the country. It is the short-sighted custom of the government to let whole tracts of mountainous forest-lands, leaving the lessee the liberty of cutting down as it may seem good to him; and generally he is a greedy man, in a hurry to make a fortune before the present *régime* shall have come to an end, as it must do some day.

I must not leave my readers to suppose that all our excursions and daily drives were on the grandly æsthetic plan of those I have described. We were not always mythological, classical, or even early-Christian in our researches, our walks or drives. We went shopping about the streets of Naples in a thoroughly womanly fashion, and condescended to red and pink coral, amber and tortoise-shell ornaments, with a full appreciation of their prettiness. The bracelets, earrings, and brooches made out of lava never appeared to me otherwise than as remains of barbarism. Much of the coral-work, though very ingenious, is also in bad taste. But a string of pink coral beads is always a beautiful ornament, and also always an expensive one. Amber abounds, not of course as a native product, but imported from the East. The tortoise-shell is very delicately carved, and inlaid with gold, and some of it is extremely pretty. There is also a great deal of alabaster-work in figures and vases, white and colored. Neither Mary nor I could bear it, though we did our best to try and be tempted by a shop in the Toledo * which was filled with it. It is always connected in my mind with shell ornaments and wool mats. They are things that generally seem to go together, and equally impress me with their uselessness and ugliness. I must include in my list of horrors the lava and even the terra-cotta figures of *lazzaroni* and Neapolitan peasants. Mary was rather disappointed at not finding shops of old furniture and *rococo*. She had collected a variety of pretty and even valuable objects when she was here many years ago; but now she was told by the Neapolitans that the English and Americans had bought up all there was to be had of that nature. No doubt, however, we might still have found treasures

* A street of that name.

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had we known where to look for them. But the days are over when bargains could be picked up in Continental towns. All those things have now a real marketable value, and no venders are ignorant of what that value is. Of course there are occasional exceptions.

We went once to a flower-show held in the Villa Reale, the beautiful public promenade which runs by the sea-shore and the Chiaia. I believe it was the first of the kind which had been attempted, and as such was worthy of all praise. But, apart from that consideration, it was inferior to most of the numerous flower-shows held in the rural districts of England. We often drove up and down the Chiaia, which is the name of the fashionable street of Naples, and along which there is a tan road for the sake of horsemen, who ride backwards and forwards at a furious rate. It is neither very long nor very broad; but the gentlemen who frequent it are evidently greatly impressed with their manly bearing and distinguished horsemanship. For my own part, I prefer a Neapolitan on the driving-box to one in the saddle. They are excellent coachmen and but indifferent horsemen, as all men must be who are deficient in phlegm and in external calm. The horse is a dignified animal, and demands corresponding dignity in his rider. We used often to stop at the *caffe* in the Via Reale, and refresh ourselves with "granite"—that is, a glass of snow sweetened, and with the juice of fresh lemons squeezed into it.

As a rule, I cannot say that the shops in Naples are particularly good, and certainly they are very dear. The same may be said of provisions. And as the taxes are every year on the increase, this misfortune is not likely to be remedied. I frequently used to walk through the generally narrow and always crowded streets of Naples accompanied by Frank, and as often Emidio, who had arranged some point of meeting with my brother, would come down from the heights of Capo di Monte, where his lovely villa stood, and join us in our saunter through the busy city. I have seen him stop where a piece of rope was hung near a tobacconist's shop-door, or at the corner of the street, and light his cigar from the smouldering end which had been set fire to for that purpose. I have never seen a burning rope in the streets in England or in France for the accommodation of smokers.

We visited most of the churches, but they were as nothing to me after the churches in Rome. The flower-boys soon got to know us as we walked and drove about, and the most lovely roses and bunches of orange-blossoms would be pressed upon us for a few pence. The boys would sometimes cling to the carriage-door with one hand, while the horses were going fast, imploring us to buy the bouquets they held in the other, till I used to think they must fall and be run over. But they are so lithe and supple, and they seemed to bound about so much as if they were made of india-rubber, that at last I got hardened, and would stand to my bargain half-way down a street without any apprehension for the safety of my dark-eyed, jabbering flower-boys. They generally addressed us in a jargon of Italian, French, and English, and as generally sold their flowers for half the price first named.

I greatly enjoyed the freedom and absence of restraint in these our rambles; for, having my brother with me, I was not afraid of

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gratifying my curiosity about the manners and customs of the humbler classes. I frequently stood by the fountains in the streets, where the women washed the linen, and entered into conversation with them; or I would buy *fritture* of various kinds (which is, in fact, fried batter, sometimes sweet, sometimes savory). I did not find it always to my taste, because it was made with rancid olive-oil quite as often as with fat. But the piles of light-brown fritters lying on the little tables in the open streets, or being tossed about, smoking hot, in iron pans, had a very inviting appearance. Then I would get Frank to let me have a glass of lemonade from the pretty little booths that are so numerous for the sale of that delightful beverage, with festoons of fresh lemons hanging from the gayly-painted poles. I delighted all the more in my freedom that I knew, when I should be Emidio's wife, and drive about Naples as the Contessa Gandolfi, I could no longer expect to enjoy these privileges. I said so one day to Emidio, when I was taking my second glass of lemonade in a peculiarly dingy and out-of-the-way street in Naples. He laughed at the assertion, though he did not for a moment attempt to deny it; and meanwhile he enjoyed as much as I did the absence of all form and ceremony, which as foreigners we could allow ourselves. It was then that jestingly he asked me whether it should be put in my marriage-settlements that he was to take me, at least once, to the Festa di Monte Vergine. I could not understand what he could possibly mean, until he explained that so much is thought of this feast by the Neapolitan peasantry that if a girl has a good *dot*, it is generally inserted in the marriage-deeds that her husband is bound to give her this gratification. The feast takes place on Whit-Monday, and Emidio assured me that my marriage-portion was enough to entitle me to more than one excursion to the sanctuary of the Madonna, if such was my desire. It is held at Monte Vergine, near Avellino; and as we had not been able to attend it during our stay at Posilippo, I declared that I should expect to be taken some day, though I declined to puzzle our family lawyer by the introduction of so strange an article in my marriage-settlements.

We had reserved Pompeii for the close of our stay at Naples, because from thence we meant to go on to Sorrento. We entered Pompeii by the "Sea Gate," having left our travelling-bags and shawls at the little hotel Diomède—such a grand name for such a mean, vulgar little place! How full of flies it was! How bad was the food! How miserable the accommodations, with advertisements of Bass' pale ale adorning the walls! Nothing, however, of the kind could diminish the interest with which we were about to enter the dead city of the dead. Mary remembered having come to this same little public-house five-and-twenty years before. It has been added to since then. At that time it afforded very little refreshment for either man or beast. She had taken some tea with her, and they accommodated her with hot water. Milk was not to be had, so she floated a slice of lemon in the tea-cup, after the Russian fashion. And all the time a handsome youth, indifferently clad, and with the red Phrygian cap covering his crisp black curls, sang a native song to the accompaniment of a small guitar, and danced the while. The cotton-plants were ready to give up

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their bursting pods of snow-white fluff in the fields around, and the heat was extreme. The scene had been much less invaded in those days by ordinary sight-seers; but also, it must be owned, there was less to see, as many of the most important excavations have been made since that date. As the heat was very great, and as, even without seeing anything like all that is worth seeing, we could not possibly devote less than two or three hours to walking in those shadeless streets, it was decided Mary and I should be carried by the guides in open sedan-chairs. The guides are appointed by government, and are thoroughly well informed on the subject, and are able to answer most questions.

We first visited the Forum. It is, even in its utter ruin, very imposing, for it stands on rising ground, and all the principal streets lead to it. Several Doric columns, arches or gateways, and the pedestals which formerly supported statues, remain. The Temple of Venus is close to the Forum; the entrance steps are intact, and the altar stands in front of them. Words fail me to express the intense melancholy of the scene, as we wandered from Temple to Baths, and from house to house, down the narrow streets—for all the streets are narrow—whose flag-stones are dented by the wheels of the chariots, and have a raised path for foot-passengers, so high that there are stones placed at intervals to enable one to step across the road, with a space left for the wheels of the chariot to pass between. This was to keep the passengers from having to step into the water which in rainy weather must have poured down these gutterless streets. From the houses being now all reduced to the ground floor, with the exception of a few in which the stairs leading to the first story and some portions of the wall remain, it cannot be said that any of the streets produce at all an imposing effect. Perhaps the absence of this, except in the ruins of the temples and public buildings, rather adds to the pathetic sadness of the scene, by bringing all the more vividly before us the fact of the utter and sudden destruction which swept away a vast city of crowded human beings, leading the daily life of all of us, in a few short hours! We saw the casts of several dead bodies that had been found—one, of a man making his escape with a sack of money; another, of a matron with her young daughter. What masses of hair, what round and slender limbs, what beautiful teeth! It is ghastly, and yet fascinating; for it seems to bridge over so wide a gulf of time, and by one touch of nature makes us akin to the ancient dead. I felt this specially as we went down the "Street of Abundance," as it was named—mere dwelling-houses and shops on either side; a long, ordinary street, where men came and went in their round of everyday life, buying and selling and paying visits. The green lizards ran over the whitened walls and the small, brown-red bricks. The sun poured down his relentless rays from a perfectly cloudless sky. Except ourselves and the guides, no footsteps were heard, no sound broke the death-like silence. And at the far end of the "Street of Abundance," just beyond the limits of the doomed city, a solitary pine-tree, looking like a black spot in the white shimmer of the mid-day heat, alone indicated a world of nature and of life and growth beyond. Here is an oil-shop, full of

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the beautifully-shaped, huge jars in which the oil was kept. There, on that slab of marble, are the stains of wine. You see the oven, with what once was soft white bread—the real bread; and you feel that it might have happened a few years ago, and that somewhere or other, perhaps even at Naples, it might happen again to-morrow. And two thoughts rush in upon us, one full of yearning pity, and one of awful inquiry—they were our brethren, and where are they now?

The first eruption of Mount Vesuvius occurred in the reign of the Emperor Titus, A.D. 79. Pompeii, Herculaneum, and even Naples itself, had suffered before them from earthquakes, and a portion of the two first-named towns had been laid low. But nothing had ever happened to prepare the inhabitants for the terrible calamity which was about to befall them, when, in their villa at Misenum, the younger Pliny's mother called the attention of Pliny the elder to the cloud, in the form of a pine-tree, which she saw rising up into the heavens. When she did so, she did not even know that it was from Vesuvius that the cloud ascended. Pliny the elder invited his nephew, then only eighteen, to accompany him in his galley to Retinæ, a town on the coast, whither he intended to go, with the idea that the people might be in distress. But so little was any one prepared for what was really about to occur that young Pliny did not even lay aside his volume of *Livy* which he was reading; while his uncle took his tablets in his hand, that he might note down the curious phenomena he was about to investigate, and left the house to go on board. It was with great difficulty and at immense risk that he effected a landing and made his way to Stabiæ, near Pompeii, where dwelt his friend Pomponianus. In attempting to escape from thence in the night, he was suffocated by the noxious vapors that accompanied the eruption. It would seem that young Pliny continued his study for some hours, never realizing what an awful tragedy was going on beyond the Bay of Naples. There had been shocks of earthquake for some days previous, but these were not unusual occurrences, and therefore excited but little alarm, until they became so violent as to threaten utter destruction through the night. He seems to have been seriously frightened about the same time as his mother; for each had risen with the intention of calling the other. By this time the air was black with falling ashes, and the morning light could scarcely penetrate the gloom. Pliny would not leave his mother, while she, being aged and very heavy, feared she should not be able to follow him, and implored him to go away without her, which he would not do. They escaped together into the country, in danger of being trodden down by the crowds of flying people, and of being smothered by the falling ashes. The day was spent in agony and terror, and all but total darkness. But that night they were able to return to Misenum, though not to enjoy much repose, as the shocks of earthquake still continued. Then the young Pliny learnt that his uncle, whom he had, happily for himself, declined to accompany, had perished. This eruption did not resemble the more recent ones, inasmuch as no lava poured from the mountain, but burning stones of enormous size, and ashes, together with volumes of steam, which

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poured down in torrents of water, filled with ashes, upon the earth beneath. The shape of the mountain was altered entirely by this eruption, as it has been in a much less degree by that which occurred in April, 1872, and which our friends, the Vernons, had witnessed. The Neapolitans firmly believe that their city will ultimately perish as Pompeii has perished; and probably science is still unable to prognosticate whether the awful mountain has or has not too far exhausted its volcanic powers to produce a second destruction as terrible as that which Pliny has described with such accurate detail, and yet in so calm and unimpassioned a style.

Sensational writing is a discovery of modern times. We exhaust our subject in describing it diffusely and minutely. But nevertheless the scene Pliny's letters call up before our imagination—the young lad poring over his book in company with his devoted mother, and the brave and learned elder Pliny calmly setting sail, tablets in hand, to study the scene, and to assist those in danger, and then perishing in the attempt—is as replete with pathos and human feeling as language can make it. It is full of a language not put into words.

On the afternoon of the day we visited Pompeii we drove to Sorrento, and took up our abode at a quiet little *pension* recently established, and literally hidden amongst orange-groves. There was a small chapel close by. Our rooms were bright and clean, and the greater part of the time we had the house entirely to ourselves.

Let no one presume he knows the beauty of Italy who has not visited Sorrento. Can anything be more lovely than the approach to Vico, Meta, and Sant' Angelo, and the aspect of these little towns nestling amid gardens, with their feet in the blue ripples of that tideless sea?

The Sorrentines are a different race from the Neapolitans, and no love is lost between them. They are a more reserved and more dignified people. They make less noise, and are not so excitable. The land they live on is not volcanic, the vegetation is more luxuriant, and the people are more pastoral in their habits. The air is softer and less exciting than at Naples. Mary and I felt as if we had drifted into the land "where it is always afternoon," and a lotos-eating calm and serenity seemed to come over us—a pleasant change after the nervous tension which Naples produces, and which is singularly inimical to sleep.

Every description of food is better at Sorrento than it is at Naples. Sorrento beef is excellent, and Sorrento pigs have a world-wide reputation for making good pork, though they are ugly animals to look at, having large, flabby, white bodies on tall, thin, greyhound legs, and very large, pink ears. Naples seems never at any time to have been well famed for producing good food.

Nearly all Cicero's letters to Papirius Pætus contain allusions to eating and drinking, and in one he says: "It is a better thing, let me tell you, to be sick with good eating at Rome, than for want of victuals at Naples."

When he was thinking of buying Sylla's house at Naples, he asks Pætus to take some workmen to survey it for him, saying: "If the walls and roof are in good repair, I shall perfectly well approve of the rest." "If I can procure a house at Naples, it is my purpose to live so abstemiously that what our late sumptuary

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law allows for one day's expense shall suffice me ten." This last sentence, when coupled with that quoted from the other letter, looks rather like making a virtue of necessity. The marvel is that the Naples market is not more abundantly provided with Sorrento produce. The fruit is very good; and we all agreed we had never known the real merit of cherries until we had eaten them at Sorrento, and even better still at Capri. In our own land, in France, and even in cherry-loving Germany, I had always considered them as a very poor fruit, unless cooked or preserved. But I entertained a very different opinion of them when I had feasted on them in the South of Italy. They are as different as the fresh oranges, picked from the tree, are from those that have been plucked while green, and have ripened in a box during a long voyage.

I never cared for cherries in England. I used to believe in oranges as I found them in the fruiterers' shops. But now they appear to me a snare and a delusion when eaten in the north.

When we arrived at Sorrento, the Empress of Russia and her daughter, the grand duchess, were still there. We met them driving just as we entered the town, and of course looked eagerly at her who was so soon to become our own Duchess of Edinburgh, and were charmed with her amiable and youthful expression, and with the pretty smile with which she returned our bow. They were to leave Sorrento in a very few days. The yacht was already moored close to the cliffs, awaiting them. The empress shed tears, as the people crowded round to see her embark and wished her farewell in their own graceful way and soft language. She said she had grown to love Sorrento and its inhabitants more than she could express, and that she should always hope some day to return amongst them.

The house in which Tasso was born is now converted into a hotel, much to the detriment of all poetic sentiment.

Nothing can be more lovely than the neighborhood of Sorrento, though a great deal is unapproachable, except on horseback, donkeys, or mules; and much more is equally so for all but very vigorous pedestrians. We went more than once to the small, picturesque town of Massa, at the extreme point of the Peninsula. We visited Il Deserto, the name given to a Franciscan monastery situated on the top of a somewhat barren hill, and which commands a magnificent view. We found only a few lay brothers at home, and about half a dozen orphan boys, who were there by way of learning the art of agriculture. The land around the monastery was mostly barren, and to the left was covered with brushwood. No agriculture was there, at any rate. There was a large garden enclosed within walls; and as the small agriculturals were in it, I hoped to see some evidence of their labors. I am bound, however, to speak the truth, much as it tells against the expectations of Sorrento with regard to the future tillers of the soil, as also, which is worse, against the efficiency of the Franciscan instructors in this particular case. The garden was quite full of weeds. I scarcely saw a vegetable or plant of any kind likely to prove edible to anybody except our donkeys; but for them there was hope, as thistles abounded. The juvenile agriculturists were by no means

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usefully engaged, but were listlessly roving about, doing nothing in particular. They looked bored; and I could not wonder at it. Certainly, the orphans learned no agriculture, and I doubt if either the fathers or lay brothers can teach it. It is to be hoped that at least they learn something else.

One bright morning we resolved on a trip to Capri. We chartered a boat, a man, and two boys, the party consisting of Ida and Elizabeth Vernon, Mary, and me. The wind was not altogether in our favor, and our three sailors had hard work to row us. Nothing can well be more beautiful than the line of coast, with picturesque ruins, deep sea-caves, varied rocks, and green slopes down to the water's edge. We had resolved to spend one night at Capri, and intended visiting the Blue Grotto the next day. But the wind was blowing fresh, and it seemed but too probable that, if we did not accomplish our visit at once, we might miss it altogether. Our boatmen made no objection to this addition to our original bargain, and we soon found ourselves rowing up to an entrance into the rock that did not present a different appearance to many other such small, slit-like fissures and holes, some of which had been pointed out to us as the sirens' caves. We found two boats moored to the rock; one was empty, and in the other was a lad.

We were given to understand that only two of us at a time could enter the mysterious cave, and that our boat was a great deal too large to pass through that low, dark hole in the rock which the restless blue sea was lapping incessantly with a rapidity of motion that seemed to be momentarily on the increase. We were moreover told that *il vecchio* * was inside—a piece of information which, conveying no express ideas to my mind, awoke a vague apprehension that perhaps I might have touched on the abode of the Old Man of the Sea—a prospect not altogether desirable. There was a great question who was to enter the little boat and first encounter the passage and the old man. Ida and Elizabeth refused to be separated, and Mary, with an exclamation—something about being responsible to their mother for their safety—saw them embark with a pang. In an instant, obedient to the sailor lad's injunctions, they both disappeared, lying flat down at the bottom of the boat. The sailor gave one vigorous stroke of his oar, ducked down himself, and the boat was sucked into the awful cavern between the heaving sea and the low arch. Mary and I sat silent. Of course we knew there was no danger. It was what everybody did, and there could be nothing to apprehend; nevertheless, I am free to acknowledge that those twenty minutes, during which we were as much shut out from all sight and sound of them as if they were gone to the bottom, while the treacherous waves slapped and lapped the rock like some hungry live thing, and in so doing almost closed the orifice through which the boat had disappeared, were not by any means minutes of absolute serenity to our nerves. Presently, however, the prow of the little boat reappeared, and in a second up jumped Ida and Elizabeth like Jack in the box.

"Well!" we both exclaimed.

"Oh! it is beautiful. Make haste!"

* The old man.

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"And the old man?" said I dubiously.

"Oh! yes, he is there," was the only reply, and no more satisfactory than my previous information.

Of course Mary and I, on getting into the boat, made ourselves as flat as we could at the bottom of it; and suddenly a heaving of the sea shot us into the grotto. Instantly I forgot the old man and everything else in the marvellous beauty of the scene around me. The sides of the cave, one or two large shelving rocks, and the roof were perfectly blue. The very air seemed blue. The water itself was ultramarine. I dipped in my hand, and instantly it shone and flashed like brilliant silver. We approached one of the large rocks where there is a landing-place. On it I beheld some strange, dark object. Suddenly the object leaped into the blue water, and was transfigured before my eyes into a huge silver frog, swimming about in all directions with a white head above the water. It was my much-dreaded old man; and certainly the result, in point of color and brilliancy, of the disporting of this venerable individual in the blue water, which converted him into sparkling silver, was very remarkable. But it is not often given, to female eyes at least, to behold a mortal swimming close to her, and to notice the peculiarly frog-like and ungraceful action which swimming necessitates, and which is heightened by the apparent foreshortening of the limbs from the refraction of the light in the water. It suddenly flashed upon me: was it thus that Hero saw Leander?—minus the silver of course. Poor Hero! The silver frog croaked an indescribable *patois*, calling our attention vociferously to his own extraordinary brilliancy. At length we entreated him to spare his aged limbs any more aquatic gymnastics, and to return to his rock; which he did, resuming his garments in some niche of a darker blue than the rest.

Meanwhile, our lad had rowed the boat close up to the other large rock on the opposite side of the grotto, telling us that he would gather some coral for us. It was getting dark, and, as we sat alone in the boat, we could neither see nor hear him. A deep-violet hue began to spread over the grotto and the water. Evening was drawing near, and I began to conjure our sole protector to leave his coral reefs and return to the boat. Then we ducked down once more, and, with the edge of the boat absolutely grating against the mouth of the cave, we emerged into the open sea and the fair white light of heaven.

It happened once upon a time that some one, perhaps an ordinary traveller, perhaps another professional and belated old man, went into the blue grotto alone, and stayed too long. The wind blew hard, and the sea rose. For three days no boat could pass through the closed mouth of the cave. Happily, his friends succeeded in floating in a loaf of bread, which he devoured on his solitary blue rock. I have often wished to know the history of those three days. Did the sirens come and sing to him? Did no mermaid bear him company, or was he left a prey to "the blue devils"?

We had a stiff breeze as we steered our course to the Marina Piccola, one of the only two landing-places of the Island of Capri. We determined, as we were to be there for so short a time, to sleep at the small inn close by, called the "Little Tiberius," and which we found

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comfortable, though very unassuming and not quite finished. We dined in the *loggia*, shaded by a vine, and they brought us cherries the size of plums that melted like a ripe peach, and beautiful oranges, gathered with the green leaves around them.

The only way to get about on the little Island of Capri is on donkeys or on foot. We chose the former, and directed our course to where stood the Palace of Tiberius. The village of Anacapri is very picturesque, with its narrow streets, sometimes raised a step or two, dark, wide doorways, and domed roofs. We went to the top of the precipitous rock called "Il salto di Tiberio," * which falls sheer and smooth down to the sea, without a break save a few tufts of wild flowers, and over which Tiberius is said to have flung his victims, whose bodies then floated away to the coast of Baiæ. When Augustus was dying, he said of his successor, "I pity the Romans. They are about to be ground between slow jaws." Never was the cruelty of a coward better expressed than by these words.

I suppose the only history that will ever be correctly written will be that which will date from the day of judgment—that day which alone will clear up the falsehoods, misapprehensions, and delusions with which all history abounds, and will leave probably only the devil as black as he is painted, while it will also prove that many of our angels are fallen ones. It is always difficult, perhaps impossible, to arrive at the secret motives of a man who is a coward, is reserved, has a certain superficial refinement of taste and intellect, and is cursed with absolute power. Tiberius appreciated the extraordinary beauty of his favorite Capri; and yet he dwelt there only to commit the most hideous crimes in secret, while discoursing on the subtleties of grammar and the beauty of art, and writing elegies and love songs. He seemed to have no human affection save for the low-born Sejanus, whom nevertheless years afterwards he accused to the Roman Senate in a pitiful, whining letter, and who was torn to pieces in consequence. He always hated those who in any way belonged to him, whether by a natural tie or by that of a supposed intimacy. He hated Rome; but even the terror and dread he had of it, giving way to the longing to know how far his bloody orders were being carried out, he approached the gates. That day his pet serpent, the friend of his bosom, was killed and eaten by a million of midges. "Multitudes are dangerous," remarked the sententious emperor, and back he went to the top of his solitary rock at Capri.

The same type of man returns from time to time upon the face of the earth to show us the deep hell within itself of which, alas! the human heart is capable. Robespierre was a man of affable manners, who loved flowers and kept canaries. He had delicate white hands and a simper for ever on his thin lips. In early life he wrote a pamphlet against capital punishment. When his turn came to die on the guillotine, he showed no fraction of the courage of the youngest and weakest of his many victims. He too was soft and cruel. There are many such, but happily the outward circumstances are wanting which would develop them into the monsters to which, as a race, they belong.

We spent only a few hours at Salerno, just time enough to visit

* Tiberius' leap.

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the tomb of the great Hildebrand, S. Gregory VII., the little man with a great soul, the spiritual Alexander of the church, who, as he said himself, "without being allowed the liberty of speech or deliberation, had been violently carried away and placed on the pontifical throne"; and through volumes of intimate and interesting letters relates his sorrows, his anxieties, and his efforts to the friend of his soul, Cardinal Didier, the Abbot of Monte-Casino. In the crypt we visited the altar and relics of S. Matthew. The same evening we drove along the coast to Amalfi. It was growing dark before we got there, and I think, though no one said a word about it till we were safe in the Hotel of the Capuchins, we were not altogether without some apprehension that the towering rocks, the dark caves, the mountain heights, and the thick woodlands which filled us with admiration, did not also suggest an unpleasant suspicion of possible banditti. But here I stop. If Amalfi is not seen, it may be painted; but it cannot be described in any words I know of which will tell its beauty. The world has many jewels from nature's casket, but few more lovely and in more gorgeous setting than the little mediæval town of Amalfi.

I am writing these pages in an English village. I see a low line of pale, misty hills to my left. A venerable church tower peeps from amid large elms and red brick cottage chimneys. In front of my trim garden is a green meadow. The white butterflies are coursing each other in the noontide warmth, and the village children have crowned themselves with tall paper caps, and are holding some jubilee of their own, the mysteries of which are undiscernable to older minds. The clematis which climbs my porch breathes soft, perfumed sighs at my open window. It is pretty, simple, homely. But between this and the dreamlike beauty of Amalfi there lies far more than the distance of many hundreds of miles. There lie the yearning of the soul for the best of God's beautiful creation—for the warmth of the sun, that natural god of life and gladness—the thirst of the artist's eye for color, and the poet's love of the language of song; there lie the Catholic's hunger for the land of faith and the longing for the regions of old memories and heroic sanctities.

Yes, I love my own pale land, with her brief, scarce summer smiles, her windy autumns, and her long, fireside, wintry evenings. But while I write it and feel it, there comes up before my mind the rose-tints and blue and silver sparkle, the golden rocks and emerald verdure, of the land with the "fatal gift of beauty," and I feel my heart sink as I recall Amalfi.

A few more days, and we had looked our last on Southern Italy. There were other reasons besides the thirst for sunshine and beauty why our leaving Naples should prove so sad. There was the close friendship with the Vernons and Padre Cataldo; and as regarded four hearts, there was something more, I suppose, than friendship.

On leaving Amalfi we only slept one night at Naples (for Posilippo we saw no more), and that was a dream-tost, tearful night. We would not suffer any of our friends to accompany us to the station. Public farewells would be unbearable.

The last thing I remember, as I drove through the hot, bright streets teeming with life, was two young girls with naked feet gayly

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dancing the tarantella on the burning pavement. Lightly, trippingly, daintily they danced—these two supple-limbed daughters of the sunny south. How joyous, how free from care, from afterthought or forethought, did they seem! A few figs (they were just ripe) in summer, a few chestnuts and some yellow bread of Indian corn, are all they need for food; and one scant frock, that hides neither arms nor ankles, is all that decency demands. The sun does the rest, pouring rich color into their veins, bright sparkles into their eyes. And so at mid-day shall they dance, on flags which would scorch my northern skin, singing the while to their own steps, unchallenged by police, unreproached by man, and know no harm, while we go back to our mists and showers amidst our "advanced civilization."

While writing this my eyes rest upon these lines: "Many take root in this soil, and find themselves unable to leave it again. A species of contemplative epicurism takes possession of them—a life freed from all vain desires and sterile agitation; an ideal existence which is shocked by no inconvenient reality. Others return to their hyperborean country, bringing with them a luminous remembrance to light up the gray twilight of their frozen sky for evermore; others still have quaffed the enchantress' charmed potion, and can no longer resist the gentle desires which draw them periodically back to her."

May I also be numbered with those who return to the southern shores of beautiful Italy!

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## THE THREE EDENS.

Bloom'd the first Eden not with man alone,
  But woman, equal woman, at his side.
  And seemly was it when, together tried,
They fell together—for the two were one.
On Calvary stood the Mother by the Son:
  New Eve with Second Adam crucified;
  And as through Eve in Adam we had died,
Through Mary was our loss in Christ undone.
Then how should not the Paradise regained
  Behold its Eve beside her Adam throned;
Both risen, both ascended—unprofaned
  Each virginal body, by the grave disowned?
Else had our foe his conquest half maintained,
  The primal ruin been but half atoned.

Lake George, Feast of the Assumption, 1874.

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## A DISCUSSION WITH AN INFIDEL.

### XIV.

#### THE SEAT OF THE SOUL.

*Büchner.* You will admit, I presume, that "the brain is not merely the organ of thought and of all the higher mental faculties, but also the sole and exclusive *seat of the soul.* Every thought is produced in the brain, every kind of feeling and sensation, exertion of the will, and voluntary motion, proceeds from it" (p. 141).

*Reader.* Not exactly "from it," but from the soul, as I have already established; though certainly the brain is instrumental in all vital operations. As to the brain being "the sole and exclusive" seat of the soul I think that physiologists do not agree, and that philosophers have something to object.

*Büchner.* It is now a recognized truth. "It took a long time before it was recognized, and it is even to this day difficult for those who are not physicians to convince themselves of its correctness" (*ibid.*)

*Reader.* It must be difficult indeed; for although we have reason to believe that the brain is, so to say, the central telegraphic office where every intelligence from the other parts of the body is received, yet it is but natural to suppose that there cannot be a central office if there are no other offices destined to correspond with it. On the other hand, philosophers teach that *the soul is the form of the body;* which implies that there are other parts of our body, besides the brain, where the soul must be present.

*Büchner.* "These philosophers are a singular people. They talk of the creation of the world as if they had been present on the occasion; they define the Absolute as if they had sat at its table for years; they babble about the nothing and the something, the ego and non-ego, the *per se* and *in se*, universals and particulars, perishability and absolute existence, the unknown $x$, etc., etc., with a confidence as if a celestial codex had given them exact information about all these ideas and things, and they plaster up the simplest notions with such a confused mass of high-sounding and learned but incomprehensible words and phrases as to turn the head of a rational man. But, in spite of all this, upon their metaphysical eminence they are not unfrequently so far off from any positive knowledge that they commit the most amusing blunders, especially in those cases in which philosophy and science meet, and when the latter threatens to destroy the results of metaphysical speculation. Thus almost all philosophical psychologists have struggled with rare energy against the theory of the seat of the soul in the brain, and continue in their opposition without taking the least notice of the progress of experimental science" (pp. 142, 143).

*Reader.* I am surprised, doctor, at your declamation against philosophers. You have no right to denounce them either in general or in particular. I admit that rationalistic philosophers richly deserve all the contempt you can heap upon

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them, but it is not fair in you to attack them; for they are better than you. To lay your own faults on the shoulders of your opponents is an old trick. The burglar calls his victim a thief; designing Freemasons always prate about Jesuitical machinations; and writers whose philosophical baggage is as light as their pretensions are high inveigh against those by whom they dread to be exposed, refuted, and supplanted. Such is the case with you. While pretending to describe others, you have made the portrait of yourself. It is certainly difficult to find another man in the world who babbles with as much confidence as you do about, or rather against, creation, the Absolute, and the unknown $x$, etc., etc. Yet your opponents are not infallible, nor do they pretend to be; but if they "commit the most amusing blunders," it is not owing to their "metaphysical eminence," as you suppose, but rather to their metaphysical incapacity. Science, you say, sometimes "threatens to destroy the results of metaphysical speculation"; but you should have added that metaphysical speculation oftentimes saves science from shipwreck; for empiricism without philosophy is a ship without a rudder.

You denounce your adversaries as men who do not take "the least notice of the progress of experimental science." This is a calumny. In fact, you yourself inform us that one of your adversaries is philosopher Fischer, a man who not only took notice of the progress of experimental science, but greatly contributed to such a progress by his own intelligent and indefatigable labors. You cannot therefore pretend that such a man lacked "positive knowledge." Now, he says: "That the soul is immanent in the whole nervous system is proved, as it feels, perceives, and acts in every part thereof. I do not feel pain in a central part of the brain, but in a particular spot and place."

*Büchner.* "And yet what Fischer denies is undoubtedly the fact. The nerves themselves do not perceive; they merely call forth sensations by conducting the impressions received to the brain. We do not feel pain in the place injured, but in the brain. If a nerve of sensation be divided in its course to the brain, all the parts which are supplied by it lose their sensibility, for no other reason than that the conducting of the impression to the brain is no longer possible. Every man who has no knowledge of physiological processes believes the feeling of hunger to be in the stomach. This is not so; the brain alone makes us conscious of the feeling. If the nerve uniting brain and stomach be divided, hunger is at an end, nor does it return. Neither does anger arise in the liver, or courage in the chest, but in the brain only" (pp. 143, 144). "Habit and external appearance have led to the false notion that we feel in places subjected to external irritation. Physiology calls this relation 'the law of eccentric phenomena.' According to it, we falsely attribute the feeling perceived in the brain to the place where the impression is made. . . . Persons who have lost their arms or legs by amputation often feel during their whole lives, in atmospheric changes, pains in limbs which they no longer possess. If all his limbs were removed, man would still feel them. From these facts it can scarcely be doubted that there must exist in the brain a topography by means of which the various sensations of the different parts of the body arise.

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Every part of the body which can be separately perceived must have a corresponding spot in the brain which in some degree represents it in the forum of consciousness" (pp. 144, 145).

*Reader.* This answer, doctor, is not altogether satisfactory. "The nerves," of course, "do not perceive." This I willingly admit; but neither does the brain perceive; for it is the soul that perceives. The nerves "merely call forth sensations by conducting the impressions received to the brain." This cannot be denied; but it does not prove the non-existence of the soul in the nervous system. Suppose that a pin or a thorn presses the finger; before the impression can be transmitted from the finger to the brain, its reception in the finger must give rise to a change of relation between the soul and the finger itself; which would be impossible, if the soul were not in the finger. For, if the soul is not in the finger, the impression made by the thorn will consist of a merely mechanical movement; and when this movement is communicated to the brain, what sensation can be called forth? A sensation of pain? No; for mere mechanical movement cannot produce a sense of pain, unless it is felt to disagree with the living organism. Now, the pricking is not felt to disagree with the brain, but with the finger. It is therefore in the finger and not in the brain that we feel the pain; which shows that the soul really is in the finger, and in every other part of the body in which we may experience any sensation.

Your reason for pretending that "we do not feel pain in the place injured, but in the brain," is quite unsatisfactory. It is true that if a nerve of sensation be divided in its course to the brain, all the parts which are supplied by it lose their sensibility"; but what of that? Those parts lose their sensibility because they lose their sensitiveness; that is, because the cutting of the nerve, by impairing the body, causes the soul to abandon the organic parts supplied by that nerve. You argue that, if the soul is not present in a given part of the body, when the nerve has been injured, the soul was not present in that same part before the nerve was injured. This inference is evidently wrong. The soul informs the organism, and any part of it, as long as the organs are suitably disposed for the vital operations, and abandons the organism, or any part of it, as soon as the organs have become unfit for the vital operations. Hence, as you cannot infer the non-existence of the soul in the brain of a living man from the non-existence of the same in the brain of a corpse, so you cannot infer its non-existence in a part of the body before the cutting of the nerve from its non-existence in the same part after the nerve has been cut.

The feeling of hunger, you say, is not in the stomach, because "if the nerve uniting brain and stomach be divided, hunger is at an end." Is not this very curious? Men need none of your theories to know where they feel hungry; and they not only *believe*, as you say, but also *experience*, that their feeling of hunger is in the stomach. How can this be reconciled with your theory? You try to discredit the common belief by observing that we "have no knowledge of physiological processes." This, however, is not true; for although we may not possess your *speculative* knowledge of those processes, yet we have an *experimental* knowledge of them,



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which beats all your speculations. The simplest common sense teaches that a theory contradicted by facts is worth nothing. Now, the fact is that we experience the sensation of hunger in the stomach, and not in the brain; and therefore no physiological theory that contradicts such a fact can be of any value.

You pretend that "habit and external appearance have led to the false notion that we feel in places subjected to external irritation." This assertion cannot be justified. Habits are acquired by repeated acts; and to assume that habit leads us to a false notion is to assume that we are cheated by our actual sensations; which is inadmissible. As to "external appearances," it is evident that they have nothing to do with the question, as sensations are not external appearances, but internal realities. Hence when we say that "we feel in places subjected to external irritation," we express a real fact of which we have experimental evidence, and in regard to which no habit or external appearance can make us err.

The fact that "persons who have lost their arms or legs by amputation often feel during their whole life, in atmospheric changes, pains in limbs which they no longer possess," does not tend to prove that the brain is the exclusive seat of the soul. Hence I dismiss it altogether. With regard to your conclusion that "every part of the body which can be separately perceived must have a corresponding spot in the brain which in some degree represents it in the forum of consciousness," I have not the least objection against it; I merely add that no part of the body in which the soul is not actually present can be represented in the forum of consciousness. For if the soul is not in the finger when the thorn pricks it, the soul cannot say, *I feel the pain;* it could only say, *I know that a material organ, with which I have nothing to do, is being injured.* The soul would, in fact, but receive a telegram announcing what happens in some distant quarter. If a telegram comes to you from Siberia, announcing twenty degrees of cold, do you feel the sensation of cold?

*Büchner.* Yet "the theory that the brain is the seat of the soul is so incontrovertible that it has long been adopted in the rules of law in regard to monstrosities. A monstrosity with one body and two heads counts for *two* persons; one with two bodies and one head, only for one person. Monstrosities without brain, so-called acephali, possess no personality" (pp. 147, 148).

*Reader.* This is true; and therefore the soul certainly informs the brain. But it does not follow that other parts of the body are not informed. Hence your remark has no bearing on the question; and it remains true that the soul, as the form of the body, is directly connected with every part of the organism in which vital acts are performed.

## XV.

### SPIRITISM.

*Reader.* May I ask, doctor, what you think of spiritism?

*Büchner.* I think it to be a fraud.

*Reader.* Of course, when a man denies the existence of spiritual substances, he cannot but deny their manifestation. Yet the phenomena of spiritism are so well known that we can scarcely be of your opinion.

*Büchner.* "Some of these phenomena, *clairvoyance* especially, have been laid hold of to prove the existence of supernatural and super-

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sensual phenomena. They were considered as the link of connection between the spiritual and the material world; and it was surmised that these phenomena opened a gate through which man might pass, and succeed in obtaining some immediate clue regarding transcendental existence, personal continuance, and the laws of the spirit. All these things are now, by science and an investigation of the facts, considered as idle fancies which human nature is so much inclined to indulge in to satisfy its longing after what appears miraculous and supersensual" (p. 149).

*Reader.* I apprehend, doctor, that science has no means of showing that "all these things are idle fancies." Materialism, of course, assumes, though it cannot show, that spirits do not exist; but materialism is no science at all; and if the "investigation of the facts" has been conducted by materialists, we may well be sure that their verdict was not unbiassed. On the other hand, men of science, who are not materialists, a great number of physicians, philosophers, and theologians, are convinced that the phenomena of spiritism are neither inventions nor delusions. And, though human nature feels a certain propensity to believe what is wonderful, we cannot assume that learned and prudent men yield to this propensity without good reasons.

*Büchner.* "This propensity has given rise to the most curious errors of the human mind. Though it sometimes appears that the progress of science arrests its development in some place, it suddenly breaks forth with greater force at some other place where it was less expected. The events of the last few years afford a striking example. What the belief in sorcery, witchcraft, demoniac possession, vampirism, etc., was in former centuries, reappears now under the agreeable forms of table-moving, spirit-rapping, psychography, somnambulism, etc." (p. 150).

*Reader.* You are right. Spiritism is only a new form of old superstitions and diabolic manifestations. But you are mistaken, if you believe that science can show such manifestations to have been fables. Your scientific argument against spiritual manifestations is, you must own it, inconsistent with your scientific process. Your process requires a basis of facts; for it is from facts that science draws its generalizations. You should, therefore, first ascertain that sorcery, witchcraft, etc., never existed in the world, and that not one of the thousand facts narrated in profane, sacred, or ecclesiastical history has ever happened; and then you might conclude that all mankind have been very stupid to believe such absurdities. But you follow quite a different course. You argue *à priori*, and say: Spiritual manifestations are an impossibility; therefore all the pretended facts of spiritism are impositions. This manner of arguing is not scientific; for evidently it is not based on facts, and the assumption that spiritual manifestations are impossible cannot be granted; for it cannot be proved. Hence not only the ignorant classes, but also educated persons, as you complain, believe in spiritual manifestations, in spite of your pretended science; for, when they see the facts, they will only smile at your denial of their possibility.

*Büchner.* But the facts themselves are incredible. "Magnetic sleep, induced either by continued passes

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on the body, or spontaneously without external means, as in idiosomnambulism, is stated to be frequently attended by an intellectual ecstasy, which in certain privileged persons, chiefly females, rises to what is called *clairvoyance*. In this state those persons are said to exhibit mental faculties not natural to them, to speak fluently foreign languages, and to discuss things perfectly unknown to them in the waking state. . . . The person perceives things beyond the sphere of his senses, he reads sealed letters, guesses the thoughts of other persons, reveals the past, etc. Finally, such individuals sometimes give us information about the arrangements in heaven and hell, our state after death, and so forth; but we cannot help mentioning that these revelations are ever in remarkable harmony with the religious views of the church, or of the priest under whose influence the patient may be for the time" (p. 151).

*Reader.* Poor Doctor Büchner! You are most unlucky in your allusion to the church. Spiritism is not a priestly invention, nor is it practised under the influence of the priest. The whole world knows that the practice of spiritism is utterly forbidden by the church; and you cannot be ignorant that your insinuation of the contrary is a slander. Perhaps your Masonic conscience allows you to tell lies; but is it wise to do so when the lie is so patent that no one can believe it?

*Büchner.* "There can be no doubt that all pretended cases of clairvoyance rest upon fraud or illusion. Clairvoyance—that is, a perception of external objects without the use of the senses—is an impossibility. It is a law of nature which cannot be gainsaid that we require our eyes to see, our ears to hear, and that these senses are limited in their action by space. No one can read an opaque sealed letter, extend his vision to America, see with closed eyes what passes around him, look into the future, or guess the thoughts of others. These truths rest upon natural laws which are irrefutable, and admit, like other natural laws, of no exception. All that we know we know by the medium of our senses. There exist no supersensual and supernatural things and capacities, and they never can exist, as the eternal conformity of the laws of nature would thereby be suspended. As little as a stone can ever fall in any other direction than towards the centre of the earth, so little can a man see without using his eyes" (p. 152).

*Reader.* Your reasoning is not sound, doctor. The stone can fall in any direction, if it receives an impetus in that direction; it is only when it is left to itself that it must fall directly towards the centre of the earth. So also a man, when left to himself and his natural powers, cannot see without using his eyes; but if acted on by a preternatural agency, he may be made acquainted with what his eyes cannot see. Your mention of natural laws is uncalled for. You will certainly not pretend that the natural laws, which hold in regard to this visible world, can be assumed to rule the world of the spirits. Moreover, when you say that "there exist no supersensual and supernatural things," because "the eternal conformity of the laws of nature would thereby be suspended," you merely make a gratuitous assertion. For as you can raise a weight without suspending the law of gravitation, so can other agents do other things conflicting with the uniform execu-

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tion of natural laws without the natural laws becoming suspended. Thus your assertion that "there exist no supersensual and supernatural things" is wholly gratuitous, and therefore cannot be the basis of a sound argument against the facts of spiritism. "There is no fighting against facts; it is like kicking against the pricks," as you say in one of your prefaces (p. xviii.)

*Büchner.* "Ghosts and spirits have hitherto only been seen by children, or ignorant and superstitious individuals" (p. 152).

*Reader.* Did not Saul see the ghost of Samuel?

*Büchner.* "All that has been narrated of the visits of departed spirits is sheer nonsense; never has a dead man returned to this world. There are neither table-spirits nor any other spirits" (p. 153).

*Reader.* How can you account for such a singular assertion?

*Büchner.* "The naturalist entertains, from observation and experience, no doubt as to these truths; a constant intercourse with nature and its laws has convinced him that they admit of no exception" (p. 153).

*Reader.* This is not true. Naturalists, with their observation and experience of natural things, do not and cannot reject facts of a higher order, though they have not observed them. Their non-observation is no argument, especially when we have other witnesses of the facts, and when we know that the naturalists of your school are pledged to materialism, and therefore shut their eyes to the facts which oppose their theory. The majority of educated persons admit the facts; not indeed *all* the facts narrated, but many of them which no critical rule allows us to reject.

*Büchner.* Where are those facts? "The scientific impossibility of clairvoyance has been confirmed by an examination of the facts by sober and unprejudiced observers, and were proved to be deceptions and illusions" (p. 153).

*Reader.* Of course there are juggleries and impositions; but what of that? Would you maintain that there can be no doctors because there are quacks? I appeal to your logic.

*Büchner.* "The faculty of medicine of Paris many years ago took the trouble of submitting a number of such cases to a scientific examination; they were all proved to be deceptions, nor could a single case be established of a perception without the use of the senses. In 1837 the same academy offered a prize of 3,000 francs to any one who could read through a board. No one gained the prize" (*ibid.*)

*Reader.* You forget, doctor, that in 1837 spiritism was as yet most imperfectly known. It was only about ten years later that it developed throughout America and Europe. Let the medical faculty of Paris again offer a prize to any one who can read through a board; and no one doubts there would be no lack of competitors. When we see that physicians and others, owing to their own experience of spiritual manifestations, were compelled to repudiate their previous materialistic opinions; when we know that infidels by the same manifestations were brought to believe the immortality of the soul; when the learned and the ignorant, the rich and the poor, the layman and the churchman, the diplomatist, the philosopher, and the theologian, bear witness to the reality of the spiritual phenomena, and are ready to bring forward innumerable facts

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in support of their affirmation, we do not care what the faculty of medicine of Paris may have pronounced many years ago. You say that the faculty "submitted a number of such cases to a scientific examination," and that "they were all proved to be deceptions"; but you would be very much embarrassed to say in what that "scientific examination" consisted. On the other hand, the proofs of the deception have never appeared; and the simple truth is that the spiritual phenomena were *à priori* rejected, as clashing with the materialistic theory of the faculty. You pretend that "whenever the proper means were employed to prevent deception, clairvoyance was at an end" (p. 153). Such an assertion proves that you are completely ignorant of what is going on in the world, or that you are determined obstinately to ignore whatever could compel you to acknowledge the existence of spiritual substances.

*Büchner.* "I have had the opportunity of examining a clairvoyant, of whom remarkable things were told, under circumstances when a deception on the part of the magnetizer was out of the question. The lady failed in all her indications; they were either absolutely false or so expressed that nothing could be made of them. She, moreover, made the most ridiculous excuses for her shortcomings. As she failed in her clairvoyance, she preferred to fall into a state of heavenly ecstasy, in which she discoursed with her *ange* or tutelar genius, and recited religious verses. In reciting a poem of this kind she once stopped short, and recommenced the verse to assist her memory. She manifested, withal, in this ecstasy, no superior mental capacities; her language was common, and her manner awkward. I left with the conviction that the lady was an impostor who deceived her patron. Still, several gentlemen present were by no means convinced of the deception practised on them" (p. 154).

*Reader.* If these gentlemen could by no means be convinced of the deception, must we not presume that there was no deception, and that your peculiar construction of the case was brought about by a strong desire of not being disturbed in your fixed idea that there is nothing but matter? If "the lady failed in all her indications," if "she made the most ridiculous excuses for her shortcomings," if "she manifested no superior capacities," it should have been evident to those "several gentlemen" that she was a fraud. Their inability to be convinced of the deception would therefore show that the lady did not fail in all her indications, but manifested superior capacities. Be this as it may, the truth and reality of spiritual manifestations cannot be disproved by particular attempts at imposition. Spiritualists admit that many impositions have been practised under the name of spiritual manifestations, but they aver that in most instances cheats could not have been palmed off, even if designed; and that in other cases there could be no possible motive for deception, as the investigations were carried on in private families where the mediums were their own sons and daughters.* Spirit-rapping is a fact. Table-turning is a fact. Clairvoyance is a fact. Thousands of all conditions, sects, and nations have witnessed, watched, and examined all such facts with a degree of attention, suspicion, and

* *New American Cyclopædia*, v. Spiritualism.

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incredulity proportionate to their novelty, strangeness, and unnaturalness. What has been the result? A verdict acknowledging the reality of the facts and the impossibility of accounting for them without intelligent preternatural agencies. This verdict disposes of your materialism. To deny the facts in order to save materialism is so much time lost. Facts speak for themselves.

## XVI.

### INNATE IDEAS

*Reader.* And now I should like to know, doctor, why you thought proper to fill twenty-seven pages of your *Force and Matter* with a discussion about innate ideas.

*Büchner.* For two reasons, sir. First, because "the question whether there be innate ideas is a very old one, and, in our opinion, one of the most important in relation to the contemplation of nature. It decides to some extent whether man, considered as the product of a higher world, has received a form of existence as something foreign and external to his essence, with the tendency to shake off this earthly covering, and to return to his spiritual home; or whether, both in his spiritual and bodily capacity, man stands to the earth which has produced him in a necessary, inseparable connection, and whether he has received his essential nature from this world; so that he cannot be torn from the earth, like the plant which cannot exist without its maternal soil. The question is, at the same time, one which does not dissolve itself in a philosophical mist, but which, so to speak, has flesh and blood, and, resting upon empirical facts, can be discussed and decided without high-sounding phrases" (p. 157). The second reason is, that "if it be correct that there are no innate intuitions, then must the assertion of those be incorrect who assume that the idea of a God, or the conception of a supreme personal being, who created, who governs and preserves the world, is innate in the human mind, and therefore incontrovertible by any mode of reasoning" (p. 184).

*Reader.* Do you mean, that, by refuting the theory of innate ideas, you will cut the ground from under the feet of the theist and the spiritualist?

*Büchner.* Yes, sir. Such is the drift of my argumentation.

*Reader.* Then your labor is all in vain. For you must know that we do not base our demonstration of the substantiality and immortality of the soul on the doctrine of innate ideas, nor do we assume that the notion of a God is an "innate intuition." Had you been even superficially acquainted with the works of our scholastic philosophers, you would have known that innate ideas are totally foreign to their psychological and theological doctrines. You would have known that the axiom, *Nihil est in intellectu quod non fuerit in sensu*—that is, "There is nothing in our intellect which has not entered by the gate of the senses"—is not a discovery of your Moleschott, to whom you attribute it, but is an old dictum familiar to all the schoolmen of past centuries, and approved by the most orthodox philosophers of our own time. Now, these philosophers, while denying that we have any innate idea, admit at the same time that our soul is a special substance and is immortal, and show that the human intellect can easily form a concept of God as a supreme cause, and ascertain his

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existence without need of innate intuitions. This might convince you that your chapter on innate ideas has no bearing on the questions concerning the nature of the soul and the notion of a God. Your assumption that if man has innate ideas, he will have a tendency "to shake off this earthly covering, and to return to his spiritual home," is incorrect. For the human body has no spiritual home, as is evident; and the human soul, as having no previous existence in a separate state, has no home but in the body, and the presence of innate ideas would not create in it a tendency to shake off its earthly covering. On the other hand, your other assumption, that, if man has no innate ideas, he is "a production of the earth alone, and cannot be torn from the earth, with which he is inseparably connected both in his spiritual and bodily capacity," is even more incorrect. For the absence of innate ideas does not mean, and does not entail, the absence of an intellectual principle; and such a principle, as evidently immaterial, is not a production of the earth, and has no need of earthly things to continue its existence.

*Büchner.* How can a soul exist without ideas? And, if all ideas come through our senses, how can a soul exist without being united to the organs? "Daily experience teaches us that man begins his intellectual life only with the gradual development of his senses, and in proportion as he enters into a definite relation to the external world; and that the development of his intellect keeps pace with that of his organs of sense and his organ of thought, and also with the number and importance of the impressions received. 'Every unprejudiced observer,' says Virchow, 'has arrived at the conviction that thought is only gradually developed in man.' The new-born child thinks as little, and has as little a soul, as the unborn child; it is, in our view, living in the body, but intellectually dead. . . . The embryo neither thinks nor feels, and is not conscious of its existence. Man recollects nothing of this state, nor of the first period of his existence in which the senses were dormant; and this perfect unconsciousness proves his spiritual non-existence at that period. The reason can only be that, during the fœtal state, there are no impressions whatever received from without, and so weak and imperfect are they in the first few weeks that the intellect cannot be said to exist" (p. 159).

*Reader.* It is plain that the new-born child cannot form an idea of exterior objects without the use of his senses. But is it true that the new-born child is not conscious of its own existence? Certainly not; for, without a previous knowledge of its own existence, it would never be able to attribute to itself the feelings awakened in it by exterior objects. The mind cannot say, *I feel*, if it is not already acquainted with the *I*. Nor does it matter that "man recollects nothing of the first period of his existence." Recollection is impossible so long as the brain has not acquired a certain consistency; and therefore whatever happens with us in the first period of our existence leaves no durable trace in our organs, and is entirely forgotten. Hence your assertions "that the senses of the new-born child are dormant, and that its perfect unconsciousness proves its spiritual non-existence," are both false. The child feels its being, its senses are quite ready to

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receive impressions, and its soul is quite alive to such impressions.

You say that "the development of the intellect keeps pace with that of the organs of sense." What do you mean by development of the intellect? If you simply mean that the intellect is furnished with materials of thought in proportion as sensible objects are perceived, and that, by being so furnished, it can easily perform a number of intellectual operations, I admit your assertion; but if you mean that the soul itself is *substantially* developed in proportion as the organs are growing more perfect, then your assertion is both groundless and absurd. Now, it is evident, by your manner of reasoning, that this second meaning is the one you adopt. And therefore it is evident that your conclusion is wrong. "The impressions," you say, "are so weak and imperfect that the intellect cannot be said to exist." This is simply ludicrous. Would you allow us to say that at night the impressions of light are so weak and imperfect that the eye cannot be said to exist? Or that the impressions made on a piece of paper by a bad pencil are so weak and imperfect that the paper cannot be said to exist? It is obvious that the impressions do not cause the existence of their subject; and, therefore, if the intellect "cannot be said to exist" before the impressions, the time will never come when it can be said to exist.

And now, suppose that a newborn child dies without having acquired through its senses any knowledge of the exterior world. What shall we say of its soul? Will such a soul be entirely destitute of ideas, and unable to think? By no means. Such a soul, after its short permanence in the body, where it *felt* its own being, will henceforward *understand* its own being as actually present in its own individuality; it will perceive its own essence as well as its existence; it will be able to abstract from *self*, and to behold essence, existence, and being, *secundum se*—that is, according to their objective intelligibility; and, finally, it will be able to commune with other spiritual beings with the same facility with which, while in the body, it could communicate with the exterior world by means of its organic potencies. I know that you do not believe this; but your unbelief will not change things. The soul, when out of the body, is competent to perform intellectual operations about intellectual objects as freely and as perfectly as it performs the sensitive operations in its present condition. If you consult the works of our philosophers and theologians, you will find the proofs of my proposition. As to your opposite assumption, since you have no means of establishing it, we are free to dismiss it without further discussion.

*Büchner.* If the soul is a separate substance, how and when is it introduced into the body? "The scientific and logical impossibility of determining the time (of its introduction) proves the absurdity of the whole theory, which assumes that a higher power breathes the soul into the nostrils of the fœtus" (p. 160).

*Reader.* You are grossly mistaken, doctor. The impossibility of determining the time of the animation of the fœtus proves nothing but our ignorance. Do you deny that Paris was built by the Gauls on the plea that you do not know the date of its foundation? Again, since the animation of the fœtus

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is not an operation of the mind, how can you speak of *logical* impossibility? Evidently, you write at random, and know not what you say. As to the question itself, one thing is clear, viz., the child cannot be born alive, unless its body has been animated in the womb.

*Büchner.* "Moses and the Egyptians entertained a decided opinion that the child was not animated while in the womb" (p. 161).

*Reader.* False. Moses describes in the Book of Genesis the fighting of Jacob and Esau while in the womb of their mother. Could he assume that they would fight before being animated?

*Büchner.* "In some countries they know nothing of an animated fœtus" (*ibid.*)

*Reader.* False. Every mother will give you the lie.

*Büchner.* "The destruction of the fœtus and infanticide are, according to Williams, common occurrences in Madagascar. It is also common in China and the Society Islands" (*ibid.*)

*Reader.* This shows the immorality of those nations, not their ignorance of the fœtal life. But why should you appeal to the presumed ignorance of barbarians against the verdict of civilized nations? Are you an apostle of barbarity and brutality? Do you wish your reader to persuade himself that the destruction of the fœtus is no crime?

*Büchner.* "The Roman lawyers did not look upon the fœtus as an individual being, but as a part of the mother. The destruction of the fœtus was therefore permitted to the women of Rome, and we find that Plato and Aristotle had already adopted the same view" (p. 160).

*Reader.* Do not calumniate Aristotle. This great philosopher and naturalist is decidedly not of your opinion. He teaches that the fœtus is animated in the womb. And, pray, are the legal fictions of the Roman lawyers of any weight against the facts averred by modern medicine? Do you again appeal to ignorance against science?

*Büchner.* Physicians have not yet decided the question. "Even at birth, when the child is separated from the mother, it is impossible to assume that a ready-made soul, lying in wait, should suddenly rush in and take possession of its new habitation. The soul, on the contrary, is only gradually developed in proportion to the relations which, by the awakening senses, are now established between the individual and the external world" (p. 161).

*Reader.* No, sir. If this last assertion were true, it would follow that every child would be lifeless at its birth; for without a soul no animal life can be conceived. What is "gradually developed" is not the substance of the soul, but the exercise of its faculties. This is a point already settled. As to your other assertion, that the question has not yet been decided by the physicians, I need only say that, although there are different opinions regarding the time of the animation of the embryo, yet no physician (unless he is a materialist) denies that the embryo is animated long before its nativity. Hence your notion of a ready-made soul lying in wait, and suddenly rushing in when the child is born, is only a dream of your fancy or an unworthy attempt at ridiculing the proceedings of nature.

What you add about the development of the child's mind by means of the senses, education, and example does not prove the *subjective*, but only the *objective*, growth of the

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mind, as you yourself seem to concede (p. 162). And as the objective growth means an accidental acquisition of knowledge without any substantial change of the soul, hence nothing that you may say in refutation of innate ideas can have the least weight or afford the least ground against the doctrine of the immortality and substantiality of the soul

XVII.

THE IDEA OF A GOD.

*Reader.* From the non-existence of innate ideas you infer, doctor, that "the idea of a God, or the conception of a supreme personal being, who created, who governs and preserves the world, is not innate in the human mind, and therefore is not incontrovertible" (p. 184). On the other hand, you say with Luther that "God is a blank sheet, upon which nothing is found but what you have yourself written" (*ibid.*) Do you mean that our notion of God is merely subjective—that is, a creation of our fancy without any objective foundation?

*Büchner.* Yes, sir. "We can have neither any knowledge nor any conception of the *absolute*—of that which transcends the surrounding sensual world. However much metaphysicians may vainly attempt to define the absolute, however much religion may endeavor to excite faith in the absolute by the assumption of a revelation, nothing can conceal the defect of the definition. All our knowledge is relative, and results from the comparison of surrounding sensible objects. We could have no notion of darkness without light, no conception of high without low, of heat without coldness, etc.; absolute ideas we have none. We are not able to form any conception of 'everlasting' or 'infinite,' as our understanding, limited by time and space, finds an impassable barrier for that conception. From being in the sensual world accustomed to find a cause for every effect, we have falsely concluded that there exists a primary cause of all things, although such a cause is perfectly inaccessible to our ideas, and is contradicted by scientific experience" (p. 179).

*Reader.* How do you show that we have neither any knowledge nor any conception of the absolute? or that our understanding is limited by time and space? or that, from being accustomed to find a cause for every effect, we have *falsely* concluded that there exists a primary cause of all things? or that its existence is contradicted by scientific experience? Of course you cannot expect that a rational man will swallow such paradoxes on your puny authority.

*Büchner.* We know neither absolute truth, nor absolute good, nor absolute beauty. This I have shown by proving that all our notions of truth, of good, and of beauty are the fruit of experience, observation, and comparison, and that such notions vary according to the character of the nations in which they are to be found. It is only after this demonstration that I concluded "that we can have neither any knowledge nor any conception of the absolute."

*Reader.* Yes; this is the only point which you have tried to establish, and you have failed, as I am ready to show. But that our understanding is limited by time and space you merely assert. That we falsely conclude that there is a primary cause you boldly assume. That God's existence is contradicted by scientific experience you im-

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pudently affirm, well knowing that it is a lie.

And now, with regard to the knowledge of the absolute, you are much mistaken if you believe that we know no absolute truth, no absolute good, and no absolute beauty. We know absolute being; and therefore we know absolute truth, absolute good, and absolute beauty.

*Büchner.* We know of no absolute being, sir.

*Reader.* Be modest, doctor; for you know of how many blunders you stand already convicted. Absolute being is not necessarily "that which transcends the surrounding sensual world." The sun, the moon, the planets have their absolute being, and yet do not transcend matter. Now, can we not form a notion of the absolute being of these bodies? You say that "all our knowledge is relative, and results from the comparison of surrounding sensible objects"; but you should reflect that all relative knowledge implies the knowledge of the absolute terms from the comparison of which the relation is to be detected. Hence you cannot admit the knowledge of the relative without assuming the knowledge of the absolute. Accordingly, it is false that "all our knowledge is relative," at least in the sense of your argumentation. Nor is it true that all our knowledge "results from the comparison of surrounding sensible objects." There is a kind of knowledge which results from the comparison of intellectual principles, as the knowledge of the logical rules; and there is also a knowledge which results, not from the comparison, but from the intellectual analysis, of things, as the knowledge of the constituent principles of being. If I ask you what is *distance*, you will soon point out any two sensible objects, by the comparison of which distance may become known; but if I ask you what is *syllogism*, or what is *judgment*, or what is *philosophy*, I defy you to point out any "surrounding sensible objects," by the comparison of which such notions may be understood.

I need not discuss your assertion that "we could have no notion of darkness without light, no conception of high without low, of heat without coldness, etc." I may concede the assertion as irrelevant; for, whenever we designate things by relative terms, it is clear that each relative carries within itself the connotation of its correlative. But it does not follow that all our knowledge is relative. How can we know, for instance, the relation of brotherhood intervening between James and John, if we know neither the one nor the other? Can we conceive the *brother* without the *man*? Or is it necessary, when we know the man, that in such a man we should see his peculiar relation to another man?

You pretend that we are not able to form any conception of "everlasting" or "infinite"; and, to prove this, you affirm that "our understanding, being limited by time and space, finds an impassable barrier for that conception." Very well; but what did you mean when you contended that matter is "eternal" and "infinite"? Had you then any conception of "eternal" and "infinite"? If you had not such conceptions, you made a fool of yourself by using terms which you did not understand; while, if you had such conceptions, then it is false that we are not able to form them. In the same manner, have you any conception of the "absolute"? If you have it, then it is ridiculous to pretend that we cannot conceive

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the absolute; while, if you have it not, you know not about what you are speaking. Alas! poor doctor. What can you answer? It is the common fate of the enemies of truth to be inconsistent with themselves, and to demolish with one hand what they build with the other.

But is it true that our intellect "is limited by time and space"? No, it is not true. Imagination is indeed limited by time and space, as all our philosophers concede; but intellect understands things independently of either space or time. This is evident. For in what space do we place the universals? To what time do we confine mathematical truths? *Two and two are known to make four* in all places and in all times—that is, without restriction or limit in space and time; and the same is true of all intellectual principles. Hence it is obvious that our understanding transcends both space and time, and can reach the infinite and the eternal. It is through abstraction, of course, and not by comprehension or by intuition, that we form such notions; for our intellect, though not limited by time and space, is limited in its own entity, and therefore it cannot conceive the unlimited, except by the help of the abstractive process—that is, by removing the limits by which the objective reality of the finite is circumscribed. That we can do this I need not prove *to you*; for you admit that space is infinite, and pretend that matter itself is infinite, as I have just remarked; and consequently you cannot deny that we have the notion of infinity.

What shall I say of your next assertion, that, from being accustomed to find a cause for every effect, "we have *falsely* concluded that there exists a primary cause of all things"? Do you think that the principle of causality has no other ground than experience? or that, when we do not "find" the cause of a certain effect, we are to conclude that the effect has had no cause? I hope you will not deny that the notions of cause and effect are so essentially connected that there is no need of experiment to compel the admission of a cause for every effect. Hence we are certain, not only that all the effects for which we have found a cause proceed from a cause, but also that all the effects for which we cannot find a cause likewise proceed from a cause. This amounts to saying that the principle of causality is analytical, not empirical, as you seem to hold. Now, if all effects must have a cause, on what ground do you assert that "we have *falsely* concluded that there exists a primary cause of all things"? Our conclusion cannot be false, unless it be false that the world has been created; for if it was created, we must admit a Creator—that is, a primary cause. But the fact of creation is, even philosophically, undeniable, since the contingent nature of the world is manifestly established by its liability to continuous change. And therefore it is manifestly established that our admission of a primary cause is not a false conclusion. I might say more on this point; but what need is there of refuting assertions which have not even a shadow of plausibility? The primary cause, you say, "is perfectly inaccessible to our ideas." I answer that, if the word "idea" means "concept," your statement is perfectly wrong. You add that the existence of a primary cause "is contradicted by scientific experience." I answer by challenging you to bring forward a single fact of experimental science which supports your blasphemous assertion.

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You must agree, doctor, that a man who in a few phrases commits so many unconceivable blunders has no right to censure the metaphysicians or to attack revelation. It is rash, therefore, on your part, to declare that "however much metaphysicians may vainly attempt to define the absolute, however much religion may endeavor to excite faith in the absolute by the assumption of a revelation, nothing can conceal the defect of the definition." Of what definition do you speak? Your own definition of the absolute, as "that which transcends the surrounding sensual world," is certainly most deficient; but religion and metaphysics are not to be made responsible for it. Why did you not, before censuring the metaphysicians and the theologians, ascertain their definitions? We call *absolute* a being whose existence does not depend on the existence of another being; and in this sense God alone is absolute. He is *the absolute* antonomastically. And we call *absolute* analogically any being also whose existence does not depend on any created being, although it depends on the creative and conservative action of God; and in this sense every created substance is absolute. And we call *absolute* logically whatever is conceived through its own intrinsic constituents without reference to any other distinct entity; and in this sense we speak of absolute movement, absolute weight, absolute volume, etc. Without enumerating other less important meanings of the term, I simply observe that the absolute may be defined as that which is independent of extraneous conditions; and that the greater its independence, the more absolute and the more perfect is the being. Have you anything to say against this definition?

We must, then, conclude that all your argumentation is nothing but a shocking display of false assertions, and, I may add, of "intellectual jugglery."

*Büchner.* I will accept your conclusion, if you can show that our conception of a God is not a childish delusion of our fancy. "An exact knowledge and unprejudiced observation of individuals and nations in an uncivilized state prove the contrary to be the fact. Only a prejudiced mind can, in the worship of animals practised by ancient and existing nations, find something analogous to a real belief in a God. It by no means corresponds to the idea of a God when we see man worshipping such animals as he from experience knows may injure or be useful to him. . . . A stone, a tree, a river, an alligator, a parcel of rags, a snake, form the idols of the negro of Guinea. Such a worship does not express the idea of an almighty being, governing the world and ruling nature and man, but merely a blind fear of natural forces, which frighten uncivilized man, or appear supernatural, as he is not able to trace the natural connection of things. . . . A god in the shape of an animal is no God, but a caricature" (pp. 184, 185).

*Reader.* True. But individuals and nations existing "in an uncivilized state" are scarcely to be appealed to for a decision of the question. The notion of worship implies the notion of a supreme being; but rude and brutal men, thinking of nothing but of the development of their animal nature and the pursuit of degrading pleasure, though they know that there

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is some superior being, are not the men we ought to consult about the nature and attributes of divinity. It seems, doctor, as if you had a great predilection for uncivilized and barbarous nations. You have already tried to countenance abortion and fœticide, on the ground that barbarians admitted the horrible practice; and now you would have us believe that our conception of a God is a childish delusion, on the ground that barbarians worship the snake, the alligator, or any other caricature of a god. This will not do.

*Büchner.* But civilized men are not much in advance of barbarians with regard to the notion of divinity. "No one has better expounded the purely human origin of the idea of God than Ludwig Feuerbach. He calls all conceptions of God and divinity *anthropomorphisms—i.e.*, products of human fancies and perceptions, formed after the model of human individuality. Feuerbach finds this anthropomorphism in the feeling of dependence inherent in the human nature. 'An extraneous and superhuman God,' says Feuerbach, 'is nothing but an extraneous and supernatural self, a subjective being placed, by transgressing its limits, above the objective nature of man.' The history of all religions is indeed a continuous argument for this assertion; and how could it be otherwise? Without any knowledge or any notion of the absolute, without any immediate revelation, the existence of which is indeed asserted by all, but not proved by any religious sect, all ideas of God, no matter of what religion, can only be human; and as man knows in animated nature no being intellectually superior to himself, it follows that his conception of a supreme being can only be abstracted from his own self, and must represent a *self-idealization*" (p. 190). Hence it is plain that our idea of a God is a mere delusion.

*Reader.* It is by no means plain, doctor. Feuerbach's authority, you know, is worth very little. Your German philosophers, as you own, "have pretty much lost their authority, and are now but little attended to" (p. 158). On the other hand, "nothing," says Herschel, "is so improbable but a German will find a theory for it" (p. 155). Therefore let Feuerbach alone.

As for the reasons which you adduce in support of the assumption, we need not go into deep reasonings to lay open their true value. Is "the history of all religions a continuous argument for Feuerbach's assertion"? No. For the history of the Mosaic and of the Christian religion is a continuous refutation of such a slander. Are men "without any knowledge or any notion of the absolute"? No. This I have already shown to be entirely false. Men, however, are "without any immediate revelation." This is true, but it has nothing to do with the question; first, because philosophy and reason are competent without supernatural revelation to ascertain the existence of a primary cause infinitely superior to all the natural beings; secondly, because, although we have no *immediate* revelations, we have the old revelation transmitted to us by written and oral tradition, and by the teaching of the living church. That this revelation "is asserted by all, but not proved by any religious sect," is one of those lies which it is quite unnecessary to refute, as there are whole libraries of Scriptural treatises, in which the truth of revelation is super-

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abundantly vindicated. I would therefore conclude, without any further discussion, that it is to yourself, and not to your opponents, that you should apply that low criticism with which you close the twenty-sixth chapter of your work. For it is you that "delight in hashing up cold meat with new phrases, and dishing them up as the last invention of the *materialistic* kitchen" (p. 194).

To sum up: Do you admit that man is a finite being?

*Büchner.* Of course.

*Reader.* Do you admit that man had a beginning? That man is ignorant, weak, wicked, and subject to death?

*Büchner.* Who can doubt that?

*Reader.* Then man by *self-idealization* cannot form an anthropomorphic notion of a supreme being without involving limitation, ignorance, impotence, malice, an origin, and an end of existence. Such, and no other, would be the result of self-idealization. Now, our notion of God is that of a being eternal, infinite, omniscient, omnipotent, holy, immense. Is this anthropomorphism?

TO BE CONTINUED.

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## DESTINY.

FROM THE FRENCH OF LOUIS VEUILLOT.

It is the lot of mortals here below
That they shall ever crawl from bad to worse,
Approaching step by step the dismal tomb—
Instance an aching tooth, with no relief
Save by its loss. Cure comes by sacrifice.

All victories are seeds of further strife—
Of strife that never ends but in the grave,
In which he only conquers who succumbs:
And this is destiny.

Ye dreamers of love-dreams, of glory, wealth,
Who, growing old, are scouted by the world,
And then swept on into forgetfulness!
All disappears—laurels, affection, gold!
Blame not your faults that so things come to pass,
For this is destiny.

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# THE VEIL WITHDRAWN.

TRANSLATED, BY PERMISSION, FROM THE FRENCH OF MME. CRAVEN, AUTHOR OF A "A SISTER'S STORY," "FLEURANGE," ETC.

## XXII.

THE following day was as gloomy as might have been expected from the evening before. Never had I suffered such inexpressible anguish and distress.

It is useless to say that I went to church alone, as on the preceding Sunday, but I was not as calm and recollected as I was then. I was now in a state of irrepressible dissatisfaction with everything and everybody, myself not excepted, and yet I was very far from being in that humble disposition of mind which subdues all murmuring, extinguishes resentment, and throws a calm, serene light on the way one should walk in. I regretted my hastiness of the evening before, because I realized that a different course would have been more likely to further my wishes. In short, I felt I ought to have managed more skilfully, but it never occurred to me I might have been more patient. I found it difficult, above all, to calm the excessive irritation caused by the recollection of Lorenzo's manner throughout our interview. I compared it with his appearance on the day when he spoke to me for the first time concerning her.

What tenderness he then manifested! What confidence! What respect even! Even while uttering her name—alas! with emotion—how manifest it was that, while desirous of repairing his wrongs towards her, he felt incapable of any towards me! Not a week had elapsed since that time, and yesterday how cold, how hard! What implacable and freezing irony! What an incredible change in his looks and words! Was it really Lorenzo who spoke to me in such a way? Was it really he who gave me so indifferent and almost disdainful a look? . . . No, he was no longer the same. A previous fascination had recovered its power, and the fatal charm over which I had so recently triumphed had regained its empire over a heart which I was, alas! too feeble to retain, because I had no sentiments more profound and elevated than those of nature to aid me!

As I have already said, I did not try to fathom Faustina's motives. I ought, however, to say a few words concerning her, if only through charity for him whom she had followed, like an angel of darkness, to disturb his legitimate happiness!

That she had long loved him I do not doubt—loved him with the unbridled passion that sways all such hearts as hers. She thought he would return to her. She believed she was preparing for herself a whole life of happiness by two years of apparent virtue. Mistaken, wounded, and desperate, she had at first yielded to an impetuous desire of perhaps merely seeing him once more; perhaps, also, to avenge herself by destroying the happiness that had defeated her dearest hopes.



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She had calculated on the extent of her influence, and had calculated rightly. But in order to exert it, I was necessary to her design, and she played with consummate art the scene of our first encounter. She wished to take a near view of the enemy she hoped to vanquish; she must sound the heart she wished to smite. Alas! all that was worthy of esteem in that heart was not perceived by him, and it was natural to underrate a treasure not appreciated by its owner. What could I do, then? What advantage had I over her, if, in Lorenzo's eyes, I was not protected by a sacred, insurmountable barrier which he respected himself? What was my love in comparison with her passion? What was my intelligence in comparison with that which she possessed? My beauty beside the irresistible charm that had even fascinated me? Finally, my youth itself in comparison with all the advantages her unscrupulous vanity gave her over me? In fact, I think it seemed so easy at the first glance to vanquish me that she was almost disarmed herself. But I also believe she soon discovered something more in me than all she found so easy to eclipse. She saw I might in time succeed in acquiring an ascendency over Lorenzo that no human influence could destroy. She saw I might kindle a flame in his soul it would be impossible to extinguish—a flame very different from that which either of us could be the object of. She saw I might lead him into a world where she could no longer be my rival, and that I wished to do so. She discerned the ardent though confused desire that was in my heart. In a word, she had on her side an intuition equal to that which I had on mine. She perceived the good there was in me, as I had fathomed the evil there was in her, and she knew she must overpower my good influence, which would render him invulnerable whom she wished to captivate. She made use of all the weapons she possessed to conquer me, or rather, alas! to conquer him—weapons always deadly against hearts without defence. The very esteem she had heretofore won became a snare to him when her pride, her passion, changed their calculations—an additional snare, a danger that, combined with others, would be fatal! . . .

If I speak of her now in this way, it is not to gratify a resentment long since extinguished. Neither is it to palliate Lorenzo's offences against me and against God. It is solely to explain their secret cause, and to repeat once more that human love, even the most tender, is a frail foundation of that happiness in which God has no part; and honor likewise, even the highest and most unimpeachable, is a feeble guarantee of a fidelity of which God is not the bond, the witness, and the judge! . . .

I saw Lorenzo barely for a moment in the morning. I clearly perceived he wished to make me forget what had passed between us the evening before, but I did not see the least shade of regret. It was evident, on the contrary, that he thought himself magnanimous in overlooking my reproaches, and felt no concern at having merited them. In short, we seemed to have changed *rôles*. As for me, I suffered so much on account of the outburst I had indulged in that it would have been easy to call forth acknowledgments that would have atoned for it. They only waited for the least word of affection, but not one did he utter. Lando came for him before two o'clock, and they went away together, leaving me with

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a sad, heavy heart. I was not to see him again till my return from the Hôtel de Kergy. Where would he pass the time meanwhile? . . . Would it really be in Lando's company? And was the business they had to settle really such as to render it impossible for him to spend this last evening with me? . . . Would it not have been a thousand times better to have remained silent, and, as this was really our last day, and we were to leave on the next, would it not have been wiser in me to have spent it wholly with him, . . . even if that included her? . . . Had I not committed an irreparable folly in yielding to this explosion of unmistakable anger? This was indubitable, but it was too late to remedy it. The die was cast. Lorenzo was gone! I passed the afternoon, like that of the Sunday before, at church, but was pursued by a thousand distractions which I had not now the strength to resist. On the contrary, I took pleasure in dwelling on them, and my mind wandered without any effort on my part to prevent it. I neglected, on the very day of my life when I had the most need of light, courage, and assistance, to have recourse to the only Source whence they are to be obtained, and I returned home without having uttered a prayer.

Two hours later I was at the Hôtel de Kergy, and in the same room where just a week before I had felt such lively emotion and conceived such delightful hopes! But, ah! what a contrast between my feelings on that occasion and those of to-day! I seemed to have lived as many years since as there had been days! . . .

Mme. de Kergy advanced to meet me as I entered, and I saw she noticed the change in my face the moment she looked at me. I did not know how to feign what I did not feel, and she had had too much experience not to perceive I had undergone some pain or chagrin since the evening before. She asked me no questions, however, but, on the contrary, began to speak of something foreign to myself; and this did me good. I soon felt my painful emotions diminish by degrees, and a change once more in the atmosphere around me, as when one passes from one clime to another.

The guests were but few in number, and all friends of the family. Diana, prettier than ever, and so lively as to excite my envy, was delighted to see me, but did not observe the cloud on my brow; and if she had, she would have been incapable of fathoming the cause. She hastened to point out the various guests who had arrived.

"They are all friends," said she; "for mother said you were coming to get a little respite from society."

Mme. de Kergy presented them to me one by one, and among the persons introduced were several of celebrity, whom I regarded with all the interest a first meeting adds to renown. But I saw nothing of Diana's brother among those present, and was beginning to wonder if I should never see him again, when, just as dinner was ready, he made his appearance. He bowed to me at a distance, appearing to have forgotten it was his place to escort me to the table. A sign from his mother seemed to bring him to himself, and he offered me his arm with some confusion, though without any awkwardness. But after taking a seat beside me, he remained for some moments without speaking, and then addressed his conversation to others instead of me. I saw he was for

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some reason embarrassed, and I was confused myself; for such things are contagious. He soon recovered his accustomed ease, however, and when he finally addressed me it was with a simplicity that set me, on my part, entirely at ease. His conversation surprised and pleased me, and I felt I conversed better with him than any one else. There was nothing trifling in what he said, and, above all, he refrained from everything like a compliment, direct or indirect, and even from every subject that might lead either to me or himself. Women generally like nothing so much as a style of conversation that shows the effect they produce, so it was not astonishing it had been employed with me as well as with others. But this language had always embarrassed and displeased me, and I now felt proportionately pleased with the unusual way in which I was addressed—a way that seemed to raise me in my own estimation. And yet he did not try to absorb my attention, but gave others an opportunity of taking part in the conversation.

It soon became general, and I stopped to listen. I had then the pleasure—a new one for me—of witnessing a kind of game in which thoughts and opinions fly from one to another, wit mingles with gravity, and the intellect is brightened by contact with the brilliancy of others. Gilbert was not the only one in this circle who knew how to interest without fatiguing, and excite, not by ridicule, but by a better kind of wit, the hearty, cordial laugh that wounds neither the absent nor the present!

What struck me especially was the interest and almost deference with which a man of well-known eloquence, whose opinions had weight with every one, endeavored to draw forth the opinions of others. It might have been said he listened even better than he talked.

Thus during the whole time we were at table, and the evening that followed, I realized the true meaning of the word *conversation* in a country where it originated, in the social world where it was coined, and in the language which is, of all mediums, the most delicate, the most perfect, and the most universal.

In spite of myself, I felt my sadness gradually vanish, and my laugh more than once mingled freely in the merriment of others. I saw that Mme. de Kergy observed this with pleasure, and a benevolent smile increased the habitual sweetness of her expression. She was a woman whose unvarying serenity was the result of great suffering, and who now sought nothing in this world but the happiness of others; to whose pains she was as fully alive as she was full of profound compassion.

She wore mourning, not only for her husband, but a number of children, of whom Gilbert and Diana were the sole survivors. But far from centring her affection on them, she seemed to have given to all who were young the love she had cherished for those who were gone, and the vacant places they had left in her maternal heart. I could not help regarding her with astonishment, for I belonged to a country where it is more common to die of grief than to learn how to live under its burden. I returned Mme. de Kergy's smile, and for an hour felt gay and almost happy. But by degrees the burden, removed for an instant, fell back on my heart. The reality of my troubles, and the thought of bidding farewell

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to this delightful circle of friends, filled me with a melancholy it was impossible to repress. The regret that weighed on my heart was for a moment as profound as that we feel for our country when we fear never to behold it again.

I remained seated in an arm-chair near the fire-place, and fell into a revery which was favored by Diana, who was at the piano. She was at that moment playing with consummate skill an air of Chopin's which seemed to give expression to my very thoughts. . . .

I awoke from my long revery, and felt a blush mount to my very forehead when, raising my eyes, I found Gilbert's fixed on mine. . . . And mine were veiled with tears! I hastily brushed them away, stammering with confusion that Chopin's music always affected my nerves, and then, leaving my seat, I approached the piano, where Diana continued to play one air after another. . . . Gilbert remained with a pensive manner in the place where I left him, looking at me from a distance, and trying, perhaps, to conjecture the cause of my emotion.

But the approaching separation was sufficient to account for this. I was that very evening to bid a long farewell to these new friends, whom perhaps I should never meet again in this world! And when the hour came, and Mme. de Kergy clasped me for the last time in her arms, I made no effort to restrain my tears. Diana wept also, and, throwing her arms around my neck, said:

"Oh! do not forget me. I love you so much!"

Her mother added with a tearful voice:

"May God watch over you wherever you go, my dear Ginevra! I shall follow you in spirit with as much interest as if I had known you always! . . ."

Gilbert offered me his arm, and conducted me to the carriage without uttering a word; but as I was on the point of entering it he said:

"Those you leave behind are greatly to be pitied, madame."

"And I am much more so," I replied, my tears continuing to flow without restraint.

He remained silent an instant, and then said:

"As for me, madame, I may hope to see you again, for I shall go to Naples, . . . *if I dare.*"

"And why should you not dare? You know well we shall expect you and welcome you as a friend."

He made no reply, but after helping me into the carriage, and I had given him my hand, as I bade him adieu, he answered in a low tone: "*Au revoir!*"

## XXIII.

Our journey through France and across the Alps did not in the least diminish the impressions of my last days in Paris. But everything was mingled in my recollections like the joy and regret I felt at my departure—joy and regret, both of which I had reason to feel, though I did not try to fathom their cause. I was only conscious that in more than one way the repose and happiness of our life were threatened, and it was necessary we should take flight. It seemed as if we could not go fast enough or far enough. The very rapidity with which we travelled by railway was delightfully soothing, for it seconded my wishes. The sudden change of scenery and climate, and the

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different aspect of the towns as soon as we crossed the mountains, also gave me pleasure, because all this greatly added in my imagination to the distance we had so rapidly come

Lorenzo also, though doubtless for a different reason, seemed more at ease after we left Paris, and gradually resumed his usual manner towards me. He never mentioned Faustina's name, and I had only ventured to speak timidly of her once. As we were on the point of leaving, I proposed writing her a farewell note, but he prevented me by hastily stammering something to this effect: that my absence the evening before was a sufficient explanation for not seeing her again, and it was useless to take the trouble of any further farewell.

This new attitude surprised me. He had changed his mind, then, since the day he urged me so strongly to be her friend! . . . It is true I had myself expressed a vehement desire—too vehement, perhaps!—to break off this friendship. But he did not try in the least to profit by my present good-will to renew it. It was evident he no longer desired it himself. His only wish seemed to be to make me forget the scene that had occurred, as well as the cause that led to it. Why was this? If I had really been in the wrong, would he have forgiven me so readily? If, instead of this, his conscience forced him to excuse me, did not the affection he now manifested prove his desire to repair wrongs he could not avow, and which perhaps I did not suspect?

These thoughts involuntarily crossed my mind and heart with painful rapidity. I loved Lorenzo, or rather, I felt the need of loving him, above all things. But if he himself loved me no longer, if he had become treacherous, unfaithful and untrue to his word, could I continue to love him? Was this possible? . . . What would become of me in this case? Merciful heavens! . . . I asked myself these questions with a terror that could not have been greater had I been asking myself what would become of my eyes should they be deprived of light. And this comparison is just, for there could be no darker night than that which would have surrounded me had the ardent, predominant feeling of my heart been left without any object. I might suitably have taken for my motto: *Aimer ou mourir*—either love or die—words often uttered in a jesting, romantic, or trifling way, but which were to me full of profound, mysterious meaning. But this meaning was hidden from me, and the day was still far distant when its signification would be made manifest!

After crossing the Alps and the Apennines, and passing through Florence and Rome, we at length proceeded towards Naples by the delightful route that formerly crossed the Pontine Marshes, Terracina, and Mola di Gaëta. Every one who returns to Italy the first time after leaving it experiences a feeling of intoxication and joy a thousand times more lively than when one goes there for the first time. The eyes wander around in search of objects which once gave them pleasure and it had been a sacrifice to leave. I yielded to this enjoyment without attempting to resist it. Sadness, moreover, did not belong to my age, and, though intensely capable of it, it was by no means natural to me. During the first weeks after my return to Naples my mind was diverted from all my troubles and anxiety by

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novelties that everything contributed to render efficacious and powerful.

In the first place, I was glad to find myself once more in my delightful home, which, by the order of Lorenzo, had undergone a multitude of improvements during my absence, and was now additionally embellished with the contents of the boxes we had brought from Paris. It was Lorenzo's taste, and not mine, which had dictated the choice of these numberless objects, the chief value of which in my eyes was derived from the estimation he attached to them himself.

The anxiety that clouded his face seemed to have disappeared. He appeared as delighted as I to find himself at home, and was quite disposed to resume his favorite occupation in his studio. Consequently, the clouds soon began to disperse from my soul; the sun once more began to brighten my life.

Lorenzo soon insisted, with an earnestness equal to that he had before shown to have me all to himself, that my door should now be constantly open. My drawing-room was filled with people of the best society and highest rank in Naples, and, thanks to their cordiality and natural turn for sudden intimacies (a characteristic, charming trait in that delightful region), instead of feeling at all embarrassed among so many new acquaintances, I felt as if surrounded by friends I had always known and loved.

Above all, I at last saw Livia once more, and though through a double grate, which prevented me from embracing her, it afforded me an unalloyed happiness which left no regrets.

The monastery she entered was situated at one extremity of Naples, which could only be reached by traversing an endless number of narrow, gloomy, winding streets, in which it seemed impossible to move a step without knocking down the people on foot, overthrowing their shops, and even kitchens, established in the open air; and, if in a carriage, crushing the children playing, running about, or sleeping in the sun.

The first time a person ventures into such streets he is terrified at every step, and wonders he is allowed there. He feels guilty and like apologizing to every one he meets. But he soon sees he has done no harm; that everybody, young and old, mothers and children, the passers-by, the coachmen, and even the horses themselves, are endowed with a dexterity, good-humor, and at the same time an energy that make their way through everything. In a word, they all have such quickness of sight, hearing, and motion that not a day passes in which miracles of skill are not effected in these narrow streets, which not only prevent accidents from happening, but even from being feared, and you are at last unwilling to admit there is any crowd in Naples so compact, any street so narrow, or any descent so perilous, as to make it necessary to leave the vehicle you are in, or which the coachman who drives, and the horses he manages, cannot pass without danger.

At the end of some such way as I have described it was necessary, in addition to all this, in order to reach the monastery I am speaking of, to stop at the foot of an acclivity the horses could not ascend, not on account of its steepness, which would have been no obstacle, but because every now and then there were steps to facilitate the ascent

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of pedestrians, but which rendered it impassable for equipages of any kind whatever. It had therefore to be ascended on foot, and, when once at the top, there was still a flight of fifteen or twenty steps to climb before reaching the broad terrace or platform before the gate through which strangers were admitted to the convent.

If this ascent was difficult, it must be confessed one felt repaid for the trouble of making it by the view from the terrace. Here the visitor wandered along the narrow, gloomy streets through the old, historic city, as well as its more elegant quarters, towards that side of the bay where Vesuvius was to be seen in its most striking aspect, and from the summit of the volcano followed its descent to the vast, smiling plain, more charming even in that direction than that to the sea by Ottagno, Stabia, and Castellamare. On every side the eye reposed on the verdant orange-trees growing in numberless gardens. Such was the outer world that encircled my sister's cloistered home. Such was the view from every window on this side of the convent. On the other there was a more quiet prospect, perhaps even better suited to contemplation—that of the cloister, with its broad arcades of fine architecture, which surrounded an enclosure planted with lemon-trees, in the centre of which stood a massive antique fountain of marble. The pines of Capo di Monte stood out against the clear sky, further off were the heights of Sant' Elmo, and along the horizon stretched the majestic line of mountains which form the background of the picture.

When able to tear my eyes from this magnificent prospect, lit up by all the fires of the setting sun, I suddenly found myself in the somewhat gloomy vestibule of the monastery, whence I was conducted to a large parlor divided by a grate, behind which fell a long, black curtain. Here I was left alone, with the assurance I should soon see my sister. I felt an emotion I had not anticipated, and for the first time it seemed as if the most horrible separation had taken place between us. The admiration I had just experienced, and my joy at the prospect of seeing her again, both vanished. My heart swelled with painful emotion, and it was with more terror than devotion I looked up at a large crucifix—the only ornament on the bare wall in front of the *grille*. As to the grate itself, it filled me with horror, and I did not dare look at it.

All at once I heard the sound of a light step, the curtain was drawn quickly aside, and a beloved voice softly uttered my name: "Gina!" Turning around, I saw Livia, my sister, standing before me! The shock I received could not have been greater if, supposing her dead, I had seen her descend from the skies and appear thus suddenly before me. She wore the white veil of a novice, and her habit, as well as the band across her forehead and the *guimpe* around her neck, was of the same color. Her face was radiant. The dazzling rays of the setting sun suddenly poured in through the door of the cloister, left open behind her, and she seemed to be wholly enveloped in light. I gazed at her speechless with affection, surprise, and I know not what other indefinable emotion. . . . I was almost afraid to address her; but she did not appear to observe it. The words that rapidly fell from her lips were animated, natural, and affectionate as ever—

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more affectionate even. And there was the same tone of anxious solicitude. But she was calmer, more serene, and even more gentle, and, though at times she had the same tone of decision, there was no trace of the sadness and austerity she sometimes manifested, in spite of herself, in former times when an invisible cross darkened everything around her. The band that concealed her hair revealed more clearly the extreme beauty of her eyes, and while I stood gazing at her as if I had never studied her features before, I felt she spoke truly in saying "the grates of the convent should neither hide her face nor her heart from me." Never had the one, I thought, so faithfully reflected the other.

As to her, she by no means perceived the effect she had produced. She was anxious to hear all I had been doing while absent, and asked me one question after another with the same familiarity with which we used to converse when side by side. Glad to be able to open my heart in this way, I forgot, when I began, all I had to say if I would conceal nothing from her. But my account soon became confused, and I suddenly stopped.

"Gina mia! said she, "you do not tell me everything. Why is this? Is it because you think I no longer take any interest in your worldly affairs?"

"It is not that alone, Livia, but it is really very difficult to speak of Paris and the senseless life I led there before this grate and while looking at you as you are now."

"I shall always take as much pleasure in listening to you," said she, "as you do in talking to me. I admit, when our good aunt, Donna Clelia, comes to see me with her daughters, I often assume a severe air, and tell them what I think of the world; . . . but I must confess my aunt does not get angry with me, for she depends on my vocation to procure husbands for Mariuccia and Teresina, who are worthy of them, because, as she says, a person who consecrates herself to God brings good-luck to all the family. She no longer regards me as a *jettatrice*, I assure you!"

She laughed as she said this, and I could not help exclaiming with surprise and envy:

"Livia, how happy you are to be so cheerful!"

Her face resumed its usual expression of sweet gravity, as she replied:

"I am cheerful, Gina, because I am happy. But you were formerly livelier than I. Why are you no longer so, my dear sister? Cheerfulness is for those whose souls are at peace."

"O Livia!" I cried, not able to avoid a sincere reply to so direct a question, "my heart is heavy with sorrow, I assure you, and the cheerfulness you speak of is frequently wanting."

She started with surprise at these words, and questioned me with an angelic look.

I did not delay my reply. I felt the need of opening my heart, and resumed the account I had broken off. I described without any circumlocution the life of pleasure to which I had given myself up, at first through curiosity and inclination, and in the end with weariness and disgust. I spoke of the day at Paris when fervor, devotion, and good impulses awoke in my soul, my meeting Mme. de Kergy, and all I had seen and felt in the places I had visited in her company.

Finally, I endeavored, with a trembling voice, to explain all my

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hopes and wishes with respect to Lorenzo, and the nature of the projects and ambition I had for him. With a heart still affected at the remembrance I depicted the new happiness—the new and higher life I had dreamed of for him as well as myself!

Livia listened with joy to this part of my story, and her face brightened while I was speaking. But, without explaining the cause of my disappointment, I ended by telling her how complete it was, and this awoke so many bitter remembrances at once that I was suffocated with emotion, and for some moments I was unable to continue. . . .

A cloud passed over her brow, and she suffered me to weep some moments in silence.

"Your wishes were good and holy, Ginevra," said she at length, "and God will bless them sooner or later."

I paid no heed to her words. A torrent of bitterness, jealousy, and grief inundated my heart, and, feeling at liberty to say what concerned no one but myself, I gave vent to thoughts I had often dwelt on in silence, but now uttered aloud with vehemence and without any restriction.

Livia listened without interrupting me, and seemed affected at my impetuosity. Standing motionless on the other side of the *grille*, her hands crossed under her long, white scapular, and her downcast, thoughtful eyes fastened on the ground, she seemed for a time to be listening rather to the interior voice of my soul than to the words I uttered. At length she slowly raised her eyes, and said with an accent difficult to describe:

"You say your heart feels the need of some object of affection—that not to love would be death? You need, too, the assurance that the one you love is wholly worthy of your affection? . . . Really," continued she, smiling, "one would say you wish Lorenzo to be perfect, which of course he is not, even if as faultless as man is capable of being."

She stopped, and the smile that played on her lips became almost celestial. One would have said a ray of sunlight beamed across her face. She continued:

"I understand you, Ginevra; I understand you perfectly, perhaps even better than you do yourself, but I am not capable of solving the enigma that perplexes you—of drawing aside the veil that now obscures the light. . . . Oh! if I could!" said she, clasping her hands and raising her eyes to heaven with fervor. "To solve all your doubts—to give you the light necessary to comprehend this mystery clearly—would require a miracle beyond the power of any human being. God alone can effect this. May he complete his work! May you merit it!"

The bell rang, and we hastily took leave of each other. It was dusk when I left her. She assured me I could make her a similar visit every week, and this prospect made me happy. I was happy to have seen her—happy to feel she could still descend to my level from the holier region she inhabited, and that there was nothing to hinder me from enjoying in the future the sweet intercourse of the past.

But however fully I opened my heart to Livia, I should have considered it profaning the purity of the air I breathed in her presence to utter the name of Faustina Reali. And, without knowing why, neither did I mention the name of Gilbert de Kergy.

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XXIV.

Naples at that time was styled by some one "a small capital and a large city," and this designation was correct. The society, though on a small scale, was of the very highest grade, consisting of an aristocracy exempt from the least haughtiness, and retaining all the habits and manners of bygone times. However frivolous this society might be in appearance, its defects were somewhat redeemed by an originality and lack of affectation which wholly excluded the vexatious and insupportable *ennui* produced by frivolity and pretension when, as often happens, they are found together. With a few exceptions, devoid of great talents or very profound acquirements, it had wit in abundance, as well as a singular aptitude for seizing and comprehending everything. If to all this we add the most cordial reception and the readiest, warmest welcome, it will at once be seen that those who were admitted to this circle could not help carrying away an ineffaceable remembrance of it.

But the special, characteristic trait which distinguished Naples from every other city, large or small, was, strange to say, and yet true, the utter absence of all gossip, slander, or ridicule. The women unanimously defended one another, and no man, under the penalty of being considered ill-bred, ever ventured to speak ill of one of their number, unless perhaps by one of those slight movements of the features which constitute, in that country, a language apart—very eloquent, it is true, and perfectly understood by every one, but which never produces the same effect as actual words. It was generally said, and almost always with truth, whenever there was any new gossip in circulation, which sometimes happened, that "no doubt some stranger had a finger in it"! To complete this picture, we will add that there was a circle of ladies in Neapolitan society who fully equalled in beauty and grace the generation before them, which was celebrated in this respect throughout Italy.

It may be affirmed, therefore, without fear of denial on the part of any contemporary, that the general result of all this was to produce a kind of *beau-ideal* of gay society.

Among these ladies was one I particularly remarked, and who speedily became my friend. Lorenzo had predicted this the day (afterwards so fatally memorable to me) when for the first time the name of the Contessa Stella di San Giulio met my eyes. To tell the truth, this remembrance at first took away all desire to make her acquaintance. It seemed to me (yielding no doubt to a local superstition) that the day on which I first heard the name of Faustina could bring me no luck. But this prejudice was soon overcome. It was sufficient to see her to feel at once attracted towards her. At first sight, however, there was something imposing in her features and manner, but this impression immediately changed. As soon as she began to converse, her eyes, the pleasing outline of her face, and her whole person, were lit up by an enchanting smile on her half-open lips—a smile that the pencil of Leonardo da Vinci alone could depict. It is among the women who served as models to this great, incomparable master that a likeness to Stella must be sought. It

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is by studying the faces of which he has left us the inimitable type we recognize, notwithstanding their smiling expression, a certain firmness and energy which exclude all idea of weakness, nonchalance, or indolence. Stella's physiognomy, too, expressed courage and patience, and they were predominant traits in her character. She was, however, vivacious, versatile, and so lively as to seem at times to take too light a view of everything; but, when better known, no one could help admiring the rare faculty with which heaven enabled her to bear cheerfully the heavy trials of life, and feeling that her gayety was courage in its most attractive aspect.

Married at eighteen, she had seen this union, with which convenience had more to do than inclination, dissolved at the end of two years: her husband died soon after the birth of her only child. From that time family circumstances obliged her to live with an uncle, who was the guardian of her child, and had, in this capacity, the right to meddle with everything relating to both mother and daughter—a right which his wife, a woman of difficult and imperious temper, likewise arrogated in a manner that would have exhausted the patience of any one else; but Stella's never failed her. Feeling it important for the future interests of her little Angiolina to accept the condition imposed by her widowhood, she submitted to it courageously without asking if there was any merit in so doing. Her liveliness, which had been so long subdued, returned beneath the smiles of her child, and, as often happens to those who are young, nature gained the ascendency and triumphed over all there was to depress her. Angiolina was now five years old, and was growing up without perceiving the gloomy atmosphere that surrounded the nest of affection and joy in which her mother sheltered her, and the latter found her child so sweet a resource that she no longer seemed to feel anything was wanting in her lot.

This intimacy added much to the happiness of a life which began to please me far beyond my expectations. The gay world, with which I thought myself so completely disgusted, took a new and more subtle aspect in my eyes than that I had so soon become weary of. But in yielding to this charm it seemed to me I was pleasing Lorenzo and seconding his desire to make our house one of the most brilliant in Naples. Nevertheless, he resumed his labors, and passed whole hours in his studio, where he seemed wholly absorbed, as formerly, in his art. I found him there more than anywhere else, as he was before our fatal journey. He had begun again with renewed ardor on his Vestal, which was now nearly completed, and was considered the most perfect work that ever issued from his hands. He attributed the honor of his success to his model, and, though formerly more annoyed than flattered by suffrages of this kind, I now welcomed the compliment as a presage of days like those of former times.

The first time I entered the studio after my return I sought with jealous anxiety some trace of the remembrance that haunted me, and seemed to find it on every hand. In a Sappho whose passionate, tragical expression alone had struck me before, and the Bacchante which seemed at once beautiful and repulsive, I imagined I could trace the features, alas! too perfect not

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to be graven in the imagination of a sculptor in spite of himself. . . . I saw them, above all, in a Proserpine, hidden by accident, or on purpose, in an obscure corner of the studio, which struck me as a sudden apparition of her fatal beauty. Finally, I saw them also in the other Vestal, to which the one I sat for was the pendant. It was then only I remembered with pleasure he said when he first began it that *no one before me* had realized the ideal he was trying to embody.

Haunted by these recollections, I began to find my sittings in the studio painful and annoying, but I did not manifest my feelings. I had acquired some control over them, and felt it was not for my interest to revive, by a fresh display of jealousy, a remembrance that seemed to be dormant, or again excite a displeasure that appeared to be extinguished. Besides, the likeness that haunted me so persistently became in time more vague and uncertain, and seemed likely to disappear entirely. The current of gayety and pleasure that now surrounded me absorbed me more and more. The very light of the sun at Naples is a feast for the heart as well as the eyes. It is a region that has no sympathy with gloom, or even the serious side of life, and it must be confessed that the social ideal I have spoken of is not the most salutary and elevated in the world. It must also be acknowledged that if it is not absolutely true that this charming region is the classic land of the *far niente*, as it has been called (for the number of people everywhere who do nothing make me think all skies and all climes favorable to them), it is nevertheless indubitable that every one feels a mingled excitement and languor at Naples which oblige him to struggle continually against the double temptation to enjoy at all hours the beauty of the earth and sky, and afterwards to give himself up unresistingly to the repose he feels the need of. When weary of this struggle, when nothing stimulates his courage to continue it, he is soon intoxicated and overpowered by the very pleasure of living. One day follows another without thinking to ask how they have been spent. The interest taken in serious things grows less, the strength necessary for such things diminishes, all effort is burdensome; and as this joyous, futile life does not seem in any way wrong or dangerous, he no longer tries to resist it, but suffers the subtle poison which circulates in the air to infuse inactivity into the mind, indifference and effeminacy in the heart, and even to the depths of the soul itself.

Such were the influences to which I gave myself up, but not without some excuse, perhaps. At my age this reaction of gayety and love of pleasure was natural. After the experience I had passed through, I felt the need of something to divert me—the need of forgetting. How, then, could I possibly resist all there was around me to amuse and enable me to forget? Of course I had not forgotten Mme. de Kergy, or Diana, or the eloquence of Gilbert, but I had nearly lost all the pure, noble, and soul-stirring sentiments my acquaintance with them had awakened; and if any unacknowledged danger lurked therein, it had so ephemeral an influence on me that all trace was effaced, as a deadly odor passes away that we only inhaled for a moment.

As for my charming Stella, she no more thought of giving me

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advice than of setting me an example. She shared with me her happiest hours in the day, but I could not follow her in the courageous course of her hidden daily life. I did not see her during the hours when, with a brow as serene, a face as tranquil, as that with which she welcomed me at a later hour, she immolated her tastes and wishes, and by the perpetual sacrifice of herself earned the means of rendering her daughter as happy as she pleased. I saw her, on the contrary, during my daily drive with her and Angiolina—one of the greatest pleasures of the day for us all. To see them together, the mother as merry as the child, one would have supposed the one as happy, as fully exempt from all care, as the other! . . . We often took long drives in this way, sometimes beyond the extreme point of Posilippo, sometimes to Portici, or even to Capo di Monte. There we would leave our carriage and forget ourselves in long conversations while Angiolina was running about, coming every now and then to throw herself into her mother's arms or mine. I loved her passionately, and it often seemed to me, as I embraced her, that I felt for her something of that love which is the strongest on earth, and makes us endure the privation of all other affection. Angiolina was, it is true, one of those children better fitted than most to touch the maternal fibre that is hidden in every womanly heart. She had accents, looks, and moods of silence which seemed to indicate a soul attentive to voices that are not of this world, and sometimes, at the sight of her expressive childish face, one could not help wondering if she did not already hear those of heaven.

Lorenzo from time to time made a journey to the North of Italy, in order to see to his property. His absence, always short, and invariably explained, caused me neither pain nor offence. He seemed happy to see me again at his return, and appeared to enjoy much more than I, even, the gay life we both led. He devoted his mornings to work, but spent his evenings with me, either in society or at the theatre of San Carlo, where, according to the Italian custom in those days, we went much less to enjoy the play, or even the music, than to meet our friends. As for gaming, I had reason to believe he had entirely renounced it, for he never touched a card in my presence. The twofold danger, therefore, which had threatened my peace, seemed wholly averted, and I once more resumed my way with confidence and security, as a bird, beaten by the tempest, expands its wings at the return of the sun, and sings, as it flies heavenward, as if clouds and darkness were never to return!

But in the midst of this new dawn of happiness I was gliding almost imperceptibly but rapidly down, and suffering my days to pass in constantly-increasing indolence. It is true my good Ottavia, who had been with me since Livia's entrance at the convent, reminded me of the days and hours assigned for the practices of devotion she had taught me in my childhood, which, though not piety itself, serve to keep it alive. Without her I should probably have forgotten them all. I thought of nothing but how to be happy, and I was so because I seemed to have recovered absolute empire over Lorenzo's heart. . . . My lofty aspirations for him had vanished like some fanciful dream no longer remem-

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bered. The charm of his mental qualities and his personal attractions gave him a kind of supremacy in the circle where he occupied the foremost rank, and had every desirable pretext for gratifying his taste for display; while, on the other hand, the aureola of genius that surrounded him prevented his life from appearing, and even from being, wholly vain.

It was vain, however, as every one's life is that has no light from above. I was not yet wholly incapable of feeling this, but I was becoming more and more incapable of suffering from it.

It is not in this way the vigor of the soul is maintained or renewed. Livia alone had not lost her beneficent influence over me. A word from her had the same effect as the strong, correct tone of the diapason, which gives the ear warning when the notes begin to flatten. Every descent, however gradual, is difficult to climb again, and I did not at all perceive the ground I had lost till I found myself face to face with new trials and new dangers.

## XXV.

Several months passed, however, without any change in my happy, untroubled life. Lando's arrival, and shortly after that of Mario, were the chief incidents. Mario's visits were short and rare, for he seldom left my father. He loved home, now he was alone there, better than he used to do; and my father, relieved of a heavy responsibility by the marriage of one daughter and the vocation of the other, enjoyed more than ever the company of a son who gave him no anxiety and prevented him from finding his solitude irksome. He only lived now in the recollections of the past and for his profession, and Mario fulfilled with cheerful devotedness the additional obligations our departure had imposed on him. He came from time to time to see his two sisters, and had not entirely lost the habit of favoring me with advice and remonstrances. Nevertheless, as my present position obliged me to make a certain display he was not sorry to have a part in, and as, on the whole, he did not find my house disagreeable, it was not as difficult as it once was to win his approbation, particularly as, notwithstanding the frivolous life I led, I was still (perhaps a strange thing) wholly devoid of coquetry and vanity, which, almost as much as my affection for Lorenzo, served as a safeguard in the world, and not only shielded me from its real dangers, but from all criticism. This point acknowledged, Mario, who did not consider himself dispensed by my marriage from watching over my reputation, was as kind to me now as he would have been implacable had it been otherwise. As I, on my side, by no means feared his oversight, and he brought news of my father and recalled the memories of the past, which I continued to cherish in my present life, I welcomed him with affection, and his visits always afforded me pleasure.

As to Lando, he had been forced to tear himself away from Paris, and devote to economy an entire year which he had come very reluctantly to spend in the bosom of his family. He at once observed with astonishment that I was happier at Naples than at Paris. As for him, he declared life in a small city was an

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impossibility, and he should pass the time of his exile in absolute exclusion. But he contented himself with carrying this Parisian nostalgia from one drawing-room to another, exhaling his complaints sometimes in Italian (continually *grasseyant*), sometimes in French sprinkled with the most recent *argot*, only comprehensible to the initiated. But as, in spite of all this, his natural good-humor was never at fault, everything else was overlooked, and he was welcomed everywhere; so existence gradually became endurable, and he resigned himself to it so completely that by the time the Carnival approached he was so thoroughly renaturalized that no one was more forward than he in preparing and organizing all the amusements with which it terminates at Naples—vehicles, costumes, *confetti*, and flowers for the Toledo;* suppers, dominos, and disguises for the Festini di San Carlo,† without reckoning the great fancy ball at the Accademia;‡ and, to crown all, private theatricals with a view to Lent. With all this, he had ample means of escaping all danger of dying of *ennui* before Easter! . . .

I must acknowledge, however, that he found me as much disposed to aid him as any one. I was in one of those fits of exuberant gayety which at Naples, and even at Rome, sometimes seize even the most reasonable and sensible people during the follies of the Carnival. But it must be confessed these follies had not in Italy the gross, vulgar, and repulsive aspect which public gayety sometimes assumes at Paris on similar occasions. One would suppose everybody at Paris more or less wicked at Carnival time; whereas at Rome and Naples everybody seems to be more or less childlike. Is this more in appearance than reality? Must we believe the amount of evil the same everywhere during these days devoted to pleasure? I cannot say. At Rome, we know, no less than at Paris and Naples, while people on the Corso are pelting each other with *confetti* and lighting the *moccoletti*, the churches are also illuminated, and a numerous crowd, prostrate before the Blessed Sacrament exposed on the altars, pray in order to expiate the follies of the merry crowd. But it seems to me no one who has made the comparison would hesitate to acknowledge a great difference in the gayety of these places, as well as the different amusements it inspires.

Stella was in as gay a mood as I. Angiolina (whose right it was) could not have prepared more enthusiastically than we to throw *confetti* at every one we met, or pelt the vehicles in which most of the gentlemen of the place, arrayed in various disguises, drive up and down the Toledo. These vehicles are stormed with missiles from every balcony they pass, and they reply by handfuls of *confetti* and flowers thrown to the highest stories, either by means of cornets, or by instruments expressly for this purpose, or by climbing the staging made on the carriages to bring the combatants nearer together.

Lorenzo, Lando, and even Mario were enrolled among the number to man a wonderful gondola of the XVth century, all clad in the costume of that period, and Lorenzo, by his taste and uncommon acquirements of all kinds, contributed to

* The Strada di Toledo, where the maskers assemble, and the combats with *confetti* take place during the Carnival.

† *Balls masqués.*

‡ The name of the place where large public and private balls are given by the Neapolitan nobility, to whom one must belong to have the right to subscribe.

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render this masquerade almost interesting from an artistic and historic point of view, and he was as zealous about it as any one.

We were in the very midst of these preparations when one morning he told me with an air of vexation he had just received a letter from his agent which would oblige him to be absent several days. But he was only to go to Bologna this time, and would be back without fail the eve of *Jeudi-Gras*,* the day fixed for the last exhibition of the gondoia. But his departure afflicted me the more because he had not been absent for a long time, and I was no longer used to it. I did not, therefore, conceal my annoyance. But as his seemed to be equally great, I finally saw him depart, not without regret, but without the least shade of my former distrust.

The Carnival was late that year, and the coming of spring was already perceptible in the air. I had passed two hours with Stella in the park of Capo di Monte, while Angiolina was filling her basket with the violets that grew among the grass. Our enjoyment was increased by the freshness of the season and the enchanting sky of Naples. When the circumstances of a person's life are not absolutely at variance with the beauty of nature, he feels a transport here not experienced in any other place. That day I was happier and merrier than usual, and yet, as we were about to leave the park, I all at once felt that vague kind of sadness which always throws its cloud over excessive joy.

"One moment longer, Stella," said I, "it is so lovely here. I never saw the sea and sky so blue before! I cannot bear to go home.'

"Remain as long as you please, Ginevra. I am never tired, you know, of the beautiful prospect before us! Nature is to me a mother, a friend, and a support. She has so often enabled me to endure life."

"Poor Stella!" said I with a slight remorse, for I felt I was too often unmindful of the difference in our lots.

But she continued with her charming smile:

"You see, Ginevra, they say I have *le sang joyeux!* which means, I suppose, that I have a happy disposition. When all other means fail of gratifying my natural turn, I can do it by looking around me. The very radiance of the heavens suffices to fill me with torrents of joy."

At that moment Angiolina ran up with a little bunch of violets she had tied together, and gave them to her mother. Stella took the child up in her arms.

"Look, Ginevra. See how blue my Angiolina's eyes are. Their color is a thousand times lovelier than that of the sky or sea, is it not? Come, let us not talk of my troubles," continued she, as her daughter threw her arms around her neck, and leaned her cheek against hers. "This treasure is sufficient; I ask no other."

"Yes, Stella, you are right. To enjoy such a happiness I would give all I possess."

"God will doubtless grant you this happiness some day," replied she, smiling.

Our merriment, interrupted for a moment, now resumed its course. It was time to go home, and we returned without delay to the carriage, which awaited us at the gate of the park.

It was Tuesday, the day but one

* Thursday before Lent



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before *Jeudi-Gras;* consequently I expected Lorenzo the following day. All the preparations for the masquerade were completed, and in passing by the door of my aunt, Donna Clelia, who lived on the Toledo, I proposed to Stella we should call to make sure she had attended to her part; for it was from her balcony the first great contest with *confetti* was to take place the next day but one.

Donna Clelia, as I have remarked, felt a slight degree of ill-humor at the time of my marriage. But she speedily concluded to regard the event with a favorable eye. It would doubtless have been more agreeable to be able to say: "The duke, my son-in-law"; but if she could not have this satisfaction, it was something to be able to say: "My niece, the duchess," and my aunt did not deny herself this pleasure.

Besides, she anticipated another advantage of more importance—of obtaining an entrance by my means to high life, which hitherto she had only seen at an immeasurable distance; and she was still more anxious to introduce her daughters than to enter herself. From the day of my marriage, therefore, she resolved to establish herself at Naples, and this resolution had already had the most happy results. Teresina and Mariuccia were large girls, rather devoid of style, but not of beauty. Thanks to our relationship, they were invited almost everywhere, and the dream of their mother was almost realized. As I had indubitably contributed to this, and they had the good grace to acknowledge it, I was on the best terms with them as well as with Donna Clelia. The latter, it will be readily imagined, had enthusiastically acceded to my request to allow the cream of the *beau monde* to occupy her balconies on *Jeudi-Gras*, and we found her now in the full tide of the preparations she considered necessary for so great an event.

My aunt had apartments of good size on the first floor of one of the large palaces on the Strada di Toledo. They were dark and gloomy in the morning, like all in that locality, but in the evening, when her drawing-rooms were lit up, they produced a very good effect. As to Donna Clelia herself, when her voluminous person was encased in a suit of black velvet, and her locks, boldly turned back, had the addition of a false *chignon*, a plume of red feathers, and superb diamonds, she sustained very creditably, as I can testify, the part of a dignified matron, and it was easy to see she had been in her day handsomer than either of her daughters. But when she received us on this occasion, enveloped in an enormous wrapper, which indicated that, in spite of the advanced hour, she had not even begun her toilet, and with her hair reduced to its simplest expression, she presented quite a different aspect. She was, however, by no means disconcerted when we made our appearance, but met us, on the contrary, with open arms; for she was very glad of an opportunity of explaining all the arrangements she was at that instant occupied in superintending, which likewise accounted for the *négligé* in which we surprised her. She took us all through the drawing-rooms, pointing out in the penumbra the places, here and there, where she intended to place a profusion of flowers. Here a large table would stand, loaded with everything that would aid us in repairing our strength during the contest; and there were genuine tubs for the *confetti*,

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where we should find an inexhaustible supply of ammunition. My aunt was rich. She spared nothing for her own amusement or to amuse others, and never had she found a better occasion for spending her money. She had already given two successful *soirées*, at which her large drawing-rooms were filled, but this crowd did not include everybody, and those who were absent were precisely those she was most anxious to have, and the very ones who, on *Jeudi-Gras*, were to give her the pleasure of making use of her rooms. She did not dream of fathoming their motives; it was enough to have their presence.

At last, after examining and approving everything, as disorder reigned in the drawing-room, my aunt took us to her chamber. She gave Stella and myself two armchairs that were there, placed on the floor a supply of biscuits, candied chestnuts, and mandarines for Angiolina's benefit, and seated herself on the foot of her bedstead, taking for a seat the bare wood; the mattress, pillows, and coverings being rolled up during the day, according to the Neapolitan custom, like an enormous bale of goods, at the other end of the bedstead. Arming herself with an immense fan, which she vigorously waved to and fro, she set herself to work to entertain us. First, she replied to my questions:

"You ask where the *ragazze** are. . . . I didn't tell you, then, they are gone on a trip to Sorrento with the *baronessa?*"

"No, Zia Clelia, you did not tell me. When will they return?"

"Oh! in a short time. I expect them before night. It was such fine weather yesterday! They did not like to refuse to accompany the baroness, but it would not please them to lose two days of the Carnival, and the baroness wouldn't, for anything in the world, miss her part at San Carlo. Teresina is to go there with her this evening."

The baroness in question was a friend of my aunt's whom she particularly liked to boast of before me. If she was indebted to me for some of the acquaintances she was so proud of, she lost no opportunity of reminding me that for this one she was solely indebted to herself.

"Ah! Ginevra mia! . . ." continued she, "you have a fine house, to be sure—I can certainly say nothing to the contrary; but if you could only see that of the baroness! . . . Such furniture! Such mirrors! Such gilding! . . . And then what a view! . . ."

Here my aunt kissed the ends of her five fingers, and then opened her whole hand wide, expressing by this pantomime a degree of admiration for which words did not suffice. . . .

"How?" said Stella with an air of surprise. "I thought her house was near here, and that there was no view at all. It seems to me she can see nothing from her windows."

"No view!" cried Donna Clelia. "No view from the baroness' house! . . . See nothing from her windows! . . . What a strange mistake, Contessa Stella! You are in the greatest error. You can see everything from her windows—*everything!* Not a carriage, not a donkey, not a horse, not a man or woman on foot or horseback or in a carriage, can pass by without being seen; and as all the drawing-rooms are *al primo piano*, you can see them as plainly as I see you, and distinguish the color of

* The girls.

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their cravats and the shape of the ladies' cloaks."

"Ah! yes, yes, Zia Clelia, you are right. It is Stella who is wrong. The baroness has an admirable view, and quite suited to her tastes."

"And then," continued Donna Clelia, waving her fan more deliberately to give greater emphasis to her words, "a situation unparalleled in the whole city of Naples! . . . A church on one side, and the new theatre on the other! And so near at the right and left that—imagine it!—there is a little gallery, which she has the key of, on one side, leading to the church; and on the other a passage, of which she also has the key, which leads straight to her box in the theatre! I ask if you can imagine anything more convenient? . . . But, apropos, Ginevra, have you seen Livia lately?"

"Yes, I see her every week."

"Ah! *par exemple*," said Donna Clelia, folding her hands, "there is a saint for you! But I have stopped going to see her since the Carnival began, because every time I go I feel I ought to become better, and the very next day off I go to confession. . . . It has precisely the same effect on the *ragazze;* so they have begged me not to take them to the convent again before Ash-Wednesday."

Stella, less accustomed than I to my aunt's style of conversation, burst into laughter, and I did the same, though I thought she expressed very well in her way the effects of her visits at the convent. At that minute the doors opened with a bang, and Teresina and Mariuccia made their appearance, loaded with flowers. At the sight of us there were exclamations of joy:

"O Ginevra! . . . Contessa! . . . *E la bambina! Che piacere!* . . . How delightful to find you here!"

A general embrace all around. Then details of all kinds—a stream of words almost incomprehensible.

"*Che tempo! Che bellezza! Che paradiso!* They had been amused *quanto mai!* And on the way back, moreover, they had met Don Landolfo, and Don Landolfo had invited Teresina to dance a cotillon with him at the ball to-morrow. . . . And Don Landolfo said Mariuccia's toilet at the ball last Saturday was *un amore!*"

It should be observed here that everything Lando said was taken very seriously in this household. His opinion was law in everything relating to dress, and he himself did not disdain giving these girls advice which cultivated notions of good taste, from which they were too often tempted to deviate.

We were on the point of leaving when Mariuccia exclaimed:

"Oh! apropos, Ginevrina, Teresina thought she saw Duke Lorenzo at Sorrento at a distance."

"Lorenzo? . . . At Sorrento? No, you are mistaken, Teresina. He went to Bologna a week ago, and will not be back till to-morrow."

"You hear?" said Mariuccia to her sister. "I told you you were mistaken—that it was not he."

"It is strange," said Teresina. "At all events, it was some one who resembled him very much. It is true, I barely saw him a second."

"And where was it?" I asked with a slight tremor of the heart.

"At the window of a small villa away from the road at the end of a *masseria* * we happened to pass on the way."

She was mistaken, it was evident; but when Lorenzo returned that eve-

* An enclosure planted with maize, vines, and orange-trees.

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ning, a day sooner than I expected, I felt a slight misgiving at seeing him. He perceived it, and smilingly asked if I was sorry because he had hastened his return. I was tempted to tell him what troubled me, but was ashamed of the new suspicion such an explanation would have revealed, and I reproached myself for it as an injustice to him. I checked myself, therefore, and forced myself to forget, or at least to pay no attention to, the gossip of my cousins.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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## FAC-SIMILES OF IRISH NATIONAL MANUSCRIPTS.

CONCLUDED.

THE *Liber Hymnorum* is the next selected. It is believed to be more than one thousand years old, and one of the most remarkable of the sacred tracts among the MSS. in Trinity College, Dublin. It is a collection of hymns on S. Patrick and other Irish saints, which has been published by the Irish Archæological and Celtic Society, under the superintendence of Dr. Todd. The three pages selected contain the hymn written by S. Fiach of Stetty, between the years 538 and 558, in honor of S. Patrick. The hymn is furnished with an interlinear gloss.

The tenth of these MSS. is *The Saltair of S. Ricemarch*, Bishop of St. David's between the years 1085 and 1096, a small copy of the Psalter containing also a copy of the Roman Martyrology.

Of the four pages of this volume which have been selected for copying, two are a portion of the Martyrology and two of the Psalter. The first of these last contains the first two verses of the 101st Psalm, surrounded by an elaborate border formed by the intertwinings of four serpentine monsters. The initial D of Domine is also expressed by a coiled snake, with its head in an attitude to strike; the object of its attack being a creature which it is impossible to designate, but which bears some resemblance to the hippocampus, or sea-horse. The second page of the Psalter contains the 115th, 116th, and 117th Psalms, in which the same serpentine form is woven into shapes to represent the initial letters. The version of the Psalms given in this volume differs from that used in England in Bishop Ricemarch's time. It is written in Latin in Gaelic characters. The volume belongs to Trinity College, Dublin.

Next in order appears the *Leabhar na h-Uidhré*, or *Book of the Dark Gray Cow*, a fragment of one hundred and thirty-eight folio pages, which is thought to be a copy made about the year 1100 of a more ancient MS. of the same name written in S. Ciaran's time. It derived its name from the following curious legend, taken from the *Book of Leinster*, and the ancient tale called *Im thecht na trom daimhé*, or *Adventures of the Great Company*, told in the *Book of Lismore*. About the year 598, soon after the election of Senchan Torpeist to the post of chief filé (professor of philosophy and literature) in Erinn, he paid a visit to Guairè, the Hospitable,

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King of Connaught, accompanied by such a tremendous retinue, including a hundred and fifty professors, a hundred and fifty students, a hundred and fifty hounds, a hundred and fifty male attendants, and a hundred and fifty female relatives, that even King Guairè's hospitality was grievously taxed; for he not only had to provide a separate meal and separate bed for each, but to minister to their daily craving for things that were extraordinary, wonderful, rare, and difficult of procurement. The mansion which contained the learned association was a special source of annoyance to King Guairè, and at last the "longing desires" for unattainable things of Muireann, daughter of Cun Culli and wife of Dallan, the foster-mother of the literati, became so unendurable that Guairè, tired of life, proposed to pay a visit to Fulachtach Mac Owen, a person whom he thought especially likely to rid him of that burden, as he had killed his father, his six sons, and his three brothers. Happily for him, however, he falls in with his brother Marbhan, "the prime prophet of heaven and earth," who had adopted the position of royal swineherd in order that he might the more advantageously indulge his passion for religion and devotion among the woods and desert places; and Marbhan eventually revenges the trouble and ingratitude shown to his brother by imposing upon Senchan and the great Bardic Association the task of recovering the lost tale of the *Táin Bó Chuailgné*, or *Great Cattle Spoil of Cuailgne*. After a vain search for it in Scotland, Senchan returned home and invited the following distinguished saints, S. Colum Cille, S. Caillin of Fiodhnacha, S. Ciaran, S. Brendan of Birra, and S. Brendan the son of Finnlogha, to meet him at the grave of the great Ulster chief, Feargus Mac Roigh—who had led the Connaught men against the Ulster men during the spoil, of which also he appears to have been the historian—to try by prayer and fasting to induce his spirit to relate the tale. After they had fasted three days and three nights, the apparition of Feargus rose before them, clad in a green cloak with a collared, gold-ribbed shirt and bronze sandals, and carrying a golden hilted sword, and recited the whole from beginning to end. And S. Ciaran then and there wrote it down on the hide of his pet cow, which he had had made for the purpose into a book, which has ever since borne this name.

The volume contains matter of a very miscellaneous character: A fragment of Genesis; a fragment of Nennius' *History of the Britons*, done into Gaelic by Gilla Caomhain, who died before 1072; an *amhra* or elegy on S. Colum Cille, written by Dallan Forgail, the poet, in 592; fragments of the historic tale of the *Mesca Uladh*, or *Inebriety of the Ulstermen*; fragments of the cattle-spoils *Táin Bo Dartadha* and *Táin Bo Flidais*; the navigation of Madduin about the Atlantic for three years and seven months; imperfect copies of the *Táin Bó Chuailgné*, the destruction of the *Bruighean da Dearga*, or *Court of Da Dearga*, and murder of King Conairé Mór; a history of the great pagan cemeteries of Erinn and of the various old books from which this and other pieces were compiled; poems by Flann of Monasterboice and others; together with various other pieces of history and historic romance chiefly referring to the ante-Christian period, and especially that of the Tuatha Dé Danann. Three

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pages, containing curious prayers and the legend of *The Withering of Cuchulain and the Birds of Emer*, extracted from the *Leabhar buidh Slaine*, or *Yellow Book of Slane*, one of the ancient lost books of Ireland from which the *Leabhar na h-Uidhré* was compiled, have been selected.

The *Book of Leinster*, a folio of over four hundred pages, appears as the next. It was compiled in the first half of the XIIth century by Finn Mac Gorman, Bishop of Kildare, by order of Aedh Mac Crimhthainn, the tutor of Dermot, King of Leinster. Among other pieces of internal evidence pointing to this conclusion are the following entries, the first in the original hand, the second by one strange but ancient, translated and quoted by O'Curry:

"Benedictions and health from Finn, the Bishop of Kildare, to Aedh Mac Crimhtain, the tutor of the chief King of Leth Mogha Nuadut (or of Leinster and Munster), successor of Colaim Mic Crumtaind of, and chief historian of, Leinster, in wisdom, intelligence, and the cultivation of books, knowledge, and learning. And I write the conclusion of this little tale for thee, O acute Aedh! thou possessor of the sparkling intellect. May it be long before we are without thee! It is my desire that thou shouldst always be with us. Let Mac Loran's book of poems be given to me, that I may understand the sense of the poems that are in it; and farewell in Christ.

"O Mary! it is a great deed that has been done in Erinn this day, the Kalends of August—Diarmait Mac Donnchadda Mic Murchada, King of Leinster and of the Danes (of Dublin), to have been banished over the sea eastwards by the men of Erinn! Uch, uch, O Lord! what shall I do?"

The more important of the vast number of subjects treated of in this MS. are mentioned as being: The usual book of invasions; ancient poems; a plan and explanation of the banqueting-hall of Tara; a copy of *The Battle of Ross na Righ* in the beginning of the Christian era; a copy of the *Mesca Uladh*, and one of the origin of the Borromean Tribute, and the battle that ensued; a fragment of the battle of Ceannabrat, with the defeat of Mac Con by Oilioll Olium, his flight into, and return from, Scotland with Scottish and British adventurers, his landing in Galway Bay, and the defeat of Art, monarch of Erinn, and slaughter of Olium's seven sons at the battle of Magh Mucruimhé; a fragment of *Cormac's Glossary*; another of the wars between the Danes and Irish; a copy of the *Dinnsenchus*; genealogies of Milesian families; and an ample list of the early saints of Erinn, with their pedigrees and affinities, and with copious references to the situation of their churches. The volume belongs to Trinity College, Dublin.

Three pages have been selected. The first contains a copy of the poem on the Teach Miodhchuarta of Tara—a poem so ancient that of its date and author no record remains—and of the ground-plan of the banqueting-hall by which the poem was illustrated, published by Dr. Petrie in his *History and Antiquities of Tara Hill*. The ground-plan, which in this copy is nearly square, is divided into five compartments lengthwise, the centre and broadest of which contains the door, a rudely-drawn figure of a *daul* or waiter turning a gigantic spit, furnished with a joint of meat, before a fire, the lamps, and a huge double-handed vase or amphora for the cup-bearer to distribute.

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This great spit, called *Bir Nechin*, or the spit of Nechin, the chief smith of Tara, which in the drawing is half the length of the hall, appears to have been so mechanically contrived as to be able to be coiled up after use; and the instrument is thus described in another MS. belonging to Trinity College, Dublin, quoted by Dr. Petrie: "A stick at each end of it, and its axle was wood, and its wheel was wood, and its body was iron; and there were twice nine wheels on its axle, that it might turn the faster; and there were thirty spits out of it, and thirty hooks and thirty spindles, and it was as rapid as the rapidity of a stream in turning; and thrice nine spits and thrice nine cavities (or pots) and one spit for roasting, and one wing used to set it in motion."

In the two compartments on either side are enumerated in order of precedence the various officers and retainers of the king's household, together with their tables and the particular portions of meat served out to each, forming a very curious and instructive illustration of the social condition and habits of the early Irish. The description of the rations that were considered specially adapted to the several ranks of consumers is very amusing. For the distinguished men of literature, "the soft, clean, smooth entrails," and a steak cut from the choicest part of the animal, were set aside; the poet had a "good smooth" piece of the leg; the historian, "a crooked bone," probably a rib; the artificers, "a pig's shoulder"; the Druids and *aire dessa*, a "fair foot." These last are said to decline to drink; not so the trumpeters and cooks, who are to be allowed "cheering mead in abundance, not of a flatulent kind." The doorkeeper, "the noisy, humorous fool and the fierce, active kerne" had the chine; while to the satirists and the *braigitore*, a class of buffoons whose peculiar function was to amuse the company after a fashion which will not only not bear description, but almost defies belief —licensed and paid *Aethons* of the court—"the fat of the shoulder was divided to them pleasantly."

The selection is continued by the *Leabhar Breac*, or *Speckled Book*, probably named from the color of its cover, or, as it was formerly called, *Leabhar Mór Duna Doighré*, the *Great Book of Dun Doighré*, a place on the Galway side of the Shannon not far from Athlone. It is a compilation from various ancient books belonging chiefly to churches and monasteries in Conaught, Munster, and Leinster, beautifully written on vellum, as is supposed about the close of the XIVth century, by one of the Mac Ogans, a literary family of great repute belonging to Dun Doighré.

Its contents are of an extremely miscellaneous character, and they are all, with the exception of a copy of *The Life of Alexander the Great* from the VIIth century, MS. of S. Berchan of Clonsost, of a religious nature, comprising Biblical narratives, homilies, hymns; pedigrees of saints, litanies and liturgies, monastic rules, the *Martyrology* of Aengus Céulé Dé, or the Culdee, the ancient rules of discipline of the order of the Culdees, etc., etc. When the Abbé Mac Geoghegan wrote his *History of Ancient Erinn* in Paris, in the year 1758, this volume, his principal MS. of reference, was in Paris. It is now in the Royal Irish Academy.

Three pages have been selected for fac-similes, giving a description of the nature and arrangement of the

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*Félire*, or *Festology* of Aengus the Culdee, and the date and object of its composition, which was made between the years 793 and 817, when Aedh Oirdnidhe was monarch of Erinn.

Then comes the *Leabhar Buidhe Lecain*, or *Yellow Book of Lecain*, a large quarto volume of about five hundred pages, which was written by Donnoch and Gilla Isa Mac Firbis in the year 1390, with the exception of a few tracts of a somewhat later date. O'Curry, in his ninth lecture, supposes it to have been originally a collection of ancient historical pieces, civil and ecclesiastical, in prose and verse. In its present imperfect state it contains a number of family and political poems; some monastic rules; a description of Tara and its banqueting-hall; a translation of part of the Book of Genesis; the Feast of Dun-na-n Gedh and the battle of Magh Rath; an account of the reign of Muirchertach Mac Erca, and his death at the palace of Cleitech in the year 527; copies of cattle-spoils, of the Bruighean Da Dearga, and death of the king; the tale of Maelduin's three years' wanderings in the Atlantic; tracts concerning the banishment of an ancient tribe from East Meath, and their discovery in the Northern Ocean by some Irish ecclesiastics; accounts of battles in the years 594, 634, and 718, and many other curious and valuable pieces and tracts. It is preserved in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin.

Two pages have been selected. The first contains the plan of the Teach Miodchuarta of ancient Tara, with a portion of the prose preface to the poem, which the plan is intended to illustrate. This ground-plan differs somewhat in the shape of the hall and the arrangement of the tables from that given in the *Book of Leinster*, an earlier copy of a different original. It is also very much superior to it, both as regards the drawing and writing. The *daul* and his spit are unrepresented here, but there is the door, the common hall, the swinging lamp and candles, the great double-handed vase, called the *dabhach* or vat, and three places marked out for the fires. The arrangement of the hall appears to have been this: Each of the two outside compartments contained twelve seats, and each seat three sitters; the two *airidins* or divisions on either side of the centre of the hall held each eight seats and sixteen sitters. There were eight distributors, cup-bearers, and herdsmen at the upper end of the hall, and two sat in each of the two seats on either side of the door, being the two door-keepers and two of the royal fools. The daily allowance for dinner was two cows, two salted hogs, and two pigs. The quantity of liquor consumed is not specified, but the poem states that there were one hundred drinkings in the vat, and that the vat was supplied with fifty grooved golden horns and fifty pewter vessels. The order of precedence seems to have ranged from the top of the external division to the left on entering the hall; then to the top of the external division to the right; then the two internal divisions beginning with the left; then the *iarthar* or back part of the hall, the upper end opposite the door; and last the seats on either side of the door itself. There is no seat marked for the king, but it is stated in the poem that a fourth part of the hall was at his back and three-fourths before him, and he is supposed to have sat about a quarter of the way down the centre of

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the hall with his face toward the door, which would place him between two of the great fires, with the artisans on his right and the braziers and fools on his left hand. It is probable, however, from no mention being made of the king's seat, and no provision being made for him in the appropriation of the daily allowance of food, which is specified in as many rations as there are persons mentioned in the plan, that this is not the plan of the royal banqueting-hall, but of a portion of it only—the common dining-hall for the officers and retainers of the palace; the monarch himself and his princes and nobles, none of whom are even alluded to in the plan, dining in another and superior apartment.

The second page contains a portion of the sorrowful tale of the loves of fair Deirdré and Naoisi, the son of Uisneach, one of the class of Irish legends called *Aithidhé*, or elopements. An outline of this story, in the commencement of which the reader will recognize that of one of his early nursery favorites, "Little Snow White," is given by Keating in his *General History of Ireland*.

*The Book of Lecain Mac Firbisigh*, a folio of more than six hundred pages, was compiled in the year 1418 by Gilla Isa Môr Mac Firbis, Adam O'Cuirnin, and Morogh Riabhac O'Cuindlis. Its contents are nearly the same as those of *The Book of Ballymote*, to some of which it furnishes valuable additions, among the most important of which is a tract on the families and subdivisions of the territory of Tir Fiachrach in the present county of Sligo. The volume is preserved in the Royal Irish Academy.

Four pages have been selected, being a portion of a copy of the *Leabhar na g-Ceart*, or *Book of Rights*, a metrical work attributed in the work itself to S. Benean or Benignus, S. Patrick's earliest convert, and his successor in the Archbishopric of Armagh in the middle of the Vth century. These four pages, which are written in columnar form, contain the concluding ten verses of the stipends due to the chieftainries of Connacht from the supreme King of Cruachain; the metrical accounts, with their preceding prose abstracts, of the privileges of the King of Aileach; the payment and stipends of the same king to his chieftainries and tribes for refection and escort; the privileges of the King of the Oirghialla with the stipends due to him from the King of Erinn, and by him to his chieftainries; the rights, wages, stipends, refections, and tributes of the King of Eamhain and Uladh; and almost all the prose abstract of the rights of the King of Tara.

*The Book of Ballymote*, a large folio volume of five hundred and two pages of vellum, was written, as stated on the dorse of folio 62, at Ballymote, in the house of Tomaltach oig Mac Donogh, Lord of Corann, during the reign of Torlogh oig, the son of Hugh O'Conor, King of Connaught. It appears to be the work of different hands, but the principal scribes employed in writing it were Solomon O'Droma and Manus O'Duigenann, and it was written at the end of the XIVth century.

It contains an imperfect copy of the *Leabhar Gabhala*, or *Book of Invasions*, a series of ancient chronological, historical, and genealogical pieces in prose and verse; the pedigrees of Irish saints, and the histories and pedigrees of all the great families of the Milesian race,

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with their collateral branches, so that, as O'Curry remarks, there is scarcely any one whose name begins with "*O'*" or "Mac" who could not find out all about his origin and family in this book; then follow stories and adventures, lists of famous Irish names, a Gaelic translation of Nennius' *History of the Britons*, an ancient grammar and prosody, and various other tracts.

Six pages have been selected. The first four contain the dissertation on the Ogham characters, and the last two the genealogy of the Hy Nialls, showing their descent from Eremon, one of the sons of Milesius. The volume belongs to the Irish Academy.

The last in Mr. Sanders' list of the great volumes of Irish History is the *Book of M'Carthy Riabhac*, a compilation of the XIVth century—in language of a much earlier date—now also known as the *Book of Lismore*, to which a very curious story attaches. It was first discovered in the year 1814, enclosed in a wooden box together with a fine old crosier, built into the masonry of a closed-up doorway which was reopened during some repairs that were being made in the old Castle of Lismore. Of course the account of its discovery soon got abroad and became a matter of great interest, especially to the antiquarian class of scholars. Among these there happened to be then living in Shandon Street, Cork, one Mr. Dennis O'Flinn, a professed Irish scholar. O'Curry says that he was a "professed but a very indifferent" one; but at any rate his reputation was sufficiently well grounded to induce Colonel Curry, the Duke of Devonshire's agent, to send him the MS. According to O'Flinn's own account, the book remained in his hands for one year, during which time it was copied by Michael O'Longan, of Carrignavan, near Cork; after which O'Flinn bound it in boards, and returned it to Colonel Curry. From that time it remained locked up and unexamined until 1839, when the duke lent it to the Royal Irish Academy to be copied by O'Curry, and O'Curry's practised eye and acumen soon discovered that much harm had come to the volume during its sojourn in Shandon Street. The book had been mutilated, and, what was worse, mutilated in so cunning a way that what remained was rendered valueless by the abstraction, no doubt with the view of enhancing the value of the stolen portions as soon as it should become safe to pretend a discovery of them. Every search was made, especially by O'Curry, about Cork, to see if any of the missing pages could be found; but it was not till seven or eight years afterwards that a communication was made that a large portion of the original MS. was actually in the possession of some person in Cork, but who the person was, or how he became possessed of it, the informant could not tell. This clue seems to have failed; but soon afterwards the late Sir William Betham's collection of MSS. passed into the library of the Royal Irish Academy by sale, and among these were copies of the lost portions, and all made, as the scribe himself states at the end of one of them, by himself, Michael O'Longan, at the house of Dennis Ban O'Flinn, in Cork, in 1816, from the *Book of Lismore*. The missing portions of the MS. were at length traced, and the £50 asked for them was offered by the Royal Irish Academy; but the negotia-

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tion ultimately broke down, and they were purchased by Mr. Hewitt, of Summerhill, near Cork. Since that time, however, they have been restored, and the whole volume excellently repaired and handsomely bound by the Duke of Devonshire, who has most liberally allowed it to remain in Mr. Sanders' possession for the purpose of copying. Whether O'Flinn actually mutilated the volume or not, there can be no doubt that pages and pages of it have been ruined and will eventually be rendered illegible by the most reckless use of that pernicious chemical agent, infusion of galls. Besides this, Mr. O'Flinn has written his name in several places of the book, among others all over the colored initial letter of one of the tracts, which he has entirely spoiled by filling in the open spaces with the letters of his name and the date of the outrage. But perhaps the most characteristic act performed by him is the interpolation of an eulogistic ode upon himself in Gaelic, of which the following is a literal translation :

"Upon the dressing of this book by D. O'F., he said (or sang) as follows :

"'O old chart! forget not, wheresoever you are taken,
To relate that you met with the Doctor of Books;
That helped you, out of compassion, from severe bondage,
After finding you in forlorn state without a tatter about you, as it should be.
Under the disparagement of the ignorant who liked not to know you,
Till you met by chance with learned good-nature from the person *
Who put healing herbs with zeal to thy old wounds,
And liberally put bloom on you at your old age,
And baptized you the *Book of Lismore*.

Forget not this friend that esteemed your figure,
Distinguishing you, (though) of unseemly appearance, in humble words.
I doubt not that truly you will declare to them there
That you met with your fond friend ere you went to dust."

* "That is, Dennis O'Flinn, with whom was this book during a year, namely, from the seventh month of the year 1815 to the eighth month of the year 1816, *i.e.*, viz., D. O'F., of Shandon Street, in Cork, of Great Munster, and that put it carefully in this form, as say the stanzas above."

The book contains ancient lives of Irish saints, written in very pure Gaelic; the conquests of Charlemagne, translated from Archbishop Turpin's celebrated romance of the VIIIth century; the conversion of the Pantheon into a Christian church; the stories of David, son of Jesse, the two children, Samhain, the three sons of Cleirac; the *Imtheacht na trom daimhé;* the story of S. Peter's daughter Petronilla and the discovery of the Sibylline Oracle; an account of S. Gregory the Great; the Empress Justina's heresy; modifications of minor ceremonies of the Mass; accounts of the successors of Charlemagne, and of the correspondence between Lanfranc and the clergy of Rome; extracts from Marco Polo's *Travels;* accounts of Irish battles and sieges; and a dialogue between S. Patrick, Caoilté, Mac Ronain, and Oisin (Ossian), the son of Fionn Mac Cumhaill, in which many hills, rivers, caverns, etc., in Ireland, are described, and the etymology of their names recorded. This last is preluded by an account of the departure of Oisin and Caoilté on a hunting expedition, during which their gillie sees and is much troubled by a very strange spectacle. As this tale furnishes a good example of the contents of these ancient books, we subjoin a translation of the commencement of it.*

"On a certain time it happened that Oisin and Cailte were in Dun Clithar (the sheltered or shady Dun) at Slieve Crott. It was the time

* The writer acknowledges his indebtedness to Mr. James O'Farrell for this translation and other valuable assistance.

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that Patrick came to Ireland. It is there dwelt a remnant of the Fenians, namely, Oisin and Cailte and three times nine persons in their company. They followed this custom: about nine persons went out hunting daily. On a certain day it chanced that Cailte Mac Ronain set out with eight persons (big men) and a boy (gilla), the ninth. The way they went was northward to the twelve mountains of Eibhlinné and to the head of the ancient Moy Breogan. On their returning from the chase at the cheerless close of the day they came from the north to Corroda Cnamhchoill. Then was Fear Gair Cailte's gilla loaded with the choice parts of the chase in charge, because he had no care beyond that of Cailte himself, from whom he took wages. The gilla comes to the stream, and takes Cailte's cup from his back and drinks a drink of the stream. Whilst the gilla was thus drinking the eight great men went their way southward, mistaking the road, and the gilla following afterwards. Then was heard the noise of the large host, and the gilla proceeds to observe the multitude; bushes and a bank between them. He saw in the fore front of the crowd a strange band; it seemed to him one hundred and fifty were in this band. They appeared thus: robes of pure white linen upon them, a head chief with them, and bent standards in their hands; shields, broad-streaked with gold and silver, bright shining on their breasts; their faces pale, pitiably feminine, and having masculine voices, and every man of them humming a march. The gilla followed his people, and did not overtake them till he came to the hunting-booth, and he came possessed, as he thinks, with the news of the strange troop he had seen, and casts his burden on the ground, goes round it, places his elbows under, and groans very loudly. It was then that Cailte Mac Ronain said: 'Well, gilla, is it the weight of your burden affects you?' 'Not so,' replied the gilla; 'when is large the burden, so great is the wages you give to me. This does not affect me; but that wonderful multitude I saw at the hut of Cnamhchoill. The first band that I saw of that strange crowd filled me with the pestilent, heavy complaint of the news of this band.' 'Give its description,' said Cailte. 'There seemed to me an advanced guard of one hundred and fifty-six men, pure white robes upon them, a head leader to them, bent standards in their hands, broad shields on their breasts, having feminine faces and masculine voices, and every single man of them humming a march.' Wonder seized the old Fenian on hearing this. 'These are they,' said Oisin—'the Tailginn (holy race), foretold by our Druids and Fionn to us, and what can be done with them? Unless they be slain, they shall ascend over us altogether.' 'Uch!' said Oisin, 'who amongst us can molest them? For we are the last of the Fenii, and not with ourselves is the power in Erinn, nor the greatness, nor pleasure but in the chase, and as ancient exiles asserting the right,' said he; and they remained so till came the next morning, and there was nothing on their minds that night but these (things). Cailte rose early the fore front of the day, being the oldest of them, and came out on the assembly-mound. The sun cleared the fog from the plains, and Cailte said: . . ."

The procession thus described as having been seen by the gillie was probably one of ecclesiastics, with

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S. Patrick himself at their head, on the saint's first arrival in Ireland.

The foregoing sketches of certain of the MSS., extracts from which are intended to appear in the series of fac-similes, may serve to convey an idea of how rich Ireland is in such national records, what an immense mass of historical and romantic literature her libraries contain, and how great is their antiquity. Besides the evidence afforded by these books, both as to the ancient social, political, and ecclesiastical history of Ireland, and its topography, the books themselves are found to be full of illustrations of the customs, mode of life, manners, and costume of her early Celtic inhabitants; often conveyed through the medium of charming legends and fairy tales.

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## ANNALS OF THE MOSS-TROOPERS.

OUTLAWRY was never carried to a greater degree of systematic organization, or practised on a larger and more dignified scale, than during the centuries of Border warfare between the English and Scottish chieftains. The only parallel to this warfare was furnished by the raids of the Free Companions in mediæval Italy; but the mercenary element in the organization of those formidable bodies of professional marauders destroys the interest which we might otherwise have felt in their daring feats of arms. The warfare of the Border was essentially a national outburst; the "moss-troopers," although trained soldiers, were also householders and patriarchs. Their stake in the country they alternately plundered and defended was a substantial one. The field of their prowess was never far from home. Each retainer, insignificant as he might be, humble as his position in the troop might be, had yet a personal interest in the raid; and revenge, as well as plunder, was the avowed object of an expedition. There was never any changing of allegiance from one side to the other; the tie of blood and clanship welded the whole troop into one family. The Border, or debatable land between the rival kingdoms of England and Scotland, bristled with strongholds, all of historical name and fame: Newark and Branxholm (which Sir Walter Scott in his *Lay of the Last Minstrel* has euphonized into Branksome), held by the all-powerful Scotts of Buccleugh; Crichtoun Castle, the successive property of the Crichtouns, the Bothwells, and the Buccleughs, and, while in the hands of its original owners, the haughty defier of King James III. of Scotland; Gifford or Yester (it bears either name indifferently), famous for its Hobgoblin Hall, or, as the people call it, "Bo-Hall," a large cavern formed by magical art; Tantallon Hold, the retreat of the Douglas, in which the family held out manfully against James V. until its chief, the Earl of Angus, was recalled from exile. Of this expedition it is related that the king marched in person upon the castle, and, to reduce it, borrowed from the neighboring Castle of

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Dunbar two great cannons whose names were "Thrawn-mouthed Meg and her Marrow"; also two great *botcards*, and two *moyan*, two double falcons and two quarter-falcons, for the safe guiding and redelivery of which "three lords were laid in pawn at Dunbar." Notwithstanding all this mighty preparation, the king was forced to raise the siege. The ruin of Tantallon was reserved for the Covenanters, and now there remains nothing of it save a few walls standing on a high rock overlooking the German Ocean and the neighboring town of Berwick-upon-Tweed. Ford Castle, the patrimony of the Herons, had a better fate, and stands in altered and modernized guise, the centre of civilizing and peaceful influences, the residence of a model Lady of the Manor, overlooking, not the wild ocean, but a pretty village, faultlessly neat, and a Gothic school filled with frescos of Bible subjects, executed by the Lady Bountiful, the benefactress of the neighborhood. Yet Ford Castle had a stormy, stirring past, and stands not far from the historic field of Flodden, where tradition says that, but for the tardiness of the king's movements—an effect due to the siren charms of Lady Ford—James IV. might have been victorious. In the castle is still shown the room where the king slept the night before the battle, and only five or six miles away lies the fatal field, on which, *Marmion* in hand the curious traveller may still make out each knoll, the Bridge of Twisel, by which the English under Surrey crossed the Till, the hillock commanding the rear of the English right wing, which was defeated, and in conflict with whom Scott's imaginary hero, Marmion, is supposed to have fallen.

Very curious are the accounts of the various fights and forays given by the chroniclers of the middle ages, especially in their utter unconsciousness of anything unusual or derogatory in this almost internecine warfare. Their simplicity in itself presents the key to the situation. In reading their graphic, matter-of-fact descriptions, one needs to transport one's self into a totally different atmosphere. We must read these racy accounts in the same spirit in which they were written, if we would understand aright the age in which our forefathers lived. We are not called upon to sit in judgment over the irrevocable past, but to study it as a fact not to be overlooked, and a useful storehouse of warning or example. The possession of the king's person was sometimes the origin of terrible clan-feuds among the warlike Scottish imitators of the Frankish "Maires du Palais." Thus, on one occasion, in 1526, the chronicler Pitscottie informs us that James V., then a minor, had fallen under the self-assumed guardianship of the Earl of Angus, backed by his own clan of Douglas and his allies, the Lairds of Hume, Cessfoord, and Fernyhirst, the chiefs of the clan of Kerr.* "The Earl of Angus and the rest of the Douglases ruled all which they liked, and no man durst say the contrary." The king, who wished to get out of their hands, sent a secret letter to Scott of Buccleugh, warden of the West Marches of Scotland, praying him to gather his kin and friends, meet the Douglas at Melrose, and deliver him (James) from his vassal's power. The loyal Scot gathered about six hundred spears, and came to the tryst. When the Douglases and

* Pronounced Karr.

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Kerrs saw whom they had to deal with, they said to the king, "Sir, yonder is Buccleugh, and thieves of Annandale with him, to unbeset your grace from the gate (*i.e.*, interrupt your passage). I vow to God they shall either fight or flee, and ye shall tarry here on this know (knoll), and I shall pass and put yon thieves off the ground, and rid the gate unto your grace, or else die for it." Scant courtesy in speech used those Border heroes towards one another! So an escort tarried to guard the king, and the rest of the clans went forward to the field of Darnelinver now Darnick, near Melrose. The place of conflict is still called Skinner's Field, a corruption of Skirmish Field. The chronicler tells us that Buccleugh "joyned and countered cruelly both the said parties . . . with uncertain victory. But at the last the Lord Hume, hearing word of that matter, how it stood, returned again to the king in all possible haste, with him the Lairds of Cessfoord and Fernyhirst, to the number of fourscore spears, and set freshly on the lap and wing of the Laird of Buccleugh's field, and shortly bare them backward to the ground, which caused the Laird of Buccleugh and the rest of his friends to go back and flee, whom they followed and chased; and especially the Lairds of Cessfoord and Fernyhirst followed furiouslie, till at the foot of a path the Laird of Cessfoord was slain by the stroke of a spear by one Elliott, who was then servant to the Laird of Buccleugh. But when the Laird of Cessfoord was slain, the chase ceased." The Borders were infested for many long years afterwards by marauders of both sides, who kept up a deadly hereditary feud between the names of Scott and Kerr, and finally, after having been imprisoned and had his estates forfeited nine years later for levying war against the Kerrs, the bold Buccleugh was slain by his foes in the streets of Edinburgh in 1552, twenty-six years after the disastrous fight in which he had failed to rescue his sovereign. It was seventy years before this Border feud was finally quelled.

On the English side of the Marches the same dare-devilry existed, the same speed in gathering large bodies of men was used, the same quickness in warning and rousing the neighborhood. Equal enthusiasm was displayed whether the case were one of "lynch law" or of political intrigue, as in the fight at Darnelinver. Sir Robert Carey, in his *Memoirs*, describes his duties as deputy warden for his brother-in-law, Lord Scroop. The castle was near Carlisle. "We had a stirring time of it," he says, "and few days passed over my head but I was on horseback, either to prevent mischief or take malefactors, and to bring the Border in better quiet than it had been in times past." Hearing that two Scotchmen had killed a churchman in Scotland, and were dwelling five miles from Carlisle on the English side of the Border, under the protection of the Graemes, Carey took about twenty-five horsemen with him, and invested the Graeme's house and tower. As they did so, a boy rode from the house at full speed, and one of his retainers, better versed in Border warfare than the chief, told him that in half an hour that boy would be in Scotland to let the people know of the danger of their countrymen and the small number of those who had come from Carlisle to arrest them. "Hereupon," says our author, "we took advice what was best to be

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done. We sent notice presently to all parts to raise the country, and to come to us with all the speed they could; and withal we sent to Carlisle to raise the townsmen, for without foot we could do no good against the tower. There we stayed some hours, expecting more company, and within a short time after the country came in on all sides, so that we were quickly between three and four hundred horse; and after some longer stay, the foot of Carlisle came to us, to the number of three or four hundred men, whom we presently set to work to get to the top of the tower, and to uncover the roof, and then some twenty of them to fall down together, and by that means to win the tower. The Scots, seeing their present danger, offered to parley, and yielded themselves to my mercy." But the victorious Carlisleans had reckoned without their host. From the hills and defiles around came pouring wild-looking mountaineers on rough, wiry ponies, farm-horses, etc., to the number of four hundred. The prisoners ceased their pleading, and looked eagerly towards their deliverers. Meanwhile, the men of "merry Carlisle" * gave their perplexed chief more trouble than his enemies, who "stood at gaze" a quarter of a mile from him; for, says he, "all our Borderers came crying with full mouths, 'Sir, give us leave to set upon them; for these are they that have killed our fathers, our brothers and uncles, and our cousins, and they are coming, thinking to surprise you with weak grass nags, such as they could get on a sudden; and God hath put them into your hands, that we may take revenge of them for much blood that they have spilt of ours.'" The warden was a conscientious man, and had come here to execute justice against two malefactors, not to encourage indiscriminate private revenge; but even with his rank and vested authority he did not dare sternly to forbid a faction fight. He only told them that, had he not been there, they might have done as best pleased them; but that, since he was present, he should feel that all the blood spilt that day would be upon his own head, and for his sake he entreated them to forbear. "They were ill-satisfied," he adds, "but durst not disobey." So he sent word to the Scots to disperse, which they did, probably because they were unprepared to fight such a large and well-disciplined force, having expected to find but a handful of men. The necessity for delicate handling of this armed mob of English Borderers points sufficiently to the curious standard of personal justice which prevailed in those wild times. And yet, strange to say, while a Border "ride" (*alias* foray) was a thing of such ordinary occurrence that a saying is recorded of a mother to her son which soon became proverbial: "*Ride, Rowley, hough's i' the pot*"—that is, the last piece of beef is in the pot, and it is high time to go and fetch more—still it would sometimes happen, as it did to James V. of Scotland, that when an invasion of England was in contemplation, and the royal lances gathered at the place where the king's lieges were to meet him, only one baron would declare himself willing to go wherever the sovereign might lead. This faithful knight was another of the loyal race of Scott—John Scott of Thirlestane, to whom James, in memory of his fidelity, granted the privilege set forth in the following curious and rare charter:

* *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, canto i. st. vi.



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". . . Ffor the quhilk (which) cause, it is our will, and we do straitlie command and charg our lion herauld, . . . to give and to graunt to the said John Scott ane border of ffleure de lises about his coatte of armes, sic as is on our royal banner, and alsua ane bundle of lances above his helmet, with thir words, Readdy ay, Readdy, that he and all his after-cummers may bruik (carry?) the samine as a pledge and taiken of our guid will and kyndnes for his true worthines."

The list of the damages done in some of these Border rides sounds strange in modern ears. Each country was a match for the other, though the strong castles of Wark, Norham, and Berwick in English hands were thorns in the side of the Scottish Borderers. Rowland Foster of Wark, on the 16th of May, 1570, harried the barony of Blythe in Lauderdale, the property of Sir Richard Maitland, a blind knight of seventy-four years of age. None of that country "lippened" (expected) such a thing, as it was in time of peace; and despite what may have been said—and truly—as to their lawlessness, the Borderers had a code by which to regulate their actions. The old man wrote a poetical account of the harrying, calling the poem the *Blind Baron's Comfort*, and in the introduction he enumerates his losses: five thousand sheep, two hundred nolt, thirty horses and mares, and the whole furniture of his house, worth £8 6s. 8d., and everything else that was portable. The sum represents some forty dollars.

In these narratives one feels it impossible to be very sorry for either party, each was so thoroughly unable to take care of itself! Those who to-day seem down-trodden victims of lawlessness will figure again a year hence as "stark moss-troopers [moss for marsh] and arrant thieves; both to England and Scotland outlawed, yet sometimes connived at because they gave intelligence forth to Scotland, and would raise four hundred horse at any time upon a raid of the English into Scotland." This was said of the Graemes, Earls of Monteith, but was applicable, *mutatis mutandis*, to most of the Borderers on both sides. An old Northumbrian ballad, that survived in the North of England till within a hundred years, and was commonly sung at merry-makings till the roof rang again, gives forcible and rather coarse details as to the personal results of these forays. It celebrates the ride of the Thirlwalls and Ridleys in the reign of Henry VIII. against the Featherstons of Featherston Castle, a few miles south of the Tyne. Here is one of the rude stanzas:

"I canno' tell a', I canno' tell a',
Some gat a skelp (blow), and some gat a claw;
But they gard the Featherstons haud their jaw,
Nicol and Alick and a'.
Some gat a hurt, and some gat nane;
Some had harness, and some gat sta'en (stolen or plundered)."

In later days Sir Walter Scott wove the annals of the Border into more tuneful rhyme, and sang of the exploits of his bold countrymen with an enthusiasm worthy of his moss-trooping ancestors. These old ballads, and the recollections of ancient dames in whose youthful days the exploits celebrated in these ballads were not yet quite obsolete, furnished him with much of his romantic materials. *The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, a collection of many such traditions, is a storehouse of information upon these subjects. We find descriptions of the caves and morasses

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which were the usual refuge of the marauders; the banks of the Teviot, the Ale, the Jed, the Esk, were full of these caverns, but even these hiding-places were not always safe. Patten's *Account of Somerset's Expedition into Scotland* tells how "George Ferres, a gentleman of my Lord Protector, happened on a cave" the entrance to which showed signs of the interior being tenanted. "He wente doune to trie, and was readilie receyved with a hakebut or two," and when he found the foe determined to hold out, "he wente to my lorde's grace, and, upon utterance of the thinge, *gat license to deale with them as he coulde*"—which significantly simple statement meant that he was perfectly at liberty to do as he eventually did, *i.e.*, smother them by stopping up the three *ventes* of the cave with burning faggots of damp wood.

The next case is one of national jealousy and instant reprisals. The English Earl of Northumberland gives a graphic account of the double raid in a letter to King Henry VIII. He says that some Scottish barons had threatened to come and give him "light to put on his clothes at midnight," and moreover that Marke Carr (one of the same clan whose prowess was exercised against Buccleugh) said that, "seying they had a governor on the Marches of Scotland as well as they had in England, he shulde kepe your highness' instructions, gyffyn unto your garyson, for making of any *day-forey;* for he and his friends *wolde burne enough on the nyght.* . . ." Then follows a detailed account of the inroad of thirty horsemen on the hamlet of Whitell, which they did not burn, because "there was no fyre to get there, and they forgat to brynge any withe theyme!" But they killed a woman, under circumstances of peculiar atrocity, and departed. The reprisals, however, were far worse. The Earl of Murray, who had winked at all this, was chosen by the English as a scape-goat, and a hundred of the best horsemen of Glendaill "dyd mar the Earl of Murreis provisions at Coldingham, for they did not only burn the said town of Coldingham, with all the corne thereunto belonging, but also burned twa townes nye adjoining thereunto, called Branerdergest and the Black Hill and took xxiii. persons, lx. horse, with cc. head of cataill, which nowe, as I am informed, hathe not only been a staye of the said Erle of Murreis not coming to the Bordure as yet, but alsoo that none inlande will adventure theyrself uppon the Marches. . . . And also I have devysed that within this iii. nyghts, *Godde willing*, Kelsey, in like case, shall be brent with all the corn in the said town, and then they shall have noo place to lye any garyson nygh unto the Borders."

The physical strength and rude cunning required for this daring life of perpetual warfare are well described in the stanza of *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* referring to one of the Border heroes of the clan of Buccleugh:

"A stark, moss-trooping Scott was he
As e'er couch'd Border lance by knee;
Through Solway sands, through Tarras moss,
Blindfold he knew the paths to cross;
By wily turns, by desperate bounds,
Had baffled Percy's best bloodhounds;
In Eske or Liddel fords were none,
But he would ride them one by one;
Alike to him was time or tide,
December's snow or July's pride;
Alike to him was tide or time,
Moonless midnight or matin prime;
Steady of heart and stout of hand
As ever drove prey from Cumberland;
Five times outlaw'd had he been
By England's king and Scotland's queen."

We have already alluded to the origin of the name of the Border

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riders. Fuller, in his *Worthies of England*, says they are called moss-troopers "because dwelling in the mosses (marshes or morasses), and riding in troops together; they dwell in the bounds or meeting of the two kingdoms, but obey the laws of neither. They come to church as seldom as the 29th of February comes in the calendar." Their customs and laws are even more interesting than the details of their forays. Loyalty to each other was their first principle, and on occasions when money could purchase the freedom of one of their number they invariably cast in their lots, and made up a large common purse. They were scrupulous in keeping their word of honor when passed to a traveller, and Fuller likens their dogged fidelity in these cases to that of a "Turkish janizary"; but otherwise, woe to him that fell into their hands! Their own *self*-imposed laws they observed for the most part faithfully, and a breach of them was punished far more summarily than modern crimes in modern courts of law. Several species of offences peculiar to the Border constituted what was called March-treason. Among others was the crime of riding or causing to ride against the opposite country (or clan) during the time of truce. Such was the offence committed by Rowland Foster in his raid on the "Blind Baron," though in his case the criminal was probably too powerful to be punished. In one of the many truces signed in the olden time is one of 1334 between the Percys and the Douglases, in which it is accorded: "Gif ony stellis (steals) anthir on the ta part or on the tothyr, that he shall be hanget or beofdit (beheaded); and gif ony company stellis any gudes within the trieux (truce) beforesayd, ane of that company shall be hanget or beofdit, and the remanant sall restore the gudys stolen in the dubble."* In doubtful cases the innocence of Border criminals was often referred to their own oath. The same work that quotes the above agreement also gives us the form of excusing bills by Border oaths: "You shall swear by the heaven above you, hell beneath you, by your part of paradise, by all that God made in six days and seven nights, and by God himself, you are whart out sackless of art, part, way, witting, ridd kenning, having, or recetting of any of the goods and cattels named in the bill. So help you God." It seems almost as if the Borderers had consulted the catechism as to the nine ways of being accessory to another's sin, so minute is the nomenclature of treasonable possibilities.

Trial by single combat was also a favorite mode of clearing one's self from a criminal charge. This was common in feudal times and throughout the XVIth century; but time stood still in the Borders, as far as civilizing changes were concerned, and even in the XVIIth century a ceremonious indenture was signed between two champions of name and position, binding them to fight to prove the truth or falsity of a charge of high treason made by one against the other.

The most ancient known collection of regulations for the Border sets forth that in 1468, on the 18th day of December, Earl William Douglas assembled the whole lords, freeholders, and eldest Borderers, that best knowledge had, at the College of Linclouden, "where he had them bodily sworn, the Holy Gospel touched, that they justlie and

* *History of Westmoreland and Cumberland*, Introd.

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trulie after their cunning should decrete . . . the statutes, ordinances, and uses of the marche." The earl further on is said to have thought these "right speedful and profitable to the Borders."

During the truces it was not unusual to have merry-makings and fairs, to which, however, both Scotch and English came fully armed. Foot-ball was from time immemorial a favorite Border game, but the national rivalry was such that the play often ended in bloodshed. Still, there was no personal ill-feeling, and a rough sort of good-fellowship was kept up, which was strengthened by intermarriages, and was not supposed to debar either party from the right of prosecuting private vengeance, even to death. When, however, this revenge had been taken, it would have been against Border etiquette to retain any further ill-will. Patten, in his *Account of Somerset's Expedition into Scotland*, remarks on the disorderly conduct of the English Borderers who followed the Lord Protector. He describes the camp as full of "troublous and dangerous noyses all the nyghte longe, . . . more like the outrage of a dissolute huntynge than the quiet of a well-ordered armye." The Borderers, like masterless hounds, howling, whooping, whistling, crying out "A Berwick, a Berwick! a Fenwick, a Fenwick! a Bulmer, a Bulmer!" paraded the camp, creating confusion wherever they went, and disturbing the more sober southern troops; they used their own slogan or battle-cry out of pure mischief and recklessness, and totally disregarded all camp discipline. Yet in this land of defiles, caverns, and marshes their aid was too precious to be dispensed with, and remonstrance was practically useless.

The pursuit of Border marauders was often followed by the injured party and his friends with blood-hounds and bugle-horn, and was called the *hot-trod*. If his dog could trace the scent, he was entitled to follow the invaders into the opposite kingdom, which practice often led to further bloodshed. A sure way of stopping the dog was to spill blood on the track; and a legend of Wallace's adventurous life relates a terrible instance of this. An Irishman in Wallace's train was slain by the Scottish fugitive, and when the English came up with their hounds their pursuit was baffled. But poetical justice required some counterbalancing doom, and accordingly the legend tells us that, when Wallace took refuge in the lonely tower of Gask, and fancied himself safe, he was speedily disturbed by the blast of a horn. It was midnight. He sent out attendants, cautiously to reconnoitre, but they could see nothing. When he was left alone again, the summons was repeated, and, sword in hand, he went down to face the unknown. At the gate of the tower stood the headless spectre of Fawdoim, the murdered man. Wallace, in unearthly terror, fled up into the tower, tore open a window, and leaped down fifteen feet to the ground to continue his flight as best he could. Looking back to Gask, he saw the tower on fire, and the form of his victim, dilated to an immense size, standing on the battlements, holding in his hand a blazing rafter.

The system of signals by beacon-fires was common on the Borders. Smugglers and their friends have now become the only remaining heirs to this practice, which was once that in use by the noblest warriors of Gaelic race in either island. The

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origin of this custom was perfectly lawful; indeed, the Scottish Parliament, in 1445, directed that one bale or beacon-fagot should be warning of the approach of the English in any manner; two bales, that they are coming indeed; four bales blazing beside each other, that the enemy are in great force. A Scotch historian tells us that in later times these beacons consisted of a long and strong tree set up, with a long iron pole across the head of it, and an iron brander fixed on a stalk in the middle of it for holding a tar-barrel.

It was a custom on the Border, and indeed in the Highlands also, for those passing through a great chieftain's domains to repair to the castle in acknowledgment of the chief's authority, explain the purpose of their journey, and receive the hospitality due to their rank. To neglect this was held discourtesy in the great and insolence in the inferior traveller; indeed, so strictly was this etiquette insisted upon by some feudal lords that Lord Oliphaunt is said to have planted guns at his Castle of Newtyle in Angus, so as to command the high-road, and compel all passengers to perform this act of homage. Sir Walter Scott, in his *Provincial Antiquities*, has hunted up a curious instance of the non-fulfilment of this custom. The Lord of Crichtoun Castle, on the Tyne, heard that Scott of Buccleugh was to pass his dwelling on his return from court. A splendid banquet was prepared for the expected guest, who nevertheless rode past the castle, neglecting to pay his duty-visit. Crichtoun was terribly incensed, and pursued the discourteous traveller with a body of horse, made him prisoner, and confined him for the night in the castle dungeon. He and his retainers, meanwhile, feasted on the good cheer that had been provided, and doubtless made many valiant boasts against the imprisoned lord. But with morning cometh prudence. A desperate feud with a powerful clan was not desirable, and such would infallibly have been the result of so rough a proceeding. Indeed, it would have justified the Buccleugh in biting his glove or his thumb—a gesture indicative on the Border of a resolution of mortal revenge for a serious insult. So, to put matters right, Crichtoun not only delivered his prisoner and set him in the place of honor at his board the following day, but himself retired into his own dungeon, where he remained as many hours as his guest had done. This satisfaction was accepted and the feud averted.

The Borderers had a rough, practical kind of symbolism in vogue among them; and, though they were not afraid of calling a spade a spade, yet loved a significant allegory. It is told of one of the marauding chiefs, whose castle was a very robber's den, that his mode of intimating to his retainers that the larder was bare, and that they must ride for a supply of provisions, was the appearance on the table of a pair of clean spurs in a covered dish. Like many brigand chiefs, this Scott of Harden had a wife of surpassing beauty, famed in song as the "Flower of Yarrow." Some very beautiful pastoral songs are attributed to a young captive, said to have been carried as an infant to this eagle's nest, built on the brink of a dark and precipitous dell. He himself tells the story of how "beauteous Mary, Yarrow's fairest flower, rescued him from the rough troopers who brought him into the courtyard of the castle."

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" Her ear, all anxious, caught the wailing sound:
With trembling haste, the youthful matron flew,
And from the hurried heaps an infant drew.

. . . . . .

Of milder mood the gentle captive grew,
Nor loved the scenes that scared his infant view,

. . . . . .

He lived o'er Yarrow's Flower to shed the tear,
To strew the holly-leaves o'er Harden's bier.

. . . . . .

He, nameless as the race from which he sprung,
Saved other names, and left his own unsung."

Work and pleasure were sometimes mingled in those royal expeditions called a chase, which had so little to distinguish them from regular Border forays. Law and no law were so curiously tangled together that each bore nearly the same outward features as the other—features especially romantic, which both have now equally lost. Ettrick Forest, now a mountainous range of sheep-walks, was anciently a royal pleasure-ground. The hunting was an affair of national importance, and in 1528 James V. of Scotland "made proclamation to all lords, barons, gentlemen, landward-men, and freeholders to pass with the king where he pleased, to danton *the thieves* of Teviotdale, Annandale, and Liddesdale (we have heard this expression before in another mouth), and other parts of that country, and also warned all gentlemen that had good dogs to bring them, that he might hunt in the said country as he pleased."

A very interesting account is given by one Taylor, a poet, of the mode in which these huntings were conducted in the Highlands. This, however, is a sketch of a later day than that in which the moss-troopers were at their best, but many of the characteristics of the scene suggest the earlier and hardly yet forgotten time of the true Borderers. He begins by enumerating the many "truly noble and right honorable lords" who were present, and gives a detailed description of the dress which they wore in common with the peasantry, "as if Lycurgus had been there and made laws of equality." The dress is the Highland costume of to-day—a dress that has never changed since at least the beginning of this century. The English poet evidently finds it very primitive, and takes no notice of the difference of color or of mixing of color that distinguishes the various tartans. He says: "As for their attire, any man of what degree soever who comes amongst them must not disdain to wear it; for if they do, then they will disdain to hunt or willingly to bring in their dogs; but if men be kind to them and be in their habit, then they are conquered with kindness, and the sport will be plentiful." The gathering is of some fourteen or fifteen hundred or more men—a little city or camp. Small cottages built on purpose to lodge in, and called *longuhards*, are here for the chiefs, the kitchens whereof are always on the side of a bank. A formidable list of provisions follows; there are "many kettles and pots boiling, and many spits turning and winding, with great variety of cheer, as venison baked, sodden, rost, and stewed beef, mutton, goats, kids, hares, fresh salmon, pigeons, hens, capons, chickens, partridges, muir-coots (water-fowl), heath-cocks, capercailzies and ptarmigans, good ale, sacke, white and claret (red) tent, or allegant, with the most potent *aqua-vitæ*. All these, and more than these, we had continually in superfluous abundance, caught by falconers, fowlers, fishers, and brought by my lord's tenants and purveyors to victual our camp, which consisteth of fourteen or fifteen hundred men and horses. The manner of the hunting is this: Five or six hundred men do rise early in the morn-

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ing, and they do disperse themselves divers ways, and seven, eight, or ten miles compass; they do bring or chase in the deer, in many herds (two, three, or four hundred in a herd), to such or such a place as the noblemen shall appoint them; then, when day is come, the lords and gentlemen of their companies do ride or go to the said places, sometimes wading up to the middles through burns (streams) and rivers, and then they, being come to the place, do lie down upon the ground till those foresaid scouts, which are called the *tinkhell*, do bring down the deer. But as the proverb says of a bad cook, so these *tinkhell* men do lick their own fingers; for, besides their bows and arrows, which they carry with them, we can hear now and then a harquebuss or a musket go off, which they do seldom discharge in vain. Then after we had stayed there three hours or thereabouts, we might perceive the deer appear on the hills round about us (their heads making a show like a wood), which, being followed close by the *tinkhell*, are chased down into the valley where we lay; then all the valley, on each side, being waylaid with a hundred couple of strong Irish greyhounds, they are all let loose, as occasion serves, upon the herd of deer, that with dogs, guns, arrows, durks, and daggers, in the space of two hours, fourscore fat deer were slain, which after are disposed of, some one way and some another, twenty and thirty miles, and more than enough left for us, to make merry withal at our rendezvous."

Doubtless the scene must have been very picturesque before the *battue* began; but as sport what could be more unsatisfactory? For once modern customs seem to excel ancient ones, and the Scotch deer-stalker of to-day, in his arduous, solitary walk over the moors and through the forests, is a much more enviable personage than the high and mighty huntsman of King James' train. The best sport recorded in this curious narrative was the result of the unauthorized shots heard in the distance, when the *tinkhell* men could not resist the temptation of "licking their own fingers."

It was the result of all these centuries of wild life and romantic lawlessness that made Scotland so safe a retreat for the unfortunate Prince Charlie after the last stand had been so loyally and unsuccessfully made at Culloden in 1745. Personal fidelity to a beloved chieftain, and an habitual disregard of all laws of the "Southron" that clashed with their own immemorial customs, made of the Scottish people the most perfect partisans in the world. Even at this day, when they are famed for their thriftiness, their amenableness to law, their eminently peaceful qualities, a strong undercurrent of romance lies at the bottom of their surface tranquillity. The organization of clanship has disappeared, but the feeling that put life into that system is itself living yet. The humblest Scotsman is a born genealogist, and privately considers the blood of the laird under whose protection or in whose service he lives as immeasurably *bluer* than that of the German royal family that sits in the high places of England; and a characteristic instance of the clinging affection with which the national nomenclature of rank is still looked upon by the Scottish peasantry was afforded not many years ago, when the tenants of Lord Breadalbane were required to conform to modern usage, and ad-

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dress their master as "my lord." "What!" they exclaimed, "call the Breadalbane *my lord*, like any paltry Southron chiel (fellow)?" They thought—and rightly, as it seems to us—that the old appellation, "*the* Breadalbane," as if he were sovereign on his own lands, and the only one of the name who needed no title to distinguish him from others of his kin, was the only fitting one for their chief. The English title of marquis was nothing to that.

The superstitions of the Border, those of early times and those whose traces remain even to this day, are another interesting phase in the annals of the moss-troopers, but they would occupy more space than we have now at command. We will close this sketch by quoting an old saying that shows that some at least of the Border chieftains, doubtless through the influence of their wives, had not relinquished all reverent belief in the things of the world to come. They may not always have acted up to what they believed; and indeed so wise a maxim as the following, if carried out in practice to its furthest limit, would have caused the pious Borderer to retire altogether from his adventurous "profession," unless, indeed, the obscure sentence in the second line of the couplet, "Keep well the rod," could have been twisted into an injunction to him to become an embodiment of poetical justice in the eyes of less discriminating moss-troopers. The inscription is found over an arched door at Branxholm or Branksome Castle, and is in old black-letter type:

**En varld.is.nocht. nature.hes.**
**vrought.yat.sal.lest.ay.**
**Tharefore. serve. God. keip.**
**veil.ye.rod. thy. fame.sal.**
**nocht.dekay.***

* "In world is naught, nature has wrought, that shall stay.
Therefore serve God, keep well the rod, thy fame shall not decay."

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## ASSUNTA HOWARD.

### IV

### CONVALESCENCE.

"I HAVE almost made up my mind to go back to bed again, and play possum. Truly, I find but little encouragement in my tremendous efforts to get well, in the marked neglect which I am suffering from the feminine portion of my family. Clara is making herself ridiculous by returning to the days of her first folly, against which I protest to unheeding ears, and of which I wash my hands. Come here, Assunta; leave that everlasting writing of yours, and enliven the 'winter of my discontent' by the 'glorious summer' of your presence, of mind as well as of body."

Mr. Carlisle certainly looked very unlike the neglected personage he described himself to be. He was sitting in a luxurious chair near the open window; and he had but to raise his eyes to feast them upon the ever-changing, never-tiring beauties of the Alban hills, while the soft spring air was laden with the fragrance of many gardens. Beside him were books, flowers, and cigars—everything, in short, which could charm away the tediousness of a prolonged convalescence. And it must be said, to his credit, that he bore the monotony very well *for a man*—which, it is to be feared, is after all damning his patience with very faint praise.

Assunta raised her eyes from her letter, and, smiling, said:

"Ingratitude, thy name is Severn Carlisle! I wish Clara were here to give you the benefit of one of her very womanly disquisitions on man. You would be so effectually silenced that I should have a hope of finishing my letter in time for the steamer."

"Never mind the letter," said Mr. Carlisle. "Come here, child; I am pining to have you near me."

Assunta laughed, as she replied:

"Would it not do just as well if I should give you the opera-glass, and let you amuse yourself by making believe bring me to you?"

"Pshaw! Assunta, I want you. Put away your writing. You know very well that it is two days before the steamer leaves, and you will have plenty of time." And Mr. Carlisle drew a chair beside his own.

Assunta did know all about it; but, now that the invalid was so much better, she was trying to withdraw a little from any special attentions. She felt that, under the circumstances, it would not be right to make herself necessary to his comfort; she did not realize how necessary he thought her to his very life. However, though she would skirmish with and contradict him, she had never yet been able sufficiently to forget how near he had been to death to actually oppose him. Besides, she had not thought him looking quite as strong this morning; so she put the unfinished letter back in the desk, and, taking her work-basket, sat down

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beside her guardian, and tried to divert him from herself by pointing out the wonderful loveliness of the view. His face did have a weary expression, which his quondam nurse did not fail to perceive. She at once poured out a glass of wine, and, handing it to him, said:

"Tell me the truth, my friend; you do not feel very well to-day?"

"I do not feel quite as strong as Samson," he replied; "but you forget, Dalila, how you and the barber have shorn off the few locks the fever left me. Of course my strength went too."

"Well, fortunately," said Assunta, "there are no gates of Gaza which require immediate removal, and no Philistines to be overcome."

"I am not so sure of that," said Mr. Carlisle, putting down the wine-glass. "There are some things harder to overcome than Philistines, and some citadels so strong as to bid defiance to Samson, even in the full glory of his wavy curls. What chance is there, then, for him now, cruel Dalila?"

Assunta wilfully misunderstood him, and, taking her work from her pretty basket, she answered, laughing:

"Well, one thing is very certain: your illness has not left you in the least subdued. Clara and I must begin a course of discipline, or by the time your brown curls have attained their usual length you will have become a regular tyrant."

"Give me your work, *petite*," said Mr. Carlisle, gently disengaging it from her hand. "I want this morning all to myself. And please do not mention Clara again. I cannot hear her name without thinking of that miserable Sinclair business. It is well for him that I am as I am, until I have had time to cool. I am not very patient, and I have an irresistible longing to give him a horse-whipping. It is a singular psychological fact that Clara has been gifted with every womanly attraction but common sense. But I believe that even you Catholics allow to benighted heretics the plea of invincible ignorance as an escape from condemnation; so we must not be too severe in our judgment of my foolish sister."

"Hardly a parallel case," said Assunta, smiling.

"I grant it," replied her guardian; "for in my illustration the acceptance of the plea, so you hold, renders happiness possible to the heretic, to whom a 'little knowledge' would have been so 'dangerous a thing' as to lose him even a chance among the elect; whereas Clara's invincible ignorance of the world, of human nature, and in particular of the nature of George Sinclair, serves only to explain her folly, but does not prevent the inevitable evil consequences of such a marriage. But enough of the subject. Will you not read to me a little while? Get Mrs. Browning, and let us have 'Lady Geraldine,' if you will so far compassionate a man as to make him forget that he is at sword's points with himself and all the world, the exception being his fair consoler. Thank you, *petite*," he continued, as Assunta brought the book. "There is plenty of trash and an incomprehensible expression or two in the poem; but, as a whole, I like it, and the end, the vision, would redeem it, were it ten times as bad. Well, I too have had a vision! Do you know, Assunta, that the only thing I can recall of those weeks of illness is your dear form flitting in and out of the darkness? But—may I dare say it?—the vision had in it a certain tenderness I do not find

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in the reality. I could almost believe in your doctrine of guardian angels, having myself experienced what their ministry might be."

"I am afraid," interrupted Assunta, "that your doctrine would hardly stand, if it has no other basis than such very human evidence. Shall I begin?"

"No, wait a minute longer," said Mr. Carlisle. "'Lady Geraldine' will keep. I wish to put a question to your sense of justice. When I was sick, and almost unconscious, and entirely unappreciative, there was a person—so the doctor tells me—who lavished attentions upon me, counted nothing too great a sacrifice to be wasted upon me. But now that I am myself again, and longing to prove myself the most grateful of men, on the principle that 'gratitude is a lively sense of favors *to come*,' that person suddenly retires into the solitude of her own original indifference (to misquote somewhat grandiloquently), and leaves me wondering on what hidden rock my bark struck when I thought the sea all smooth and shining, shivering my reanimated hopes to atoms. But," he added, turning abruptly towards her, and taking in his the hand which rested on the table beside him, "you saved my life. Bless you, child, and remember that the life you have saved is yours, now and always."

The color had rushed painfully into Assunta's face, but her guardian instantly released her hand, and she answered quietly:

"It really troubles me, Mr. Carlisle, that you should attach so much importance to a mere service of duty and common humanity. I did no more than any friend so situated would have had a right to claim at my hands. Your thanks have far outweighed your indebtedness."

"Duty again!" exclaimed Mr. Carlisle bitterly. "I wish you had let me die. I want no *duty* service from you; and you shall be gratified, for I do *not* thank you for my life on those conditions. You spare no opportunity to let me understand that I am no more to you than all the rest of the world. Be it so." And he impatiently snatched the *Galignani* from the table, and settled himself as if to read.

Assunta's temper was always roused by the unjust remarks her guardian sometimes made, and she would probably have answered with a spirit which would have belied the angel had she not happened to glance at the paper, and seen that it was upside down; and then at Mr. Carlisle's pale and troubled features, to which even the crimson facings of his rich dressing-gown hardly lent the faintest glow. The same sentiment of common humanity which had prompted those days of care and nights of watching now checked the reproach she would have uttered. She turned over the leaves of Mrs. Browning, until her eye lighted upon that exquisite valediction, "God be with thee, my beloved." This she read through to herself; and then, laying the book upon the table, she said with the tone and manner of a subdued child:

"May I finish my letter, please?"

Mr. Carlisle scarcely raised his eyes, as he replied:

"Certainly, Assunta. I have no wish to detain you."

It was with a very womanly dignity that Assunta left her seat; but, instead of returning to her writing-desk, she went to the piano. For nearly an hour she played, now passages from different sonatas,

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and then selections from the grander music of the church. Without seeming to notice, she saw that the paper at last fell from her guardian's hand; and understanding, as she did, every change in his expressive face, she knew from the smoothing of the brow and the restful look of the eyes that peace was restored by the charm she wrought. When she was sure that the evil spirit had been quite exorcised by the power of music, she rose from the piano, and rang the bell. When Giovanni appeared, she said:

"I think that Mrs. Grey will not return until quite late, as she has gone to Tivoli; so you may serve dinner here for me as well as for Mr. Carlisle. If any one calls, I do not receive this afternoon."

"Very well, signorina," replied Giovanni. "I will bring in the small table from the library." And he left the room.

"It will be much pleasanter than for each of us to dine separately in solitary state," said Assunta, going towards her guardian, and speaking as if there had been no cloud between them; "though I know that dining in the drawing-room must, of necessity, be exceptional."

"It was a very bright thought of yours," answered Mr. Carlisle, "and a very appetizing one to me, I can assure you. Will you read 'Lady Geraldine' now? There will be just time before dinner."

Without a word Assunta took the book, and began to read. She had nothing of the dramatic in her style, but her voice was sweet, her enunciation very clear and distinct, and she showed a thorough apprehension of the author's meaning; so her reading always gave pleasure, and Mr. Carlisle had come to depend upon it daily. The vision to which he had referred was robbed, perhaps fortunately, of some of its sentiment, by Giovanni's table preparations; and his presence prevented all but very general comment.

When they were once more by themselves—Giovanni having left them to linger over the fruit and wine—Mr. Carlisle said:

"By the way, Assunta, you have not told me yet what your friend Miss Percival had to say for herself in her last letter. You know I am always interested in her; though I fear it is an interest which partakes largely of the nature of jealousy."

"Well," replied Assunta, "she tells me that she is going to be married."

"Sensible girl! What more?"

"She regrets very much that her brother, whom she dearly loves, will not return from his year's exile in time for the ceremony."

"So much the better," exclaimed Mr. Carlisle with unusual energy. "I hope he may lose himself in the deserts of Arabia, or wander off to further India, and there remain."

Assunta laughed. "Truly, my guardian is most charitable! I should not be surprised if he did, one of these days, follow in the footsteps of S. Francis Xavier. But what has he done to merit sentence of banishment from you?"

"You know I am a student of human nature," rejoined her guardian, "and I have always observed that where a young girl has a brother and a friend, she cannot conceive of any other destiny for the two objects of her affection than to make of them one united object in the holy bonds of matrimony; and, in order to bring about the desired consummation, she devotes herself to intrigue in a

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manner and with a zeal truly feminine. Mary Percival has a brother and a friend; ergo, may her brother be—induced to become an Oriental; that is all."

"In this case," replied the young girl with a merry laugh, "your observations are quite at fault. I am truly grieved to be compelled to spoil such a pretty romance. But, seriously, Mary has a far higher choice for her brother than her most unworthy friend. She has but one desire and prayer for him, and that is that he may enter the holy priesthood. I believe she will not be disappointed. Did you ever see Mr. Percival?"

"No, I have never had the pleasure," replied Mr. Carlisle.

"I wish you might know him," said Assunta enthusiastically. "I am sure you would like him. He is not what would generally be considered handsome, but I think his face beautiful, it is so very spiritual. It is the beauty of a remarkable soul, which literally shines in his eyes. He has taken the highest honors at college, and, if his health is only re-established, I think his sister's very laudable ambition will be more than gratified."

"He certainly has a most ardent admirer. I did not know you could be so enthusiastic about any member of the *genus homo*," said Mr. Carlisle. Assunta was not to be daunted by the perceptible sneer, and she at once added:

"I can hardly be said to admire him, but rather the power of grace in him. I have so great a reverence for Augustine Percival that I could not imagine it possible for any human affection to turn him from what I firmly believe to be his great vocation. So my guardian may see him return to the West with equanimity, and may perhaps even be induced to look with favor upon another part of the letter."

"And what is that?" asked Mr. Carlisle.

"Mary invites me very urgently to pass next winter with her in Baltimore. Her husband-elect is a naval officer, and his leave of absence expires in October. She wishes me as a substitute, you understand."

"Is it your wish to go, my child?" said her guardian, looking at her earnestly.

"I never like to make any definite plan so long beforehand; but it seemed to me a very suitable arrangement. You remember," added Assunta, "that Clara will probably be married before then."

"I do not wish Clara to be mentioned; she has nothing to do with it," said Mr. Carlisle imperiously; and then he added more gently, "May I ask, *petite*, what answer you have given her?"

"None, as yet; you remember you interrupted my letter. But I think I will tell her that my guardian is such an ogre that I dare not reply to her invitation until after August. Will that do?"

"Tell her what you will," said Mr. Carlisle; "only, for heaven's sake, say no more to me upon the subject. I am not Augustine Percival, and consequently not elevated above the power of human feeling."

Poor Assunta! she too was not above human feeling, and sometimes it was very hard for her to keep her heart from being rebellious; but she had learned to put God before every earthly consideration, and to find her strength in his presence. But it required constant watchfulness and untiring patience to conquer herself. Therefore she could not but feel great

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compassion for her friend, who must bear his disappointment with no help outside of his own strong nature. She rose from the table, and moved it a little to one side, in order that she might arrange the cushions for her guardian, who looked unusually weary to-night.

"Are you angry with me, Mr. Carlisle?" said she softly, as he sank back in his chair.

"Angry, *petite?*" he repeated, looking steadily in her face. "Yes, I am angry, but not with you, or with anything you have said to-night, but rather with that accursed barrier. Go, child, ring for Giovanni, or I shall say what you will not like to hear." As she turned away, he caught her hand, saying:

"One moment. I have been very rude, and yet I would die for you! There, I will not say another word. Please ring for Giovanni, since I am compelled to be so ungallant as to request the favor of you; and then let us talk a little about the Sienna plans. I must try and put myself into a good-humor before Clara comes; for she will have something to say about her handsome Sinclair, and then I would not give much for my temper."

The table having been removed, and the wood which had been laid ready in the fire-place kindled into a blaze—for the evenings were still cool enough to admit of its cheery influence—the two, whose lives seemed so united, and yet were, in reality, so far apart, drew towards the fire. The heavy curtains, which had been put aside to admit the warm, genial air and sunshine of mid-day, were now closely drawn, in order to shut out the chilling dampness of evening. A hanging lamp cast a soft, mellow light through its porcelain shade upon an exquisite basket of roses and carnations adorning the centre of the table, which was covered elsewhere with books, arranged with studied negligence, and numberless little suggestions of refinement and feminine occupation. Everything seemed favorable to a most harmonious conversation, except that inevitable something which, like a malicious sprite, awakens us from our dreams just when they are brightest; breaks the spell of our illusions at the moment when we are clinging to them most persistently; ruthlessly crosses, with its fatal track, our promised pleasures; and unfeelingly interrupts us in some hour of complete rest and satisfaction. Ah! we may fret in our impatience, and wonder at the fatality which seems to pursue us. It is no mischief-loving Puck, no evil-minded genie, but a good angel, who thus thwarts us. This is no time to dream and cherish illusions which can but deceive. It is no time for repose. To detach ourselves from all these things which would make this world a satisfaction to us is the labor we must all perform, more or less generously and heroically, if we would one day enjoy the reality of the one dream that never fades—the vision of the Apocalypse; the one repose that never palls—the rest that remaineth for the people of God. Welcome, then, those misnamed "juggling fiends" that "keep the word of promise to our ear, and break it to our hope." Welcome the many disappointments, trifling in themselves, the daily crossings of our will and pleasure, which seem so petty; they perform a great mission if they succeed in loosening ever so little the cords which bind down to

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earth the souls that were meant for heaven. Thrice welcome whatever helps to turn the sweetness of this world to bitterness!

Poor Mrs. Grey! it had never occurred to her that she had a mission, still less such an one as we have now assigned to her. For it was her voice which caused Mr. Carlisle to sigh so profoundly that Assunta could not but smile, in spite of the regretful feeling in her own heart. It was better—and she knew it—that the softening influence of the hour should be thus rudely interrupted; but nature will not be crushed without an occasional protest. The expression of annoyance still lingered on Mr. Carlisle's face when Clara entered the room, exclaiming:

"Come, *caro mio*, they have had the livelong day to themselves, and must have talked out by this time, even if they had the whole encyclopædia in their brains." And as Mr. Sinclair followed with an apologetic bow, she continued:

"This ridiculous man has conscientious objections to interrupting your *tête-à-tête*. I am sure, Severn, if Assunta is not tired to death of you by this time, she ought to be, particularly if you have been as solemn all day as you look now. I would much rather spend the whole day in church—and that is the most gloomy thing I can think of—than be condemned to the company of a man in a mood. Make a note of that, George.

"I think, Clara," said her brother, somewhat coldly, "that Mr. Sinclair was judging others by himself, and in doing so he judged kindly in my regard and gallantly in yours; but this is not always the true criterion. Mr. Sinclair, I beg you will be seated, and excuse me if I do not rise. I am still obliged to claim the invalid's cloak of charity. No doubt a cup of tea will be acceptable after your long drive; and it will soon be served."

The eyes of the two men met. They had measured each other before now, and understood each other well; and each knew that he was most cordially disliked by the other. Their ceremonious politeness was all the more marked on that account. Assunta's tact came to the rescue, and made a diversion. As she assisted Mrs. Grey in removing her shawl and hat, she said:

"And how have you enjoyed the day, Clara? You must be very tired!"

"Oh! I am nearly dead with fatigue," replied the lady, looking very bright and very much alive for a moribund; "but we have had a delicious time. You should have seen George trying to support his dignity on a donkey which he could easily have assisted in walking, as his feet touched the ground on both sides; and which started with a spasmodic jerk every two or three minutes when the donkey boy brought down a small club on its back. I laughed so much at Mr. Sinclair's gravity and the ludicrous figure he cut that I narrowly escaped falling off my own donkey down a precipice."

"'Now, what a thing it is to be an ass,'" quoted Mr. Carlisle. "'My lovely sister visits a spot whose present beauty is hardly surpassed by the richness of its classic associations; where romance lurks, scarcely hidden, in the memory of Zenobia; where the olives that cover the hillsides have a primeval look; and, like a very Titania under the love-spell, she wakes from her dream of the past, and, behold! her vision is—a donkey!—no, I beg pardon—*two* donkeys; one that

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nearly lost its burden; and the other that its burden nearly lost!"

"How foolish you are, Severn!" said Clara, pouting very becomingly, while the others laughed heartily. "Besides, you need not expect me to get up any sentiment about Zenobia. The mistake of her life was that she did not die at the proper time, instead of retiring to a country town—of all places in the world—living a comfortable life, and dying a commonplace death in her bed, for all I know. It was just stupid in her!"

Her brother smiled. "I think you are right, Clara. Zenobia should never have survived her chains and the Roman triumph, if she had wished to leave a perfect picture of herself to posterity. However, I doubt if we have the right to exact the sacrifice of her merely to gratify our ideas of romantic propriety. By living she only proved herself less heroine, more woman. But, Clara, what *did* you see?—besides the donkeys, I mean."

Mr. Carlisle felt so keenly the antagonism of Mr. Sinclair's presence, that he must either leave the room or find some vent; and therefore his sister was compelled to be safety-valve, and submit to his teasing mood. Perhaps she was not altogether an innocent victim, since she it was who had somewhat wilfully introduced the discordant element into the family.

"We saw ruins and waterfalls, of course," she replied to the last question—a little petulance in her tone, which soon, however, disappeared. "But the most enjoyable thing of the whole day was the dinner. I usually cannot see any pleasure in eating out of doors, but to-day we were obliged to do so, for the hotel was not at all inviting; and then it is the proper thing to do to have the table spread in the portico of the Temple of Vesta. Gagiati had put up a delicious dinner at Mr. Sinclair's order, so we were not dependent upon country fries and macaroni. Just as we were sitting down Lady Gertrude came up with her mother and lover, and we joined forces. I assure you we were not silent. I never enjoyed a meal more in my life."

"O Tivoli! ancient Tibur, how art thou fallen! Donkeys and dinner!" exclaimed Mr. Carlisle. "Well, fair Titania, did you supply your gentle animal with the honey-bag of the 'red-hipped humble-bee,' or was his appetite more plebeian, so that 'a peck of provender' was more acceptable?"

"Assunta, do you allow your patient to talk so much?" said Mrs. Grey, her amiability still proof against attack. "If he excites his imagination in this way, he can hardly hope to sleep without a powerful anodyne."

"My patient, as you call him," replied Assunta, smiling, "is not quite so submissive, I find, as when obedience was a necessity, and not a virtue. Still, if he would allow me a very humble suggestion, I would remind him that he has not been quite as well to-day, and that it is some time past his usual hour for retiring."

There was no irritation in Mr. Carlisle's face as he looked at Assunta with one of his rare smiles. The very tones of her voice seemed to give him a feeling of rest. "A very broad hint on the part of my tyrant," he replied, "which I will be wise enough to take, in its present form, lest it should become more emphatic. Good-night, Mr. Sinclair. I feel that there is the less need of an apology for excusing myself, as I leave you in good hands



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Clara, when Giovanni has served the tea, please send him to me."

In leaving the room Mr. Carlisle dropped his cigar-case, which Assunta perceived, and hastened with it to the library, where she knew she should find him awaiting Giovanni.

"*Petite*," he exclaimed, as she entered, "kill that man for me, and make me everlastingly your debtor."

"I am sure," she answered, laughing, "you have had it all your own way to-night. I began to think he must have taken a vow of silence."

"Still waters!" said her guardian. "He can afford to be silent; he is biding his time."

"Are you not the least bit unjust and uncharitable?" asked Assunta. "But never mind, you shall not have a lecture to-night, for you look very weary. Promise me that you will take the medicine I send you."

"I will take it, if you bring it yourself."

"But I cannot do that. I have your enemy to entertain, you know."

"And much joy do I wish you," said Mr. Carlisle. "I intend to study up affinities and repulsions psychologically; and then I shall perhaps be able to understand why one person, without any assignable cause, should act as a perpetual blister—genuine Spanish flies—and another, a certain dear little friend of mine for instance, should be ever a soothing balm."

"Cold cream!" suggested Assunta, "since you will use such pharmaceutical comparisons. And now, if I have shocked your sense of refinement sufficiently, I must say good-night."

"Good-night, dear child," returned her guardian cordially, but his next thought was a bitter one, and an almost prophetic feeling of loneliness came over him, as he watched the smoke curling up from his cigar.

As soon as the incubus of Mr. Carlisle's presence was removed, Mr. Sinclair threw off the silence which was so unnatural to him, and became at once the attentive, gallant man of the world. Even Assunta, had she met him then for the first time, would not have received that impression of insincerity which had repelled her formerly. She could hardly wonder to-night that Clara Grey, who never looked below the surface, or cared, so long as peace reigned on the outside, what elements of disturbance might be working in the depths, should have suffered her heart to confide itself to the keeping of one apparently so devoted. She had never before imagined that they were so well suited to each other; and as Mr. Sinclair, after an hour, arose to take his leave, she was surprised into most unusual cordiality, as she bade him good-night. But, unfortunately for the impression he had been at such pains to produce, the glamour of fascination disappeared with his retreating footsteps; so that even while Mr. Sinclair was congratulating himself upon his success, Assunta found herself wondering at the almost painful revulsion of feeling which followed his departure.

Mrs. Grey's bright face indicated no such change. She was perfectly satisfied with her lover, and no less so with herself. She checked a movement of Assunta's to retire by saying:

"Do you mind waiting a little longer, dear? I want so much to have a quiet chat. Come, let us draw our chairs up to the fire, the blaze is so cheering."

"You do not look as if you need-

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ed any help from outside influences," said Assunta, and there was a shade of sadness in her tone. "But I am all ready for a talk."

A cloud—a light summer one—overspread Mrs. Grey's clear sky and shadowed her face, as she said, after a pause: "Assunta, why does Severn dislike George so much?"

Assunta was too truthful to deny the fact, so she simply said:

"We cannot always control our feelings, Clara; but, as a general thing, I do not find Mr. Carlisle unreasonable."

"He certainly is very unreasonable in this case," returned Mrs. Grey quickly, "and I am sorry it is so, for I love Severn very much. Still, I shall not allow an unfounded prejudice to stand in the way of my happiness. Assunta, I have promised Mr. Sinclair that I will marry him in September, when we shall be in Paris, on our way to America."

"I supposed," said Assunta, "that it would come soon, and I hope, dear Clara, that you will be very, *very* happy." Doubt was in her mind, but she had not the heart to let it appear in her manner.

"And," Mrs. Grey continued, "I want you to understand, dear, that with us you will always have a home at your disposal, where you will be welcomed as a sister. George wished me to tell you that this is his desire as well as mine."

"You are both too kind," replied Assunta, touched by this thoughtfulness of her at a time when selfishness is regarded as a special privilege. "My arrangements can easily be made afterwards; but I do very much appreciate your kindness."

"Nonsense!" said Mrs. Grey, "you belong to us; and the difficulty will probably be that we shall not be able to keep such an attractive bit of property."

"You are setting me the example," said Assunta, laughing.

"Ah! yes," returned Mrs. Grey; "but then, there is only one George Sinclair, you know, as a temptation."

Assunta fancied she could hear Mr. Carlisle exclaim, "God be praised!" to that natural expression of womanly pride, and she herself wondered if it would be possible for her to fall under such a delusion.

But Mrs. Grey had not yet reached the point of the conversation; what had been said was only preliminary. The truth was, she dreaded her brother's reception of the news, and she wished to avoid being present at the first outbreak.

"You have so much influence with Severn," she said at last, "I wish you would tell him about it, and try to make him feel differently towards George. I am sure you can. We are going to the Villa Doria to-morrow, and this will give you an opportunity. I hope the storm will be over before we return," she added, laughing; "at any rate, the lightning will not strike you."

It was like Mrs. Grey to make this request—so like her that Assunta did not think it either strange or selfish. She promised to break the news, which she knew would be unwelcome. But she could not conscientiously promise to use an influence in overcoming a prejudice she entirely shared. An affectionate good-night was exchanged, and then Assunta retired to her room. It was not often that she indulged herself in a revery—in those waking dreams which are so unprofitable, and from which one is usually aroused with the

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spiritual tone lowered, and the heart discontented and dissatisfied. But this had been a trying day; and now, as she reviewed it, and came at last to its close, she found herself envying her friend the joy which seemed so complete, and wondering why her lot should be so different. Happiness had come to Mrs. Grey as to a natural resting-place; while she, to whom a bright vision of it had been presented, must thrust it from her as if it were a curse and not a blessing. And here she paused, and better thoughts came to replace the unworthy ones. This lot which she was envying—was it not all of the earth, earthy? Would she change, if she could? Had she not in her blessed faith a treasure which she would not give for all the human happiness this world has power to bestow? And here was the key to the difference at which she had for the moment wondered. Much, very much, had been given to her; was it strange that much should be required? Had she, then, made her sacrifice only to play the Indian giver towards her God, and wish back the offering he had accepted at her hands? No, she would not be so ungenerous. In the light of faith the brightness which had illuminated the life of her friend grew dim and faded, while the shadow of what had seemed so heavy a cross resting upon her own no longer darkened her soul. And soon, kneeling before her crucifix, she could fervently thank the dear Lord that he had granted her the privilege of suffering something for his love; and she prayed for strength to take up her cross *daily*, and bear it with courage and generosity.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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## INSCRIPTION FOR THE BELL "GABRIEL,"

AT S. MARY'S OF THE LAKE, LAKE GEORGE.

Gabrielem olim Dominam ad Mariam
Evæ mutatum cecinisse nomen,
Gabriel tandem cecini sacratas
Primus ad oras.

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# SWITZERLAND IN 1873.

## LUCERNE.

CONCLUDED.

AT this point we reached the first of the existing covered bridges. What a transition! Like going back suddenly from the levelling monotony of steam and the feverish present-day life to the individuality and repose of the middle ages! "It dates," said Herr H——, "from the year 1300—just seven years before William Tell and the Rüti, eight before the battle of Morgarten, and eighty-six before our great Sempach victory!"

"William Tell! What nonsense! Who believes now in William Tell?" muttered the young school-boy C—— to his sister; but the old man fortunately did not hear him, and, his eyes beaming with affection for the old relic, he went on: "Some modern improvers"—laying contemptuous emphasis on these words—"talk of 'clearing it away.' But you see what a pleasant, cool walk it still is for foot-passengers, with the green Reuss swirling beneath, and the lovely view from its open sides. I tell them that it would not only be an act of vandalism, but, as there are so few antiquities to show in Lucerne, it would be like 'killing the goose with the golden eggs.'" And so it would! It is in no one's way, and is, with the other bridge, the only remnant of antiquity worth looking at. On opening our *Wordsworth* we found that this is the one first mentioned by him after leaving Sarnen:

"From this appropriate court renowned Lucerne
Calls me to pace her honored bridge, that cheers
The patriot's heart with pictures rude and stern—
An uncouth chronicle of glorious years."

And we found it still as he describes it. The triangle of the rafters of each arch is painted, and though as works of art they are of little value, still they are clever and quaint representations of the scenes, certain to make an impression on young minds in particular, and easily discernible to an observant passer-by. Going from the right bank of the river, reminders of events in Swiss and local history meet the eye, and, returning from the other side, the deeds of the two patron saints of the town, S. Leodegarius and S. Maurice. Both lives were most striking, and equally belonged to the earliest ages of the Christian era. S. Maurice especially is a favorite Swiss patron. He was the commander of the Theban Christian Legion in the time of the Emperor Diocletian, which is said to have consisted of sixty-six hundred men. This legion had been raised in the Thebaïs or Upper Egypt amongst the Christians there, and, officered by Christians, was marching with the rest of the Roman army against Gaul, under the command of Maximian, when the latter ordered the army to offer sacrifices for the success of the expedition. All encamped at the place called Octodurus, represented nowadays by the modest Martigny in the Valais; but the Theban legion, refusing to join in the pagan worship, retired to the spot where now stands S. Maurice, and day by day they were killed by orders of Maximian, until none remained. The Monastery of S.

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Maurice, built on the spot of their martyrdom, is one of the oldest in the world, said to have been first erected in A.D. 250, although the present edifice only dates from 1489. Switzerland and Savoy formerly disputed the honor of keeping the relics, but at last settled the matter by a small portion being handed over to Piedmont, the abbey retaining the principal treasures. It is therefore to this day one of the favorite places of pilgrimage in Switzerland. A special connection seems to have occurred with Lucerne, for two hundred bodies of S. Maurice's companions are said to have been found at the village of Schoz, about two leagues distant, where there was an old chapel renowned for its privileges and indulgences. And this seems in no way unlikely, for we read in Butler's *Lives of the Saints* and elsewhere that several smaller corps of soldiers belonging to the legion were scattered here and there in Switzerland, and were put to death for the same reason. Most interesting it is, in any case, to trace on this bridge the union of two such heroic, manly saints in the affections and sympathies of the Lucerne citizens from olden times.

The bridge is five hundred feet long, and makes two sharp bends to suit the current of the river, flowing swiftly and vigorously from the lake close by through the old-fashioned posts on towards old Father Rhine, which it joins between Schaffhausen and Basel. This irregularity adds to the picturesque effect, and at one of these corners stands a tower, mentioned in some old documents of the year 1367. Possibly it may have existed as part of the fortifications even before the bridge itself. It is called the Water Tower, and has four stories of one room each, which formerly served as treasury, prison, and record-office; but at present it is used only for the latter purpose, and contains the archives of the city. What tales it might tell had we moderns the time to spare for listening!

But we moved on along the left bank of the river, and turned into the church, still called the "Jesuits' Church." It is large and unmistakably in their well-known style. Here Herr H—— explained how the order had been introduced into Lucerne in 1574 by S. Charles Borromeo, who was such an ally of these cantons. In less than four years they had founded a college and increased rapidly. Within one hundred more they erected this church, and the large buildings adjoining for their college, now used as government offices—the post and telegraph departments. Everything went on satisfactorily for a second hundred years, until the suppression of the order by Clement XIV., in 1773, when it was also abolished in Lucerne. But the towns-people held their memory in grateful remembrance, and one of the first acts of the *Sonderbund* in 1845 was to call back seven Jesuit fathers. When the Protestant cantons, however, finally succeeded in crushing this League, they at once passed a law forbidding any Jesuit to remain on Swiss territory; so again the order had to leave Lucerne, and also Schwytz, where they also had a large house.

"And now," continued Herr H——, "the liberals are clamoring for another revision of our constitution—a constitution which needs no revising, except in their sense of doing away with all faith, and meddling in our religious affairs. But the people now will not bear that," he added grimly. "They

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will resist calmly at first, but I know many who will rather fight than submit tamely to have their religion or their pastors interfered with."

It was sad to hear these forebodings in such an apparently peaceful atmosphere, and gladly we turned to watch the water-hens, which abound in this corner of the river. Herr H—— knew them all, for they are public property, like the bears at Berne, and protected by statutes as far back as 1678. Nothing could be more graceful, gliding up and down the stream in numbers, nor prettier than the friendly terms they are on with all the inhabitants. The origin of the custom and cause of the protection, however, seems lost in obscurity; at least he could tell us nothing but the mere fact itself. A narrow footway runs along this side between the houses and the river, up and down steps, and following the windings of the rapid stream, while the massive, unadorned senate-house is seen opposite, and all the dwellings on that bank rise straight above the water. A true mediæval picture it is—high and low gables intermixed; quaint old balconies filled with flowers above; comely housewives busy washing the household linen in the fresh waters below; merry young faces peeping through upper windows or leaning out over the red-cushioned sills to gossip with a laughing neighbor—a locality made for a Walter Scott, and another world of thought and association from the butterfly existence that now borders the lake at only a few yards' distance.

And by this ancient pathway we soon came to the second bridge, at the furthest end of the town—the "Spreuner" or Mill Bridge, or, more truly, the "Dance of Death" Bridge, celebrated by Longfellow in his *Golden Legend.*

We took out the poem, and read that passage on the spot, and most perfectly it answers his beautiful description. Prince Henry's words were uttered by us where he begins:

"God's blessings on the architects who build
The bridges o'er swift rivers and abysses
Before impassable to human feet,
No less than on the builders of cathedrals,
Whose massive walls are bridges thrown across
The dark and terrible abyss of death.
Well has the name of pontifex been given
Unto the church's head, as the chief builder
And architect of the invisible bridge
That leads from earth to heaven."

This one is shorter than the Hafellbrücke, being only three hundred feet in length, and making a sharp bend in the centre, and was built a century later—in 1408—but somehow it is not venerable-looking, and its grim paintings give it a more sombre character. Elsie was quite right in exclaiming: "How dark it grows!" It required many minutes to get accustomed to the darkness after the brilliant light we had left, and she must have been thankful when Prince Henry proceeded with his explanation, saying that it was

"'The Dance of Death;'
All that go to and fro must look upon it,
Mindful of what they shall be, while beneath
Among the wooden piles, the turbulent river
Rushes, impetuous as the river of life,
With dimpling eddies, ever green and bright,
Save where the shadow of this bridge falls on it."

By his aid we too followed the renowned pictures copied from those at Basel. There we saw:

"The grim musician, who
Leads all men through the mazes of that dance,
To different sounds in different measures moving."

The

"Young man singing to a nun,
Who kneels at her devotions, but in kneeling
Turns round to look at him; and Death, meanwhile
Is putting out the candles on the altar."

Here he

"Has stolen the jester's cap and bells,
And dances with the queen."

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There,

"The heart of the new-wedded wife,
Coming from church with her beloved lord,
He startles with the rattle of his drum."

And under it is written,

"Nothing but death shall separate thee and me!"

In another division is seen

"Death playing on a dulcimer. Behind him
A poor old woman with a rosary
Follows the sound, and seems to wish her feet
Were swifter to o'ertake him."

Underneath the inscription reads,

"Better is death than life."

And in this strain the paintings continue, until, what between the objects and the general gloom, the effect becomes most melancholy, and we heartily sympathized in Prince Henry's cry—his *cri du cœur*:

"Let us go forward, and no longer stay
In this great picture-gallery of Death!"

It led us straight into the heart of the old town, and with the poet we exclaimed:

"I breathe again more
Freely! Ah! how pleasant
To come once more into the light of day
Out of that shadow of death!"

The streets were narrow, clean, and well paved, however, and everything looked so bright and cheerful—perhaps doubly so after that gloomy bridge—that our spirits at once revived. The shops were small, and all on a homely, simple scale. But there were no signs of poverty or neglect in any direction, and a general air of contentment was perceptible on all sides.

The schools were just breaking up for their mid-day hour's rest as we passed on, and the crowds of boys and girls flocking homewards made a bright contrast to the gloomy bridge. Troops of neatly-dressed little maidens were especially pleasant to look at, with their books slung in diminutive knapsacks across their shoulders. A happy-faced, merry-looking juvenile population they all were.

Some fine religious prints in a small shop-window next attracted our attention, and, going in, we found it to be the principal bookseller's of Lucerne. Numberless pamphlets on all the leading topics of the day lay on the counter, of which one caught my eye from its peculiarly local title: *Festreden an der Schlachtfeier*, or *Speeches at the Festival*, held on the anniversary of the battle of Sempach, on the 8th of July, 1873.

"What is this?" I asked.

"The celebration of our glorious victory over the Austrians!—the Marathon of Swiss history, as its hero, Arnold von Winkelried, may be called our Leonidas," replied Herr H——. "It took place in 1386. You passed near the site yesterday, for the railway runs beside the Lake of Sempach, if you remember."

"Oh! this, then, is a celebration, I suppose, in the style of the twelve hundredth commemoration of Ely Cathedral which they are going to hold in England next month. We might as well celebrate Agincourt or Crécy. But this cannot be called a 'centenary' or any name of that kind, as it will not be five hundred years since the battle until 1886!"

"No, it is nothing of the kind," he replied, "but is an anniversary religiously kept every year. The town council of Lucerne, and the mayor at their head, with all the authorities and a vast multitude of people, go to the battle-field every 8th of July. We go there for two purposes: first, to pray for the dead who lie buried there, and then in order to keep the memory of the heroism of that day and of those who gained us our freedom fresh in our own minds, and to transmit it to our children, as it has been transmitted to us by our fathers. Allow me to present you with this pamphlet. It contains the sermon

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preached on the last occasion by Herr Pfarrer Haas of Hitzkirch, and the speech made at the Winkelried monument by Herr Regierungrath Gehrig, and they have been printed by order of our government here. You will find them interesting, and also these," giving me another bundle, "and they will show you that, next to love of our holy faith, 'love of fatherland' and of 'liberty' are deep-seated in the heart of every man belonging to these Catholic cantons."

"Do tell us about the festival!" we cried. "Is it a pretty sight?"

"You have no idea how pretty," he answered—"pretty even if only as a sight; for so many priests come that they have to erect altars in the open air, and Masses are going on and congregations praying round them in all directions over the ground the whole morning. This sermon," he continued, opening the pamphlet, and reading from it as he spoke, "opens poetically by allusions to 'the green fields, the singing of the birds, and the peaceful landscape, which alone form the decorations to the quiet prayer of the priests—the 'Stilles Priestergebet—which had been going on uninterruptedly from the first rosy dawn of morning up to that hour'; while the speech equally begins by a reference to the 'lovely lake of the forest cantons, whence came the men who achieved the victory, and whose descendants are as patriotic now as in those far-off days.' You will seldom hear a sermon, by the way, in these parts, without allusion to the magnificence of our nation, and to the great deeds of our forefathers. Old and young, clergy and laity, we are always exhorting each other to imitate them. And is it not right? We feel the deep truth of the principle I have lately seen so beautifully expressed by a Catholic writer that I learned it by heart at the time. 'Nations,' he says, 'live by traditions, more even than individuals. By them the past extends its influence over the present, illumines it with the reflection of its glory, and animates it with its spirit. Traditions bind together the successive periods in a nation's existence, and preserve amongst its children the unity produced by a long community of dangers and struggles, of triumphs and reverses.' Revolutionists alone wish to break with the past, which, in this country at least, is in direct opposition to their godless theories, and at variance with all their passions. And long may it continue so! The last passage of Herr Gehrig's speech, by which he winds up, is very fine on that point," he said, again reading: "'The Swiss, says an old proverb of the XVIth century, have a noble land, good laws, and a wise Confederacy—a Confederacy that is firm and strong, because it is not dictated by passion. Comrades! let us keep this legacy of our fathers sacred. The fatherland before all! God protect the fatherland!'"

As he spoke these words we came to the senate-house square, in sight of the glaring frescos of this same battle of Sempach, and the list of all other Swiss victories, with which its tower has been recently covered.

"It is not by badly-painted representations such as these," he tinued, smiling, "that we try to keep up the old spirit, but by that true eloquence which touches the heart and convinces the reason. These two addresses were most soul-stirring—the sermon and speech equally fine—and made the greatest impression. The speech is a short

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summary of our history and of Arnold von Winkelrieds, opening, as I said, by allusion to that 'pearl of creation,' that lake of the forest cantons, which is bordered by the *Urschweiz*.

"What does that mean?" asked Caroline C——. "I so often have noticed the word without understanding it."

"It simply means, 'The original Switzerland.' The particle *ur* means in German something very ancient, or the origin or root of anything. It is the proudest title of these forest cantons, and therefore you will constantly find it used, varied now and then as the *Urcantone*. They are truly the cradle, not only of Switzerland, but of our freedom, and so far preserve the same spirit of independence and of courage up to this hour."

"And the sermon—what was that like?" asked young C——, whose interest, notwithstanding his scepticism about William Tell, was now thoroughly roused.

"The sermon was most suitable to the times," replied Herr H——. "The subject was concord or harmony; and its aim, to show how we ought to copy those virtues of our ancestors which caused true harmony. It was divided, as you may see here, into four points; First, *Fidelity*, when the preacher drew a beautiful picture of Swiss fidelity from the earliest ages—a fertile theme. Next, *Justice*—Christian justice, for he averred that real justice never existed in the pagan world, and he again goes back to the XIVth century to show how the men of that age acted, so that the historian Zschokke calls it 'the golden age' of Switzerland! And he fortifies his assertions by quotations from old annals. Here is one from the celebrated oath of the Rütli, in 1307: 'Every man must protect the innocent and oppressed people in his valley, and preserve to them their old rights and freedom. On the other hand, we do not wish to deprive the Counts of Habsburg of the smallest portion of their property, of their rights, or of their vassals. Their governors, followers, servants, and hirelings shall not lose a drop of blood.' Then, again, how the same men in 1332 gave an order to the judges 'not to favor any one in a partisan spirit, but to deal justice according to their oaths.' Again, in 1334, they answer a proposition made to them by the emperor by proudly telling him that 'there are laws which even princes should not transgress.' Of their own government they require 'that the citizens shall receive security for honor, life, and property; that the magistrates shall listen to the complaints of the poor, and not answer them sharply; that they shall not pronounce judgment imperiously, nor, above all, condemn capriciously.' This was in 1335. He continues then to prove how scrupulously they forbid feuds and lawless plundering; and the high respect our ancestors showed for churches and ecclesiastical institutions is supported by a quotation from a league that was sworn to at Zurich immediately after this very battle of Sempach, called, in consequence, the Sempacher Brief, where this remarkable passage occurs: 'As the Almighty has chosen the churches for his dwelling, so it is our wish that none of us shall dare to break into, plunder, or destroy any convent or chapel whatsoever.' This took place in 1393, and Herr Pfarrer Haas ends this part by an appeal to the present generation: 'Do you wish to imitate your ancestors? Then give weight

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in the council-chamber, in the tribunals, in the framing of laws, in their execution and administration, to that Christian justice which gives and leaves to each man that which by right belongs to him. By that means you will preserve harmony in the land—the foundation-stone of national prosperity, and the strength of the Confederacy. States grow old and pass away, but Christianity has eternal youth and freshness. When a nation reposes on the rock of Christian justice, she never suffers from the changes of childhood, youth, manhood, or old age, but flourishes for ever in perpetual freshness and vigor.'"

"That is very fine!" all exclaimed. "But it is the more striking when one finds it was only spoken the other day. It sounds so like an old middle-age sermon addressed to men of the 'ages of faith.'"

"You are right," returned Herr H——; "but I assure you the tone is the ordinary one of sermons in these districts, and elicited no astonishment, though a great deal of sympathy. It will tire you, however, to hear more, so we had better go on!" We had been lingering on the promenade while listening to him, under the shady chestnuts facing the lake; but now all unanimously begged he would continue, merely moving to a bench nearer our hotel.

"Well, as you wish it, I shall obey!" he said, making us a bow, with a smile of pleasure at our increasing interest in his country. "The next division of the sermon, on virtue and morality, was ably argued, as you will perceive whenever you read this pamphlet; especially in reference to the modern doctrines on these subjects now propounded in other parts of Switzerland." (We thought here of our recent experience at the book-stall at Berne!) "And the preacher complimented the inhabitants of the rural cantons on the Christian faith and simple, virtuous manners they still retain, ending by quotations from our Lord's words in the New Testament, and saying that 'enlightenment is not unbelief, but the true and proper use of belief.' The fourth and last essential to harmony he shows to be that interior peace which can be produced by the Christian faith alone. No one can be a good citizen who does not conquer the passions of his own nature, and obtain that inner tranquillity of mind which is the growth of true religion. Amongst other proofs of his argument he quotes from Blessed Nicholas von der Flüe. I presume you know who he was?"

Each of us in turn was obliged to answer "No," although the name was not unfamiliar to some. But the more we heard, the greater did our humiliation gradually become at finding how slightly we were acquainted with this Swiss life; and every one rejoiced when Herr H—— replied:

"Blessed Nicholas was a hermit, but as great a patriot as he was a saint. However, you will hear enough about him when you visit Stanz and Sarnen. His words carried immense weight in his day, and he is still very much revered, and is perpetually quoted. He lived in the XVth century, and our Herr Pfarrer Haas here gives a long extract from one of his letters to the Mayor of Berne in those years. After this he goes on to say: 'Such was the faith of your forefathers! The prayers which the combatants said on this very spot amidst the scoffs

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of their enemies; the Sacred Host which the priest carried at Lauffen; the anniversaries they founded; the Holy Sacrifice they ordered should be offered on those days of commemoration; the crosses they erected over the graves of all who fell in the combat, prove where their souls sought and obtained rest and peace.' 'Fidelity, justice, virtue, and faith form the groundwork of the union and harmony of a people. Let each one of us, in his circle, and amongst those whom he can influence, strengthen these pillars of the edifice, and in this manner we can best help to secure the happiness and solidity of our dearly-loved Swiss fatherland.' Then he winds up by a beautiful peroration, thus: 'We stand here on graves. Simple stone crosses rise above these tombs, where for the last four hundred and eighty-seven years the heroes of Sempach, friends and enemies, repose after their hard day's work. Sleep in peace, ye dead! I envy ye your rest! There may be fighting and storm o'erhead, but what matters that to the sleepers? Your eyes are closed! Ye do not watch the troubles and sorrows of mankind, the cares and burdens of life, the battle of the spirits, the play of passions. Once, too, your hearts beat high in the decisive hour. Each Swiss and Austrian believed that he defended the right. On both sides stood great men and great heroes. Death, brave hearts, has united you in peace; and over your graves, for nearly five hundred years, has stood the cross in token of conciliation—the symbol of peace, the badge of the confederates; indicating that Switzerland will still stand firm in harmony when the hotly-contested opinions surging in her midst at this day shall long since have sunk into dust and ashes.

"'Our faith is firm in fatherland;
Although brave sons may die,
Swiss soil will still yield faithful band
To wield the cross on high:
The white, unsullied cross for aye
O'er Switzerland shall fly.'"

"Magnificent!" all again exclaimed, "in language and sentiment! How we should like to have heard it!"

"There was a great crowd this year," continued Herr H——, "though numbers never fail on any occasion. But a musical festival had taken place in Lucerne the day before, so for that reason there were more than usual. The majority now go by rail, but in my youth the procession of carriages was much more imposing. And Lucerne then was a Vorort, or capital of the Confederacy alternately with Zurich and Berne—a system long since done away with; so that when the year came for its turn, all the deputies and the diplomatic representatives were invited, and came too—all except an old Austrian, whom nothing could move. I well remember hearing that his colleagues used to laugh at him for keeping up the feeling after so many hundred years; but it was so strong that he never could hear William Tell's name mentioned without calling him an 'assassin'; and you may imagine how the others amused themselves by always bringing up the subject. The feeling against the Austrians is very strong, too, amongst the Swiss."

"I never understand it," remarked Caroline C——. "I have always been taught to look on Rudolph von Habsburg as a perfect character; and yet the moment one comes to this country, one hears nothing but abuse of the Habsburgs. Do explain it."

"I should have to give you a lecture on Swiss history, dear young lady, I fear, before you could un-

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derstand it; and there is no time for that now."

"Oh! do tell us something. There is still half an hour before the *table-d'hôte*, and it is so pleasant sitting here. We should all like to have a clearer view of the reason of this dislike. I am always much puzzled, too, in Schiller's *William Tell*, at the conspirators always wanting to be under the empire alone, and not through the Habsburgs; and it is so troublesome to wade through a history when travelling," she replied.

"But I should go back to the very beginning for that purpose," he answered. "However, if you insist, I shall give you a few leading facts that you can find amplified whenever you feel inclined to read a Swiss history right through. May I presume, then, that you know," he continued, laughing, "that the first inhabitants of Switzerland are supposed to have been offshoots of Northern tribes—men driven from their homes by famine? There were a few settlers before these, said to be refugees from Italy, but only in a wild corner of the mountains, hence called Rhœtia; and they were so few and so isolated that they are not worth mentioning. The stream of inhabitants poured down by the Lake of Constance. Some say that the same names are found to this day in Sweden as in the valleys of these cantons. In any case, the tradition is that two brothers, Switer and Swin, arrived with their families and followers, and settled at the upper end of this lake, and from them the territory they occupied was called Schwytz. It is quite certain that this was the first part occupied; therefore the title it claims of 'Urschweiz,' or 'original Switzerland,' is most appropriate. They spread all round this lake and through these forest cantons, on from one valley to another, to the foot of the great snowy Alp region, but not further. Other races came later, and settled at Geneva and elsewhere, and, coming into collision with Rome, then mistress of the world, were finally made part of the Roman Empire. Then came the inroad of other barbarians on the downfall of Rome, and everything was in utter confusion until the light of Christianity shone over the land. It was introduced here, as in Germany, by missionaries who came from all parts, and a bishopric even was founded at Chur in the earliest Frankish times. Convents, too, rose on all sides. You will find remains of them in the most remote valleys and out-of-the-way corners of the country. S. Sigebert, for instance, came from France, and built Disentis in the wilds of Rhœtia, now the Grisons. S. Columba and S. Maugold preached along the Reuss and the Aar, and the great S. Gall evangelized the wild district round the Lake of Constance, girt by forests filled with all manner of wild beasts. The celebrated convent of his name was built on the site of his hermitage, and gave rise to the town of St. Gall. Einsiedeln, too, the famous monastery which you are going to visit, dates also from that period, over the cell of the hermit Meinrad, and so on in every direction. Even Zurich and our own Lucerne owe their origin to convents. As in so many other countries, so here likewise the monks spread civilization opened schools, and taught the people agriculture. Then came another period of confusion after Charlemagne's reign, which ended by the greater portion of Switzerland falling to the share of his

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successors in the German Empire. There were numberless dukes and counts all over the land who already held large possessions, but had been vassals of the Dukes of Swabia. Now, however, they set him at defiance, and would obey no one but the emperor. Many of the monasteries, too, had acquired considerable property by this time, and their abbots were often powerful lords. They followed the example of the counts and dukes, and also assumed independence. But, on the other hand, the towns equally rose in importance, and often set the nobles and abbots at naught. These then, in order not to lose their influence, strove to increase the number of their vassals by making clearances in their forests, promoting the establishment of villages, and granting privileges to their inhabitants, in all which you will find the origin of the extraordinary number of rural communes for which Switzerland has always been so noted. The nobles, who had no occupation but war, were engaged in constant feuds amongst themselves or with the towns of which they were most jealous, and, leading lawless lives, wasted their inheritance little by little. The Crusades also contributed to diminish them, for all the knights in the country flocked thither. In the course of time their numbers dwindled considerably by these means, or by the sale of their property and feudal rights to the towns and even to the villages. At the period we are talking of, however, they were amongst the heroes of the land, and often fought bravely and made themselves respected.

"In one district, however, there were neither nobles, nor castles, nor towns, nor monasteries, nor any inhabitants, except the descendants of the first settlers. That was in the wild region of Rhœtia, and in what now constitutes these forest cantons, or Vierwaldstätter, as they are called in German. The latter all sprang from one common stock, and for a long time had only one head and one church. This was in the Muotta Valley, and thither came the entire population of Schwytz, Unterwalden, and Uri. At last, when they increased and multiplied, they divided into these three districts, built their own churches, and elected their own *Landamman*, or chief magistrate, and their own council. No one claimed sovereignty over this mountain district but the emperor. To him the people never objected; on the contrary, they were rather glad to enjoy his powerful protection, and willingly accepted, nay, often chose, the imperial judges to act as arbitrators in cases of their own internal disputes. Now, these judges were called governors, or Vogts, and, in order to distinguish them from inferior governors, were entitled *Reichsvögte*, or governors of the empire. It is well to bear this in mind, for on this point turned the whole dispute with the Habsburgs, and it was the cause of the conspiracy of the Rüti and of our subsequent freedom. It must also be remembered that the object of every community in the country at that period was to free itself from the yoke of the local laws, whether nobles or abbots, and to place themselves directly under the empire. And in this almost every town succeeded by slow degrees. The advantages were very great. First of all, they were not liable to the constant petty exactions of near neighbors, and the imperial government was

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so far away that they were allowed to administer their own property and to choose their own authorities, being only asked in exchange to pay some light taxes to the imperial treasury, and to accept a *Reichsvögt*, or governor. His office was merely to uphold the emperor's rights, and to act as judge in matters of life and death—a condition never refused; for it was held that, being a stranger, he would be more impartial than one of their community.

"Amongst the nobles who had gradually grown powerful at this time were the Counts of Habsburg, who lived in the Aargau, and, instead of diminishing, had been daily extending, their possessions and influence. Suddenly and unexpectedly Count Rudolph was chosen Emperor of Germany. There were great disputes between the German princes on the death of the late emperor, and the story runs that they elected him simply on the assurance of the Elector of Cologne, who declared that Rudolph von Habsburg was upright and wise, beloved by God and man.

"This, as you know, proved true, and you were perfectly right in believing him to have been a 'perfect character.' Moreover, he never forgot his old fellow-countrymen, and showered favors on them as long as he lived. Many places were made direct fiefs of the empire by him, amongst others our town of Lucerne, but more especially these forest cantons; and he raised the Bishop of Lausanne and the Abbot of Einsiedeln to the rank of princes of the empire. As a natural result, the whole country grew devoted to him, and came forward with gifts of money and assistance of every kind whenever he required it.

"But with his successor, his son Albrecht, comes the reverse of the medal. It was soon seen that he thought of nothing but increasing his own family possessions, and had no respect for the privileges of the towns or rural populations. Foreseeing evil times, therefore, Uri, Schwytz, and Unterwalden met together, and made a defensive league, binding themselves by oath to stand by each other and to defend themselves against all enemies. Hence the origin of their name, 'Eidgenossen,' which in German means 'oath-participators.' The Bishop of Constance and Duke of Savoy made a separate agreement, and so did various others. At last the princes of Germany also became so discontented with Albrecht that they elected a Prince Adolf of Nassau in his stead. The whole country was soon divided into two parties, one for and the other against Albrecht of Austria, as he had then become. Down he marched with a large army, devastated the territory of the Bishop of Constance, and Adolf of Nassau lost life and crown in a desperate battle. The confederates had taken no part against Albrecht openly as yet, and sent ambassadors to beg he would respect their ancient rights, as his father of glorious memory had always done. But he only answered 'that he would soon change their condition.' Meantime, the majority of the nobles joined his side; but the towns resisted him, and Berne gained such a great victory that he got alarmed and made peace with Zurich, confirming all its privileges. He then sent word to the Waldstätter cantons that he wished to treat them as the beloved children of his own family, and that they had better at once place themselves under Austrian protec-

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tion. But the sturdy, free-hearted mountaineers replied that they preferred the old rights they had inherited from their fathers, and desired to continue direct vassals of the empire. Albrecht was not prepared to enforce their submission, so he resorted to the expedient of sending them *Reichsvögte* who were wicked and cruel men, that were ordered, besides, to oppress and torment them in such a manner that they should at last desire in preference to place themselves under Austro-Habsburg protection. Chief of these was the now far-famed Gessler, and also Landerberg, whose castle at Sarnen was the first destroyed later. Not only were they cruel, but they insisted on living in the country, although all previous *Reichsvögte*, or governors, had only come there occasionally, and had allowed the people to govern themselves. Unable to bear it, the celebrated 'three,' Stauffacher, Fürst, and Melchthal, whom you now know through Schiller, if from no other source, met together. Stauffacher came from Schwytz, Walther Fürst from Uri, and Arnold von Melchthal represented Unterwalden, and they chose for their meeting the central spot of the meadow, called the Rüti, which you will pass when sailing up the lake. Each brought ten others with them, and in their name and that of all their fellow-countrymen they took that oath which was quoted in the sermon as I read it just now. This union of the three cantons was the foundation of the Swiss Confederation. Lucerne joined it in 1332, and then it became the League of the Four Forest Cantons, all surrounding this lake. Some say that Tell was one of the ten from his canton, but others deny this. It does not much matter, for one fact is certain: that the whole country was discontented, and Gessler grew alarmed without knowing of the conspiracy, which alarm was the cause of his conduct towards Tell."

"Oh! William Tell is all a myth," exclaimed young C——, who never could conceal his sentiments on this point. "No one believes in him nowadays."

"My dear young gentleman," answered Herr H—— quietly, "it is easy for modern critics to say this. They may laugh and sneer as they like. Nothing is more easy than to argue against anything. I remember often hearing that Archbishop Whately — your own archbishop—was so convinced of this that he once undertook to write a pamphlet in this style, disproving the existence of the First Napoleon, and succeeded triumphantly. But *I* hold with Buckle — your own Buckle too!" he said, laughing— "who declares that he relies more on the strength of local traditions and on native bards than on anything else. The great argument against William Tell, I know perfectly well, is that the same story is to be found in Saxo-Grammaticus, and also in Sanscrit; but that does not disturb me, for there is no reason why the same sort of thing may not have happened in many a place. These mountaineers certainly had no means of studying either the one or the other in what *you*, no doubt, will call the 'dark ages'! Just have patience until you see the Tell chapels and hear a little more on the subject, and I hope you will change your mind. One thing is certain, namely, that Tell was not the *cause* of the conspiracy, and that his treatment did not make the confederates depart from their original plan, which was

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to rise on the New Year's night of 1308. In *my* humble opinion, Schiller has done poor William Tell no good, for between him and the opera the story has been so much popularized that this alone has raised all the doubts about it. People fancy it was Schiller's creation more or less, altogether forgetting that the chapels and the veneration for Tell have existed on the spot these hundreds of years. It is fortunate Arnold von Winkelried has not been treated in the same way, or we should doubt his existence too."

"You have not told us anything about Sempach yet," broke in Caroline C——, anxious to stop the discussion, which seemed likely to vex the old gentleman, especially as she well knew her brother's school-boy disposition for argument.

"Morgarten and much more occurred before that, mademoiselle," answered Herr H——, "all tending to increase the national hatred of Austria. As a natural consequence of the Rüti and its uprising, Albrecht became enraged against the forest cantons, and marched at once to Switzerland with a large force. But a most unexpected, startling event happened. He had a nephew, Duke John of Swabia, who was his ward, but from whom he continued to withhold his patrimony on one pretext or another. The young man at length grew furious, and, as they were crossing this very same river Reuss at Windisch, Duke John stabbed his uncle, whilst a noble, a conspirator of John's, struck him on the head. There were a few others present, but in a panic they all fled, and left the Emperor of Germany to die in the arms of a poor woman who happened to be passing.

"The deed was so fearful that even Albrecht's worst enemies were horrified, and it is said that the murderers wandered over the world, and ultimately died as outcasts. Zurich shut its gates against them, and the forest cantons refused them all shelter. But Albrecht's family not only pursued them, but behaved inhumanly. His widow and two children, Duke Leopold and Agnes, Queen of Hungary, came at once to Switzerland, and seized innocent and guilty right and left, destroying without scruple the castle of any noble whom they suspected in the slightest degree, and executing all without mercy. Agnes in particular was cruel beyond measure. One story related of her by Swiss historians is that, after having witnessed the execution of sixty-three innocent knights, and whilst their blood was flowing at her feet, she exclaimed: 'Now I am bathing in May-dew!' Whether literally true or not, it shows what she must have been to have given cause for such a tale. In fact, the stories of her merciless character are too numerous and terrible to repeat now. At last she and her mother, the widow, built a magnificent convent on the site of the murder, which you may have heard of as *Königsfelder*, or the King's Field. There she subsequently retired to 'end her days in piety'; but the people detested her, and Zschokke says that once when she was passing through the convent, and bowed to one of the monks, he turned round and boldly addressed her thus: 'Woman! it is a bad way to serve God, first to shed innocent blood, and then to found convents from the spoils of the victims.' She died there, and we have a piece of silk in the arsenal in Lucerne which formed part of her funeral apparel."

"Oh! how horrible," exclaimed



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Caroline C——. "But I would give anything to see it! How could we manage it?"

"Very easily," replied Herr H——. "If you only have time, we might go there after dinner. It is close to the Spreuner Brücke, and I can get you in. There are many trophies also from Sempach, and other victories besides."

"Do tell us about Sempach," I interposed. "It is getting late, and I fear the dinner-bell will soon ring."

"First came the battle of Morgarten, of which you will see the site from the top of the Rigi. Albrecht's son Leopold followed up his father's grudge against the forest cantons, and gave them battle there in 1308, when he was signally defeated. It was a glorious victory by a handful of peasants. But you will read about it on your journey. Sempach is our Lucerne property. It did not take place for sixty-nine years after Morgarten, but in the interval there had been constant fighting with the house of Austria, which still kept its possessions in Switzerland, and also with the nobles, who hated the towns-people, and clung to the Habsburgs more or less. It was about this time that a castle belonging to the latter, on this lake, just round the projecting corner to our left, was destroyed by the people. It was called here Habsburg, and has lately been restored by a foreigner. On all sides the worst feelings were kept alive, and it only required a spark to set all in a blaze. This eventually happened by some angry Lucerners levelling to the ground the castle of a knight who had imposed undue taxes upon them. He, on his side, appealed to the Habsburg of the day, who, by a curious coincidence, was also a Duke Leopold, son of the Leopold who was defeated at Morgarten. Full of anger, he gathered all his forces, and marched in hot haste against Lucerne. But on the heights near the Lake of Sempach he encountered the confederates. They had come from Lucerne, with contingents, though in small force, from all the forest cantons. It was hilly ground, most unfitted for cavalry; but Leopold would not wait for his infantry, and, making his heavily-armed knights dismount, he ordered them to rush with their pointed lances in close ranks on the enemy. It was like a wall of iron, and at first the confederates could make no impression upon it. They fell in numbers, and were just beginning to despair when a voice cried out, 'I will open a path to freedom! Faithful, dearly-loved confederates, take care of my wife and child!' and a man, rushing forward, seized as many lances as he could clasp, buried them in his own body, and fell dead. This was Arnold von Winkelried, an inhabitant of Stanz, about whom little else is known. Over his corpse his comrades pressed forward through the opening he had thus made, and they never again yielded the dear-bought advantage. The struggle became fearful on both sides; prodigies of valor were performed, and it is said that three standard-bearers were killed before the flag of Austria could be captured. Eventually the knights turned in order to retreat; but their heavy armor impeded them, and their men, sure of victory, had led their horses far away. So they were cut down by hundreds. Duke Leopold was killed by a man from Schwytz; but they all fought bravely, and defended their banners with such tenacity that one was found torn into small shreds, in order that the enemy

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might not get it, while its pole was firmly clenched between the teeth of the dead man who had been carrying it. That was the glorious battle of Sempach, which finally crushed the power of the Habsburgs in Switzerland, and after which our liberty was firmly established. Is it any wonder, then, that we celebrate it so religiously, or that the antipathy to Austria was so deeply rooted in the nation? The whole aim of the Habsburgs after Rudolph's reign, and of the nobles who were their vassals, was to crush our privileges and freedom. In consequence, they were so hated that no one could even venture to wear a peacock's feather, merely because it was the favorite ornament of the Austrian dukes. In fact, peacocks were forbidden in Switzerland; and a story is told, to show how far the feeling went, of a man having broken his wine-glass at a public tavern, merely because he fancied that he saw the colors of a peacock's tail in the play of the sun's rays on the glass."

As Herr H—— pronounced these words the first dinner-bell rang, and we all rose, thanking him cordially for his most interesting lecture. Caroline C—— in particular was most grateful, declaring that she never could understand anything of Swiss history before, but now had the clearest view of its general bearings.

After dinner all except myself and Mrs. C—— started off at once for the arsenal to see the "relics," as they now called them; but we two adjourned to the Hofkirche at four o'clock to listen to the organ, played there daily for strangers, as at Berne and Freyburg. The Lucerne instrument is not so well known as those two, but it is equally fine, if not finer. It was admirably played, too, and we sat entranced by its tones, especially by its heavenly Vox Angelica, fully sympathizing with Wordsworth when standing on the old Hofbridge that came up to the church hill in his day, and writing:

"Volumes of sound, from the cathedral rolled,
This long-roofed vista penetrate."

We had arranged to sleep that night at Vitznau, at the foot of the Rigi, in order to ascend by the first train next morning, and for this purpose were to leave in a six o'clock steamer. It seemed difficult to tear ourselves so quickly away from Lucerne, and the hurry was considerable. The remainder of our party, however, returned just in time, full of all they had seen—"Agnes' shroud," a dreadful title for a piece of heavy silk used at her funeral, striped yellow and black, the Habsburg colors; Duke Leopold's coat-of-mail, in which he was killed at Sempach, and a dozen others; a heap of lances taken there; numbers of trophies from Grandson and Morat, the battles with Charles the Bold; but, what interested them most, the great standard of Habsburg, of yellow silk with a red lion on it, taken at Sempach, and another, a white flag, covered, they said, with blood, also captured there. Young C—— was most struck besides with a very old vase decorated with the meeting at the Rüti.

It was a lovely evening, but, though the sail promised to be delightful, we left Lucerne and its worthy citizen with regret, thanking him cordially, over and over again, for the interest he had given us in his country, and at last persuaded him to come and meet us in a day or two, and act as our cicerone in part of the forest cantons, which by his means already assumed a place in our affections.

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## A LEGEND OF ALSACE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF M. LE VICOMTE DE BUSSIERRE.

CONCLUDED.

VIII.

ODILE, who had returned to Hohenbourg without her father's consent, was now forced to remain against her own will. Her reputation so spread throughout the province that people of the highest rank went to see her, and several aspired to her hand. Among these suitors was a young German duke whose station, wealth, and personal qualities gave him an advantage over his rivals. Adalric and Berswinde joyfully gave their consent, and the marriage settlements were agreed upon. The arrangement was then made known to Odile, who declared firmly but respectfully that she had chosen Christ for her spouse, and could not renounce her choice. But this projected marriage flattered the pride and ambition of her father, and, after vainly endeavoring to persuade her to consent to it, he sought to obtain by force what mildness had not been able to effect. Odile, seeing that her liberty of action was to be infringed upon, felt that flight was her only resource. Commending herself to God and Our Blessed Lady, she clothed herself early one morning in the rags of a beggar, and left the castle unobserved, descending the mountain by an obscure and almost impassable ravine. It was in the year 679. Her first intention was to take refuge in the Abbey of Baume, but, considering that would be the first place to seek for her, she resolved to conceal herself from all mankind, and lead henceforth a difficult and solitary life for the love of her Redeemer. She therefore directed her steps toward the Rhine, and, meeting a fisherman, she gave him a small piece of money to take her across the river.

Odile had been accustomed to seclude herself several hours a day for prayer and meditation, so her non-appearance excited no surprise. She was supposed to be at her devotions, and was already several miles from home, when the report of her disappearance spread consternation throughout the manor. The duke, distressed by her flight, assembled all his followers, ordered his four sons to pursue her in four different directions, and directed his servants to scour the surrounding country. Berswinde alone did not share the general grief. She would indeed have been pleased by the marriage of her daughter and the German duke, but Odile's motives for declining the alliance, the remembrance of the miracle wrought at her baptism, and the manifest protection of heaven she was so evidently under, made her mother sure that the support of the Most High would not in this case be wanting.

Adalric himself set off with several esquires, and unwittingly took the same route as his daughter. He soon came to the Rhine, where he heard that a young beggar-girl,

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whose rags could not conceal her noble air and extreme beauty, had crossed the river and gone towards Fribourg. The duke, sure it was his daughter, likewise crossed over, and came so close upon her steps that it seemed impossible for her to escape. But the princess, says the old chronicle of Fribourg containing these details, coming in sight of the city near a place called Muszbach, was so overcome with fatigue that she was obliged to sit down and take breath. She had hardly thanked God for his protection thus far when she perceived, at some distance, a company of horsemen swiftly approaching. Then recognizing her father and his followers, she raised her eyes to heaven, whence alone she could expect succor, and prayed fervently: "O my Saviour!" cried she, "spotless protector of virgins! I am lost unless thou shieldest me from their eyes, and coverest me with the shadow of thy wings!" And our Lord, says the legend, heard this earnest prayer: the rock on which she was seated opened to shelter her from her eager pursuers, and had hardly closed upon her when Adalric came up. As soon as he had passed by Odile came out, and, that posterity might not lose the remembrance of this miracle, a limpid stream of healing waters flowed henceforth from the rock. This fountain became eventually the resort of pilgrims, and the saint herself had a chapel built over it in commemoration of her deliverance.

The duke, unsuccessful in his search, returned to Hohenbourg. Unable to resign himself to the loss of his daughter, he fell into a state of sadness and discouragement. Weeks, nay, months, passed, but no news of the fugitive. Adalric finally proclaimed throughout his duchy, at the sound of the trumpet that he would henceforth leave his daughter free to pursue her own course of life, if she would only return to her family.

Having no longer any excuse for remaining away from her family, where she might be called to labor for God, Odile left her retreat at Brisgau, and returned home.*

IX.

Adalric's promises were sincere. He was eager to aid Odile as much as he could in the realization of her most cherished hopes. "For it was in the decrees of divine Providence," says an old Latin chronicle, "that this light should be placed in a candlestick, that it might give light to all who were in the house; and God had inspired Odile with the resolution to found a community of noble virgins who would live in retirement and observe the evangelical counsels."

The saint opened her heart to her father, representing to him that Alsace had already convents for men, but no retreat for women who wished to renounce the world, and that such a refuge would be useful and at the same time pleasing to God. Adalric listened favorably to his daughter, and, whether the proposition pleased him or he did not wish to oppose her inclinations, he gave her in due form, in the year 680, the Castle of Hohenbourg with its vast dependencies and immense revenues, that she might convert what had till then been the principal bulwark of Alsace into an inviolable asylum for noble ladies of piety who wished to consecrate themselves to God.

Odile then assembled a number

* The chronicles do not say how she passed her time at Brisgau. They merely state that she lived there about a year as a hermitess and mendicant.

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of workmen, and had all the buildings removed that would be of no use to a religious community. This done, they proceeded to construct the convent. It took them ten years. Adalric generously defrayed all the expenses, and even directed the architects, enjoining on them to neglect nothing that could contribute to the solidity and beauty of the edifice.

As soon as it was known that Odile intended forming a community of women, a crowd of young ladies of rank came to Hohenbourg, renouncing their families and earthly possessions for the love of Christ. They besought her to receive them as her companions, and to direct them in the way of salvation. There were one hundred and thirty of them before the convent was finished. Among them were Attale,* Eugénie, and Gundeline, the daughters of Odile's brother Adalbert,† and her own sister Roswinde.‡ All these renounced the joys of the world without regret, hoping to obtain eternal life. They united themselves to God by silence, recollection, and prayer. Manual labor and the chanting of the Psalms varied their occupations. Like the first Christians, they seemed to have only one heart and one soul. Their only study seemed to be to equal their superior in humility, sweetness, piety, and self-renunciation. They lived on barley bread and vegetables cooked in water. They took wine only on festivals, and passed their nights in vigils and prayer, permitting themselves only some hours of sleep when exhausted nature absolutely required it. Then they slept only on a bear's skin with a stone for a pillow. In a word, they only allowed the body what was necessary for the preservation of life.

Adalric had a profound respect for Odile, as one under the special protection of the Divinity. The system of her community, the devotion and the rigid and holy lives of those who composed it, and above all their inexhaustible charity, led him to lavish his wealth on their monastery. Not satisfied with giving them his palace and its domains, and establishing a foundation in perpetuity for one hundred and thirty young ladies of noble birth, he likewise gave fourteen benefices for the priests who served the convent chapels.

Odile, in her ardent charity, wished there should be free access to her abbey, not only for all the members of her family and persons of high rank who came often to discourse with her on the things of God, but also for the poor, the unhappy, and the sick. The steepness of the mountain in some places made its ascent impossible for the aged. Our saint had an easy pathway constructed, paved with broad flag-stones. Thenceforth the unfortunate of all grades of society flocked to the abbey—the poor to ob-

*S. Attale became the superior of the chapter of S. Etienne at Strasbourg, founded by her father and composed of thirty canonesses. She lived to a good old age, and died in the odor of sanctity, her soul wafted to heaven by a troop of angels and their Queen. Her feast is celebrated at Strasbourg on the 3d of December.

†S. Eugénie succeeded S. Odile as abbess of Hohenbourg, and died in 735. She was buried in the Chapel of S. John, and her tomb remained entire till the Lutheran soldiers of Mansfeldt broke it open in 1622. Her relics were collected by the clergy, and afterwards restored to the convent. Later, the Swedes cast them to the winds. Only a portion is preserved at Oberehnheim, and still exposed on her festival, Sept. 16.

S. Gundeline became the second abbess of Niedermünster. Her remains were once in a shrine of silver beside the grand altar, but were mostly lost in the Thirty Years' War. What remain are at Einsiedeln.

‡ Roswinde, who had renounced the world before the Monastery of Hohenbourg was erected, lived holily under the direction of her sister. She was buried in the chapel of SS. Peter and Paul. The name of S. Roswinde is found in an ancient litany formerly chanted in the Diocese of Strasbourg.

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tain assistance, the infirm for remedies, and sinners for salutary advice. All who were unhappy or unfortunate, whoever they might be, were the objects of Odile's tender affection. "The Gospel," she constantly repeated to her companions, "is a law of love," and she exhorted them, in imitation of Him who gave his life for us, to be charitable to their fellow-creatures. Odile's charity was boundless. Not satisfied with distributing alms, she cheered all with sweet words, carried them nourishment and remedies with her own hands, and dressed the most frightful wounds. "There came one day," says a writer of that time, "a man covered with a horrid leprosy to the gates of Hohenbourg for alms, uttering most lamentable cries. He was so revolting, and he diffused so infectious an odor, that none of the servants would approach him. One of them, however, informed the saint of his condition. She at once prepared some suitable food, and hastened to serve the leper. In spite of her tenderness towards the unfortunate and her habitual control over her senses, her first movement was one of horror at the sight of so disgusting a being. Ashamed of her weakness, and resolved to conquer it, she folded the leper affectionately in her arms, and burst into tears. Then she broke the food she brought into small pieces, and fed him. At the same time she raised her eyes to heaven, and, with a voice trembling with emotion, exclaimed: 'O Lord! deign to restore him to health or give him the courage necessary to support such an affliction!' Her humble prayer was immediately heard. The leprosy disappeared, and the repulsive odor gave place to one of sweetness, so that those who avoided him a short time before were now eager to approach, to touch him, and to wonder."

Odile gave bread, wine, and meat to all the poor who came to the abbey; she was unwilling any should go away hungry. On feast days a great crowd of beggars would besiege the gates, and on one occasion, all the food of the community, and even the wine, being given them, the Sister who had charge of the wine-cellar sought Odile in church to tell her there was none left for dinner. The abbess replied with a gentle smile: "He who fed five thousand persons with five loaves and two fishes will provide for us, if it be his will. Forget not, my daughter, that he has promised to those that seek first the kingdom of heaven all other things shall be given. Go where duty calls you." The Sister went away, and at the hour of repast, going to the wine-cellar, found a supply of excellent wine

X.

The two chapels already built by the duke were too small for celebrating the divine service with suitable pomp. There was hardly room enough in them for the sisterhood. The crowds from the neighboring villages were often obliged to kneel outside. A larger church was indispensable. Adalric provided the materials, and it was completed by the year 690. Two square towers of pyramidal form rose beside the grand entrance. The abbess had it consecrated to the Blessed Virgin, her chosen patroness and her model. One of the side chapels she styled the Oratory of the Mother of God. There she loved to take refuge in her mental troubles, in tribulation, and in seasons of spiritual dryness. A second chapel she called Holy Rood Cha-

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pel. In commemoration of her baptism she wished also to erect a small church in honor of S. John the Baptist. Undecided about the location, she went out of the monastery one night about midnight, and, kneeling on a great rock, she remained a long time buried in profound meditation. Suddenly, says the old legend, she was surrounded by a dazzling light, and before her stood the radiant form of the precursor of our Lord in a garment of camel's hair, such as he wore in the desert. He seemed to indicate the spot where the chapel should be erected. The next day it was commenced, and was finished in the autumn of 696. The night before it was to be consecrated S. Odile spent in prayer therein. The prince of the apostles himself, with a choir of angels, descended and performed the ceremony.

"The air of paradise did fan the house,
And angels officed all."

This miraculous chapel was sometimes called the *Sacrarium*, because the abbess deposited in it the *cassette* of relics Bishop Erhard gave her on her baptismal day. It was afterwards more commonly called the Chapel of S. Odile, because she was buried there herself. Besides these, she built the Chapel of Tears and the Hanging Chapel, so called because it stood on a steep precipice looking down into a deep chasm. All these chapels were so many stations where the abbess and her companions betook themselves to meditate in silence and solitude.

Adalric and Berswinde, weary of power and grandeur, retired to the Convent of Hohenbourg with their daughter. Advanced in age, they now thought only of preparing themselves for death by prayer and good works. The duke, naturally violent and hard, had sometimes in his moments of passion forgotten his duty. There were many faults for him to expiate before God, and many scandals to repair before men. While he was practising all the virtues of a holy penitent, he was attacked with a serious malady. Odile felt that his last hour was at hand, and hardly left his bedside, wishing, not only to give him the care his illness required, but to console, encourage, and prepare him for a holy death. Contemporary testimony expressly declares: "*Consolante eum et roborante beata Odilia.*" She received his last breath and closed his eyes on the 20th of February. The year is variously stated. It was between 690 and 700.

A witness of her father's sorrow for his sins, and of his resignation in his last moments, Odile hoped the mercy of God would be extended to him. She imposed on herself the severest mortifications, and shed floods of tears for the solace of his soul in the chapel, called from this circumstance the Chapel of Tears. On the fifth day she had an inward assurance of his salvation.

There are numberless traditions in Alsace respecting S. Odile. They have been handed down from one generation to another in the villages grouped around the foot of Mount Hohenbourg. One of these legends changes the tears of the saint into a limpid stream, where the blind, or those who have any disease of the eyes, go for a remedy. Another says her tears perforated a rock. A third makes her and all her community behold her father convoyed heavenward by a choir of angels led by S. Peter in sacerdotal robes. The more we examine S. Odile's life, the more numerous become these brilliant legends, and the more fully do we find her

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life marked by acts of beneficence and by miracles.

Berswinde survived her husband only nine days. She died suddenly while praying in the Chapel of S. John.

The descendants of the duke and duchess assembled at Hohenbourg to deplore their double loss. A magnificent funeral service was performed. All the people of Alsace flocked to the convent to weep over their death. One would have thought they had lost dear parents, say the chronicles. The duke's sons gave abundant alms on this occasion. The remains of the deceased were placed in the Chapel of the Virgin, according to their request, and thither came pilgrims to pray by their tomb till they were removed.

Adalric, notwithstanding his generosity to the church, left immense domains to his children. His oldest son, Etton, or Etichon, became Duke of Brisgau and Count of Argovie. He was the progenitor of the houses of Egisheim and Lorraine. The second son, Adelbert, had the duchies of Alsace, Swabia, and Sundgau. From him sprang the houses of Habsburg and Zähringen. Hugo, the third son, died before his father, but left three sons. The oldest, Remigius, was Abbot of S. Gregory in the Val de Münster, and finally Bishop of Strasbourg. He was a great friend of Charlemagne's, and built the celebrated nunnery of Eschau,* where two of his nieces were successively abbesses.

After the death of her parents, Odile kept up most intimate relations with the rest of her family. She saw them frequently, and labored for their sanctification. Following her counsels, they founded a great number of convents and churches, which, in that barbarous age, became the refuge of science, literature, and the arts, and for centuries contributed powerfully to the prosperity of Alsace.

XI.

Hitherto the inmates of Hohenbourg had been subjected to no written rule. Our dear saint was their living guide. But notwithstanding the ardor of their piety, she thought it proper to adopt some definite rule to obviate the inconstancy of the human heart, and to restrain an excess of fervor. Assembling all her spiritual children, she gave them, after invoking the Holy Spirit, a fixed rule, probably drawn from that of S. Augustine.

The steepness of Hohenbourg made it so difficult of ascent for the aged and infirm, the very ones whom Odile desired the most to aid, that she resolved to build at its foot, on the south side, a spacious hospice with a chapel, under the invocation of S. Nicholas.

Berswinde, who was still living, gave up a part of her revenues for the benefit of the poor who were received there. S. Odile daily descended this mountain, too steep and rough for others, to visit the hospice. She used to visit each inmate, and give him alms and advice with all the tenderness Christianity alone can inspire. Her children shared in her labors. They loved the freshness and solitude of the spot where the hospice stood, and there was an abundance of water there, which was lacking on the summit. The number of the infirm that resorted hither became

* To endow this monastery with relics, he made a pilgrimage to Rome. Pope Adrian I. gave him the bodies of S. Sophie and three other saints, which he solemnly enshrined at Eschau. He died March 20, 783, and was buried at Eschau. He is revered as a saint.

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so large as to require, night and day, the constant attendance of the Sisters, and they begged the abbess to build another monastery near S. Nicholas, and dependent on that of Hohenbourg. Odile consented.

One day, while she was occupied in overseeing the workmen, an aged man brought three branches of a linden-tree, begging her to plant them. He predicted that the faithful would come to sit beneath their shade. Odile did as he requested, planting the first in the name of the Father, the second in the name of the Son, and the third in the name of the Holy Ghost. In fact, successive generations have sought repose beneath them, according to the old man's prediction. Odile gave this new monastery the name of Niedermünster (Lower Minster). She established there one-half of the community of Hohenbourg, retaining herself the direction of both houses. She placed in the new house those who were most zealous in nursing the sick, and had the greatest aptitude for it.

Many foreign ladies, drawn to Alsace by Odile's reputation for sanctity, were among their number. They lived at Niedermünster in obedience to the rule of Hohenbourg, and led lives of austerity These two cloisters, says Father Hugo Peltre, might be compared to two trees, apparently separated, but really drawing nourishment from the same root.

Odile, though advancing in years and broken down by her excessive austerities, daily descended the mountain. Neither frost nor rain nor fierce winds prevented her from visiting the hospice, which was her place of delight, for there she found a vast field for her charity She was in the habit of saying: "Jesus Christ has given us the poor to supply his place. In caring for them we serve the Saviour in their person." The whole of Alsace blessed her name, seeing her constantly occupied in solacing suffering humanity, in guiding her spiritual children in the paths of holiness, and in instructing the people in the sublime truths of the Gospel.

There is a legend that Odile, bent down by the weight of years, was one day ascending the mountain alone when she saw lying in the path an old man dying of thirst and apparently breathing his last. Our saint tried to raise him, but, too feeble to do so, she had recourse to the divine assistance. After a fervent prayer, remembering what Moses did, she smote a rock close by with her staff. A stream burst forth immediately, which restored the old pilgrim to life. This fount is still venerated and frequented. The water is considered miraculous.

XII.

Odile was ripe for heaven. Whether the state of her health announced it, or God gave her a secret presentiment of her approaching end, on the 13th of December (S. Lucius' Day) she called together her companions in the Chapel of S. John the Baptist, which had become her oratory, and, after begging them not to be afflicted at what she had to say, she sweetly announced to them that she was near the end of her earthly pilgrimage, and her soul, ready to quit its prison of clay, would soon enjoy the liberty God has promised his children. Then the holy abbess exhorted them to remain faithful to the Lord, not to allow their fervor to relax, to resist with all their strength the temptations of the ad-

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versary, and to submit their wills to that of the Almighty.

While she was speaking to them her three nieces, Attale, Eugénie, and Gundeline, shed floods of tears. Our dear saint, seeing their profound grief, turned towards them and said: "Weep not, beloved children. Your tears cannot prolong my existence here below. Go rather, all of you, to the Chapel of Our Blessed Lady, pray together, recite the Psalms, and beg for me the grace of a happy death." As soon as all the community had gone out to obey her wishes, the saint fell into an ecstasy, in which she had a foretaste of heavenly joys. Her companions, returning from the chapel and finding her insensible, began to express their sorrow that she had departed without receiving Holy Communion. The saint, aroused by their sobs and groans, opened her eyes and said: "Why have you returned so soon, my dear children, to disturb my repose? I was in the presence of the Blessed S. Lucius, and inexpressibly happy; for, as the apostle says, the eye hath not seen, nor the ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive it." She then expressed an ardent desire to receive the most Sacred Body and Precious Blood of our Lord. All at once, says the old legend, a flood of dazzling light pervaded the chapel. The saint fell on her knees, all the Sisters imitating her example. A celestial ministrant, radiant with glory, appeared at the altar. He approached the dying abbess, placed in her hands a wonderful chalice, and then reascended to heaven.* She communicated therefrom, murmured a last farewell to her children, joined her hands, and then the eyes, once opened by a miracle, closed for ever to the light.

According to her wishes, her body, extenuated with fasts and other austerities, was laid on a bear's skin, and exposed for eight days in the Chapel of S. John the Baptist, on the Gospel side, and with the feet turned towards the altar. During this time a sweet odor spread throughout the abbey. Her children felt that, instead of weeping for her who had fought the good fight, and never been wanting in her fidelity to God, they should rather rejoice that she was called to receive the crown of righteousness, and they to imitate her example and seek through her intercession for as happy an end.

Thus died, on the 13th of December, 7—,* Odile, eldest daughter of Adalric, Duke of Alsace, abbess of the convents of Hohenbourg and Niedermünster. Her mortal remains were covered with mastic, which, at first soft, became hard; then placed in a tomb of stone, which is still to be seen.

The inmates of the two monasteries celebrated her obsequies with all the solemnity due to their abbess and foundress, and with the recollection due to her sanctity. All the people of Alsace flocked to Hohenbourg to look once more on the face of her to whom the unfortunate and the afflicted never appealed in vain. Her inexhaustible charity, her zeal for Christian perfection, her austere and penitential life, and her good works without number, had during her life rendered her the object of public veneration. As soon as she was dead a particular honor was paid

* This chalice was still at Hohenbourg in 1546. All the chronicles declare that no one could ever tell of what it was composed. The Abbey of Hohenbourg had a chalice on its coat of arms.

* Probably about the year 720. The year is disputed. A popular legend says she lived to be one hundred and three years old, which would make the year of her death 760.

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her, first at Hohenbourg, then throughout the whole province. which to this day invokes her as its patroness. This honor has been sanctioned by the church. Her venerated sepulchre is in our day the most frequented place of pilgrimage in Alsace.

XIII.

Odile had acquired a taste for letters at the Abbey of Baume. She had a thorough knowledge of the Latin language, the Holy Scriptures, and ecclesiastical history. Her last will and testament, which has been preserved, proves that she was as enlightened as holy.* The monasteries she founded did not degenerate in this respect. They were the asylums of learning. In the XIIth century, says Grandidier, while a large part of Europe was plunged in ignorance and barbarism, the love of literature and the sciences was to be found among some women of Alsace. Hohenbourg was inhabited by canonesses equally learned and regular. Three abbesses were especially distinguished for their taste for poetry and literature in general. The first, Ricklende or Kilinde, reformed the monastery in 1141. Some of her Latin verses, and the fragments of other works in that language, have been preserved. Herrade de Landsberg, who succeeded her in 1167, became still more celebrated. Grandidier, speaking of her, says: "The polite arts, painting, music, and poetry, charmed the leisure of this illustrious abbess." A collection of poetry in Latin, composed for the instruction of her community, under the title of *Hortus Deliciarum*,† is still preserved.

Gerlinde, her sister or cousin, succeeded her, and equalled her in taste and knowledge.

The first abbesses after S. Odile were her two nieces, S. Eugénie and S. Gundeline. They divided the authority. The first was Abbess of Hohenbourg, the second of Niedermünster. The revenues, which had hitherto been in com-

* This will is to be found in the *Histoire de l'Eglise de Strasbourg*, by Grandidier.

† This precious work was carefully preserved in the Library of Strasbourg until the late siege. It is greatly to be hoped that it was transferred to a place of safety, and did not share the fate of that noble library. The manuscript throughout is by the hand of Herrade. It is composed of three hundred and twenty-four leaves of parchment. It is especially interesting because it shows the state of the sciences and literature, the manners, and the public and private usages of the XIIth century.

This work is a systematic collection of extracts taken from ecclesiastical history and from the fathers, mingled with reflections and observations on astronomy, geography, philosophy, history, and mythology, naturally introduced by the subject the author is treating of. To these are joined the poems of Herrade. It is illuminated with naïve and charming miniatures

This work is dedicated by the illustrious abbess to her spiritual children. She explains in the preface, written in prose, the object she had in view in undertaking it. "Like a bee," she says, "I have amassed in this book the honey drawn from the sacred and philosophical writings, that I may form a honey-comb to delight you and lead you to honor our Lord and the church. Seek herein an agreeable food for the soul, refresh hereby your fatigued minds, that you may always be occupied with your heavenly Spouse," etc., etc.

She then enters upon the work. After speaking of God and his attributes, the angels and their fall, she comes to the creation, discusses man before and after his fall, passes in review the Old Testament in its relations with the New, with the history of the human race, the development of the arts, sciences, and philosophy.

She comes finally to the mystery of the Redemption, to which she joins the genealogy of our Saviour, traced upon a mysterious tree planted by the Divinity. She gives an account of the life, miracles, teachings, and parables of Christ. Then follow numerous extracts from the Acts of the Apostles, to which are annexed very curious paintings.

The history of the Roman emperors is naturally connected with the development of the Christian Church, and there are ingenious miniatures representing allegorically the virtues of the faithful followers of Christ, the hideousness of sin, the vanities and temptations of the world, the assaults of hell, and the means we should use to oppose them.

Finally, Herrade represents, in a series of considerations and paintings, the dignities, rights, and obligations of the ecclesiastical state.

This work, by the Abbess of Hohenbourg, is the production of a thoughtful mind, and is one that required much time. She very carefully indicates the numerous and authentic sources whence she draws her materials.

Herrade has also left a list of all the popes from S. Peter to Clement III., and several astronomical works, which also are, or were, in the Library of Strasbourg.

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mon, were divided by Odile before her death. Only Oberehnheim remained undivided, that there might be a common tie between them.

Regularity of monastic life and observances was maintained till the XIth century. The church was accidentally destroyed in 1045, but was rebuilt and consecrated to the Blessed Virgin by Bruno, Count of Dagsbourg, Bishop of Toul, and Landgrave of Alsace, a descendant of Odile's brother Etton. A few years after it was again destroyed by the Hungarian invaders, and again Bruno, who had become the Sovereign Pontiff in 1049 under the name of Leo IX., had it rebuilt. This pope, called to Germany by the interests of the church, went himself to Hohenbourg to consecrate the edifice and reassemble the dispersed sisterhood. He did not leave this place, so dear to his heart, till he had re-established the monastic discipline.

About a hundred years after this the community of Hohenbourg greatly relaxed its fervor, the number of its subjects diminished, their revenues decreased, and the buildings were decaying. The monastery would perhaps have been abandoned had not Frederick Barbarossa, in his quality of Duke of Alsace, interfered to save so celebrated a house from falling. He sent to reform it Ricklende or Kilinde, whom he took from the Convent of Bergen in the Diocese of Eichstadt, and to whom he gave the title and rights of Princess of the Holy Empire, and also bestowed on her large sums of money for the reparation of the monastery. Ricklende, whom we have already mentioned, joined great zeal and piety to an enlarged mind and much information. Sustained by the authority of the emperor, she re-established discipline in less than two years, as her successor, Herrade de Landsberg, formally testifies. The religious habit worn in this house was white, *albens quasi lilium*, says the *Hortus Deliciarum*. The bull of Pope Lucius III. says they followed the rule of S. Augustine. Ricklende had under her thirty-three choir Sisters. In Herrade's time there were forty-seven and thirteen lay Sisters. It was in the time of Herrade that the Emperor Henry VI., disregarding his oath, had Sibylla, the widow of Tancred, and Constance, her daughter, arrested and conducted to Ho henbourg to take the veil.

In 1354 the Emperor Charles IV. visited S. Odile's tomb, Agnes de Slauffenberg being the abbess. He had the saint's body exhumed, and Jean de Lichtenberg, Bishop of Strasbourg, detached a part of the arm to be deposited in the Cathedral of Prague. But, at the request of the sisterhood, Charles IV. drew up an act which forbade any one, under the severest penalties, from ever opening the tomb again. The bishop pronounced the sentence of excommunication on whomsoever should violate this decree of the sovereign.*

The Abbey of Hohenbourg, or of S. Odile, as it was also called, was destined to terrible disasters. It was sacked in the XIVth and XVth centuries by the *grandes Compagnies* by the Armagnacs and the Burgundians. It was still more unfortunate in the XVIth century. Niedermünster was burned in 1542, and Hohenbourg on the 24th of March, 1546. The canonesses and prebends then dispersed, and Jean de Manderscheidt, Bishop of Stras-

* The relics of S. Odile venerated in other places are not of our saint. There are three other saints of that name—one a companion of S. Ursula; a second, Abbess of Hohenbourg in the XIth century; and a third, who was a widow of Liege.

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bourg, fearing the Lutherans would seize the property belonging to the two abbeys, obtained permission from the Holy See to annex it to the episcopal domains by paying the canonesses an annual pension. The monastery, rebuilt in 1607 by Cardinal Charles de Lorraine and the Archduke Leopold, Bishops of Strasbourg, was burned anew in 1622 by the Lutheran army of the Count de Mansfeldt. The church was repaired in 1630, but again devastated by the Brandenburg soldiers in 1633. They removed the lead from the windows and organs for ball. Subsequent wars were also disastrous for Hohenbourg, and on the 7th of May, 1681, the whole convent was again burned. Only the Chapel of Tears and that of the Angels remained standing.

The Premonstratensians of the ancient observance established themselves at Hohenbourg in 1663, converting it into a priory. They began to rebuild it in 1684. Two of the monks, Father Hugues Peltre and Father Denys Albrecht, carefully collected all the ancient accounts of S. Odile, and wrote biographies of the saint, which we have freely made use of in this account.

Niedermünster, which was given to the Grand Chapter of Strasbourg in 1558, is now only a heap of ruins. Rosine de Stein, who died in 1534, was the last abbess.

The French Revolution had also its effect on Hohenbourg. A few days after the decree of the National Assembly on the 13th of February, 1790, suppressing the monastic vows, the Convent of S. Odile was vacated. Nevertheless, pilgrimages to the shrine of the holy Patroness of Alsace continued to be frequent.

Nearly all that could nourish or excite the piety of the pilgrim had disappeared from the antique cloister of Altitona, but Odile's tomb still remained and sufficed to attract a great number from all the surrounding countries.

XIV.

On the 7th of July, 1841, at nine o'clock in the morning, the remains of S. Odile were taken out of the tomb where they had reposed so many centuries, and exposed to public veneration on the altar of the chapel which bears her name. On the eve of this festival Mount Hohenbourg presented an animated spectacle. People from Alsace, Lorraine, and around Metz arrived in crowds. In ascending the mountain they dispersed to gather foliage and wild flowers to deck the old Church of S. Odile with. Large vases were placed on the altars and the *boiserie* around the church to receive these floral offerings of successive groups. A fir-tree from a neighboring forest stood beside each column of the nave. Garlands of box and of oak-leaves hung from tree to tree and covered the trunks. S. Odile's tomb and altar were richly decorated and her statue crowned with flowers. The *châsse* of the saint was placed on an elevation elegantly draped. Thousands of pilgrims roamed around the precincts in the evening, visiting successively the various sanctuaries.

The Chapel of Calvary particularly attracted them. It contained Adalric's remains, and among others a large painting in which were displayed the genealogies of the houses of Alsace, Lorraine, France, and Austria, all of which drew their origin from Adalric and Berswinde, and, finally, an antique bedstead which tradition declared once belonged to King Dagobert.

At three o'clock in the morning

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of July 7th the bells announced to the impatient pilgrims that the doors of the church were open and the first Mass about to commence. The edifice was immediately crammed; even the sanctuary was invaded. The neighboring chapels, the large court of the monastery, and the green in front, were soon filled; but order reigned everywhere in the multitude of all ages, sexes, and ranks. Every face expressed faith and the most fervent devotion. Eighty priests from Alsace, Lorraine, the Grand Duchy of Baden, and even from Holland, enhanced by their presence the brilliancy of this festival, at once religious and national. Masses succeeded each other till afternoon. The venerable Curate of Oberehnheim (the place of S. Odile's birth), who was the bishop's delegate, gave the signal for the ceremony at nine o'clock A.M. The remains of S. Odile were borne in procession by six priests. Censers waved and the sound of the bells mingled joyfully with the music and the ancient hymns of the church. The crowd opened for the procession to pass. Every face lights up, hands are clasped, and tears flow from all eyes. The president of the festival, more than eighty years of age, pronounced the panegyric of the saint. Then followed a grand Mass, during which, and for two hours after, a constant file of pilgrims approached to venerate a relic of the saint. The ceremonies closed with Benediction.

The *châsse* was exposed during the whole Octave. From that time the concourse of pilgrims has continued. There were fifteen hundred the following Sunday. Hundreds of Communions are daily made at Hohenbourg, and perhaps the number of pilgrims has never been greater than of late.

Glorious Patroness of Alsace, whose great heart, while on earth, was so full of pity for the unfortunate, pray for thy unhappy country, now devastated and full of woe!

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## WIND AND TIDE.

I STOOD by the broad, deep river,
The tide flowed firm to its mouth;
I saw the sweet wind quiver,
As it rose in the golden south.
On the river's bosom it fluttered,
And kissed and caressed all day,
And joys of the south it muttered:
But the tide kept its northern way.
Tender and chaste was its suing,
Till the face of the river-bride
Rippled and gleamed in the wooing:
But northward flowed the tide.

And so, thought I, God's graces
Woo our souls the livelong day,
Which brighten and smile in their faces:
Sin bears us another way.

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## MATTER.

### IV.

To complete our investigation about the essential properties of matter, one great question remains to be answered, viz.: *Is the matter of which bodies are made up intrinsically extended so as to fill a portion of space, or does it ultimately consist of unextended points?* We call this a great question, not indeed because of any great difficulty to be encountered in its solution, but because it has a great importance in metaphysics, and because it has been at all times much ventilated by great philosophers.

That bodies do not fill with their matter the dimensions of their volume is conceded by all, as porosity is a general property of bodies. That the molecules, or chemical atoms, of which the mass of a body is composed, do not touch one another with their matter, but are separated by appreciable intervals of space, is also admitted by our best scientists, though many of them are of opinion that those intervals are filled with a subtle medium, by which calorific and luminous vibrations are supposed to be propagated. But with regard to the molecules themselves, the question, whether their constitution is continuous or discrete, has not yet been settled. Some teach, with the old physicists, that bodies are ultimately made up of particles materially continuous, filling with their mass the whole space occupied by their volume. These last particles they call *atoms*, because their mass is not susceptible of physical division, although their volume is infinitely divisible in a mathematical sense. Others, on the contrary, deny the material continuity of matter, and hold with Boscovich that, as all bodies are composed of discrete molecules, so are all molecules composed of discrete elements wholly destitute of material extension, occupying distinct mathematical points in space, and bound by mutual action in mechanical systems differently constituted, according to the different nature of the substances to which they belong.

Which of these two opinions is right? Although scientists more generally incline to the second, metaphysicians are still in favor of the first. Yet we do not hesitate to say, though it may appear presumptuous on our part, that it is not difficult to decide the question. Let the reader follow our reasoning upon the subject, and we confidently predict that he will soon be satisfied of the truth of our assertion.

*Groundless assumption of continuous matter.*—As the true metaphysics of matter must be grounded on real facts, we may first inquire what facts, if any, can be adduced in favor of the intrinsic extension and material continuity of molecules. Is there any sensible fact which directly or indirectly proves such a continuity?

We must answer in the negative. For sensible facts are perceived by us in consequence of the impres-

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sions which objects make on our senses; if, therefore, such impressions are not calculated to reveal anything concerning the question of material continuity, no sensible fact can be adduced as a proof of the continuity of matter. Now, the impressions made on our senses cannot reveal anything about our question. For we know that bodies contain not only millions of pores, which are invisible to the naked eye, but also millions of movable and separate particles, which are so minute that no microscope can make them visible, and which, though so extremely minute, are composed of millions of other particles still more minute, which have independent movements, and therefore possess an independent existence. There are many species of animalcules (*infusoria*) so small that millions together would not equal the bulk of a grain of sand, and thousands might swim at once through the eye of a needle. These almost infinitesimal animals are as well adapted to life as the largest beasts, and their movements display all the phenomena of life, sense, and instinct. They have nerves and muscles, organs of digestion and of propagation, liquids and solids of different kinds, etc. It is impossible to form a conception of the minute dimensions of these organic structures; and yet each separate organ of every animalcule is a compound of several organic substances, each in its turn comprising numberless atoms of carbon, oxygen, and hydrogen. It is plain from this and other examples that the actual magnitude of the ultimate molecules of any body is something completely beyond the reach of our senses to perceive or of our intellect to comprehend.* We must therefore concede that no impression received by our senses is calculated to make us perceive anything like a molecule or to give us a clue to its constitution. To say that molecules are so many pieces of continuous matter is therefore to assert what no sensible fact can ever reveal.

Moreover, we know of no sensible phenomenon which has any necessary connection with the continuity of matter. Physicists and chemists, in their scientific explanation of phenomena, have no need of assuming the existence of continuous matter, and acknowledge that there are no facts from which the theory of simple and unextended elements can be refuted. And the reason of this is clear; for the phenomena can be made the ground of experimental proofs only so far as they are perceived by our senses; and since our perception of them is confined within the narrow limits above described, it is impossible to draw from sensible phenomena any distinct conclusion regarding the constitution of molecules. Hence it is plain that no sensible fact exists which directly or indirectly proves the continuity of matter.

Secondly, we may ask, Can the intrinsic extension and continuity of matter be proved from the essence of material substance?

The answer must again be negative. For nothing can in any manner be involved in, or result from, the essence of material substance, unless it be required either by the matter, or by the substantial form, or by the relation and proportion which must exist between the form and the matter. But neither the matter, nor the substantial form, nor their mutual relation requires

* See Silliman's *Principles of Physics*, n. 20.



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material continuity or material extension. Therefore the essence of material substance cannot supply us with any valid argument in favor of the extension and continuity of matter.

In this syllogism the major proposition needs no proof, as it is evident that material substance, like all other created things, essentially consists of act and potency; and it is known that its act is called the substantial form, while its potency is called *the* matter.* It is therefore manifest that, if anything has a necessary connection with the essence of material substance, it must be of such a nature as to be needed either by the matter or by the substantial form, or by both together.

The minor proposition can be demonstrated as follows: In the first place, continuous quantity is not needed by the matter, whether actuated or actuable. For, as actuable, the matter is a "mere potency" (*pura potentia*) which has yet to receive its "first actuality" (*primum esse*), as philosophers agree; and accordingly it has no actual quantity or continuous extension, nor is it potential with respect to it, as its potency regards only existence (*primum esse*), and evidently existence is not dimensive quantity. Hence the schoolmen unanimously maintain with Aristotle that the first matter has "no quiddity, no quality, and no quantity" (*nec quid, nec quale, nec quantum*)—a truth which we hope fully to explain in some future article. As actuated, the matter is nothing else than a substantial term susceptible of local motion; for we know from physics that material substance receives no other determination than to local movement, and for this reason, as we remarked in another place, it has been defined *Ens mobile*, or a movable thing. Now, a term, to be susceptible of local motion, needs no dimensions, as is evident. And therefore the matter, whether actuated or not, has nothing in its nature which requires continuous extension.

In the second place, material continuity is not required by the nature of the substantial form. This form may, in fact, be considered either as a principle of being or as a principle of operation. As a principle of being, it gives the first existence to its matter; and it is plain that to give the first existence is not to give bulk. Our adversaries teach that what gives bulk to the bodies is quantity; and yet, surely, they will not pretend that quantity is the substantial form. On the other hand, it is evident that *to be* and *to have bulk* are not the same thing; and since the substantial form merely causes the matter *to be*, it would be absurd to infer that it must also cause it *to be extended*. As a principle of operation, the form needs matter only as a centre from which its exertions are directed. Now, the direction

* The word "matter" ordinarily signifies "material substance"; but among philosophers material substance is that in which one of the constituents is *the* matter, the other being the form. Physicists also take the word "matter" in the sense of one of the constituents of material substance, whenever they distinguish *the* matter from the active power of matter. We are surprised to find that Father Tongiorgi denies in his *Cosmology* (n. 102, 103) that the primitive atoms are constituted of matter and form. Of what, then, are they constituted? He replies that those atoms have no constituents. "Philosophers," he says, "ask what are the constituents of the atoms; and we answer that constituents of the atoms there are none, whether with regard to their essence or to their quantity"—*Quæstionem proponunt philosophi quænam sint constitutiva atomorum. Cui respondemus, constitutiva atomorum nulla esse, nec quoad essentiam, nec quoad quantitatem* (n. 119). This is a curious doctrine indeed; for it admits that a thing may be constituted without constituents, and not only ignores the metaphysical analysis of the primitive being, but implicitly declares it to be absurd. That all created substance essentially consists of act and potency we have shown in THE CATHOLIC WORLD for March, 1874, p. 824.

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of the exertion, as well as that of the movement, must be taken from a point to a point, not from a bulk to a bulk; and therefore the form, as a principle of operation, needs only one point of matter. Thus it is clear that no material extension is required to suit the wants of the substantial form.

In the third place, material extension is not required to make the matter proportionate to its substantial form. We shall see later that no form which requires a determinate quantity of mass can be a substantial form in the strict sense of the expression; at present it will suffice to keep in mind that the substantial form must give the first being to its matter, and that the matter is therefore perfectly proportioned to its substantial form by merely being in potency to receive its first being. Now, such a potency implies no extension; for if it did, the accident would precede the substance. Besides, the matter before its first actuation is *a non-entity*, and, as such, is incapable of any positive disposition, as we shall more fully explain in the sequel. But a determinate bulk would be a positive disposition. Hence the matter which receives its first actuation is proportionate to its form independently of material extension. We can therefore safely conclude that the essence of material substance supplies no proof whatever of the continuity of matter.

Thirdly, we ask, Can the continuity of matter be proved from mechanics?

Here also our answer must be negative. For the theorems of mechanics are each and all demonstrated quite independently of the question of material continuity. The old writers of mechanical works (or rather the old metaphysicians, from whom these writers borrowed their notion of matter) admitted the continuity of matter on two grounds: first, because they thought that *nature abhorred a vacuum;* and, secondly, because they rejected the *actio in distans* as impossible. But we have already shown that no action of matter upon matter is possible, except on the condition that the matter of the agent be distant from the matter of the patient; which implies that all the material particles, to act on their immediate neighbors, must be separately ubicated, with intervening vacuum. And thus the only reasons by which the ancients could plausibly support the continuity of matter have lost all weight in the light of modern mechanics.

Fourthly: Can the continuity of matter be inferred from geometrical considerations?

We reply that it cannot. For geometric quantity is not a quantity of *matter*, but a quantity of *volume*—that is, the quantity of space mensurable within certain limits. Hence it is evident that the continuity of the geometric quantity has nothing to do with the continuity of matter, and is not dependent on it, but wholly depends on the possibility of a continuous movement within the limits of the geometric space. In fact, we have in geometry three dimensions—length, breadth, and depth, which are simple lines. Now, a line is not conceived as made up of material points touching and continuing one another, but as the track of a point moving between certain limits; so that the continuity of the geometric dimensions is not grounded on any extension or continuation of material particles, but on the possibility of continuous movement, on which the continuity of time also depends.

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We must therefore remain satisfied that no geometrical consideration can lend the least support to the hypothesis of material continuity.

We have thus exhausted all the sources from which any *à priori* or *à posteriori* argument in favor of material continuity might have been drawn, if any had been possible; and the result of our investigation authorizes the conclusion that the hypothesis of continuous matter is both scientifically and philosophically gratuitous.

*False reasonings in behalf of continous matter.*—But some philosophers, who are afraid that the denial of material continuity may subvert all the scholastic doctrines (to which they most laudably, but perhaps too exclusively, adhere in questions of natural science), contend that the existence of continuous matter can be established by good philosophical reasons. It is therefore our duty, before we proceed further, to acquaint our reader with such reasons, and with our answers to them.

The first reason is the following: Geometry is a real, not a chimerical, science; and therefore it has to deal with real bodies—not indeed inasmuch as they are substances, but inasmuch as they have a quantity which can be considered in the abstract. Hence we must admit that the geometric quantity is a quantity of matter considered in the abstract; and accordingly, if the geometric quantity is continuous and infinitely divisible, as no one doubts, the quantity of matter in the bodies must also be continuous and infinitely divisible.

We reply that bodies have two very different kinds of quantity—the quantity of the mass and the quantity of the volume—and that geometry deals indeed with the latter, but has nothing to do with the former. Hence the geometric quantity is a quantity of volume or bulk, not a quantity of matter; and therefore to argue that, because the geometric quantity is continuous and infinitely divisible, the same must be true of the quantity of matter, is to make an inexcusable confusion of matter with space. The argument might have some value, if the quantity of the volume could be measured by the quantity of the mass; but no one who has studied the first elements of physics can be ignorant that such is not the case. Equal masses are found under unequal volumes, and unequal masses under equal volumes. Volumes preserve the same geometric nature and the same geometric quantity, be they filled with matter or not. A cubic inch of platinum and a cubic inch of water contain different amounts of matter, since the former weighs twenty-one times as much as the latter; and yet they are geometrically equal. Geometry is not concerned with the density of bodies; and therefore geometrical quantities are altogether independent of the quantity of matter, and cannot be altered except by altering the relative position of the extreme terms between which their three dimensions are measured. These dimensions are not made up of matter, but are mere relations in space, with or without interjacent matter, representing, as we have already observed, the quantity of continuous movement which is possible between the correlated terms; and their continuity depends on the continuity of space, not of matter.

The author from whom we have taken this objection pretends also that the geometric quantity possesses no other attributes than those which belong to all quantity, and are

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essential to it; whence he concludes that whatever is predicated of geometric quantity must also be predicated of the quantity of matter. But the assumption is evidently false; for it is not of the essence of all quantity to be continuous as the geometric quantity, it being manifest that discrete quantity is a true quantity, although it has no continuity. The general notion of quantity extends to everything which admits of *more* or *less*; hence there is intensive quantity, extensive quantity, and numeric quantity. The first is measured by arbitrary degrees of intensity; the second is measured by arbitrary intervals of space and time; the third is measured by natural units—that is, by individual realities as they exist in nature. It is therefore absurd to pretend that whatever can be predicated of geometric quantity must be predicated of all kinds of quantity.

The second reason adduced in behalf of material continuity is as follows: To deny the continuity of matter is to destroy all real extension. For how can real extension arise from simple unextended points arranged in a certain manner, and acting upon one another? The notions of simplicity, order, and activity transcend the attributions of matter, and are applicable to all spiritual beings. If, then, extension could arise from simple unextended elements by their arrangement and actions, why could not angels, by meeting in a sufficient number and acting on one another, give rise to extension, and form, say, a watermelon?

This argument has no weight whatever; but, as it appeared not many years ago in a Catholic periodical of great reputation, we have thought it best to give it a place among other arguments of the same sort. Our answer is that to deny the continuity of matter is not to deny real extension, but only to maintain that *no real extension is made up of continuous matter*. And we are by no means embarrassed to explain "how *real* extension can arise from simple unextended points." The thing is very plain. Two points, $A$ and $B$, being given in space, the interval of space between them is a *real* interval, *really* determined by the *real* points $A$ and $B$, and *really* determining the extension of the *real* movement possible between the same points. Such an interval is therefore a *real* extension. This is the way in which real extension arises from unextended points.

Nor can it be objected that nothing extended can be made up of unextended points. This is true, of course, but has nothing to do with the question. For we do not pretend that extension is *made up* by composition of points—which would be a very gross error—but we say that extension *results* from the simple position of real points in space, and that it results not *in* them, but *between* them. It is the mass of the body that is *made up* of its components; and thus the sum $A + B$ represents a mass, not an extension. The geometric dimensions, on the contrary, consist entirely of relations between distinct points intercepting mensurable space. The distinct points are *the terms* of the relation, while the extent of the space mensurable between them by continuous movement is *the formal reason* of their relativity. And since this continuous movement may extend more or less, according as the terms are variously situated, hence the resulting relation has the nature of con-

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tinuous quantity. This suffices to show that to deny the continuity of matter is *not* to destroy all real extension.

And now, what shall we say of those angels freely uniting to form a watermelon? It is hardly necessary to say that this bright idea is only a dream. There is no volume without dimensions, no dimension without distance, and no distance without terms distinctly ubicated in space and marking out the point where the distance begins, and the point where it ends. Now, nothing marks out a point in space but matter. Angels, as destitute of matter, mark no points in space, and accordingly cannot terminate distances nor give rise to dimensions. Had they matter, they would, like the simple elements, possess a formal ubication in space, and determine dimensions; but, owing to their spiritual nature, they transcend all local determinations, and have no formal ubication except in the intellectual sphere of their spiritual operation. It is therefore owing to their spirituality, and not to their simplicity, that they cannot form themselves into a volume. Lastly, we must not forget that the "angelic" watermelon should have not only volume, but mass also. Such a mass would, of course, be made up without matter. How a mass can be conceived without matter is a profound secret, which the author of the argument very prudently avoided to reveal. But let us come to another objection.

A third reason adduced in favor of continuous matter is that we cannot, without employing a vicious circle, account for the extension of bodies by the notion either of space, distance, or movement. For these notions already presuppose extension, and cannot be formed without a previous knowledge of what extension is. To think of space is, in fact, to think of extension. So also distance cannot be conceived except by imagining something extended, which lies, or can lie, between the distant terms. Hence, to avoid the vicious circle, it is necessary to trace the origin of our notion of extension to the matter we see in the bodies. And therefore our very notion of extension is a sufficient proof of the existence of continuous matter.

We reply that this reason is even less plausible than the preceding one. To form the abstract notion of extension, we must first directly perceive some extension in the concrete, in the same manner as we must perceive concrete humanity in individual men before we conceive humanity in the abstract. But in all sensible movements we directly perceive extension through space and time. Therefore from sensible movements, *without a previous knowledge of extension*, we can form the notion of extension in general. Is there any one who can find in this a vicious circle?

This answer might suffice. But we will further remark that the argument may be retorted against its author. For if we cannot conceive movement as extending in space without a *previous* knowledge of extension, how can we conceive matter as extending in space without a *previous* knowledge of extension? And how can we conceive matter as continuous without a *previous* knowledge of continuity, or time as enduring without a *previous* knowledge of duration? To these questions the author of the argument can give no satisfactory answer without solving his own objection. Space, distance, and

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movement, says he, involve extension; and *therefore* they cannot be known "without a previous knowledge of what extension is." It is evident that this conclusion is illogical; for if space, distance, and movement imply extension, we cannot perceive space, distance, and movement without directly perceiving extension; and, since the direct perception of a thing does not require a *previous* knowledge of it, the logical conclusion should have been that, to perceive space, distance, and movement, no previous knowledge of extension is needed.

On the other hand, while our senses perceive the extension of continuous movement in space, they are not competent to perceive material continuity in natural bodies. Hence it is from movement, and not from matter, that our notion of continuous extension is derived. In fact, to form a conception of the dimensions of a body, we survey it by a continuous movement of our eyes from one end of it to the other. In this movement the eye glides over innumerable pores, by which the material particles of the body are separated. If our conception of the geometric extension of the body depended on the continuity of its matter, these pores, as not consisting of continuous matter, should all be thrown away in the measurement of the body. Why, then, do we consider them as contributing with their own dimensions to form the total dimensions of the body? Merely because the geometric dimensions are estimated by movement, and not by matter.

Nor is it in the least strange that we should know extension from movement, and not from matter. For no one can perceive extension between two terms, unless he measures by continuous movement the space intercepted between them. The local relation between two terms cannot, in fact, be perceived otherwise than by referring the one term to the other through space; hence no one ever perceives a distance between two given terms otherwise than by drawing, at least mentally, a line from the one to the other—that is, otherwise than by measuring by some movement the extent of the movement which can take place between the two given terms. And this is what the very word *extension* conveys. For this word is composed of the preposition *ex*, which connotes the term from which the movement begins, and of the verb *tendere*, which is a verb of motion. And thus everything shows that it is from motion, and not from continuous matter, that our first notion of extension proceeds.

A sharp opponent, however, might still object that before we can perceive any movement we need to perceive something movable—that is, visible matter. But no matter is visible unless it be extended. Therefore extension must be perceived in matter itself before we can perceive it in local movement.

But we answer, first, that although nothing can be perceived by our senses unless it be extended, nevertheless we can see extended things without perceiving their extension. Thus we see many stars as mere points in space, and yet we can perceive their movement from the east to the west. Hence, although matter is not visible unless it be extended, it does not follow that extension must be first perceived in matter itself.

Secondly, we answer that when we perceive the movable matter as extended, we do not judge of its

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extension by its movement, but by the movement which we ourselves have to make in going from one of its extremities to the other. This is the only way of perceiving extension in space. For how could we conceive anything as extended, if we could not see that it has parts outside of parts? And how could we pronounce that anything has parts outside of parts, if we did not see that between one part and another there is a possibility of local movement? On the other hand, as soon as we perceive the possibility of local movement between distinct parts, we have sufficient evidence of geometric extension. And thus we have no need of continuous matter in order to perceive the volume of bodies.

Before we dismiss this subject, we must add that the advocates of continuous matter, while fighting against us, shield themselves with two other arguments. If matter is not continuous, they say, bodies will consist of mere mathematical points acting at a distance; but *actio in distans* is the extreme of absurdity, and therefore bodies cannot consist of mathematical points. They also allege that *nature abhors a vacuum*, and therefore all space must be filled up with matter; which would be impossible, were not matter continuous. That nature abhors a vacuum was once considered a physical axiom; but, since science has destroyed the physical grounds on which the pretended axiom rested, metaphysics has in its turn been appealed to, that the time-honored dictum may not be consigned to complete oblivion. It has therefore been pretended that space without matter is a mere delusion, and consequently that to make extension dependent on empty intervals of space imagined to intervene between material points is to give a chimerical solution of the question of material extension.

The first of these two arguments we have fully answered in our last article, and we shall not again detain our readers with it. Let us notice, however, that when the elements of matter are called "mathematical" points, the sense is not that they are not physical, but only that those physical points are mathematically, or rigorously, unextended.

The second argument assumes that space void of matter is nothing. As we cannot enter here into a detailed examination of the nature of absolute space, we shall content ourselves with the following answer: 1st. All real relations require a real foundation. Real distances are real relations. Therefore real distances have a real foundation. But their foundation is nothing else than absolute space; and therefore absolute space is a reality. 2d. If empty space is nothing, then bodies were created in nothing, occupy nothing, and all spaces actually occupied are nothing. To say, as so many have said, that empty space is nothing, and that space occupied by matter is a reality, is to say that *the absolute is nothing until it becomes relative*—a proposition which is the main support of German pantheism, and which every man of sense must reject. 3d. Of two different recipients, the greater has a greater capacity independently of the matter which it may contain; for, whether it be filled with the rarest gas or with the densest metal, its capacity does not vary. It is therefore manifest that its capacity is not determined by the matter it contains, but only by the space intercepted between its

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limits. In the same manner the smaller recipient has less capacity, irrespective of the matter it may contain, and only in consequence of the space intercepted. If, therefore, space, prescinding from the matter occupying it, is nothing, the greater capacity will be a greater nothing, and the less capacity a less nothing. But greater and less imply quantity, and quantity is something. Therefore nothing will be something.

We hope we shall hereafter have a better opportunity of developing these and other considerations on space; but the little we have said is sufficient, we believe, to show that the assumption of the unreality of space unoccupied by matter is a philosophical absurdity.

We conclude that the existence of continuous matter cannot be proved, and that those philosophers who still admit it cannot account for it by anything like a good argument. They can only shelter themselves behind the prejudices of their infancy, which they have been unable to discard, or behind the venerable authority of the ancients, who, though deserving our admiration in other respects, were led astray by the same popular prejudices, owing to their limited knowledge of natural science. We may be allowed to add that if the ancient philosophers are not to be blamed for admitting continuous matter, the same cannot be said of those among our contemporaries who, in the present state of science, are still satisfied with their authority on the subject.

*Mysterious attributes of continuous matter.*—Now, let us suppose that bodies, or their molecules, are made up of continuous matter, just as our opponents maintain; and let us see what must necessarily follow from such a gratuitous assumption. In the first place, it follows that *a piece of continuous matter cannot be actuated by a single substantial act.* This is easily proved.

For a single act gives a single actual being; which is inconsistent with the nature of continuous matter. Matter, to be continuous, must actually contain distinct parts, united indeed, but having distinct ubications in space. Now, with a single substantial act there cannot be distinct actual parts; for all actual distinction, according to the axiom of the schools, implies distinct acts: *Actus est qui distinguit.* Therefore continuous matter cannot be actuated by a single substantial act.

Again, a piece of continuous matter has dimensions, of which the beginning and the end must be quite distinct, the existence of the one not being the existence of the other. But it is impossible for two things which have a distinct existence to be under the same substantial act; for there cannot be two existences without two formal principles. Hence, if there were any continuous matter, the beginning and the end of its dimensions should be actuated by distinct acts; and the same would be true of any two distinct points throughout the same dimensions. Nor does it matter that the dimensions are supposed to be formed of one unbroken piece; for, before we conceive distinct parts, or terms, as forming the continuation of one another, we must admit the substance of such parts, as their continuation presupposes their being. Hence, however intimately the parts may be united, they always remain substantially distinct; which implies that each one of them must have its own substantial act.

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Moreover, continuous extension is divisible. If, then, there is anywhere a piece of continuous matter, it may be divided into two, by God at least. But as division is not a magical operation, and does not give the first existence to the things which are divided, it is plain that the parts which after the division exist separately must have had their own distinct existence before the division; and, evidently, they could not have a distinct existence without being actuated by distinct substantial acts. What we say of these two parts applies to whatever other parts are obtainable by continuing the division. Whence it is manifest that continuous matter needs as many substantial acts as it has divisible parts.

The advocates of continuous matter try to decline this consequence by pretending that matter, so long as it is undivided, is *one* matter and needs only one form; but this form, according to them, is divisible; hence when the matter is divided, each part of the matter retains its own portion of the substantial form, and thus the same form which gives existence to the whole gives existence to the separate parts. This is, however, a mere subterfuge; for the undivided matter is indeed one accidentally, inasmuch as it has no *division* of parts; but it is not one substantially, because it has *distinction* of parts. This distinction exists before the division is made, and we have already seen that no actual distinction is possible without distinct acts. And again, the hypothesis that substantial forms are divisible, is a ridiculous fiction, to say the least. For nothing is divisible which has no multiplicity of parts and consequently a multiplicity of acts. How, then, can a substantial act, which is a single act, be conceived as divisible?

They also argue that as the soul, which is a simple form, actuates the whole matter of the body, so can the material form actuate continuous matter. This comparison may have some weight with those who confound the *essential* with the *substantial* forms, and believe that the soul gives the first being to the matter of the body. But the truth is that the substance of the soul is the *essential* form of the living organism, and not the *substantial* form giving the first being to matter. The organism and its matter must have their being in nature before being animated by the soul; each part of matter in the body has therefore its own distinct material form and its own distinct existence. The soul is a principle of life, and gives nothing but life.* Hence the aforesaid comparison is faulty, and leads to no conclusion.

In the second place it follows that *no continuous matter can be styled a single substance.*

For within the dimensions of continuous matter there must be as many distinct substantial acts as there are material points distinct from one another; it being clear that distinct points cannot have the same substantial actuation, and accordingly require distinct substantial acts and constitute distinct substances. Against this some will object that a mere point of matter is incapable of supporting the substantial form. But we have already shown that the substantial form is not *supported* by its matter, as the objection assumes, but only terminated to it, the matter being the substantial term, not the subject, of the substantial form.† On the

* We propose to treat this question separately.
† The Catholic World.

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other hand, it is manifest that a form naturally destined to act in a sphere, by actuating a single point of matter, actuates just as much matter as its nature requires. For it is from a single point, not from many, that the action must be directed. Hence nothing more than a point of matter is required to terminate the substantial form and to constitute a perfect substance. Additional proofs of this truth will be found in our next article, where we shall rigorously demonstrate the impossibility of continuous matter. Meanwhile, nothing withstands our conclusion that there must be as many distinct substances in continuous matter as there are distinct points within its dimensions.

In the third place, it follows that *this multitude of distinct substances is not merely potential, but actual.*

This conclusion is very clear. For every multitude of actual parts is an actual multitude, or, as they say, a multitude in act. But in continuous matter all the parts are actual, although they are not actually separated. Therefore the multitude of such parts is an actual multitude.

The upholders of continuous matter do not admit that this multitude is actual; they contend that it is only potential. For were they to concede that it is actual, they would be compelled to admit either that it is actually finite, or that it is actually infinite. Now, they cannot say that it is actually finite, because this would be against the well-known nature of continuum, which admits of an endless division, and therefore contains a multitude of parts which has no end. On the other hand, they cannot say that it is actually infinite; because, even admitting the absolute possibility of a multitude actually infinite, it would still be absurd to assert that such is the case with a piece of matter having finite dimensions. Indeed, Leibnitz and Descartes did not hesitate to teach this latter absurdity; but they could not make it fashionable, and were soon abandoned even by their own disciples. Thus the difficulty remained; and philosophers, being unable to solve it, tried to decline it by denying that there can be in the continuum an *actual* multitude of parts. This was, in fact, the view of the old advocates of continuous matter, who uniformly admitted that the parts of an unbroken continuum are merely *potential*, and form a potential multitude. For, they say, the *actual* multitude results from actual division, and therefore has no existence in the undivided continuum.

This last view would be very good, if the continuum in question were *successive*—as is the case with movement and time, which are always *in fieri*, and exist only by infinitesimals in an infinitesimal present, or if the continuum in question were *virtual*, as is the case with any mensurable interval of space; for evidently in these continuums no *actual* multitude is to be found. But the case is quite different with continuous matter. For he who asserts the existence of continuous matter asserts the existence of a thing having parts *formally* distinct and *simultaneous*. He therefore affirms the actual existence of a formal multitude of distinct parts, or, in other terms, an actual multitude. To deny the actual multitude of the parts, on the plea that there is no actual division, is to take refuge in a miserable sophism, which consists in denying the substantial distinction of the parts on the ground that

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they are not divided, and in ignoring their actual being solely because they have not a certain special mode of being.

As to the axiom that "Number results from division," two things are to be noticed. The first is that the term "division" here means *mensuration*, not separation. Thus we divide the day into twenty-four hours, without discontinuing time for all that; and in like manner we divide the length of a journey into miles without discontinuing space. This shows that the numbers obtained by the division of the continuum are only artificially or virtually discrete, and that the continuum remains unbroken. The second is that a number is not merely a multitude, but a multitude measured by a certain unit, as S. Thomas aptly defines it: *Numerus est multitudo mensurata per unum.* Hence, if the unit of measure is arbitrary (as is the case with all continuous quantities), the same quantity can be expressed by different numbers, according as a different unit is employed in measuring it. But so long as the unit is not determined, the quantity cannot be expressed by any definite number. And if the unit employed be less than any given finite quantity, the thing which is measured will contain a multitude of such units greater than any given number. All such units exist in the thing measured prior to its mensuration; and as such units are actual and distinct, there can be no doubt that they constitute an actual multitude.

Some modern advocates of continuous matter have imagined another means of evading the difficulty. Tongiorgi admits extended atoms of continuous matter, but denies that their parts are *actually* distinct. As, however, he confesses that extension requires parts outside of parts (*Cosmol.*, n. 143), we may ask him: Are not such parts *actually* distinct? Distinction is a negation of identity; and surely parts existing actually outside of one another are not actually identical. They are therefore actually distinct. Now, to use the very words of the author, "where there are distinct parts there is a plurality of units, that is, a multitude, although the parts which are distinct be united in a common term, as is the case with the parts of continuum"; * and therefore it is manifest that the continuous atom involves actual multitude.

Liberatore does not entirely deny the actual distinction of the parts in continuous matter, but maintains that the distinction is *incomplete*, and accordingly cannot give rise to an actual multitude. The parts of a continuum, says he, are united in a common term; hence they are incompletely distinct, and make no number, but are all one. They are outside of one another, yet in such a manner as to be also inside of one another. They do not subsist in themselves, but in the whole. The whole displays many parts, but it is one, and its parts are so indeterminate that they cannot be measured except by an arbitrary measure. †

This view scarcely deserves to be discussed, as the author himself owns that it makes continuous matter seem somewhat contradictory—*Contradictoriis quodammodo notis subditur*—though he attributes this kind of contradiction to the opposition which exists between the matter

* Itaque ubi habetur distinctio unius ab altero, ibi habetur unitatum pluralitas, seu multitudo, etiamsi quæ distincta sunt, unita sint, atque adeo communi termino copulentur, ut in continui partibus contingit.—*Cosmol.*, n. 174.

† *Cosmol.*, n. 59.

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and the form—an explanation which we do not admit for reasons which we shall give in our next article. But as to the assertion that the parts of a continuum, on account of their having a common term, are only *incompletely* distinct, we can show at once that the author is much mistaken. Incomplete distinction is a distinction which does not completely exclude identity. Hence where there is incomplete distinction there is also incomplete identity. Now, not a shadow of identity is to be found between any two parts of continuum. Therefore any two parts of continuum are completely distinct. Thus each of the twenty-four hours into which we divide the day is completely distinct from every other, although the one is united with the other in a common term; for it is evident that the common term, having no extension, is no part of extension, and therefore cannot originate identity between any two parts of extension. To say that there is some identity, and therefore an incomplete distinction, between two extensions, because they have a common term which has no extension, is to pretend that the unextended has some identity with the extended; and this pretension is absurd. We conclude that, in spite of all the efforts of our opponents, it is manifest that continuous matter would be an *actual* multitude of distinct, though not separated, substances.

Lastly, it follows that *actual continuous matter would be an actual infinite multitude of substances.*

This conclusion is fully warranted by the infinite divisibility of the continuum. But here again the advocates of material continuity contend that this divisibility is potential, and can never be reduced to act; whence they infer that the multitude of the parts is not actual, but potential. We, however, repeat that if the division is potential, the divisible matter is certainly actual; and therefore the potency of an infinite division presupposes an infinite multitude of distinct terms actually existing in the divisible matter. And as we have already shown that each distinct term must have a distinct substantial act, we must conclude that the least piece of continuous matter would consist of an infinite actual multitude of substances—a consequence whose monstrosity needs no demonstration.

Hence we are not surprised to see that Goudin, one of the great champions of the old physics, considers continuous matter as "a philosophic mystery, about which reason teaches more than it can understand, and objects more than it can answer."* He tries, however, to explain the mystery in some manner, by adding that "when the continuum is said to be infinitely divisible, this must be understood mathematically, not physically—that is, by considering the quantity as it is in itself, not as it is the property of a corporeal form. For in the process of the division we might finally reach a part so small that, if smaller, it would be insufficient to bear any natural form. Nevertheless, mathematically speaking, in that smallest physical part there would still be two halves, and in these halves other halves, and so on without end."†

* Mysterium philosophicum; est hæc difficultas in qua ratio plus probat, quam possit intelligere; plus objicit, quam possit solvere.—Goudin, *Philos.*

† Quando dicitur continuum esse divisibile in partes in infinitum divisibles, hoc intelligendum est mathematice, non physice; id est considerando quantitatem præcise secundum se, ut eam sumit mathematicus, non vero ut est proprietas formæ corporeæ, sicut eam considerat physicus; nam perveniri tandem posset ad partem ita minimam, ut minorem nulla forma naturalis pati posset. Atta

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This explanation is taken from S. Thomas (1 *Phys.*, lect. 1.), and shows philosophical thought; but, far from solving the difficulty, it rather proves that it is insoluble. For if, mathematically speaking, in the smallest bit of continuous matter there are still halves, and halves of halves, clearly there are in it distinct parts of matter, and therefore distinct forms actuating each of them distinctly, as the being of each part is not the being of any other part. It is therefore false that nothing smaller is sufficient to bear any natural form. And hence the difficulty is not solved. On the other hand, the necessity of resorting to purely mathematical (geometric) quantity clearly shows that it is *the space* inclosed in the volume of the body (of which alone geometry treats), and not *the matter* (of which geometry has nothing to say), that is infinitely divisible; and this amounts to a confession that continuous matter has no existence.

While making these remarks, we willingly acknowledge that S. Thomas and all the ancients who considered air, water, fire, and earth as the first elements of all things, were perfectly consistent in teaching that natural forms require a definite amount of matter. For by "natural forms" they meant those forms from which the specific properties of sensible things emanate. Now, all things that are sensible are materially compounded in a greater or less degree, and possess properties which cannot be ascribed to a single material point. So far, then, these ancient philosophers were right. But they should have considered that the required amount of matter ought to consist of distinct parts, having their own distinct being, and therefore their own distinct substantial acts. This would have led them to the conclusion that the natural form of air, water, etc., was not a form giving the first being to the material parts, but a form of natural composition giving the first being to the compound nature. But let us stop here for the present. We have shown that continuous matter cannot be proved to exist, and is, at best, a "philosophic mystery." In our next article we shall go a step further, and prove that material continuity is a metaphysical impossibility.

men, mathematice loquendo, in illa minima parte adhuc essent duæ medietates, et in illis duabus medietatibus aliæ medietates, et sic in infinitum.—*Ibid.*

TO BE CONTINUED.

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## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

ALZOG'S UNIVERSAL CHURCH HISTORY. Pabisch and Byrne. Vol I. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. 1874. (New York: Sold by The Catholic Publication Society.)

This manual for ecclesiastical students is confessedly the best extant. Dr. Pabisch, the chief translator and editor, is well known for his vast erudition, and his associate, the Rev. Mr. Byrne, has paid careful attention to the style of rendering the German into English. The publishers have made the exterior of the work worthy of its contents. We need not say any more to recommend a work which speaks for itself and has received the sanction of names the highest in ecclesiastical rank and theological repute in this country.

HISTORY OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN SCOTLAND. By James Walsh. Glasgow: Hugh Margey. 1874. (New York: Sold by The Catholic Publication Society.)

This is a valuable work, because it is the only one of its kind, and, even were there others, it would stand on its own merits and still be valuable.

Scotland being so closely united in its history and destinies, and having so much in common with the sister countries, the history of the Scottish Church must necessarily have a close affinity and throw much light upon the ecclesiastical annals of England and Ireland; so that the interest and importance of this work is greatly heightened by the fact that it supplies an integral part of the history of Christianity in the British Isles. Hitherto that history was not complete. It may be said to be completed now. If those among our separated brethren who pretend to seek so diligently after truth in the teachings and practices of the early church will deign to glance at these pages, they will find that Scotland too was evangelized by the popes, and that its first Christians professed, not a mutilated Christianity, but the whole cycle of Catholic doctrine. They will learn, moreover, that the so-called Reformation in Scotland was entirely a political job, and that there, as elsewhere, the Protestantism in which they pride themselves was tinkered up by a herd of fanatics and foisted upon the people by a rapacious, profligate, unprincipled nobility. Never was there a more truthful page of history written than this. The author, though he modestly claims for himself nothing more than the title of compiler, has many of the qualifications of an historian; his research has been long and laborious, and he notices only the most authentic documents and records of the past. In no instance do we discover any attempt to color or gloss over any of his statements, and he is never betrayed into exaggerating the virtues or concealing the faults of his countrymen.

MANUAL OF MYTHOLOGY: GREEK AND ROMAN, NORSE AND OLD GERMAN, HINDOO AND EGYPTIAN MYTHOLOGY. By Alexander S. Murray, Department of Greek and Roman Antiquities, British Museum. Second Edition. Rewritten and considerably enlarged. With forty-five plates. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co., 654 Broadway. 1874.

As a manual of mythology this seems to be as concise, complete, and accurate as such a book can be made. As a specimen of art it is remarkable. The author is apparently one of our modern, cultivated pagans, very much at home among the heathen religions he describes. The very brief exposition of his own theological opinions contained in his introduction ignores the true and primitive religion revealed from heaven altogether, and propounds the utterly unhistorical, pernicious, and false notion that monotheism is a development from polytheism produced by intellectual progress. The author does not, however, put forth anti-Christian views in an offensive or obtrusive manner, and indeed all he says is included in a few sentences. We cannot, certainly, recommend the study

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of pagan mythology to young pupils, or consider the present volume as suitable for indiscriminate perusal. Those who are fit for such studies, and for whom they are necessary or proper, will find it a very satisfactory compendium of information and a work of truly classical taste and elegance.

CURTIUS' HISTORY OF GREECE. Vol. V. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. 1874.

This volume completes the work of Dr. Curtius. We have already given it the high commendation which it deserves in our notices of previous volumes. It is one of the first-class historical works of German scholarship, and this is the highest praise that can be given to any work in those departments in which German scholars excel, so far as learning and ability are concerned.

A THEORY OF FINE ART. By Joseph Torrey, late Professor of Moral and Intellectual Philosophy in the University of Vermont. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. 1874.

Looking through this treatise of Prof. Torrey, whose intellectual head, stamped in gold on the cover, leads the reader to expect a thoughtful work on the most attractive subject of æsthetics, our impression is decidedly favorable. The University of Vermont used to be considered as quite remarkable for an elevated, philosophical tone. Such seems to be the character of this condensed summary of the retired professor's lectures on art, evidently the result of much study and observation, and given to the reader in that pleasing style which best suits such a very pleasant branch of knowledge.

PROTESTANT JOURNALISM. By the author of *My Clerical Friends*. London: Burns & Oates. 1874. (New York: Sold by The Catholic Publication Society.)

It is enough to name the author of this collection of short, lively essays—Dr. Marshall. It is the cream of the London *Tablet's* articles, during the author's active connection with that journal, on the most living and interesting topics of the day in regard to the warfare between the Catholic Church and her enemies. We recommend it to universal reading and circulation in the warmest possible manner, and with the most sincere desire that the author may long be spared to continue his admirable and useful career as a champion of religion and truth.

CHARTERIS; A Romance. By Mary M. Meline. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1874.

This romance does not belie its name in its contents. Its plot and incidents are romantic and tragic in the highest degree. Bordering, at least, on the improbable, as they are, they are nevertheless managed with a very considerable degree of skill and power by the author, who has improved very much on her last story, *In Six Months*. The characters are drawn with free and bold strokes, and have dramatic individuality. The plot excites even a painful interest all through, and there is no mawkish sentimentalism anywhere. Some scenes are remarkably well drawn. There are no lectures on religion or morals, but the purity of a true Catholic woman's faith and morality shines through the whole story. We may congratulate the fair author on her success.

KATHERINE EARLE. By Miss Adeline Trafton. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1874.

An interesting story, beautifully illustrated and neatly bound.

SUMMER TALKS ABOUT LOURDES. By Cecilia Mary Caddell. London: Burns & Oates. 1874. (New York: Sold by The Catholic Publication Society.)

In this little book the authoress relates some of the wonderful miracles of Lourdes. Its style is simple and chaste, and, we should say, particularly suited for children.

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THE

# CATHOLIC WORLD.

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## THE PERSECUTION OF THE CHURCH IN THE GERMAN EMPIRE.

THE Catholics are suffering to-day, in the very heart of Europe, a persecution which, if less bloody, is not less cruel or unjust, than that which afflicted the Christian Church in the beginning of the IVth century, under the reign of the brutal old emperor, Diocletian. The prisons of Germany are filled with confessors of the faith, who, in the midst of every indignity and outrage, bear themselves with a constancy and heroism not unworthy of the early martyrs. And it is strange, too, that this struggle should be only a renewal of the old conflict between Christ and Cæsar, between the Son of Man and the prince of this world. In fact, anti-Christian Europe is using every exertion to re-create society on the model of Grecian and Roman paganism. This tendency is manifest in all the various realms of thought and action.

We perceive it—and we speak now more particularly of Germany—in literature, in science, in the manner of dealing with all the great problems which concern man in his relations with both the visible and the unseen world; and it looms up before us, in palpable form and gigantic proportions, in the whole attitude of the state toward the church. There has never lived on this earth a more thorough pagan than Goethe, the great idol of German literature, to whom the very sign of the cross was so hateful that in his notorious Venetian Epigram he put it side by side with garlic and vermin. The thought of self-sacrifice and self-denial was so odious to his lustful and all-indulgent nature that he turned from its great emblem with uncontrollable disgust, and openly proclaimed himself a "decidirter Nichtchrist." "Das Ewig Weibliche"—sensualism and sexualism—were the gods of his heart, in whose praise alone he attuned his lyre. And Schiller, in his *Gods of Greece*, complained sorrowingly that all the fair world of gods and god-

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desses should have vanished, that one (the God of the Christian) might be enriched; and with tender longing he prayed that "nature's sweet morn" might again return.

Both the religion and the philosophy of paganism were based upon the deification of nature, and were consequently pantheistic. Now, this pagan pantheism recrudescent is the one permanent type amid the endless variations of modern German sophistry. It underlies the theorizing of Schelling, Fichte, and Hegel, as well as that of Feuerbach, Büchner, and Strauss. They all assume the non-existence of a personal God, and transfer his attributes to nature, which is, in their eyes, the mother of all, the sole existence, and the supreme good. This pantheism, which confuses all things in extricable chaos, spirit with matter, thought with sensation, the infinite with the finite, destroying the very elements of reason, and taking from language its essential meaning, has infected all non-Catholic thought in Germany. When we descend from the misty heights of speculation, we find pantheistic paganism in the idolatry of science and culture, which have taken the place of dogma and morality. It is held to be an axiom that man is simply a product of nature, who knows herself in him as she feels herself in the animal.

The formulas in which the thought is clothed are of minor importance. In the ultimate analysis we find in all the conflicting schools of German infidelity this sentiment, however widely its expression may vary: that nature is supreme, and there is no God beside. The cosmos, instead of a personal God, is the ultimate fact beyond which science professes to be unable to proceed; and therefore the duality of ends, aims, and results which underlies the Christian conception of the universe must necessarily disappear. There is no longer God and the world, spirit and matter, good and evil, heaven and hell; there is not even man and the brute. There is only the cosmos, which is one; and from this it necessarily follows that the distinction between the spiritual and the temporal power is unreal and should cease to be recognized.

Now, here we have discovered the very germ from which the whole Prussian persecution has sprung. In the last analysis it rests upon the assumption that the spiritual power has no right to exist, since the truths upon which it was supposed to be based—as God, the soul, and a future life—are proven to be myths. Hence the state is the only autonomy, and to claim authority not derived from it is treason. Thus the struggle now going on in Prussia is for life or death. It rages around the very central citadel of the soul and of all religion. The Catholics of Germany are to-day contending for what the Christians of the first centuries died—the right to live. To understand this better it will be well to consider for a moment the attributes of the state in pagan Greece and Rome.

Hellenic religion, in its distinctive forms, had its origin in the deification of nature and of man as her crowning work, and both were identified with the state. Hence religion was hero-worship; the good man was the good citizen, the saint was the successful warrior who struck terror into the enemies of his country, and thus the religious feeling was confounded with the patriotic spirit. To be a true citizen of the state, it was neces-

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sary to profess the national religion; and to be loyal to the state was to be true to its protecting gods. The highest act of religion was to beat back the invader or to die gloriously on the battle-field. Indeed, in paganism we find no idea of a non-national religion. The pagan state, whether imperial, monarchical, or republican, was essentially tyrannical, wholly incompatible with freedom as understood in Christian society. To be free was to be, soul and body, the slave of the state. Plato gives to his ideal Republic unlimited power to control the will of the individual, to direct all his thoughts and actions, to model and shape his whole life. He merges the family and its privileges into the state and its rights, gives the government absolute authority in the education of its subjects, and even places the propagation of the race under state supervision.

The pagan state was also essentially military, recognizing no rights except those which it had not the power to violate. Now, the preaching of Christ was in direct contradiction to this whole theory of government. He declared that God and the soul have rights as well as Cæsar, and proclaimed the higher law which affirms that man has a destiny superior to that of being a citizen of any state, however glorious; which imposes upon him duties that transcend the sphere of all human authority. Thus religion became the supreme law of life, and the recognition of the indefeasible rights of conscience gave to man citizenship in a kingdom not of this world. It, in consequence, became his duty as well as his privilege to obey first the laws of this supernatural kingdom, and to insist upon this divine obligation, even though the whole world should oppose him.

This teaching of Christ at once lifted religion above the control of the state, and, cutting loose the bonds of servitude which had made it national and narrow, declared it catholic, of the whole earth and for all men. He sent his apostles, not to the Jew, or the Greek, or the Gentile, but to all the nations, and in his church he recognized no distinction of race or social condition—the slave was like the freeman, the beggar like the king.

This doctrine, the most beneficent and humanitarian that the world has ever heard, brought forth from the oblivion of ages the all-forgotten truth of the brotherhood of the race, and raised man to a level on which paganism was not able even to contemplate him; proclaiming that man, for being simply man, irrespective of race, nationality, or condition, is worthy of honor and reverence. Now, it was precisely this catholic and non-national character of the religion of Christ which brought it into conflict with the pagan state. The Christians, it was held, could not be loyal citizens of the empire, because they did not profess the religion of the empire, and refused to sacrifice to the divinity of Cæsar. They were traitors, because in those things which concerned faith they were resolved not to recognize on the part of the state any right to interfere; and therefore were they cast into prison, thrown to the wild beasts in the Amphitheatre, and devoured under the approving eyes of the worshippers of the emperor's divinity. This history is repeating itself in Prussia to-day.

Many causes have, within the present century, helped to strengthen the national feeling in Germany.

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The terrible outrages and humiliations inflicted upon her by the pitiless soldiers of the first Napoleon made it evident that the common safety required that the bonds of brotherhood among the peoples of the different German states should be drawn tighter. The development of a national literature also helped to foster a longing for national unity. In the XVIIth, and even down to nearly the end of the XVIIIth, century, French influence, extending from the courts of princes to the closets of the learned, gave tone to both literature and politics.

Leibnitz wrote in French or Latin, and Frederick the Great strove to forget his own tongue, that he might learn to speak French with idiomatic purity—an accomplishment which he never acquired.

As there was no German literature, the national feeling lacked one of its most powerful stimulants. But in the latter half of the XVIIIth century, and during the first half of the XIXth, a literature rich, profound, thoroughly German, the creation of some of the highest names in the world of letters, came into existence, and was both a cause and an effect of the national awakening. Goethe especially did much, by the absolute ascendency which he acquired in the literature of his country, to unify and harmonize the national mind.

Still, a thousand interests and jealousies, local and dynastic, old prescriptive rights, and a constitutional slowness and sluggishness in the Germanic temperament, stood in the way of a united fatherland, and had to be got rid of or overcome by force before the dream of the nationalists could become a reality.

Prussia, founded by rapine, built up and strengthened by war and conquest, has always been a heartless, self-seeking state. The youngest of the great European states, and for a long time one of the most inconsiderable, she has gradually grown to be the first military power of the world. Already, in the time of Frederick the Great, she was the formidable rival of Austria in the contest for the hegemony of the other German states. This struggle ended, in 1866, in the utter defeat of Austria on the field of Sadowa. Hanover, Saxony, Hesse-Cassel, and other minor principalities were at once absorbed by Prussia, who, besides greatly increasing her strength, thus became the champion of German unity. But German unity was a menace to France, who could not possibly maintain her preponderance in European affairs in the presence of a united Germany. Hence the irrepressible conflict between France and Prussia, which ended in the catastrophe of Sedan.

The King of Prussia became the Emperor of Germany, and German national pride and enthusiasm reached a degree bordering on frenzy.

By a remarkable coincidence the Franco-Prussian war broke out at the very moment when the dogma of Papal infallibility was defined, and immediately after the capitulation of Sedan, Victor Emanuel took possession of Rome. The Pope was without temporal power—a prisoner indeed. The feeling against the newly-defined dogma was especially strong in Germany, where the systematic warfare carried on by the *Janus* party against the Vatican Council had warped the public mind. France, the eldest daughter of the church, was lying, bleeding and crushed, at the feet of

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the conqueror. The time seemed to have arrived when the bond which united the Catholics of Germany with the Pope, and through him with the church universal, might easily be broken.

The defection of Döllinger and other rationalistic professors, as well as the attitude of many of the German bishops in the council, and the views which they had expressed with regard to the probable results of a definition of the infallibility of the Pope, tended to confirm those who controlled the policy of the new empire in the opinion that there would be no great difficulty in forming the Catholics of Germany into a kind of national religious body wholly subject to the state, even in matters of faith. If we add to this the fact that the infidels of our day have a kind of superstition which leads them to think that all religious faith has grown weak, and that those who believe are for the most part hypocritical, insincere, and by no means anxious to suffer for conscience' sake, we shall be able to understand how Bismarck, who is utterly indifferent to all religion, and who believes in nothing except the omnipotence of the state, should have persuaded himself to destroy the religious freedom which had come to be considered the common property of Christendom. Already, in the month of August immediately following the close of the war with France, we find the Northern German press, which obsequiously obeys his orders, beginning to throw out hints that Rome had always been the enemy of Germany; that her claims were incompatible with the rights of the state and hurtful to the national development; and that, in presence of the newly-defined dogma of Papal infallibility, the necessity of resisting her ever-increasing encroachments upon the domain of the civil authority had become imperative. The watchword given by the official press was everywhere re-echoed by the organs of both infidel and Protestant opinion, and it at once became evident that the German Empire intended to make war on the Catholic Church.

There was yet another end to be subserved by the persecution of the church. Bismarck made no secret of his fears of a democratic movement in Germany after the excitement of the French campaign had died away, and he hoped to avert this danger by inflaming the religious prejudices of the infidel and Protestant population.

On the 8th of July, 1871, the Catholic department in the Ministry of Public Worship was abolished, and the government openly lent its influence to the Old Catholic movement.

According to the Prussian constitution, religious instruction in the gymnasia is obligatory; but where a portion or all of the students were Catholics, the state recognized that their religious instructors should not be appointed until they had received the approbation of the bishop. Dr. Wollmann, who had for a long time held the office of teacher of religion in the Catholic gymnasium of Braunsberg, apostatized after the Vatican Council, and was, in consequence, suspended from the exercise of the priestly office by his bishop, who declared that, since Wollmann had left the church, he could no longer be considered a suitable religious instructor of Catholic youth. Von Mühler, the Minister of Public Worship, refused to remove Wollmann; and since religious instruction is compulsory, the pupils who could not in

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conscience attend his classes were forced to leave the school.

This act of Von Mühler was in open violation of the Prussian constitution, which expressly recognized in the Catholic Church the right of directing the religious instruction of its members.

To require that Catholics should send their children to the lessons of an excommunicated priest was to trample upon the most sacred rights of conscience. By declaring, as in this case, that those who rejected the dogma of infallibility were true Catholics, the German government plainly showed that it intended to assume the competency of deciding in all matters of faith, and consequently to wholly ignore the existence of any religious authority distinct from that of the state.

Bismarck's next move was not less arbitrary or tyrannical. He proposed to the Federal Council and Reichstag a law against what was termed the abuse of the pulpit, by which the office of preaching should be placed under the supervision of the police.

This law, which was passed by a feeble majority, was simply a renewal of the attempt to suppress Christianity made by the Jewish Council in Jerusalem when the apostles first began to preach in the name of Jesus, without asking permission of the rulers of the people: "But that it may be no further spread among the people, let us threaten them, that they speak no more in this name to any man. And calling them, they charged them not to speak at all, nor teach in the name of Jesus" (Acts iv. 17, 18).

The injustice of this law was very well shown by the Saxon member of the Federal Council, who pointed out the fact that, whilst liberty of speech was denied to Catholic priests, socialists and infidels were permitted every day to attack the very foundations of all government and civilization.

This, however, is but the necessary consequence of the theory of the *state-God*. To preach in the name of any other God is treason; whereas atheism is the correlative of the omnipotence of the government. That the present tendency in Germany is to put the nation in the place of God is expressly recognized by the *Allgemeine Evang. Luth. Kirchenzeitung*, which is the organ of orthodox Lutheranism. These are its words: "For the dogmatic teaching of Christianity they hope to substitute the national element. The national idea will form the germ of the new religion of the empire. We have already seen the emblems which foreshadow the manner in which this new worship is to be organized. Instead of the Christian festivals, they will celebrate the national memories, and will call to the churches the masses to whom the road is no longer known. Have we not seen, on the anniversary of Sedan, the *eidolon* of the emperor placed upon the altar, whilst the pulpit was surrounded with the busts of the heroes of the war?

"During eight days they wove crowns of oak-leaves and the church was filled; whilst out of ten thousand parishioners, scarcely a dozen can be got together to listen to the word of God. Such is the religion of the future church of the empire. Little more is needed to revive the ancient worship of the Roman emperors; and if the history of Germany is to be reduced to this duel between the church of the emperor and that of the Pope, we must see

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on which side the Lutherans will stand."

The next attack on the church was made under cover of an enactment on the inspection of public schools. A project of law was presented to the House of Deputies, excluding all priests from the inspection of schools, and at the same time obliging them to undertake this office whenever asked to do so by the state authorities. This latter clause was, however, so openly unjust that it was rejected by the House. But the law, even as it stands, is a virtual denial that Catholic schools have any right to exist at all, and is an evidence that the German Empire intends to destroy Christian faith by establishing an atheistic system of popular education.

And now war was declared against the Jesuits. The Congress of the Old Catholics, which met at Munich in September, 1871, had passed violent resolutions against the order; and later the Old Catholic Committee at Cologne presented a petition against the Jesuits to the imperial Parliament.

The debate was opened in the month of May, 1872. A project of law, restricting the liberties of religious orders, and especially directed against the Society of Jesus, was brought before the Federal Council and accepted by a large majority. When it came before the imperial Parliament, amendments were added rendering it still more harsh and tyrannical. The order was to be shut out from the empire, its houses to be closed, foreign Jesuits were to be expelled, and the German members of the society were to be confined to certain districts; and the execution of these measures was to be entrusted to the Federal Council.

On the 4th of July the law received the approval of the emperor, and on the 5th it was promulgated.

Thus in the most arbitrary manner, without any legal proceedings, hundreds of German citizens, against whom there was not the slightest proof of guilt, were deprived of all rights and expelled from their country. Besides, the measure was based upon the most ignorant misconception of the real condition of the church, and was therefore necessarily ineffective. The religious orders and the secular priesthood do not represent opposite tendencies in the church; their aims are identical, and, in our day at least, the secular priests are as zealous, as active, and as efficient as the members of the religious orders.

What end, then, was to be gained by expelling the Jesuits, whilst devoted and faithful priests were left to minister to the Catholic people, whose faith had been roused by this scandalous persecution of men whom they knew to be guilty of no crime except that of loving Jesus Christ and his church? The blow struck at the Jesuits was, in truth, aimed at the church, and this the bishops, priests, and entire Catholic people of Germany at once recognized. They saw now, since even the possibility of doubting was no longer left to them, that the German Empire had declared open war against the church; and Bismarck, seeing that his half-way measures had deceived no one, resolved to adopt a policy of open violence. With this view a new minister of Public Worship was appointed in the person of Dr. Falk, who drew up the plan of the famous Four Church Laws to which he has given his name, and which was adopted on the 11th of May, 1873.

In virtue of these laws—which it is unnecessary to transcribe in

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full—the state arrogates the right of appointing to all ecclesiastical offices, since the government claims authority to approve or annul all nominations made by the bishops; and the President of the Province (*Oberpraesident*) is bound to interdict the exercise of any religious function to ecclesiastics appointed without his consent. The bishop who makes an appointment to the cure of souls without the consent of the civil authority is fined from two hundred to one thousand thalers; and the priest who, appointed in this way, exercises spiritual functions, is visited with a proportionate fine. This is an attempt to change the very nature of the church; it is a denial of its right to exist at all.

The third of these laws creates the "Royal Court of Justice for Ecclesiastical Affairs," which claims and possesses by act of Parliament the right to reform all disciplinary decisions made by the bishops in relation to the ecclesiastics under their jurisdiction. This same court has by law the right to depose any ecclesiastic whose conduct the government may see fit to consider *incompatible with public order*.

The Pope is interdicted from the exercise of disciplinary power within the territory of the Prussian monarchy.

The state takes control of the education of the young men destined to the priesthood. It requires them to pass the *arbiturienten-examen* in a German gymnasium, and then to devote three years to the study of theology in a German university, during which time they are not to be permitted to live in an episcopal seminary; and thereafter they are to pass a public examination before the state officials. All educational establishments for the clergy, especially all kinds of seminaries, are placed under the superintendence of the government, and those which refuse to submit to this supervision are to be closed. The education of priests, the fitness of candidates for holy orders, appointments to the cure of souls, the infliction of ecclesiastical censures, the soundness of the faith of the clergy, are, in the new German Empire, matters to be regulated by the police.

This is not a struggle between Catholicity and Protestantism; it is a battle between the Atheist State and the Kingdom of God. The Protestant Church in Germany does not alarm Bismarck, because it is feeble and has no independent organization, since its ministers are appointed and ruled by the emperor, and it is also well understood that very few of them have any faith in positive religion.

But the orthodox Protestants of Germany thoroughly understand that the attempt to crush the Catholic Church is meant to be a fatal blow at the vital principle of all religion. This is recognized by the *Allgemeine Evang. Luth. Kirchenzeitung* in the article from which we have already quoted. "It is a common remark," says this organ of orthodox Lutheranism, "that the blows struck at the Church of Rome will tell with redoubled force against the evangelical church. But what is meant to injure, only helps the Roman Church. There she stands, more compact than ever, and the world is amazed at beholding her strength. Once the word of the Monk of Wittenberg made her tremble, but to-day the blows of power make her stronger. Let us beware of illusion; it is certain that in the Protestant North of Germany there has grown up a

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public opinion on the Church of Rome which provokes the respect even of the liberals. We have enough to do, they say, to fight the socialists; it is time to leave the Catholic bishops in peace."

TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH.

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## THE VEIL WITHDRAWN.

TRANSLATED, BY PERMISSION, FROM THE FRENCH OF MME. CRAVEN, AUTHOR OF "A SISTER'S STORY," "FLEURANGE," ETC.

### XXVI.

AMONG the amusements of the Carnival, there was one in which I was not in the least tempted to take part—that of the *bal masqué*, or, as it was called, the Festino di San Carlo. I ought to remark here, however, that it was with respect to this amusement, above all, Naples differed from Paris. There was no resemblance between the *bals masqués* at San Carlo and those given at the opera in Paris. No virtuous or even prudent woman, I imagine, would think of venturing to attend the latter; whereas at San Carlo it was not only common to find married women of rank, but even young ladies under their mothers' protection as at any other ball. They wore their masks awhile, amusing themselves, if they had the turn, with mystifying their friends; then, at a certain hour, several rooms having been formed by uniting a number of boxes, and illuminated, they all laid aside their masks, and the various coteries, in groups of ten, fifteen, or twenty persons, took supper together I certainly do not pretend to deny (my story itself would forbid it) that the opportunity of profiting by this disguise, in order to pass the evening in a less inoffensive manner, was not made use of by more than one of the company. It could not be otherwise, perhaps, in a place where this kind of folly reigns, even in a mitigated form. I only wish to describe its general character at that time.

I had not, however, the least inclination to attend. The very thought of wearing a mask was repugnant to me, and to see anybody else with one on caused me a kind of fear. Besides, I never could understand what pleasure was to be found in a mystery of this kind, which always seemed childish and trivial, if not culpable and dangerous. I had neither the faculty of disguising my voice nor of making use of the jargon that constitutes the spirit of a *bal masqué*. I therefore flatly refused to join a party of twenty persons who were to attend the *Festino* on *Jeudi-Gras*, and, after participating for awhile in the amusements of the ball-room, were to take supper together.

Stella had neither my repugnance nor my incapacity. She knew how to play the part of another with grace and skill, and had been urged, as well as I, to join this merry party; but she denied herself the pleasure in order to attend a family supper with her aged relatives and their friends, and we decided with

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mutual accord that our amusement for the day should be confined to that which awaited us on my aunt's balcony on the Toledo.

The hour came at last, and found us under arms—that is to say, our faces protected by a kind of visor of wire netting, and all of us, except my aunt, dressed in such a way as not to fear the clouds of flour we were to face, as well as the missiles which, under the name of *confetti*, were fearful to encounter, and had nothing sweet about them but the name. Some carried their precaution so far as to prepare a *costume de bataille* expressly for the occasion. Of this number were Teresina and Mariuccia, who, at Lando's suggestion, had provided themselves with dresses of white cotton ornamented with bows of rose-colored ribbon, which enabled them to encounter the showers of missiles, and were so becoming that they looked like two of Watteau's shepherdesses. But my aunt disdained this mixture of elegance and economy. She did not give a thought to what was to take place in the street; her whole mind was absorbed in what was to occur in her drawing-room. Regardless of danger, she put on a dress of yellow silk of the brightest shade, and set off her *chignon* and false braids with a cap adorned with poppies and corn-flowers, above which was fastened a bow of red ribbon, which streamed like a flag from the summit of a tower. This display was intended to do honor to the visitors who merely came for their own convenience. For the most part, they only entered her house with an eye to her balcony: but in order to obtain access to it, they were obliged to pass through the drawing-room, where Donna Clelia herself was stationed to arrest the passers-by and exact a tribute of politeness no one could refuse, and which, brought to such close terms, every one liberally paid. Never had she, therefore, in a single day reaped a like harvest of new and distinguished acquaintances; never had she received at once so great a number of desirable invitations, for could they do otherwise than requite hospitality with hospitality? My aunt thus had at the beginning of the day one hour of happiness without alloy!

At length the battle began in earnest. To those who have taken part in such combats it is useless to describe the enthusiasm and madness which every one ends by manifesting; to those who have not had the experience it is equally useless to try to give an idea of it. It must be acknowledged, however, that the first volley of *confetti* is by no means very amusing to the recipient, and he is tempted to withdraw ill-humoredly from what seems at first mere rough, childish sport. Then he endeavors to defend himself by retaliating. By degrees the ardor of combat is awakened; he yields to it, he grows furious, and for hours sometimes he persists in returning volley for volley, unmindful of fatigue, and regardless of the blows he receives. One thing is hurled after another—hard *confetti*, fragile eggs, flour, sugar-plums, flowers, and immense bouquets. . . . If the ammunition fails, he throws out of the window whatever comes to hand. He would rather throw himself out than give up the contest!

This sport had been going on for an hour, and we were still in full glee, when the Venetian gondola made its appearance in the street. It was welcomed with shouts and cries of applause from the crowd.

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In fact, nothing so splendid of this kind had ever been seen before. It came slowly along, stopping under every balcony. When it arrived before ours, it remained a long time, and a furious combat took place. Notwithstanding the visor that concealed Lorenzo's face, I easily recognized him by his slender, stately form. Lando and Mario looked very well also, but Lorenzo surpassed them all by the grace and ease with which he wore his costume, as well as the skill with which he threw his bouquets to the precise spot he aimed at. He soon recognized me likewise, and threw me a bunch of roses! . . .

Alas! those withered roses. I preserved them a long time in memory of a day that was to end in so strange a manner! . . .

After the gondola had gone entirely out of sight, I concluded to leave the balcony, in order to take some rest while awaiting the return of the brilliant masquerade. This would not be till nightfall, when the gondola was to be illuminated throughout. I had therefore nearly an hour before me in which to repair my strength. But when I entered the drawing-room, I was frightened at the sight which met my eyes. My poor aunt's brilliant toilet had undergone the most disastrous consequences possible to imagine, and I found her so covered with flour and blood that I scarcely recognized her!

In this kind of war, as in all others, nothing is more dangerous than to attract the attention of the enemy. A hat, a ribbon, any dress whatever the least remarkable in its color, instantly becomes the object of universal aim. It seems Donna Clelia, after welcoming her company in the drawing-room, was tempted to go and see in her turn what was taking place on the battle-field; but no sooner had she stepped her foot on the balcony, no sooner were her poppies visible, and her red ribbons began to wave in the air, than from every balcony, every window, in the neighborhood, there fell on her head such a hail-storm of missiles of all kinds that, in a second, not only had her flowers, ribbons, and *chignon* disappeared under a thick layer of flour, but, having neglected to provide herself with a visor, she had been struck in the very middle of the face by some of the *confetti* I have spoken of, which are merely hard balls of plaster in the centre. No one perceived this in the ardor of the combat, no one left the *mêlée* to go to her assistance, and she was still in the arm-chair where she had thrown herself, stunned by the violence of the attack! . . .

I sprang towards her, and hastened to bathe her face with cold water. I then saw it was only her nose (a somewhat prominent feature in her face) that had suffered a slight contusion, though sufficient to inundate her laces and yellow dress with blood, so that the damage they sustained, as well as her head-dress, was irreparable! . . .

But in the midst of all this my aunt remained cool and courageous. Like a general wounded on the day of victory, she smiled at the result of her rashness, and, while I was ministering to her wants, she exclaimed:

"It is nothing; no matter! Thanks, Ginevrina mia! *Che bel divertimento!* I never passed such a day in my life! . . . Do you know, the Duchessa di L—— has invited me to play *la pignata* * at her house a week from Sunday. And then the gentleman

* A childish amusement resorted to the evening of the first Sunday in Lent, as a kind of supplement to the Carnival.

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with H.R.H., the Count of Syracuse, has promised to get me an invitation to one of the amateur comedies. And the gondola—what do you say to that? Didn't your husband look handsome enough for you? . . . How *simpatico* that Lorenzo is! . . . Ah! *figlia mia*, the Madonna has done well for you! . . . I hope she will think of us some day! . . ."

My aunt rambled on in this way while I was trying to repair her disordered attire, after dressing her wounds. This took some time; but I still hesitated about leaving her, though she begged me to return to the balcony and not trouble myself any more about her. I obeyed her at last; but this interruption had put an end to my enthusiastic gayety, and, when I returned to my place, I no longer felt any disposition to resume the sport I found so amusing only a short time before. Besides, it was growing dusk and the combat was slackening, though the noise and confusion in the street increased as the time approached for the return of the gondola. While I was thus standing motionless in the obscurity of one corner of the balcony where we were assembled, I suddenly heard some words from the adjoining balcony of the next house that attracted my attention:

"Valenzano must be fabulously rich, but he is going to ruin at full speed, the dear duke."

"In the first place, he is really very wealthy," was the reply; "and when he gains his lawsuit in Sicily, he will be the richest man in this part of Italy. I do not consider his entertaining company, however distinguished it may be, or giving his pretty wife a new set of ornaments now and then, or throwing away a few hundred dollars as he has done to-day, as an extravagance that will ruin a man of his means."

"No, of course not, if that were all."

"What else is there? . . . He used to play high, but they say he never touches a card now."

The other speaker burst into a loud laugh, and, after a moment's silence, resumed in a lower tone:

"He no longer plays in company, but I assure you *Qui a bu boira* and *Qui a joué jouera*. I should be satisfied with an income equal to what he spends in one evening at *lansquenet* or *baccara* since he stopped playing whist and *écarté* in the drawing-rooms to which he accompanies the duchess."

Their voices grew still lower, and the few words I heard were so indistinct that I only caught the following:

"But as there is no doubt as to the result of the lawsuit in Sicily, there is no danger of a catastrophe."

At that moment the uproar in the street became deafening. Shouts and wild applause announced the approach of the gondola, and redoubled in proportion to its nearness. It really presented a fairy-like appearance. It was lit up with a thousand lamps of all colors, and from time to time brilliant rockets were sent up, casting a momentary gleam over the crowd, and then vanishing, leaving everything in obscurity except the dazzling gondola, which proceeded slowly along without stopping this time beneath the balconies. No *confetti* or flowers were thrown; the combat was over. It was now merely a magnificent picturesque spectacle. I saw Lorenzo again, and more distinctly than before, for he had taken off his visor; but he could not see me

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in the obscurity of our balcony. He was standing in a group on the deck of the gondola as it went by. They were all dressed in Venetian costumes, which produced an extremely picturesque effect. It was like a living representation of one of Paul Veronese's paintings. I could not take my eyes off so brilliant and extraordinary a spectacle, and the gondola had gone some distance when I suddenly saw Lorenzo (it was really he; I should have known him, even if his face had not at that moment been turned towards the bright light) rapidly ascend the light staging at one end of the gondola, holding in his hand a small bunch of jasmine tied with a white ribbon, which, when he arrived at the top, he threw towards a window in which gleamed a little light. . . . It reached its destination. The window immediately closed, the light disappeared, and Lorenzo descended and was lost in the crowd that thronged the gondola. All this took place so quickly that I could hardly account for the attention with which I watched this little evolution and the degree of vexation it caused me. Lorenzo, in the course of the day, had thrown more than a hundred bouquets of the same kind. Why was I more curious to know the destination of this one than I had been of the rest? But fatigue and the deafening noise rendered me incapable of reflecting any length of time on what I had just witnessed and what I had heard on the balcony. There was almost immediately a general confusion, for the return of the gondola was the signal for dispersing. I remained till the last to ascertain the condition of my aunt after her accident, and did not leave her till she had promised to go to bed and let the baroness, who willingly accepted the charge, accompany her daughters to the *Festino* at midnight.

Having returned home, I likewise returned to my room, where I threw myself on a sofa, exhausted with fatigue. Lorenzo returned at a later hour. He came up to my room, spoke affectionately, advised me to take some repose, and inquired if I had absolutely decided not to go to San Carlo. I replied that, even if I had intended going, I should be obliged to give it up now. He did not insist, and my eyes were already beginning to close when he embraced me, as he was going away, and said: "Till to-morrow, Ginevra; for the *Festino* will not be over till daylight, you know."

## XXVII.

I slept as the young do when suffering from unusual fatigue—that is to say, with a sleep so profound that, when I awoke, I had no idea of the lateness of the hour or where I was, and I felt as completely rested as if I had slept the entire night. The sound of carriage-wheels on the gravel of the avenue facing my room had roused me from my slumbers, and I now heard steps and the sound of voices in a subdued tone in the chamber adjoining mine. My door soon opened, and Ottavia entered, moving cautiously, as if she supposed me asleep. But as soon as I spoke, I heard a silvery laugh behind her, and, to my great surprise, Stella made her appearance. She had on a black domino with the hood thrown back, and in her hand she held two masks and another domino like her own.

"You see I was right, Ottavia," she

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exclaimed. "I was sure we should find her awake, and, what is still better, she is dressed! That is fortunate! Now, Ginevra, you must absolutely consent to indulge in the pleasure of spending an hour with me at San Carlo—only an hour! Here, look at the clock; it is half-past twelve. I promise to bring you back before two to continue the fine nap I have disturbed."

I rubbed my eyes and looked at her, without comprehending a thing she proposed.

"Come, come, Ginevra!" she continued, "wake up, I tell you, and listen to what I say. In the first place, you must know we have had no supper or company at our house to-night. My uncle had an attack of the gout and went to bed at nine o'clock, and I played cards with my aunt till midnight. But just as we were both going to our rooms, she all at once remembered—perhaps touched by my good-humor—how much she used to enjoy going to the *Festini*, and told me, of her own accord, it was not too late to go, if I knew of any friend to accompany me. It occurred to me at once, Ginevra, it would be very amusing for you to go and quiz *il Signor Duca* a little. He is absolutely sure you are in bed fast asleep. You can tell him a thousand things nobody knows but yourselves, which will set him wild with amazement and curiosity. You can acknowledge everything to-morrow, and he will be the first to declare it an excellent joke. As for me, I am not sorry to have an opportunity of telling your august brother a few truths in return for certain remarks about my exuberant gayety and levity not quite to my liking. . . . Come, come, Ginevra, we must not lose any time. Consent, and I will tell you the rest on the way."

It is useless to enumerate the additional arguments she used. The result was, she not only triumphed over my repugnance, but she succeeded in exciting a lively desire to meet Lorenzo in disguise. It seemed to me I could say many things I should not dare breathe a word of to his face, and I could thus relieve my mind of the two or three incidents that had troubled it within twenty-four hours.

Stella saw I was ready to yield.

"Quick! quick! Ottavia, help me to put on her domino, and above all, put back her hair so it cannot be seen. The least curl peeping out of her hood would be sufficient to betray her. Now, let us see; as we shall have to separate on entering the hall, we must wear something not too conspicuous which will enable us to find each other in the crowd of black dominos. Let me hunt for something."

She looked around, and soon discovered a large basket, in which remained a number of small bouquets tied with ribbons of all colors, prepared for the contests that morning.

"The very thing," said she. And while Ottavia was executing her orders and concealing my hair, Stella selected two small bunches of flowers, one tied with red, and the other with white, ribbon.

"Nothing could be better," said she. "The flowers are alike; the ribbons alone different. Look! see where I have put my badge. Here is yours. Put it in the same place, on the left side near the shoulder."

But when I saw that the little bouquet she gave me was of *jasmine tied with a white ribbon*, the emotion I felt was extreme. I did not manifest it, however, for I knew if I told Stella the reason, she would burst into laughter, and ask if I was

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going to worry myself about all the bouquets my husband had thrown by the dozen that day upon all the balconies on the Toledo, and if I intended to bring him to an account for them. I therefore made no comment on this singular coincidence; but while I was fastening the bouquet on, as Stella had directed, I suddenly recollected, I know not why, it was by giving Lorenzo a sprig of jasmine I pledged myself to be his for life!

Having completed my preparations, with the exception of my mask, which I carried in my hand to put on at the last moment, I drew up my hood and followed Stella, escorted to the foot of the staircase by my good old Ottavia, who, though accustomed to the follies of the Carnival, shook her head as she saw me depart, and looked at me with a more anxious expression than usual. Was she thinking of the evening when she saw me set out for my first ball—of fearful memory? Did she recall my mother's anxiety? And did she remember to beg her to watch over her child and pray for her, as she did then? . . .

As we approached San Carlo, I was again seized with fear, and regretted having yielded to Stella's entreaties.

"What will become of us alone in the crowd with no one to protect us?" said I.

"Our masks are a sufficient protection, especially to-night. There will be so large a number of ladies of rank at the *Festino* that no one will venture to say a word to us that surpasses the bounds of pleasantry. There would be too much danger of addressing some one who would resent it. As to our masks, you need not be anxious. The rules of the *bals masqués* absolutely forbid any one's touching them, and these rules are respected even by those who do not respect any other. But, apropos of masks, it is time to put yours on."

I still hesitated. But at last, as I was on the point of descending from the carriage, I decided to fasten my mask on, and I tremblingly followed Stella, or rather, she took my arm and drew me along.

My first feeling, on finding myself in such a crowd, was one of inexpressible terror. I was seized with an invincible embarrassment and a sensation of suffocation so painful that it was with all the difficulty in the world I kept myself from tearing off the mask that seemed to hinder me from breathing. But Stella laughingly encouraged me in a whisper, and by degrees I became accustomed to the deafening sound of the music, the exclamations and resonant voices on every side, as well as the sight of the dominos and masks of all colors in circulation around us. She led me on some distance, cautioning me in a low tone to make no reply, and making none herself, to the observations here and there addressed the two "fair masks" who were gliding through the crowd. At length we came to a pillar, against which we leaned, and she whispered:

"Let this place be our rendezvous. You will certainly see Lorenzo pass by in a few moments. As for me, I do not see your brother anywhere, but yonder is Landolfo. I will amuse myself by talking nonsense with him. Do not be afraid, and, above all, do not lose your badge, or I shall be unable to find you. I will be careful of mine also. If I arrive here first, I will wait for you. You must do the same."

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She disappeared as she uttered these words, and I stood still for some minutes, looking around with uneasiness and terror caused by the impossibility of persuading myself I was not seen and recognized by everybody. But after three or four gentlemen of my acquaintance passed by with a mere glance of indifference, I began to take courage, and finally became sufficiently cool to consider what I should do and the means of attaining my object.

I began by looking around on all sides, but for some time it was in vain. I could not see Lorenzo anywhere, and had decided to leave my post in order to search for him in some other part of the hall, when all at once I saw him some distance off, coming in my direction. He was walking slowly along, looking around with a certain attention, as if he was also in search of some one. We were separated by the crowd, and it was not easy to reach him. I advanced a few steps, however, and at that instant, but only for an instant, there was an opening in the crowd which enabled him, in his turn, to see me. I saw a flash of joy on his face. He recognized me, it was evident; by what means I did not ask. I no longer remembered my intention of mystifying him. I sprang towards him, and he towards me. I passed my arm through his, still too much excited by my previous fears and my joy at finding him to utter a word. . . .

A moment passed—a single moment, brief and terrible, . . . for he spoke—yes, at once, and with vehemence, with passion! . . . But . . . it was not to me! . . . No, it was to her he expected to meet. I heard his lips murmur the detested name that had not met my ear since I left Paris! . . .

I was so astounded that I gave him time to say what I ought not to have heard, what I did not wish to hear! . . . Then . . . I know not what impulse I yielded to, for I lost the power of reflection—I abruptly withdrew my arm from his, and fell back with so quick and violent a movement that the crowd opened a moment to make way for me, and then closed, completely separating me from him. . . . I tore off the flowers and ribbon I wore, and threw them on the ground. I could not now be distinguished from the other black dominos around me. But I was no longer afraid. I cared for nothing now but to get away—to fly as fast as possible from so horrible a place. I hurried along in such a wild, rapid way that every one looked at me with surprise, and stood aside for me to pass. I thus succeeded in leaving the hall and reaching the passage, where I was obliged to stop to take breath. The passers-by addressed me, but I heard nothing but the words that still resounded in my ears. I was conscious of nothing but a fearful anguish and the rapid beating of my heart.

While standing there, all at once . . . O merciful heavens! . . . I saw a lady pass only a few steps off. . . . She was of my height, and, like me, wore a black domino with a sprig of jasmine tied with a white ribbon, similar to the one I had just torn off, and doubtless the same my eyes had followed a few hours before! I recognized her at once, and imagined I saw through her mask the sinister gleam of two large blue eyes! She traversed the passage and entered the hall, where she disappeared. I trembled fearfully from head to foot, my sight grew dim, my strength began to fail me. I felt as if I should die on the spot

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if I did not take off the mask that was suffocating me, and yet I was still conscious I ought to keep it on at all hazards. I threw around a glance of despair, hoping to see Stella, and forgetting she would not be able to recognize me, even if she thought of looking for me so far from the spot where she left me. What torture! Great God! . . . My strength was gone, my voice failed me, I felt my knees give way, when, O unlooked-for happiness! I saw Mario pass by. The stifled cry I uttered died away on my lips before it could reach his ear, but he saw the effort I made, he felt my hand on his arm, and stopped. He began to address me in the customary way on such occasions, but I made no reply. I had recovered strength enough, however, to draw him towards the door, and he unresistingly followed my lead; but, as we were going out, he stopped me with an air of surprise, and said:

"I am ready to follow you wherever you wish, fair mask, but do you know yourself where you wish to go?"

I was only able to incline my head as a sign of affirmation, and he suffered me to lead him into the street. As soon as we were out of doors, I tore off my mask, and found strength enough to say:

"It is I, Mario. Help me to get away from this detestable place!"

"Ginevra!" exclaimed he, drawing me along several steps to look at my face by the light of the torches not far off. He seemed frightened at my looks. My face was convulsed and lividly pale.

"Good heavens, sister!" said he gravely, "what has happened? How is it you are alone in this place at such an hour? Where is Lorenzo? Shall I go for him?"

"No, no! Oh! no," I exclaimed with anguish. "For pity's sake, Mario, be silent. Help me to get away, I say. That is all I ask. Do this, and ask me no questions."

His face darkened. He silently took hold of my arm, and led me to the place where he had left his carriage. I entered it, and was on the point of going away without another word when I bethought myself of Stella. I hesitated, however, to expose her to his sarcastic comments, and perhaps to the suspicions I saw were already excited in my brother's distrustful mind, and said in a supplicating tone:

"One favor more, Mario, which I am sure you will no more refuse your sister than any other lady. I did not come here alone."

At these words his face assumed an expression which I answered with a smile of disdain.

"Do you suppose, Mario, if I did not come here with Lorenzo, I would accept the escort of any other gentleman?" I stopped a moment, at once irritated and impatient, but finally continued:

"The fact is, Mario, if you must know it, it was he, it was Lorenzo himself, I came to see. I wished to play a joke on him and mystify him a little, by way of amusing myself."

I think my smile must have been frightful as I said this, for my brother look anxiously at me, though he seemed satisfied with my explanation.

"But I have been punished," I continued, "terribly punished. . . . I failed in my object, . . . and thought I should die in the crowd."

I could say no more. The tears I could not repress choked me. Mario at once softened.

"I understand, sister—the noise, heat, and so forth were overpowering. Those who go to a *bal mas-*



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*qué* for the first time often experience this, but another time it will not happen."

"God preserve me from ever going to another!" said I in a low tone. "But I was about to say, Mario, that the person, the lady, who came with me is probably looking for me by this time. Search for her. Her domino is like mine, and you will know her by a sprig of jasmine tied with a red ribbon."

"I saw such a domino not long ago on Lando's arm."

"It was she. Find her, and tell her not to be anxious; that I was ill, and could not wait for her. That is all. Thanks, Mario. One word more, however. As I did not succeed with regard to Lorenzo, I do not wish him to know anything about it."

He made a sign that he understood me, and closed the door of the carriage, which soon took me home. Ottavia, who alone sat up for me, was alarmed at seeing me return in such a condition. I repeated the account I had given Mario, and had no difficulty in convincing her I was ill. The change in my face was sufficient to prove it; but what was this paleness, great God! in comparison with the change that had come over my life within the hour that had scarcely elapsed?

## XXVIII.

This time the thunderbolt had really fallen on my head! Many times had I heard it rumbling afar off, and once I thought myself fatally injured; but after a few stormy days, calmness was restored, the blue sky became visible, and the sun once more diffused the light and warmth of renewed confidence and happiness. The desire of being happy seconded my effort to become so. And, as I have remarked, the liveliness, buoyancy, and love of pleasure natural to the young, as well as the beauty of Naples and the influence of its climate, all tended to surround me with an atmosphere at once enervating and intoxicating. But now, in an instant, without any warning, all my hopes were crushed, annihilated, for ever at an end!

"Should Lorenzo become treacherous, unfaithful, and untrue to his word, could I continue to love him? What would become of me in such a case?" Such were the questions I once asked myself, and they were the sincere cry of my heart.

Now all this was realized. A person more treacherous, more deceitful, more untrue than he it seemed impossible to find. Everything now became clear. The words I heard, so plainly interpreted by the instinct they awakened and that had already warned me so strangely, enabled me to comprehend everything. Whether there was any good reason or not for his frequent absence, it was evident he had always met her. It was therefore from these interviews he had derived the cheerfulness and good-humor that apparently made him enjoy so much the comfort and splendor he afterwards came to participate in with me. Once—who can tell for what reason?—he had delayed going. It was then, probably, she came herself to meet him, not foreseeing, or he either, it would be before my very eyes! . . .

Even at the present time it would perhaps agitate me and dis-

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turb the tranquillity of my soul, should I dwell too long on the thoughts which then overwhelmed me, and from which I derived the conviction that I no longer loved Lorenzo. But I suffered from the deadly chill his treachery had struck to my heart. I would rather have experienced the torment of jealousy than the chill of indifference. To suffer from that would still have been life. To suffer as I did was like being paralyzed, petrified, dead.

Women more generous, more courageous, and more devoted than I, had, I was aware, won back such inconstant hearts, and found happiness once more in the sweetest of victories; but their example occurred to me without producing any impression. I was not in a condition to be influenced by it. My aimless life had resulted in the almost complete prostration of my strength of volition. In this condition I could neither suffer with courage, nor act with wisdom, nor resist temptation with any energy of will. . . .

O my God! it is with my face prostrate in the dust I desire to write the pages that are to follow. It is not without hesitation I continue my account. But the remembrance of thy mercy prevails over everything, and effaces the very recollection of the faults and follies that serve to make it manifest! Like our divine poet wandering in the mazes of that gloomy forest which is the image of life, I, in my turn, attempt

> "To discourse of what there good befell;
> All else will I relate discovered there." *

Mario, Stella, and Ottavia were the sole confidants of my secret, and they kept it faithfully. Lorenzo had the less reason for suspecting I had been to the ball when, returning home at six o'clock in the morning, he learned I had had a violent attack of fever in the night, and was not able to rise. There was no deception in this. It was not a mere pretext for keeping my chamber, but the too natural consequence of the terrible excitement of the night I had passed.

Lorenzo came several times to know how I was, and manifested more apparent affection than usual; and yet once or twice, though perhaps my imagination deceived me, I thought I saw something like embarrassment or uneasiness in his face. I was, however, too ill all the morning to observe him closely or make any reply to what he said.

Towards evening I felt better, and, though still weak, I got up. Lorenzo came to see if anything serious was likely to result from my indisposition, and, being reassured on this point, he went out as usual, leaving me alone with Stella, who had spent part of the day at my bedside, though I had not been able to talk with her any more than with him. Her face was as grave that day as it was usually smiling. Stella's cheerfulness resulted from her complete lack of egotism She regarded the happiness of others as a treasure from which she took all she needed for herself; and was happy, therefore, through sympathy. It was, so to speak, a reflected happiness. Admirable disposition! Incapable of exacting anything in view of her own lot, of of envying that of others, she was a delightful friend in times of prosperity, and, at the same time, a devoted adherent in misfortune, and the sweet, compassionate confidant

* Carey's *Dante*.

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of others' sorrows. My disappearance the evening before, the condition in which she found me in the morning, the incoherent words I uttered, prepared her for something serious, and she knew beforehand I, of all people in the world, would not hesitate to tell her the truth. In fact, as soon as we were left alone in a small sitting-room next my chamber, I gave her for the first time a full account of all that had taken place at Paris, as well as the night before. She listened without interrupting me, and, after I ended, remained silent for some time.

"This is indeed a good lesson for me," said she at length. "I am cured for life, I hope, of a folly like that I committed last night."

"What folly do you allude to?"

"Why, that of coming here and persuading you to go to a place where you learned what you might for ever have remained ignorant of."

"And continue to be taken in, deceived, and blinded, to live in an atmosphere of deception, hypocrisy, and lies, to love what no longer merits affection? No, Stella, no; do not regret that, thanks to you, it is no longer the case. Were I to suffer even a thousand times more, were I to die of anguish, as I thought I should on the spot when I saw that woman pass by, I should be glad the veil had been torn from my eyes. I can no longer be happy, it is true. My happiness is ruined beyond repair, but I love truth better than happiness."

"And do you think," said Stella after a fresh pause, "that you can never forgive Lorenzo?"

"He must, at least, desire it, as you will acknowledge, and this is precisely what will never happen."

"Why not?"

"Because I know Lorenzo. If I utter a reproach, it is he who thinks he has something to forgive. He really obeys no law but the impulse that happens to predominate. It is not in his nature, doubtless, to show me openly any ill treatment, but he would break my heart without any scruple in order to gratify his inclinations. I have no doubt he thinks he has acted with great delicacy, because he has taken pains to conceal the base course he has pursued; and when he finds out I have discovered it, it is he who will think he has a right to be angry. That will be the result. What room is there for forgiveness in such a tissue of falseness?"

"What can I say to you? It will be no consolation to hear there are many women who have husbands like him. It is sad to feel there is nothing in the world so rare as happiness. Nevertheless, it is true, and, for my part, it has often consoled me for having had so little in my life. And had I been happy in the beginning, who could tell what the future had in reserve for me?"

"And you have never thought of marrying again? You can content yourself with a life devoid of happiness, as well as of suffering?"

She smiled.

"My life is not so exempt from suffering as you may suppose. Neither is it devoid of happiness while I have my Angiolina. As for marrying again, I have never happened to meet a person who inspired me with the least desire of that kind, and I imagine I never shall."

"It is certain, however, if you wish to marry, you would only have the trouble of choosing."

"Perhaps among men not one of whom pleases me. Who knows how it would be if I took it into my head to fancy some one? But let us leave my affairs and return to you. Tell me, are you sure Lorenzo has

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not discovered you were at the ball?"

"Yes, I am certain he has not. If he had any suspicion, he would not conceal it from me. Besides, he found me too ill at his return to conceive such an idea. And yet . . ."

"Well, go on."

"Well, I noticed something that seemed to indicate he is not so sure as he was yesterday of my utter ignorance of all he has thought proper to hide from me."

"I agree with you, Ginevra. And shall I tell you what I think?"

"Tell me."

"That he supposes me to be the mask he addressed by mistake, and does me the honor of supposing I have denounced him."

"What an idea! . . . Why should he suppose it was you?"

"Oh! by that aberration of mind common to gentlemen who frequent masked balls and persist in thinking they are right every time they are mistaken."

"But once more: Why should he suppose you were at the ball? Your secret has been as well kept as mine, I imagine."

"Not quite. In the first place, I spoke to several persons. And when Mario came to deliver your message, I could not repress an exclamation of surprise, which betrayed me, not only to your brother, but to Lando, on whose arm I was then leaning. I do not know whether it was he or not who spread the report, but it has certainly been whispered around that I attended the *Festino*. Lorenzo has taken the idea I have mentioned into his head, and of course supposes what I know has been communicated to you, or will be. This is what I have been wishing to say to you."

My faithful Ottavia now made her appearance to warn me it was time to retire. Stella left me, and, after her departure, I began to reflect on her conjecture and consider what reply I should make, should Lorenzo question me on the subject. I was far from suspecting the means he would adopt to anticipate the scene he foresaw.

I was alone the following morning when I saw him enter, calm, smiling, and self-possessed, as if there was no actual or possible cloud between us. He spoke of my health, and, satisfied that I was really better, proceeded to more indifferent subjects, and then suddenly, with an assurance the recollection of which still astonishes me, he said:

"Apropos, Ginevra, the Marchesa di Villanera has been in Naples several days."

I turned pale.

"Oh! do not be alarmed," said he. "I have not the slightest intention of asking you to receive her. I remember too well the sentiments you expressed on this point at Paris. No, I wish instead to let you know I am going to escort her to Milan myself, and shall remain there till after the Carnavalone."*

My heart gave a violent bound. I could not utter a word, but the surprise that rendered me dumb enabled me to be calm, and, when I finally recovered my voice, I said:

"You are at liberty to go where you please, Lorenzo. It is a liberty, moreover, you have always had, and have already made use of, and I cannot conceive why *this time* (I emphasized these words) you feel obliged to tell me the precise object of your journey."

"Because I wish to be frank with you this time, and I should have been so before had I not remem-

* A prolongation of the Carnival peculiar to Milan, where it lasts four days longer than elsewhere.

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bered your reproaches, and wished to spare you the occasion of renewing them. Besides, I no longer have it in my power to prevent your jealousy, or forbid the conjectures you think proper to indulge in."

"Lorenzo!" I said almost in a scream, and I was on the point of giving utterance to all that filled my heart to overflowing when, with the stern, imperious accent he knew how to assume, though without rudeness or the least violence, he stopped me.

"Not another word, Ginevra; not one, I beg, out of love for yourself. Do not destroy your future happiness in a moment of anger! There are some things I *will not* listen to, and which, for your own interest as well as mine, I forbid your saying!"

I had no chance to reply, for he took my hand before I could prevent it, and said:

"*Au revoir*, Ginevra. I hope, at my return, to find you as calm and reasonable as I desire."

He kissed my hand and left the room.

The state in which he left me cannot be described. I need not say how incapable I was of reflection, of effort, or any struggle whatever against the feelings it was natural I should have. I felt outraged as it seemed to me no woman had ever been. My mind lost its clearness, my judgment was impaired, and for some hours I was wild.

After Lorenzo's departure, it seemed impossible to remain alone. I could not endure inaction and repose for an instant. I ordered my carriage for a drive—not, as usual, with Stella and in a direction where I should find solitude, but, on the contrary, where I was most sure of meeting a crowd. I smilingly returned the numerous salutations I received, and, instead of appearing troubled or downcast, I looked around with eager interest, as if hoping to find some means of escaping from myself and leaving my troubles forever behind me.

I returned home as late as possible, and found Stella awaiting me. She had been disappointed at my not calling for her, and had come to ascertain the reason. Finding I had gone out, she was surprised I had forgotten her, but was still more so when I told her I should go to the ball at the French ambassador's that evening. I seldom went anywhere alone, and it was only the day before I had told her decidedly I should never attend another ball. Her eyes were fastened on me with a look of sympathy, as she said:

"Poor Ginevra!"

I begged her in a hasty, irritated manner not to waste any pity on me, and then added:

"To-morrow, if you like, we will talk about it; but not to-day, I beg. Let us give our whole thoughts to the ball. You will go, I hope."

"Yes, if you have really decided to go."

"That is right. Good-by till this evening, then."

Thus dismissed, she left me, and I summoned my waiting-maid to do what I had never required before. I ordered everything I was to wear to be spread out before me. I examined my diamonds and pearls, and gave the most minute directions about the way I intended to wear them. I then began my toilet, though long before the time, and was as long about it as possible. So many women, thought I, seem to take infinite pleasure in creating a sensation when they enter a ball-room, receiving compli-

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ments and homage on all sides, why should I not try this means of diversion as well as other people? I am beautiful, there is no doubt; very beautiful, they say. Why should I not endeavor to excite admiration? Why not become vain and coquettish in my turn?

In a word, the hour had arrived spoken of in the first part of this story, as the reader will recollect—the hour when, for the first and only time after my mother's death and the tragical end of Flavio Aldini, the lively vanity of girlhood, roused by irritation, jealousy, and grief, broke through the restraint which an ineffaceable remembrance and the grace of God had imposed upon it, and for once I saw what I should doubtless have been without the divine, mysterious influence that warred within me against myself. I had corresponded to this grace, it is true, by my sincere, determined will, but my volition had now become feeble and uncertain, and I set out for the ball after thus carefully preparing in advance the draught of vanity I wished to become intoxicated with.

I had the satisfaction I desired in all its plenitude. I was handsome, stylish, and elegantly dressed; and yet all this is not the chief cause of a lady's success in society. Let those who think so be persuaded of their error. People accord to these gifts a certain respectful admiration, but such a success as I obtained that evening—brilliant, demonstrative, and universal—does not depend on the beauty a person is endowed with, but on the wish to please she manifests, and this is why the victory is sometimes so strangely awarded! . . . I was changed in no respect, except in the disposition with which I attended the ball, and yet I did not seem to be the same person. I was surrounded as I had never been before. I excited a kind of enthusiasm. I received compliments that evening I had never listened to before. And when, contrary to my usual custom, I announced my intention to dance, everybody contended for my hand. But, as the evening advanced, I grew weary of it all, and began to feel my factitious, feverish gayety subside. When I rose to waltz for the last time, it was with an effort, and, after my partner led me back to my seat, my smile vanished, and a cold sense of my wretchedness came over me with unpitying grasp. "All is useless," a secret, sorrowful voice seemed to say; "you must awaken to the reality of your sufferings. . . ."

At that moment I heard beside me a familiar, half-forgotten voice—calm, sonorous, and sweet, but now somewhat sarcastic:

"I cannot aspire to the honor of dancing with the Duchessa di Valenzano, but I hope she will not refuse to recognize me."

I eagerly turned around, and there beside me I saw the person who uttered these words was Gilbert de Kergy.

## XXIX.

During the week following the ball a most unexpected change took place in my feelings—a change that at once afforded me so much comfort that I did not hesitate to think and say that heaven had, in the hour of my greatest need, sent me a friend.

It must be acknowledged, however, the hour when Gilbert de

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Kergy so suddenly made his appearance was not exactly that in which I should have expected an extraordinary intervention of divine Providence in my behalf. I ought even to say that the first feeling I experienced at seeing him again was one of extreme confusion at exhibiting myself under so different an aspect from that he had seen me in before, and, in fact, so different from that which was usually mine. This confusion, added to my fatigue and the painful reaction and disgust which inevitably follow such intoxication as I had voluntarily indulged in, sent me home in a totally different frame of mind from that I was in when I left. Two hours before, I beheld myself in the mirror with great complacency; but when I now saw myself in this same glass resplendent with jewels and flowers, I turned away with displeasure, and do not think I should have felt the least regret had I at that moment been told I wore this brilliant array for the last time.

I hastily took off my diamonds and pearls, and changed my dress; and when at length I found myself alone, face to face with the thoughts I had vainly tried to escape from, for the first time since my interview with Lorenzo a flood of tears came to my relief. The nature of the distraction I had sought now appeared in all its vanity, and the shame I felt was increased by the remembrance of Gilbert's smile and the sarcastic accent of his words. It was not in this way he had addressed me at Paris. This was not the grave, respectful manner, so different from that of any other person, which had so touched and flattered me then. The contrast made me blush, and I longed to meet him again, that I might efface as completely as possible the impression now left on his mind.

I longed also to inquire about his mother and Diana. In short, a thousand recollections, as foreign as possible to everything that surrounded me now, came to my mind and diverted it more effectually than any amusement could have done from the cause of my present troubles. I slept more calmly than I should have supposed after so exciting a day, and the following morning when I awoke, though my first thoughts were of all I had suffered the day before, I could not forget the pleasant event that had also occurred to lighten my burden.

Gilbert had asked at what o'clock he could see me, and, at the appointed hour, I was ready to receive him. I anticipated his arrival with pleasure, and felt no embarrassment, except that which resulted from the recollection of the previous evening. He came punctually, and, after an observant look and a few minutes' conversation, he became the same he once was; which reconciled me a little to myself. We talked about Paris, the Hôtel de Kergy, and a thousand other things, and his conversation, as formerly, absorbed my attention, diverted my mind from my troubles, and awoke an interest in a multitude of things unconnected with him or myself.

As he was on the point of leaving, he smiled, as he said with something of the sarcastic tone of the evening before:

"I suppose, madame, I cannot flatter myself with the hope of finding you at home, at least as long as the Carnival lasts."

"Allow me to undeceive you," I hastened to reply with a blush. "Whatever you may have thought

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last evening, I am not fond of dancing. I very seldom go to a ball of my own accord, and am sure I shall not attend another this year. This *soirée* was every way an exceptional one, as far as I was concerned."

"Really! I hope you will not think me too bold if I acknowledge that what you say affords me pleasure."

He said this in so frank and natural a way that I was restored to my ease, and laughingly replied:

"You prefer my former manner? Well, Monsieur de Kergy, I acknowledge you are right, and let me assure you it was my true one."

As he was going away, I expressed the hope of seeing him again, and from that time not a day passed in which I did not meet him. When I had no engagement elsewhere, I usually spent my evenings at home, where I invariably received a certain number of friends who were in the habit of meeting in my drawing-room. These *soirées* were not interrupted when Lorenzo was absent from home, but the number of those who composed the little circle was more restricted. Stella, of course, never failed to come, and the other *habitués* consisted of friends and some of the foreigners who lived in Naples, or were there temporarily, and preferred a quiet circle to gayer society.

On the first story, to the right and left, were two long, lateral terraces, united by a third which extended all along the front of the house. These terraces surmounted a Greek portico, whose colonnades surrounded a small square court, like those of Pompeii, into which looked all the windows of the ground floor. All that part of the house, with the exception of Lorenzo's studio, was reserved for large parties, while the first story was used for ordinary reunions. We therefore generally assembled in an upper drawing-room, which opened on one of the lateral terraces; and from the day I allude to Gilbert regularly formed a part of the little coterie which met there every evening. His influence was speedily felt, and the atmosphere once more changed around me as at Paris, and this change seemed even more beneficial than before. Every one felt Gilbert's influence more or less. He possessed the enviable faculty of elevating the minds of others above their usual level, and of communicating to them the interest he felt in whatever he was conversing about. Not that he tried to introduce subjects he had made a special study of, or to advance theories or opinions that first excited wonder and afterwards wearied the minds of those on whom he wished to impose them. On the contrary, he seemed to take an interest in everything except what was low, repulsive, and absolutely trivial. But subjects of this kind were rather not thought of than avoided intentionally in these conversations, which were lively, natural, unrestrained, and agreeable, and at the same time different from those I took a part in anywhere else.

It soon became evident that this addition to our daily reunions added singularly to their charm. Never had the annual influx of foreigners been so favorable to us. Stella, I observed, sometimes looked pensive while listening to him, and one day she remarked to me she had never seen any one like M. de Kergy. As for me, I felt the beneficial influence of his society, and welcomed it without analyzing the enjoyment that had come so opportunely to divert me from my pre-

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sent trials and renew the influences of the past, which seemed the best in my life.

The lively indignation that filled my heart every time I thought of Lorenzo's absence and its cause continued to be felt. I bitterly compared the world of perfidy and deceit he had forced me to know, with that to which Gilbert belonged. I thought of the hopes I once had, and how irreparably they had been deceived, and these reflections were my only danger at the time I am speaking of.

The Carnival was now over, but it excited no surprise that Lorenzo wished to prolong it by remaining at Milan during the Carnavalone. No one even seemed to think it extraordinary he had gone there with a beautiful woman who was returning without any escort. Naples, as I have said, was not a place where evil reports were readily credited. People were not much in the habit of discussing the deeds and actions of others. Rather than give themselves up to conjectures common elsewhere, they would make a sign, by putting the hand to the chin, to signify a thing was nothing to them or concerned them but little. But this charitable indifference did not exactly spring from love of their neighbor, and sometimes went so far, it must be confessed, as to be scandalized at nothing.

I soon perceived, therefore, that though the true cause of Lorenzo's absence was known to almost everybody, and though his course inspired a universal sympathy and compassion for me which wounded my pride, it by no means excited against him the indignation that at least would have somewhat avenged me.

Mario alone appeared grave and anxious, but Lando, who was not slow in discovering the real state of the case, confined himself to some characteristic remarks which would have appeared insulting had I not learned never to take anything he said seriously, or attach any importance to it. One eveing, however, finding himself by chance near me in the drawing-room, he said in his incorrigible way:

"If I were in your place, I would punish that dear Lorenzo in the way he deserves. Unfortunately, you are not the woman for that, I know. And, after all, you need not take the trouble, for I can assure you the fair Milanese herself will be sure to avenge you."

I did not utter a word in reply to this language, which wounded all the pride and self-respect in my nature, and, at the same time, excited a torrent of bitterness and contempt for Lorenzo. I thought at that moment of the fearful vow Livia once spoke of, and asked myself if he, this perjured partner of my life, did not make this vow as well as I. By what law, then, was I bound to it, when he had chosen to be free?

I abruptly turned away from Lando as he said this, and left the drawing-room, where we happened to be alone.

The fineness of the weather and some indications of activity in Mt. Vesuvius had drawn all the company that evening out on the terrace. I went out as if intending to join them, but I did nothing of the kind. On the contrary, I sought a place apart, where I could enjoy in peace the serene brilliancy of the heavens, and took a seat overlooking the garden and commanding a view of the Villa Reale, the bay, and the long line of mountains be-

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yond. It was one of those incomparable evenings in spring-time when all you see or hear, and the very air you breathe, at once softens, enchants, and predisposes the heart to melancholy. I had thrown over my white dress a large veil of black lace, which I drew up over my head; and, thus protected from the scarcely perceptible dampness of the night, I gave myself up without restriction to my feelings of admiration, as well as the sadness, indignation, and bitterness that filled my heart. Afar off on the sombre azure of the cloudless heavens streamed a reddish flame whose brilliancy formed a strong contrast with the trembling, silvery light the growing moon cast over the waters of the sea. It was one of those awakenings of Vesuvius, the fearful but magnificent spectacle of which is always regarded at Naples with a pleasure that greatly surpasses the anxiety it would be natural to feel at the probable consequences of a new eruption.

All my guests were at that moment at the end of the terrace, where they could have a full view of the flaming crater. But I was by no means disposed to follow their example. I remained in the seat I had taken, my face uplifted and my eyes gazing into the blue, mysterious depths, which seemed to direct my thoughts to something far beyond the visible, starry heavens. I know not how long I had been in this attitude when I perceived Gilbert, who had been on the other side of the terrace, now standing before me.

"May I have a seat here, madame," said he, "or do you prefer continuing your reverie alone?"

"Oh! no; remain. It is better for me to talk than to dream."

"And yet, to judge from your looks while thus absorbed, your dreams must have been delightful I longed to participate in them."

"I know not whether they were delightful or otherwise, but they were commonplace and true. Alas! I was thinking that the heavens are as beautiful as the earth is sad."

"Sad? . . . Yes, without doubt, but likewise very beautiful at times, something like the sky above our heads, so glorious to-night, but which does not always look as it does now."

"But the clouds pass away, and the sky again appears in its unchangeable beauty; whereas . . ."

"Whereas, a single day is sometimes sufficient to render our lives totally different from what they were before. Yes, you are right," said he.

He was silent for an instant, and then resumed with a smile:

"But these gloomy thoughts do not always prevail. It was very far from the case the evening I first saw you in Naples."

"Oh! never speak again of that evening, Monsieur de Kergy, I conjure you," I exclaimed with a warmth I could not repress. "Have I not already told you that I was wretched, infatuated, desperate? . . ."

I stopped short, confused at what had escaped me. I saw his expression of surprise, and noticed again the look of sympathy and emotion he had shown at Paris, as I wept while listening to Diana's music—a look that silently asked me the cause of my tears. Alas! the day I last visited the Hôtel de Kergy was that on which the sadness that now wholly surrounded me first cast its shadow over my path. But I did not wish to betray what I felt now, any more than I did then, and I instantly regretted

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the words I had just uttered. I think Gilbert perceived it.

"I assure you," said he after a moment, as if I had never spoken, "notwithstanding the brilliancy of your attire, you were far less imposing in my eyes than you are at this moment; and yet I am going to show a boldness I certainly should not have thought of manifesting that evening, to which I shall never allude again."

"What do you mean?"

"You seemed that night to belong to a world whose manners and language I was ignorant of, and where I felt more out of place and uninitiated than a savage. I could not have said such a word then. I hardly dared look at you afar off; whereas—but you will think me presumptuous."

"No, say what you were going to."

"Well, then, you seem now, on the contrary, as you did at Paris, a member of the world I live in—an inhabitant, a queen if you like, or a sister, perhaps, whose language I speak, as you can mine. That is why . . ."

He hesitated an instant, and then continued with an accent of truth and simplicity that prevented his manner from appearing singular: "That is why I venture—and it is showing myself very bold—yes, venture, madame, to consider myself worthy of being your friend, and, should you deign to accord me this title, I think I can safely promise never to show myself unworthy of it."

What reply I made I hardly know, but what I am only too sure of is that these words were welcome to a heart at once crushed and embittered as mine then was. The void occasioned by Lorenzo's treachery caused a suffering like that of intense hunger. My dignity, even more than my conscience, forbade my alleviating this hunger by giving vent to my grievances; nor was I tempted to do so. But was there any reason why I should refuse myself the solace of such a friendship as Gilbert now offered me? Had I any other duty now, with regard to Lorenzo, than to show a respect he had not manifested to the tie that united us? Could not Gilbert, as he had just offered, be truly my brother in heart and soul? Was he not different, as Stella acknowledged, from any one I had ever met? And was I not myself in a position without parallel?

I pass over the remainder of my reflections in silence, merely remarking here that if all the women who believe themselves to be in an exceptional position could be counted, they would be astonished, I imagine, to find their number so great, and would perhaps have to renounce some of the privileges they lay claim to by virtue of the singularity of their destiny.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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## CHURCH CHANT *VERSUS* CHURCH MUSIC.

CONCLUDED.

"AH! but it is sad to think," objects a friend at our elbow, "that your rigid principles deprive the church of the use of the *best* music. *I* think she ought to have the very best of all that this world can offer."

We have already given our friend his answer, from one point of view, in a former article. We will endeavor to give a fair interpretation of the answer which the church herself would make:

"It is not the best music, as such, that I want for my divine offices, any more than I wish my priests to decorate the walls of my churches with the *chefs-d'œuvre* of painting and sculpture simply because they are masterpieces of art. I certainly want, and rejoice to possess, *the best that is suitable* in art, whether of melody, painting, or sculpture, and even of scientific discovery or invention; but my canons of suitability would be a besom of destruction to gas-lighted altar-candles and sanctuary lamps, fixed or portable opera-glasses for the use of distantly-placed worshippers, the manufactured mimic rain, hail, and thunder storms at the beck of organ pedals, the statues of the Apollo Belvidere or the Greek Slave, valuable paintings of first-class yachts, fast horses, or prize cattle, even if they came from the pencil of a Landseer or a Rosa Bonheur; and if I cared for melody of any style for its own sake, my child, I would strongly advise my American clergy to engage the services of Theodore Thomas or Patrick J. Gilmore, whose orchestral performances are truly delicious, and the best for their purpose that can be procured in my beloved dominions of the western hemisphere. *But the purpose of these delightful concerts is not a part of my programme.* The disciples of the Grand Lama, I am told, turn off their rosaries and other prayers by means of a crank, as music is often made by mechanical organs; but my prayers and melodies are not made in this fashion. Have your *best* music, as you define it, sung and performed where it suits the best; go and hear it, and God bless you; but please do not let me hear of your inventing and using a small patent steam-whistle to replace the acolyte's altar-bell, nor a large one either in lieu of the church-bell, for that would smack a little too much of the cotton-mill or the iron-foundry; and I do not think I *would* tolerate that."

We must confess to having our patience severely tried when the question of "suitability" comes under discussion, and we burn to cry out, Where is the honest musician who is not so engrossed with, and mastered by, his art as to become, like it, deprived of ideas, or at least of the power of expressing them in one single logical affirmation, and who has a principle which he will fairly state and reason from instead of taking us into the pathless dreamland of sentiment, or enticing us for ever off the track on to side switches of individual tastes

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and special pleas that lead nowhere? Discussing the relative suitability of music and plain chant for the use of the Liturgy of the church is, in our experience, only equalled by the purgatory of suffering one's reason endures when talking "controversy" with a Protestant. Has art no first principles? Is there no relation between art and the nature and purpose of the object to be expressed or illustrated by it? Do you *dare* define "suitability" to be the harmony of the subject with *your* present mood, with the fashion of the hour, or with the demands of ignorance and prejudice, or presume to close all discussion with your "*Sic volo, sic jubeo; stet pro ratione voluntas*"?

But this is a digression. Let us return to our argument.

*Thirdly.* If we were to say that, contrasted one with the other, the expression of plain chant is unimpassioned, and that of modern music is impassioned—in other words, that the former has not much, if any, capacity for expressing human passions, and that the latter has not only a great capacity for expressing them, but also for exciting them, we think we are affirming what every one who knows anything of the philosophy of music, as well as every one who has been subjected to the influence of both, will readily acknowledge to be true. There is martial music for soldiers, to excite them to combat, or cheer them in victory, or stir their enthusiasm on the triumphant return from battle. There is music for the dancers, and distinct kinds of dance music which invite and sustain those who may wish to waltz or polka, thread the figures of the quadrille, or indulge in the lascivious mazes of other such-like enjoyments not worthy of our mention or consideration outside of our duty as confessor or preacher. There is funny music to make us laugh, and there are funereal dirges to keep us in fit mood as we march after a coffin. There is music which we know will rouse the wrath of our enemy, and there is amorous music which awakes the passion of love, pure and impure.

We have already signalized the cause which gave to music its sensuous character. Lest it may be supposed that we are endeavoring to create a theory without sufficient warrant, we quote from one who holds an undisputed post of honor in the musical world:

"Very well! that which musical doctrine had condemned, that which ages had proscribed, a man one day dared to do. Guided by his instinct, he had more confidence in what it counselled him than in what the rules commanded, and in spite of the cries of horror which arose from a whole nation of musicians, he had the courage to bring into relation the fourth note of the gamut, the fifth, and the seventh (the tritone). By this one act he created the natural dissonances of harmony, a new tonality, the kind of music called *chromatic*, and, as a consequence, modulation. What a world of things produced by one single harmonic aggregation! The author of this wonderful discovery is Monteverde.* He gives himself the credit, in the preface of one of his works, for the invention of the modulated, animated, and expressive style of melody. In fact, the impassioned accent (*l'accent passionné*) does not exist, and cannot exist, except in the leading note (*la note sensible*), and this cannot itself be produced, except by its

* Claudio Monteverde, an Italian musician, born at Cremona in 1565; died at Venice in 1649. The age of modern music can easily be computed.

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relation with the fourth and fifth degrees of the gamut — in other words that any note placed in the harmonic relation of augmented fourth with another note produces the sensation of a new tone, without the necessity of hearing the tonic or making a cadence, and that by this faculty of the augmented fourth to create immediately a leading note, modulation—that is to say, the necessary succession of different tones—is rendered easy. Admirable coincidence of two fruitful ideas! The musical drama is born; but the drama lives on emotions, and the tonality of plain chant, grave, severe, and calm, could not furnish it with impassioned accents; for the harmony of its tonality does not contain the elements of transition. Hence genius found inspiration in the demand, and all that could give life to the music of the drama was brought into existence at one blow." *

We cannot refrain from adding the reflections of another eminent musician—M. Jos. d'Ortigue:

"Is it not evident that a new order of ideas, a new social element, and a novel spirit, were introduced in music by the fact alone of the creation of a tonality, and that dissonance, modulation, transition, the leading or *sensible note*, the *impassioned accent* (mark the words), were but the material clothing, the means, the outward expression, thanks to which this new principle—namely, the *moi humain*—which had already, so to speak, broken through the upper strata of thought, made for itself a vent by means of the art of music? For just as the ancient tonality, by the fact of its constitution, inspired the sentiment of repose—that is to say, gave birth to the ideas of permanence, of immutability, of the infinite, which comport with the expression of divine things—so also disturbance, agitation, the febrile and tumultuous expression of the passions, which are the essential characteristics of all earthly things, are inherent in the modern tonality precisely in virtue of its constitution, which depends upon *dissonance* and *transition*." *

Those wise old Spartans who made it a capital crime to add a new cord to the lyre, lest the people should be rendered effeminate, would certainly despair of finding a man living in our XIXth century who was fit to be called a man, if they were told that the chord of the minor seventh was in such common use that hardly one melody can be found where its effeminate dissonance is not made to appear and to be felt.† We pray to be understood when we call the tonality of "impassioned accent" effeminate. A few words from M. Victor de Laprade will convey our meaning: "I dare to class music, and even women themselves, in the order of femininity—that is to say, in that class in which sentiment rules ideas, in which the heart is more manifestly active than reason. It is bold, I acknowledge. We are no longer living in the age of the Book of Wisdom, of the sacred lawgivers, of the prophets, of the philosophers, nor simply of Molière; we are of the age of Saint-Simon, of Fourier, of Auguste Comte, and we have changed all that. We have put the heart on the right side. I am obstinate enough to feel it beating on the left."

* *Résumé Philosophique de l'Hist. de la Musique.* Par M. Fétis.

* *Dictionnaire de l'Plain Chant*, art. Tonalité.

† We were surprised to find that we had written "*diminished*" seventh for the chord *Sol*, *Si*, *Re*, *Fa*, in our last article. The accompanying example, however, showed our meaning, and, for musicians, corrected the error.

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In his famous Instructions (we beg our readers to recall our proposed amendment of their title) the cardinal vicar feels the necessity of protesting against this emotional tendency of music. "We forbid," he says, "too lively or exciting movements," and dreads lest some composers may be led to express "the unbridled liveliness of the dance." He would not "deprive the music of that grace and coloring which art and *good taste* suggest," but thinks it necessary to add that "an effeminate softness is to be avoided."

Without question, the best music, allied to words, as music, is in the compositions for the opera. Those eminent composers who have written for the opera and for the church have indisputably produced works of a higher order of musical merit for the former than they have for the latter. * And is not operatic music the most intensely impassioned of all melody, and is it not, alas! becoming a vehicle for the expression of the most debased and lascivious passions of the human heart? Give to modern music language and a stage, free it from all the restraints of Catholic morality, and who does not see, after the experience of an operatic season in one of our great cities, that it would soon become the most powerful and dangerous of all the forces which are now threatening to enervate and demoralize our modern society? We must not be surprised, therefore, nor should we much regret, that "modern composers have failed in their works to meet the requirements of Catholic devotion."

* We would also like to know why "church music" introduced by composers into their operas is so unlike the music they have composed for the church.

Let us see what spirit marks the ceremonies of the church when consideted as opportunities for exhibiting, or as exciting causes of awakening, the passions. It is not possible to find one such occasion. All gesture which might suggest aught but the most perfect calm and repose of the soul in the actors is absolutely out of place. It is very difficult in sudden, unlooked-for instances of disturbance for the priest not to show in his countenance or by his manner symptoms of alarm, disgust, or annoyance; but he ought not to do so, and would not fail to scandalize the people, unless such disturbance happened to be extraordinary. To betray by look, gesture, or intonation of voice the slightest emotion of sensual passion, however innocent in itself, would disgust and horrify all observers. Neither do the rubrics permit him or his assistants to excite any passion in the hearts of others; for the ceremonial directs their most simple movements, the position of the body, the *tenue* of the eyes, the hands, and the feet. That "ecclesiastical modesty" which forms so constant a theme of instruction to candidates for the sacred ministry here finds its perfect realization, and is exacted in the highest degree.

The sacred offices are essentially unlike opera, and the church has the good sense to dread the introduction of anything in connection with her divine ceremonies that might be suggestive of it. We now understand why the cardinal vicar throughout the Instructions vehemently proscribes, and over and over again warns composers not to write, operatic or theatrical music, or anything like it, either in its *melodies* or its character, nor bor-

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row from it, nor imitate it in the use of ariettas, duets, trios, recitative, *finales*, or *cabaletta*. Truly, "the best music" is pretty well ruled out by his eminence. By his cautious discrimination, and prudent lopping off, and general toning down he has pretty closely clipped the wings of the steed of Helicon, and, after all, it must be acknowledged, has made of him rather a sorry and unreliable nag, not worth half the old horse who all his lifetime has never given out, or baulked, or behaved in any unseemly manner.

We trust that a distinct disavowal of any intent on our part to treat with flippancy and disrespect the oft-quoted Instructions of his eminence is not needed, for nothing could be further from our thought; but that our readers will perceive that the point of our lance is directed against the endeavor to impose a restrictive and prohibitory circular-letter of the cardinal vicar as a brief in favor of modern music with apostolic sanction. We complain, also, that the words of Benedict XIV. have been quoted by the same writers in such a way as to leave the impression on the mind of the general reader that the learned pope treated modern music as *un fait accompli*, and rather preferred it if composed according to certain demands which he makes of musicians. Wherefore we quote again his words, by which we get at his real sentiments: "The Gregorian chant is that song which excites the minds of the faithful to piety and devotion; it is that music, therefore, which, if sung in our churches with care and decorum, is most willingly heard by devout persons, and is justly preferred to that which is called figured or harmonized music. The titillation of figured music is held very cheaply by men of religious mind in comparison with the sweetness of the church chant, and hence it is that the people flock to the churches of the monks, who, *taking piety for their guide* in singing the praises of God, after the counsel of the prince of psalmists, skilfully sing to their Lord as Lord, and serve God as God with the utmost reverence."

The learned Suarez has also been cited in favor of modern church music—rather a strange fact, as the great theologian was dead and buried before the system of modern music was invented! S. Alphonsus—no mean theologian, nor a rigorist either—says: "The devil usually gets more by it than God does."

This attempt to argue a positive approval from prohibitory enactments reminds us of "a little story."

"I had the honor this morning," boasted a vain soldier, "of holding a conversation with his majesty the king."

"*You* converse with his majesty?" exclaimed his companion. "And what did you say to him?"

"Oh! *I* said nothing. His majesty alone conversed."

"And pray, what did *he* say to *you?*"

"He said: 'Fellow, stand out of the way!'"

Who has ever thought of denying that the old plain chant suits exactly the ceremonies of the church? There were never any "Instructions" promulgated, that we know of, to curb its worldly, operatic, sensual, or effeminate tendencies, simply because by its essential melodic form it does not lend itself to any such aberrations. By its short intervals, its grave and unmeasured movement, and its intellectual char-



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acter,* it is freed from all sensuousness. You can neither march to it, dance to it, nor make love with it. But you can appropriately accompany any of the ceremonies of the church with it, and pray with it; that is—to forestall the special plea of a theological "distinction"—you can *adore* with it, *propitiate* the divine justice with it, *supplicate* with it, *praise* and *thank* God with it; and doing all this, we respectfully ask, what more do you want, and, if you do want more, what right have you to ask it?

In the interests of art, do you say? Pshaw! You know well that the church can offer but a very confined field for the cultivation of music *as an art*, and, compared with music inspired by other wants and tastes, the music written for her use is not worth mentioning. It is only fit to be consigned to the flames, as our friend observes. Besides, the church is not an Academy of Arts and Sciences. Try again.

If being content with what the church prescribes, refusing to admit what she has not distinctly commanded, and contending stoutly for the fitness of that melody for the expression of her divine prayer, and as an accompaniment to her sublime offices, and which she has never declared to be unsuitable, be to "censure the whole church, and even the Pope himself," as it is insinuated we do, then we offer ourselves at once for safe conduct to a lunatic asylum, for assuredly we have lost our senses.

*A marked characteristic of Gregorian chant, Rousseau, in his *Essai sur l'Origine des Langues*, examining the influence of music, observes: "Thus melody, beginning *to be less adherent to speech*, took, insensibly, a separate existence, and music became more independent of the words. As a consequence, little by little those prodigies which it had produced while it was only the accent and the harmony of poetry, and which gave to it that power to subdue the passions which it would in the future exercise only upon the reason, ceased."

*Fourthly.* We hear much of the *coloring* in the phraseology of modern music. That it is essentially rhetorical is plain enough. It is pretty much all made up of figures of speech, musically expressed. It is especially antithetical, full of striking contrasts, and highly metaphorical. We used to hear frequently in our own church, when we had a "mixed" choir and a gallery, a *finale* of the Gloria in Excelsis which the unlearned in musical gymnastics were accustomed to say sounded like the men scampering after the women, and the women scampering after the men, and neither coming out ahead of the other. This rhetorical character of music, this dealing in figures of musical speech, which we dare affirm is not free in many an instance from the faults of tautology, bombast, and mixed metaphor, lucidly explains the reason why the frequent repetition of *morceaux de musique*, whether anthems, motets, "grand Masses," or "musical Vespers," by any celebrated composer whomsoever, soon grows tiresome. The same rhetorical phrases and identical figures of speech in the discourses of a preacher Sunday after Sunday would set all the people yawning, and, if the sacredness of the place and of the speaker were not a hindrance to such emotional display, laughing and hissing as well

The metaphorical character of music is the result of its theme, which may be, as we have already said, either pastoral, martial, amorous, saltatory, funereal, or even prayerful, etc.; but it is not really pastoral, for there are no green fields to pipe in or any hay-making going on. It is *like* pastoral music, and would be only tolerable, even in a concert-room, on the strength of the maxim, "Art for art's sake"—a principle we contend

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to be unphilosophical at best, and absolutely intolerable when applied to sacred ceremonies, and not sanctioned by a single instance in the rubrics. So, also, there are no military evolutions, no love-making or dancing, going on, for which reason the music is not *really* martial, amorous, or saltatory, but only *like* such music. But there may be a funeral, and there certainly is prayer going on; and what objection can there be to funereal and prayerful music? We have never heard any funereal *music* that was fit to accompany a Requiem Mass. We have heard musical howling, wailing, sobbing, groans and sighs of despair, and even the spiteful cursing and gnashing of teeth of the damned, as in the *confutatis maledictis* of Cherubini's *Requiem;* but let that pass for the present. Prayer*ful* music there is of incomparable sweetness and ravishing harmony, but *prayer* music—*i.e.*, music which *is* prayer—is quite another thing. Music does not lose its metaphorical character because its theme is prayerful. There is the greatest difference in the world between first-class paste and real diamond, or between vermeil and pure gold, although it is possible that neither you nor we could distinguish them without the application of a scientific test. The paste may have a perfect diamond*ful* glitter, if you will; but that this glitter is the expression of the substance of real diamond needs no argument to disprove.

Let us again apply our test. The official acts of the celebrant and his assistants at the altar are not figurative, but real. The priest acts *as* a priest, and not *like* a priest. The chorus rise, kneel, bow, prostrate, as a chorus should, and not as a chorus might. All their acts are real, finding their *ratio* in themselves, and not in something else of which they are now a good and admirable, or now a poor and far-fetched, figure. Melody for such performances should be a faithful and *true* expression of these realities. That is to say, when you hear the melody, you should hear the prayer which is the form of the *corpus rubricarum*, as the soul is the form of the human body. Subjected to this test, the paste is easily distinguished.

Now, will the diamond, as we choose to typify the church chant, be as readily known by the like test? There is nothing corresponding or similar to figures of speech in the chant, neither is it based upon metaphorical themes. It has properly no theme, but only modes, with their special intonations, mediations, and cadences. Considered in its melodic form, it is a rhythmic combination of unities, the purest artistic expression of communion with the Infinite Unity—with God. Sung in or out of the celebration of the divine offices, if it be not simple rehearsal, it is prayer, and nothing else but prayer. It rejoices in the "perennial freshness" of the Holy Mass and Divine Office, because, like these, it is not metaphorical, but real; and hence we deduce at once the explanation of its lasting character. Its melodies do not wear out or become tiresome. It would never occur to a child of the church, although he were the most accomplished musician the world ever knew, if his age surpassed that of Mathusala, and he had heard High Mass every day of his life, that the Preface or the Pater Noster (and wherefore any other chant?) was a worn-out or tiresome melody. There is a truth

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for the lovers of church *music* to digest.

The essential reason—to go to the very bottom of the matter—of the lasting character of the chant, lies in the form of its phraseology, which is purely didactic, consisting of simple and therefore sublime affirmations; this simplicity of its phraseology being often reduced to the utterance of pure substantives, as if the soul were in rapture, meditating upon God and his attributes, the Alpha and Omega, the Beginning and the End, the Being of beings, the Eternal, the Omnipotent, the Everlasting, the All in all, the All wise, the All fair, and the All good.

There is an instance of this sublime simplicity of language in Holy Scripture which is an apt example to illustrate our meaning. It is the twelfth verse of the viith chapter of the Apocalypse: "Amen. Benedictio, et claritas, et sapientia, et gratiarum actio, honor, et virtus, et fortitudo Deo nostro in sæcula sæculorum, amen"—Amen. Benediction, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, honor and power, and strength to our God, for ever and ever, amen.

The test being applied, we think we may affirm and certify the diamond.

*Fifthly.* From what we have already said, and to judge from the extraordinary pretensions of its capacity for expression put forth in these later days, modern music is essentially dramatic, mimetic, or imitative. That it is especially suitable as the melody to accompany and aid the expression of dramatic representation there is no question. There appears also to be hardly any limit of its capacity, as musicians affirm, for word-painting and scene-painting. If the musical critics are not deceived, we think that, with the full score of some genius who may be even now about to graduate in the school of "the music of the future," a Thomas or a Gilmore might dispense with the actors on the stage altogether, and with the services of the scene-painter as well. What is thought of this power of word-painting, when employed to illustrate the sacred text of the church's offices, we quote from the *Dublin Review*, Oct., 1868:

"What is called word-painting in music is, of course, very effective, but, as a rule, it cannot be carried so far in sacred as in secular music without detriment to the dignity of the subject. Indeed, even where it is not otherwise objectionable, it sometimes becomes tiresome from its conventionality. The run down the notes of the scale at the *descendit de cœlis*, and such like effects, do not bear much repetition. Indeed, the attempt at minute expression has often led to odd blunders, such as in the passages *resurrectionem mortuorum*, where the music for the first word is usually made to have a joyful effect, the latter a lugubrious one (and that, too, sometimes drawn out into musical passages cut off from the previous word, as if it were a fresh sentence), the composer forgetting that the phrase only comprehends one idea—that of the resurrection. So with the passage *remissionem peccatorum*, *exaltavit humiles*, and others that might be named."

We have already mentioned a notable instance of this word-painting—the *confutatis maledictis* from the *Dies Iræ* of Cherubini. The vividly descriptive and intensely dramatic power of that passage is well known; and if it were further heightened by a mechanically-

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darkened church, with a flash or two of stage-lightning and the rumbling of sheet-iron thunder, we are sure the effect would be quite as much as we could bear, whether as celebrant or as near relatives of the departed. Overpowered with the emotions of horror and fear which we are sure we would experience in thus having hell opened to us, we would be thinking a great deal more of the devil than of the God of mercy and compassion when the cry of fright broke from our lips, "Libera me, Domine, de morte æterna!" Certainly, deprived even of any stage effects, we have never listened to it without a shudder. And now comes the pertinent question, Is dramatic, theatrical effect what the church desires to obtain from her melody, or, at least, is she willing that there should be anything of this kind at all employed to illustrate her liturgy? We refer to the Instructions of his eminence the cardinal vicar. He is "polarized," as we say in America, on that subject. We also quote from the late articles on church music in this magazine:

"'Humana nefas miscere divinis' finds its application here. To carry the minds of worshippers in the church back to the theatre by the music is a crime, for it is a desecration."

Musicians themselves are not wholly devoid of the sense of propriety. Mme. de Sévigné relates that *Baptiste*—the celebrated Lulli—hearing at Mass one day an air which he had composed for the theatre, cried out: "Lord, Lord, I crave your pardon. I did not write it for *you!*"

We wonder if the correspondent of the *Herald* was aware of the satire contained in the following late announcement: "Signor Verdi protests indignantly against his *Requiem* being played in a circus at Ferrara."

Yet let us see if our comparison with the ceremonies of the liturgy and the character of the actors holds good as before.

There is no scenery, nor should there be any for any occasion. No, good reader, not even for the Repository of Holy Thursday. Those puppet-show "tombs," with pasteboard soldiers sleeping and watching before pasteboard rocks, are not prescribed by the rubrics, or even tolerated, and are therefore entirely out of order and unmeaning. The Holy Mass is a continuation of the crucifixion and sacrificial death of our Lord on Mount Calvary; but there is no dramatic representation of that event, for the reason, among others that we have alleged before, that it is not a representation, but a reality. We could readily understand its propriety if the Episcopalians or other sects of Protestants were to have a stage erected with scenery of the "upper room," and a supper-table with living actors or wax-figure ones, *à la* Mme. Tussaud or Mrs. Jarley, in order to vividly represent to their people the celebration of the Last Supper, because their "celebrations," high, low, broad, or evangelical, expect to have nothing more at best than a representative sacrifice or commemorative supper; but the Catholic Mass is a perfect and real sacrifice in itself, and mimics nothing.

Apart from the Mass, we have a remarkable example in our own day of a sacred drama, the Passion Play of Ober-Ammergau, which is not a real but an imitative crucifixion, mechanical in the highest degree, passional, figurative, and dramatic. Music for that, *à la bonne heure!*

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Let us again bring the chant into comparison. When we say that it is pre-eminently the chant of priests, each one of whom is "alter Christus,"* the chorus song of psalmists, we at once proclaim it as pre-eminently fitted for the expression of the liturgy, and therefore to be wanting in dramatic or word-painting capacity. There have been a few insignificant attempts made by late composers to express, after a musical fashion, the *descendit de cœlis* with square notes on a four-lined staff, in the hope, probably, that it would be mistaken for plain chant; but the guise is too thin!

Here is a fitting opportunity to explain our former intimation that horrifying, tearful, and groaning melody is not suitable even for a requiem. How often have we not heard it said, "Oh! Gregorian chant is admirable for occasions of sorrow; just the thing for a Dead Mass"; or again, "I think the chant is so lugubrious and solemn; every inflexion seems to be in the minor key," to which we reply:

In the first place, they who suppose plain chant to be in the minor key are simply in ignorance of its tonality. These we advise to study enough of the chant of their church to avoid making ridiculous objections to it. The others evidently suppose, 1st, that the church intends to excite emotions of sadness at a requiem, and to perform, especially with the services of the choir, the office of a paid mute; and if the friends and relatives are moved to weep bitterly and for a long time, every one will say, "How impressive, how touching!" meaning, "How saddening! How depressing to the spirits!" 2d. That the Gregorian chant Requiem is most admirably suited to this purpose, being a melody of *such* a sorrowful character and of *so* lugubrious a tone.

On which we remark that they are most egregiously mistaken in both suppositions. The object which the church has in view at a requiem is not to make people weep and wail, but to console, comfort, and soothe the bleeding hearts of the bereaved mourners; to pray herself, and to excite them to pray earnestly, for the soul of the departed. Nothing could be further from her thought than to horrify them with visions of the grave and imaginations of the torments of the damned. No, it is rest, eternal rest, the rapture of the soul's enjoyment of the everlasting light of glory in heaven, that forms the burden of her funereal refrain,

"Requiem æternam dona ei Domine,
Et lux perpetua luceat ei!
Requiescat in pace!"

Those who love to indulge in the luxury of woe, and who fancy that plentiful tears and a thoroughly broken-hearted manner are the proper accompaniments to a mourning dress, highly approve of the anti-rubrical exhibition of painted or embroidered skulls and cross-bones, heightened in effect by a diapering of gigantic tears, which the artist in funereal trappings has intruded upon the altar or about the catafalque. The Requiem Masses of Mozart and Cherubini would certainly admit of these imitative skeletons and mechanical grief; but not so the Gregorian Requiem.

Hark! what are those strange words which break the silence as

* "And when they had said a hymn, they went forth unto the Mount of Olives." "Id est, hymno cantato," says Estius; and also S. Augustine: "Ubi non est cantus, non est hymnus;" and S. Chrysostom: "Hymnum cecinit, ut et nos similiter faciamus." Suppose the Passion to have taken place in our day, would our Lord and his disciples have sung their "Communio" *à la* Mozart, *alla* Palestrina, or in the style of Gregorian Chant? "*Et nos similiter faciamus.*"

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the coffin is borne into the church? "Subvenite sancti Dei, occurrite Angeli Domini, suscipientes animam ejus, offerentes eam in conspectu Altissimi. Suscipiat te Christus qui vocavit te, et in sinu Abrahæ angeli deducant te." *

And now the Introit begins, which gives the keynote, so to speak, to the whole Mass:

"Requiem æternam dona eis Domine; et lux perpetua luceat eis." †

What a world of comfort in those words! How soothing and hopeful; and chanted to such a smooth, sweet melody, like oil poured out upon the troubled waters, calming the agitated and fretted spirits of the mourners, and gently turning all hearts away from the thoughts of the irreparable loss they have sustained, and shutting out the memory of the scenes of anguish and horror that marked the hours of the agony and death, solicits them to pray for the soul of the beloved departed, and to cast all their sorrow at the feet of God.

Doubtless you presume the chant is very sorrowful; and, like all Gregorian chant, this is, of course, "in the minor key." Not at all, however inexplicable it may appear to you. Read over again what we have just written above, and now learn one more astonishing fact. The chant for this Introit is written in the sixth mode, the only one of all the Gregorian modes whose scale is identical with the scale of the modern major key!

There is not an invitation to weep in the whole Requiem, neither in the words nor in the melody. It is true the church takes care to improve the occasion by preaching her sermon on the Judgment in the chant of the *Dies Iræ;* but she soon returns to her keynote of comforting prayer, and at the *Communio* (which, of course, is not sung at all at our concert requiems) she essays even a bright and cheerful melody in the triumphant eighth mode, to the old refrain,

"Lux æterna luceat eis,"

and, addressing the sweet mercy of God, inspires hope and submission to the divine will by the reminder that he is ever kind and good—"quia pius es."

Oh! what is this? It is the sympathizing pressure of the hand of the old, old friend who has always been true in sunshine and storm, in our sins and our miseries; it is her sheltering arm that folds our drooping head upon her gentle breast, and her cheery voice that has so often gladdened us in days gone by, soothing our broken heart with the only words that have power with us now—"God is good," "It is his holy will."

When we were aforetime groping in the darkness of heretical error, and denied all privilege of stretching out our hands in prayer to help our beloved dead through the mysterious way that death had opened to them, and sternly forbidden to hope for a deeper look into the future than the yawning chasm of corruption opened to our gaze in the earth, we felt—alas! how keenly—the appropriateness of the only burial service we knew of then, whose doleful burden—"ashes to ashes, dust to dust," and "We commit this body to the *ground*"—expressed well the faith that was of the earth, earthy. But

* Come to his assistance, all ye saints of God; meet him, all ye angels of God; receive his soul, and present it before the Lord. May Jesus Christ, who called thee, receive thee, and may the angels conduct thee to the bosom of Abraham.

† Eternal rest grant unto them, O Lord! and let perpetual light shine upon them.

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now our voice is lifted up in praise, and our heart-strings tuned to strains of festive joy, when God has spared our innocent loved ones the dangers and sorrows of life, chanting their translation to the skies in robes of white, and in words of joy that erst were sung by angels proclaiming "Glory to God in the highest, and peace on earth to men"; and at the borders of the tomb which hides from our sight the forms of those who for many a year have grown with our growth, and knit our very existence unto theirs, the earth with its darkening clouds is made to disappear, and heaven itself is revealed as the herald who precedes the soul to the gates of everlasting light, chants in our hearing its melodious welcome to the home of rest and glory.

"In paradisum deducant te angeli; in tuo adventu suscipiant te martyres, et perducant te in civitatem sanctam Jerusalem. Chorus angelorum te suscipiat, et cum Lazaro quondam paupere æternam habeas requiem."*

The Catholic Church calm in the face of death, and triumphant at the edge of the grave! Why does not the sight convert every Protestant and unbeliever before the setting of the sun? This is our answer: Because you have brought upon the true Israel the calamity which Mardochai the just prayed God to avert when "the mouths of them that sing unto God are shut," and by your music have bedimmed one of the most sublime manifestations of the church, and by the banishment of her chant have silenced her voice in that supreme, faith-inspiring hour!

*May the angels conduct thee to paradise; in thy coming may the martyrs receive thee and lead thee into the holy city Jerusalem. May the chorus of angels receive thee, and with Lazarus, once poor, mayest thou obtain eternal rest.

*Music* at a funeral! We would as soon think of getting an Episcopalian parson to read his gloomy burial service, or of hiring a Methodist preacher to declaim by the hour, for the purpose of exhibiting his own vanity and ministering to ours.

The reason why the much-lauded musical Masses, whether of requiem or for other occasions, have failed to meet the requirements of Catholic devotion, is because their composers have sought by word-painting to illustrate the words, as separately defined in a dictionary, instead of grasping the chief and leading ideas to which the church strives to give expression; pretty much as if a painter, intending to paint a man, should most carefully sketch apart every separate bone, muscle, nerve, artery, and organ in the body. The result obtained would be a series of most excellently delineated anatomical drawings, no doubt, but no bodily form of a man, and no expression of what makes the body a living body, which is the soul.

Hence we deduce a most important conclusion. The *form* of modern music is not prayer, but recreation, the delectation of the imaginative faculty. It aims at producing the impressions which material things excite by their contact with the senses. It seeks to imitate motion in direction or velocity, light and darkness, cold and heat, serenity or disturbance in nature. The piano alone is supposed to make us hear the booming of cannon, the galloping and neighing of horses (the *tritone Si, Fa*, which in the palmy days of Gregorian chant was called *diabolus in musica*, and which is the *essential* chord in the tonality of modern music, will be found to give the exact notes of

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an ass' braying), the dying moans of the wounded in battle, the rising and setting of the sun, and a host of other equally curious things. "I shouldn't wonder," exclaims a witty writer, "if one day I might see upon a piece of sheet music, '*Demonstration of the square of the hypothenuse*,' or '*The theory of free trade!*'" Will not some composer produce a "work" which will give the impressions produced on the souls of the people at Mass and Vespers? It might be found convenient for home use on rainy Sundays!

This suggestion quite tickles our fancy. It has the smack of originality about it, and we feel like playing with it, as a cat plays with a mouse. Who does not see at once that it opens a vast field for development of music as an art, and *precisely in the order in which musicians are now striving to give it expression?* Yes, the glory of the invention is ours.

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If our readers think this to be nonsensical trifling, let them read a few of those lucubrations styled "musical criticisms."

Musical *coloring* has only been equalled in its fantastic conceptions by the so-called *ocular harmony* and *visual melody* imagined by the French Jesuit, Father Castel, who lived about the beginning of the last century. Starting with a fancied principle that colors are reducible to a harmonic scale corresponding to the scale of musical sounds, he had manufactured what he called his *universal ribbon*, on which were graduated all colors and their most minute shades. Of this ribbon he made a little book, which he ingeniously attached to a harpsichord in such a manner that certain leaves would open at the touch of the different keys, thus presenting to the sight a particular shade of color at the same time that the hearing perceived the musical note. It is said that he spent large sums of money on this hobby. He wished also to have silks and other stuffs woven after this principle and "*dans ce goût*" of which the sacerdotal vestments ought to be made, so that every feast and season would be not only distinguished by those parti-colored robes, but also, according to his principle of the harmonic proportions of color, that by a scientific arrangement of the colors derived from his graduated ribbon one might, and, as he contended, *should*, note upon the vestments melodies, and even harmony, so that a chasuble would *sing* the Gloria in Excelsis or a cope the Antiphons at Vespers! We do not find, however, in his works, any proposal to *sing*, in colors, either at Mass or Vespers, thunder and lightning, landscapes and sunrises, jigs and waltzes, serenades of love-sick swains, the shrieks and gnashing of teeth of devils and lost souls, as our modern musicians have done with their musical coloring.

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*Sixthly.* One of the chief complaints justly made against church music is its liability to the abuse of bringing certain singers of remarkable talent into an undue and often indecent prominence, and thus ministering rather to personal vanity, to petty jealousies and envies, and to the critical delectation of the audience (?), than to the praise and glory of God. That music can be written so as to preclude such an offensive result we are not prepared to deny; but that there is any reasonable hope that it ever will be we do not believe. The principle upon which choice is made of it in preference to chant, and which has extorted the restricted and evidently unwilling toleration of it, forbids us to entertain such a hope. We fancy that such a chastened style of music, composed so as to meet this requirement, would soon be voted as "confessedly unequal to the task of evoking and expressing the feelings of Christian joy and triumph," and, with plain chant under the same ban, this world would become indeed a vale of tears and

> "... plain of groans,
> Whose arid wastes resound with moans
> Of weepers over dead men's bones."

The style inherent in music certainly calls for more or less of personal display, and consequently for some sign of appreciation from the listeners, if it be nothing more than that entranced silence which is often the most flattering applause, especially in church.

A little incident has just occurred in connection with our own church choir—we hardly need say that no women sing in it, or that chant is its accepted melody—which illustrates better than long argument the spirit that Gregorian chant inspires in the hearts of the singers. One of their number, a little chorister, lies sick in a hospital. The members of the chorus have made an offering of all the merit they gain in the sight of God, on account of their singing, for his recovery. We imagine the look of puzzled surprise if such an "act" were proposed to the singers of a musical chorus in one of our ordinary gallery-choirs.

We would furthermore ask whether music for the church could be, or is at all likely to be, composed so as not to betray the hand of the composer and elicit applause for him? Ought the people, or priest either, to suffer the distraction of remarking interiorly, "We have Mgr. Newsham's Mass to-day, but it is not so pleasing as Mr. Richardson's revised Mozart that we had last Sunday. I do hope the organist will soon give us one of those Mechlin prize Masses; but we cannot have that, I suppose, until we get a better tenor, for ours is rather a poor voice, etc., etc., etc."?

We say that all such reflections are out of order, and are a valid argument against the use of musical compositions.

What of personal display in church ceremonies? It is not only in bad taste, but irrational, stupid, and contemptible, if it be not grievously scandalous, as it might very easily become. Does any one ever dream of applause to be either given or acknowledged? Why does not the church offer prizes for the composition of "Masses" which will vie with each other in their literary style, their devotional phraseology, and other characteristics, so that the people may have the enjoyment of hearing a Mass, now of the celebrated Dr. Brown, now of Dean Jones, and now of Canon Robinson, instead of being obliged to listen

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week after week to the same old, tiresome Masses of the Feasts of our Lord, the Blessed Virgin, and the saints, the productions of the same "barbarous" age which formed the chant, and whose composers are not known to one in a million? Do not the exigencies of modern progress, and the aspirations to see themselves in print of more literati than she can find room for in her contracted temple of fame, demand that the church shall take this matter into serious consideration? We advise the American daily press to press this matter into the notice of the hierarchy at once, or at the reassembling of the Vatican Council at furthest.

As to plain chant, it corresponds exactly with this anonymous character of the present liturgy of the church, as every one can see—immortal works, that immortalize only the common faith which produced them—and then *that* will be got rid of, which is all we need or care to say on this point. *Verbum sap.*

*Seventhly* (and lastly, for the present). Modern music is essentially national and secular. It is the product of a natural and sensual civilization (a question we have not the space to fully discuss here), and advances in a degree corresponding to the cultivation of the arts for their own sake by this or that nation, besides receiving a marked impress from the national habits and tastes.

Art for art's sake! What else could we expect from a civilization which has ignored the supernatural and placed scientific investigation above the revelations of God, whose painters have abandoned the ideal for servile copying of nature, and whose highest type of beauty for the sculptor's chisel is a naked Venus?

The secular character of music—by which we mean its variability with succeeding centuries or still shorter periods of time—is also unquestionable. It is of this age or of that; now "all the rage," and now "old-fashioned" and "out of date." Modern musical airs enjoy a very short-lived popularity. Fashion is the autocrat, almost the divinity, of modern civilization. It is the logical expression of cultivated sensualism, and the art of music has basely given itself up to its tyrannical rule and whimsical lusts. Church music has been forced to bend its neck and go under the same yoke, and we do not believe it has the power to shake it off. Talk of making the style of music "alla Palestrina" popular now! We have been offered Chevalier Pustet's costly *Musica Divina* for a song; and Herr Franz may call the attention of church musicians to the works of Durante until he is hoarse. We tell you that such music is "out of fashion"; and fashion's ban in the kingdoms of this world is as blasting as the ban of the church's excommunication in the kingdom of Christ.

There must be nothing national or secular, nothing suggestive of the petty partisanship and strifes of the world, about the melody which expresses the universal and everlasting liturgy of the church. Kenelm Digby, whose judgment is of worth, says: "Sooth, no tongue can be adequate to give an idea of the impression produced by the plain song of the choir. It is full of poetry, full of history, full of sanctity. While the Gregorian chant rises, you seem to *hear the whole Catholic Church behind you responding.*"

Music may do for religions that are national or fashionable. Hymns

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in the German style may do for German Protestants; hymns and anthems in the English style may do for English Protestants; and American music (if there be such) may answer for all the requirements of devotion among the fifty odd sects that are struggling for existence amongst us—and we advise them, if they wish to make their churches "pay," to keep their music well up to the fashion—but the Catholic Church, who knows no present, past, or future in her eternal faith, whose liturgy has never been subjected to the genius of national language, whose motto, "Quod ubique, quod semper, quod ab omnibus," has defied the attacks of fashion, as her rock-founded edifice defies the gates of hell, she must have, and, thank God, she has a melody no nation or age shall call "its own," whose purity no *soi-disant* "civilization" shall ever be able to defile, which her faithful children shall always recognize as the voice of their true mother, and know it well from the voice of a foreign step-dame or of a hireling housekeeper—a voice which, through the mysterious link of divine generation, will ever speak to the child of the Father, who is his through the church, and whose Paternal compassion is sure to be moved by the tones of that song which the Mother taught him to sing.

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## ASSUNTA HOWARD.

### V.

#### SIENNA.

It was on a beautiful evening in June, just when spring was merging into summer, that Mr. Carlisle's family arrived in Sienna, and found a truly delightful home awaiting them, thanks to Giovanni's energy and thoughtful skill. The soft but somewhat enervating air of Rome had failed to restore Mr. Carlisle's strength; and the physician imperatively ordered that panacea which seems, in the opinion of the faculty, to be the last resource when other prescriptions have failed—complete change. An almost unaccountable attraction had drawn their thoughts towards Sienna, and Giovanni had been despatched to Tuscany with *carte blanche* as to preparations. He had proved himself entirely worthy of confidence; and the praises bestowed upon him by all the family, as they inspected the result of his efforts, were not unmerited. He had succeeded in engaging, for the season, a pleasant, airy villa about a mile beyond the Florentine gate of that quaint, proud city, and no expense had been spared to render it comfortable and home-like. A small grove in front of the house and a flower garden on one side promised many a pleasant hour during those days when shade and beauty afford relief and divert the mind from the power of the mid-summer sun. The *loggia* in the rear of the house, where Mr. Carlisle, his sister, and ward were now standing, commanded a most exten-

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sive and beautiful view. Directly beneath them the land sloped down into a graceful valley covered with vineyards. Beyond was a long stretch of *campagna;* and in the far distance, like a giant sentinel, rose Radicofani, on the summit of which still lingered the glory of a sunset whose gorgeousness had already departed. There is much in first impressions—more, perhaps, than we are willing to acknowledge—and it may well be doubted whether any after-sunshine would have secured for Sienna the favor it now enjoyed had Radicofani appeared for the first time before the little group assembled on the balcony, rising weird-like from out a veil of mist and cloud.

Mrs. Grey actually sighed, as, instantly spanning with a loving, womanly thought the distance which separated her from the lover she had regretfully left in Leghorn, she turned to her companions, saying: "Oh! I wish George were here. I think Sienna is lovely. There! I have seen the new moon over my left shoulder, and now I am sure he will not come this month."

Mrs. Grey was evidently very much in love. Mr. Sinclair's presence and absence formed the light and shade of her life's picture; and a picture it was whose colors were too glaring, its contrasts too striking, and it lacked deep feeling in its tone. After a pause she continued:

"But then I have always noticed that George does not like views." And removing her pretty travelling-hat, she went away to superintend Amalie's unpacking.

"He certainly did not like *my* views," said Mr. Carlisle in a low voice to Assunta, "when I expressed them to him rather freely the other day. But neither did I like his; so we were quits there."

But the attention of the traveller was soon entirely engrossed in securing the rest needful after so fatiguing a journey; and it was some days before Mr. Carlisle was sufficiently strong to explore the city, whose walls and towers could be seen, in all their mediæval picturesqueness, from the *loggia*.

At last, however, the change recommended began to tell upon the invalid, and each day added its portion of renewed strength, until Mr. Carlisle threatened every possible and impossible herculean labor, by way of proving that he was, as he said, "ready for anything."

The ladies had insisted upon postponing any sight-seeing until all could enjoy it together, though Clara protested that complete stagnation was evidently her fate. One could not find much excitement in a grove and a mountain after the first hour of novelty. Still, as long as the mail brought her a daily letter from Mr. Sinclair, and took in return the dainty, perfumed envelope containing so many pretty, loving nothings, she did not appear to be hopelessly inconsolable.

Assunta had, without scruple, made one exception to the generous resolution of waiting. But it was because she knew that the expedition she wished particularly to make alone would afford no pleasure to the others, while their presence might be the occasion of much pain to herself. Of course the interest Sienna had for her was its association with S. Catherine; and she longed to see the spot consecrated by the heroic sanctity of one whose humility was as profound as her influence on the world was powerful. She took the opportunity on Sunday, after she and Marie had assisted at Mass in a little suburban church, to visit the

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house of the dyer whose honor and privilege it was to be the father of a woman the life and character of whom might well be studied by the women of to-day. S. Catherine possessed all that the most ambitious of her sex in the present day could desire—an immense public influence. How did she gain it? Only by seeking to lose herself in the obscurity of an ignoble origin; in labors and privations for the sake of a love whose consuming fire many waters of tribulation could not quench; and in that truly hidden life in which God delights to work his wonders. The only right she claimed was that of loving, and consequently of suffering, more than others. The only insignia of rank she coveted was a crown of thorns, and it was granted to her by her Eternal Lover, who could refuse her nothing. Her power was in God's exaltation of the humble, in his use of the weak things of the world to confound the mighty. Well might those hands, which were privileged to bear in them the marks of the Lord Jesus—the sacred stigmata—be made instrumental in leading back to Rome its exiled pontiff-king. Self-annihilation was the secret of the influence of those glorious women of the ages of faith who have since been placed upon the altars of the church. O restless, self-seeking women of to-day! striving for a power which will curse and not bless you, where is the sweet perfume of your humility? Where are the fruits of mortification? Where the aureola of sanctity? Where are those grand works for God, offspring of a faith that believes all and a love that dares all? For these are the virtues in a S. Catherine or a S. Teresa which all can imitate. Or, if these standards are too high for modern souls, where are the homely qualities of those women commended by S. Paul, who adorn themselves with modesty, learn in silence, are faithful in all things, having a care of the house? Thank God, the hand of the Lord is not shortened, and holy mother church cherishes many a hidden gem of sanctity which will one day adorn the bride at the coming of her divine Spouse! Yet these are but the exceptions, unknown in the midst of the vast, ever-moving multitude seeking the open arena of life, and desiring a part in its contests, animated by hopes as false as they are human, placing that almost insuperable barrier of pride between their souls and the Sacred Heart of our divine Lord. S. James has given us this simple rule of a holy life: "To visit the fatherless and widows in their tribulation, and to keep ourselves unspotted from the world"—in two words, charity and purity. May the ever Blessed Mother of God and her glorious servant S. Catherine intercede for the women of the church, that they may never covet those empty baubles for which the women of the world are now spending their lives!

Assunta, simple child of the faith, thought nothing of all this, as she passed reverently over the threshold of the house, whose rooms, retaining still something of their original appearance, are now converted into chapels. The sacristan, perceiving in the young girl an earnestness of piety to which he was not accustomed in most of the strangers who visited this holy spot, showed to her, without solicitation, the crucifix before which S. Catherine was kneeling when she received the stigmata. With kind attention the good man

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placed a *prie-dieu* before the precious object of veneration and, then retiring, gave Assunta an opportunity to satisfy her devotion. Making a place for Marie beside her, she was soon absorbed in prayer. Here, where the very atmosphere was filled with a spirit of love and sacrifice, where the crucifix before her spoke so eloquently of the closeness of the union between the faithful soul and its suffering Lord, how easy it seemed to make aspirations and resolutions which would of necessity lose something of their heat when exposed to the chilling air of the world's indifference! How far off now was Mr. Carlisle's affection, of whose influence she never ceased to feel something; how near the divine love of the Sacred Heart, that one sole object of S. Catherine's desire and adoration! It had been the last request of Father Du Pont, when he gave Assunta his good-by and blessing, that, while in Sienna, she would often visit this holy house. He judged rightly that the evident presence of the supernatural would help to counteract the spirit of worldliness which surrounded her in her daily life. She herself already felt that it was good for her to be there; and though, when she returned home, the sensible fervor of the moment died away, the effects remained in reanimated strength. "Courage, my child, and perseverance; God is with you," were the last words she had heard from the good priest's lips; and they kept singing on in her soul a sweet, low harmony, like the music of sea-shells, soothing her in many an anxious hour.

When once Mr. Carlisle was able to go out without danger of fatigue, Mrs. Grey could no longer complain of stagnation. The cathedral, the academy, and the numberless places of interest within the city walls, the drives, the walks through the shady lanes near the villa, twilight strolls through the vineyards, and excursions into the surrounding country, filled up the time through all those pleasant weeks. Before they could realize it Assunta's birthday, her day of freedom, was at hand. A week before the eventful occasion Mr. Sinclair had arrived in Sienna, making Mrs. Grey superlatively happy. The joy he imparted to the others must be expressed in something less than the positive degree.

The sun rose brightly on the 15th of August. Nature responded to the joyous Benedicite, and "all the works of the Lord" seemed to "magnify him for ever" for the great things he had done in giving to heaven a Queen, to earth an Advocate. Nor was man silent. The grave city of Sienna put off its wonted dignity, and, by the unfurling of its gay flags, the spreading of tapestries, and the ringing of bells, testified its share in the common rejoicing of Christendom. It was the Feast of the Assumption, and Assunta Howard's twenty-first birthday. Was it strange that the young girl should have arisen with a heavy heart but little in sympathy with the glad sights and sounds that greeted her in these first waking moments? Surely, to those who understand the workings of the human heart it was most natural. On this day ended the relations between herself and her guardian. However hard the tie which bound her had made her duty towards him, it was harder still to nature to sever the bond. She was free now to go where she would; and it would soon be right for her to separate from him who was no

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longer her guardian, and was not satisfied to be only her friend. She had not realized before how much happiness she had experienced in the relationship which existed no longer; how she had rested content in the very face of danger, because the peril had in it so much more of pleasure than of pain. How sweet had been the intercourse which duty had sanctioned, and which duty must now interrupt! The feeling was all wrong, and she knew it, and she would not fail to struggle against it. Her will was resolute, but it was evident that she was not to conquer in life's battle by throwing aside her arms and withdrawing from the contest. The bearing of the cross must be daily, and not only day after day, but year after year. Only to-day she seemed to feel its weight more, and she sank a little beneath it. Was it her guardian angel that whispered courage to her soul, or was it the Blessed Mother, to whose loving protection she had been specially confided, who reminded her that our dear Lord fell three times beneath the overwhelming burden of his cross, and bade her be comforted? Yes, it was the feast of that dear Mother, and no mere human feeling should prevent her joining in the church's exultation and corresponding to her salutation in the Introit: "Gaudeamus omnes in Domino."

Assunta had ordered the carriage to be in readiness to take her to San Domenico for early Mass, and Marie's knock at the door informed her that it was waiting. She had before visited the church, but only in the way of sight-seeing. She had then been struck with its many points of interest; she had no idea until this morning how devotional it was. After Mass, at which she had received, in the Holy Communion, strength and peace, she remained a long time before the chapel containing those most beautiful frescos, by Razzi, of incidents in the life of the great saint of Sienna. The finest of all, S. Catherine in Ecstasy, is a treasure both of art and devotion. Apparently fainting, supported by two of her nuns, the countenance of the saint has that indescribable expression of peace which we see in those whose conversation is in heaven. But, more than this, the evident absence of all sensation indicates that the soul is rapt into an ineffable union with its divine Lord, and has passed, for the moment, beyond the confines of earth. Seemingly dead, and yet alive, the frail body, with its beautiful, calm face, rests upon its knees in the arms of the two Sisters, who, with all the tranquillity of the cloister, yet form a contrast to her who is so wholly dead to the world.

Assunta gazed upon the picture until it seemed to impart rest to her own soul; and yet the impression was very different from that she always received in looking at the other S. Catherine whom angels are bearing to her sepulture. Marie at last interrupted her, and, reminding her that she was the important personage at the villa on that day, suggested that she should return to breakfast. And Assunta determined that no cloud should disturb the serenity of the occasion, which all intended should be joyous.

Mr. Carlisle met her at the door on her return, and assisted her to alight. Then he took her hand in both his, and his eyes spoke volumes, as he said:

"Let me look at you, child, and see how you bear your honors.

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You are more of a heroine than I thought; for even at this distance we have heard the bells and have seen the flags. What an important little body you are! No one thought it worth while to ring me into my majority."

"It is because you did not come into the world under the same auspices," replied Assunta.

"Auspice Maria—that is the secret, then." And Mr. Carlisle lowered his voice as he added: "Consider me a Mariolater from this time, my devotion deriving an ever-increasing fervor from the doctrine of the Assumption. Well, you are free, and I suppose I am expected to congratulate you. How do you enjoy the sensation of liberty?"

"I do not think that I am yet enough accustomed to the use of my wings to feel the difference between what I was yesterday and what I am to-day. But in one point I am unchanged. I have an excellent appetite for my breakfast."

Assunta was determined to ward off all approach to sentiment.

"And here is Clara, wondering, no doubt, if I have been left behind in Sienna."

Mrs. Grey came out into the garden, looking very lovely in her white morning dress, and followed by Mr. Sinclair.

"Severn, you are the most selfish man I ever saw," exclaimed the impetuous little lady. "Do you flatter yourself that you have the monopoly of Assunta, and that no one else is privileged to wish her *cento di questi giorni*, as Giovanni says?—though I am sure I should not like to live a hundred years. My beauty would be gone by that time." And she looked archly at her lover standing beside her.

"I fancy that even relentless time would 'write no wrinkles on thine antique brow,' reluctant to spoil anything so fair," said Mr. Sinclair in his most gallant tone; then extending his hand to Assunta, he continued:

"Miss Howard, allow me to congratulate you, and to wish that your life may be as cloudless as is this wonderful sky. The day is like yourself—exquisitely beautiful."

The color mounted into Assunta's cheeks, but it was with displeasure at such uncalled-for flattery. Mr. Carlisle turned away, and walked into the house; while his sister, with that amiability which often atoned for her want of tact, exclaimed:

"Bravo! George, you have said quite enough for us both; so I will only ditto your speech, and add to it my birthday kiss. Now, dear, let us go to breakfast. Severn is already impatient."

The table had been placed in a large hall running the whole length of the house; and as the three were about to enter, Assunta paused on the threshold, in astonishment and delight at the magical transformation. The walls were literally garlanded with flowers, and fresh greens were festooned from the ceiling, while in the centre of the breakfast-table was a basket of the rarest exotics. Not only Sienna, but Florence, had been commissioned to furnish its choicest flowers for the occasion. Assunta's eyes filled with tears, and for a moment she could not speak. Mr. Carlisle, perceiving her emotion, offered her his arm, and led her towards a side-table, saying:

"And here are our trifling birthday gifts, which you must not despise because they fall so far short of expressing all that we feel for you."



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There was a beautifully-framed proof engraving of Titian's masterpiece, the Assumption, from Mr. Carlisle. Clara had chosen as her gift a set of pearls, "because they looked so like the darling," she said. Mr. Sinclair's offering was a bouquet of rare and exquisite flowers. He had all the penetration of an experienced man of the world, and understood well that Miss Howard would prefer not to accept from him anything less perishable. Assunta put her hand in Clara's, as she said:

"I never can thank you, it is all so beautiful." And then she paused, until Clara exclaimed:

"Why, Assunta love, what a solemn birthday face! To be sure, the flight of time is a serious thing. I begin to feel it myself, and shall very soon dispense with birthdays altogether—such disagreeable reminders as they are."

"What is it, *petite?*" asked Mr. Carlisle. "You know that to-day you have only to command us, and we will prove your most obedient subjects."

"Oh! it was nothing of any consequence; only a thought that you would consider very foolish crossed my mind. I am sure my solemnity was quite unintentional."

"Well, a penny for that thought, twice told."

Assunta, perceiving that Mr. Sinclair was out of hearing, explained:

"All this for my poor worthless self and nothing for Her whom God has delighted to honor. I think I was feeling a little jealous for my dear Mother. I did not want my feast to be better than hers."

"Is that all?" said Mr. Carlisle. "To hear is to obey." And without another word he quickly removed from the table everything but the picture, and, taking flowers and candles from the mantel-piece, he improvised a really artistic shrine. Giovanni, who was serving breakfast, lighted the candles, and surveyed the effect with satisfaction.

"Thank you," said Assunta, and she would not even remember that the love was wanting which would give value to the offering. "I shall hardly dare think a wish to-day, the consequence is so magical."

"And now, Severn," said his sister, "if you have finished your popery, you had better call Assunta's attention to my ever-increasing appetite. Giovanni, too, will not like to have his efforts to honor the occasion slighted by a want of appreciation."

Mr. Carlisle offered the young girl his arm, and led her to the table, saying:

"This is my first attempt at Mariolatry. Quite a success, is it not?"

"If it were only an outward sign of inward grace," said Clara, laughing, "exterior piety would be quite becoming to you, Severn. You really have an artistic taste. But you are too absent-minded to-day! Can you not see that we are starving?"

Assunta was so accustomed to hear sacred things spoken of lightly, and often irreverently, that she had learned to make a little solitude in her heart, into which she could retire from the strife, or even the thoughtlessness, of tongues, and many a short act of reparation was there performed for those who were unconscious of offence.

"I wonder," said Mrs. Grey, as after breakfast the party were standing on the *loggia*—"I wonder if Giovanni has succeeded in finding a good balcony for the races

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to-morrow. I would not miss seeing them for the world. I dote on horses."

"I very much doubt," replied her brother, "if the horses will excite the least admiration, judging from the specimens Sienna has thus far produced. But the races will be interesting, because they are entirely unique. I believe that Giovanni has been very successful in securing a balcony, and he intends to have it surpass all others in decoration; so I hope that the ladies will do their part, not to disgrace his efforts. He will expect the jewels to be set in a manner worthy of the casket which contains them."

"Never fear, Severn! Do you think a lady ever failed to look her best on such an occasion? An open balcony and a crowd—surely, she needs no other occasion for vanity."

George Sinclair removed his cigar to remark carelessly:

"And so the admiration of *one* is, after all, insufficient to satisfy you?"

"No, it is not, you dear, lazy, old fellow, and you know it. It is only because I like your taste to be appreciated that I want others to admire me. I do not think there is a more delicious sensation than to feel that you are pretty to begin with, and then dressed so as to show every point to the best advantage, and to know that every eye is fixed upon you. One can be so innocently unconscious of it all the time."

"Clara, I am ashamed of you," exclaimed her brother. "You are a perfect mirror of your sex; only, unfortunately, it is the weaknesses that you reflect to the life, and none of the virtues."

"Hush, impertinence!" replied Clara, laughing merrily. "One cannot always be a well awfully deep and reflecting only the stars. Come, George, what will be most becoming to me for to-morrow?"

If it had been a few months after marriage, instead of before, this devoted lover would probably have replied, "A fool's cap and bells, for all I care!" As it was, he concealed his inward irritation, and no one would have doubted his sincerity as he said: "You cannot fail to be charming in anything; and I will not choose or suggest, because I would like to enjoy the pleasure of a surprise."

Mr. Sinclair was sometimes fascinated by Clara's piquancy and brightness; but she did not suit all moods, and to-day Assunta's quiet dignity and the antagonism that Mr. Carlisle always excited more or less, produced an interior disturbance of which a wife would surely have received the full benefit. It is strange that an entirely worldly man will often, from a selfish motive, show a power of self-control which Christians find it difficult to practise, even for the love of God. Alas! that the devil should receive many a sacrifice, many an offering of suffering and heroism, which, the intention being changed, would produce a saint.

Mrs. Grey had not penetration enough to see below the surface, and she was entirely satisfied with her lover, whom she considered the best and handsomest man in the world, not even excepting her brother. She could rush fearlessly against a mood which would have kept a more appreciative nature at a distance; and here, perhaps, she had an advantage.

She was now about to answer Mr. Sinclair's very gratifying speech

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when an interruption came in the shape of Giovanni with a note for herself, which she read hastily, and then said: "Severn, it is from Lady Gertrude. They were passing through Sienna, and have remained over a day expressly to see your humble servant. They wish me to dine with them this evening, accompanied by my *preux chevalier*—her own expression, George. But I do not know about leaving Assunta alone on her birthday, even for Lady Gertrude."

"Oh! I hope you will not disappoint your friends on my account," said Assunta. "I have already had my celebration this morning, and it is quite proper that I should devote this evening to reflections upon my coming responsibilities."

"Besides," said Mr. Carlisle, "I beg to inform you that Assunta will not be left alone. I flatter myself that I count for one, at least; and I will endeavor to act as your substitute, Clara, in most effectually preventing those contemplated reflections. Responsibility and golden hair are an association of ideas quite incongruous, in my opinion."

"I see," said Clara, "that the balance is in Lady Gertrude's favor. What do you say, *caro?*

"If you mean me," said George Sinclair in a slightly unamiable tone, "I am always at your service."

"You bear!" replied the irrepressible Clara, "I will not allow you to go if you are cross. Well, Giovanni, come to my room in ten minutes for the answer; and remember to order the carriage for half-past five."

"Truly," said Mr. Carlisle, turning to Assunta after his sister had left the *loggia*, "I think I never saw so sunshiny a person as Clara. It is always high noon with her."

While Assunta assented cordially, Mr. Sinclair said to himself:

"Too much sunshine makes an unpleasant glare, and noon is always the most disagreeable part of the day. I confess to liking a little of the shadow of repose."

He was careful, however, to keep his thoughts to himself. If the lover could feel imperfections so keenly, it argued but poorly for the blindness of love on the part of the husband. And yet this blindness, false and unworthy as it is, seems to be the only chance of peace for worldly husbands and wives, the only protection against the evil tendencies of uncontrolled human nature. All Clara's sunshine might fail to make even a silver lining to the cloud rising in the distant future.

The sun shone brightly enough, however, when Mrs. Grey and Mr. Sinclair took their seats in the barouche to drive into Sienna; and the lady, who so much delighted in the delicious sensation of undisguised admiration, must have been more than satisfied this afternoon. Many eyes followed the handsome pair, as they passed rapidly towards the hotel. Clara knew that she was looking uncommonly well, and she was very proud of her companion's distinguished air and manner; so, altogether, she enjoyed quite a little triumph.

Assunta and Mr. Carlisle dined alone; and, as they rose from the table just at sunset, Mr. Carlisle proposed a walk down into the vineyards.

"It will soil that pretty white dress of yours, I know; but the air is so refreshing, and I want you to occupy for a while the new rustic seat I have had placed near the brook, in that lovely spot we discovered the other day. Take a

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shawl with you, *petite*, for it will be cooler as soon as the sun sets."

They strolled along slowly down through the narrow paths which separated the vines heavy with the fast-ripening fruit, pausing now and then, as some new beauty in the distant view or in their immediate surroundings excited their attention. At last, at the bottom of the valley, close beside a brook, and beneath a clump of trees, they came upon one of those fairy spots where nature seems to have arranged herself expressly to attract an artist's eye.

"Giovanni is truly invaluable," said Mr. Carlisle. "I had only to give him a suggestion, and see how well he has carried out my ideas. This is the very luxury of comfort." And seating himself, he lighted a cigar, advised Assunta to put on her shawl, and was evidently prepared for a pleasant hour.

As they sat there, almost in silence, the Angelus sounded from a distant convent tower; and, as if in answer to its summons, Assunta began to sing in a sweet, low voice Schubert's Ave Maria. Mr. Carlisle did not say a word until it was finished; then he begged for just one more, and, knowing how much he liked the simple Scotch songs, she sang "Robin Adair."

"Assunta, your voice grows sweeter every day. It is perfect rest to me to hear you sing." Then, after a pause, he threw away his cigar, and turned towards her a very earnest face.

"*Petite*, listen to me patiently a moment. I am a very proud man, as you know, and one who is not apt to sue, even where he greatly desires. It seems"—and the peculiar smile broke over his face—"that you have exercised some magic power, and with a touch of your finger have thrown down the barrier of pride against which an army might beat in vain. My child, you know what I am going to say, because I have not changed since that moonlight night in the Colosseum, except, indeed, that the feeling I then expressed has strengthened and deepened every day. I made you a promise that night. I confess that it has been poorly enough redeemed; still, you must judge me by my self-conquests rather than by my failures. But to-day releases me: and having ceased to be your guardian, I cannot give you up. I need not repeat to you what I have already said. You know that you are dearer to me than the life you have saved. I only ask, as before, the right to devote that life to you. May I?"

"I had hoped, Mr. Carlisle, that you would consider my former answer as final," said Assunta; but, though her words were cold, her voice trembled. "I, too, am unchanged since that night you speak of. I am compelled to be so."

"Assunta, you are such a child; do you, then, think it nothing to have won the love of a man who has reached middle life and has never loved before?"

"Mr. Carlisle," said the young girl sadly, "if I thought it nothing, I should not feel the pain it costs me to repeat to you, that it cannot be. I am so unworthy of your love; you must not think I do not value it. Your friendship has been more to me than I dare tell you, lest you should misunderstand me."

"Your heart pleads for me, child."

"Then I must not listen to it; for the voice of God in my soul pleads more loudly."

"Assunta," said Mr. Carlisle, "I

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think you did not understand me before—you do not understand me now. Do you suppose I should interfere in your religion? No more than I have ever done. You do not know me, child."

"I think I know you better than you know yourself, presumptuous as this sounds," said Assunta, forcing a smile. "I am sure that, were I to marry you, you would not be satisfied to hold a place in my heart second even to God. But," she added, as the old expression of bitterness crossed her guardian's face, "all this is useless. Let me put a question to you, and answer me candidly. Suppose I had made a promise to you, who love me—made it, we will grant, out of love for you—and afterwards, yielding to my own weakness, I should break that promise. Would you feel that I had done rightly—that I was to be trusted?"

"Certainly not, child. You ask strange questions."

"Well, I have, out of love for our dear Lord, made him a promise which I believed his love required of me. He is a jealous Lover, Mr. Carlisle. I dare to say this reverently. Suppose, for the sake of a human affection—for your sake—I should fail to keep my promise; would you not have reason to doubt my fidelity to you, when I could be unfaithful to my God?"

"My child, I do not comprehend such reasoning. You either do not, cannot love me, or else you have suffered religious fanaticism to get the better of your judgment. I hoped that the plea of love would be sufficient to win my cause; but it is not all. Look your future fairly in the face, Assunta. What are you going to do? You are young; I need not add, beautiful. Surely, you understand that without me you are unprotected. Have you any plans, or have you already become so independent that you prefer not to make me your confidant? My pride is gone indeed when I put my suit in another form. I ask only your hand. Let me have the right to protect you in the world you know so little. I will wait to win your heart."

"Mr. Carlisle," interrupted Assunta with more emotion than he had ever seen in her before, "you are cruel in your persistence. You wilfully misunderstand me. It seems to give you pleasure to make this trial as hard for me as possible. I have told you before that I can never marry you; let that be enough." And bursting into tears, she rose hastily from her seat.

Her guardian was so taken by surprise that for an instant he sat motionless; then he followed the excited girl, and joined her before she had proceeded far along the vineyard path.

"Take my arm, *petite*," he said gently, and they walked some distance in silence. At last Assunta said with regained composure:

"Mr. Carlisle, you asked me about my plans, and you have a right to know. I have thought much of the future, as you may believe. My desire is to return to Baltimore with Clara after her marriage, and pass the winter with Mary Percival Further than this I need not look."

There was no immediate answer. After a pause Mr. Carlisle said:

"You are your own mistress now. I shall of course place no obstacle in the way of your carrying out any wish or design which will conduce to your welfare. As for myself, the time may come when I shall cease to regret that I am in no

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wise necessary to your happiness. Meanwhile, it shall be as you say. Good heavens! to think that a mere girl should have the power to move me so," he went on, as if speaking to himself.

And apparently his thoughts were so full of Assunta that he forgot her actual presence, for they reached the house in silence, and then Mr. Carlisle proceeded at once to his own room; and so ended the birthday.

The Sienna races are a thoroughly unique spectacle—almost childish, like many features of the Roman Carnival, to the over-cultivated and consequently over-fastidious taste of this age. They take one back to the days when men were more simple, when hearts did not grow old and faith was strong. These childlike traits produced a race of men who were but "children of a larger growth," and, like children, amused with even a small amount of pomp and show, heroes as they were. And a strange contrast were the races of that 16th of August to the usual occupations of the Siennese. Mr. Carlisle's carriage passed beneath innumerable flags and between gayly-tapestried windows, as it drove to the amphitheatre-shaped piazza, the centre of which was already filled, while every seat placed against the houses which bounded the square was occupied. The bright colors worn by the peasant women, with their large Tuscan hats and the more subdued dress of the men, produced an effect at once very peculiar and very picturesque. A little cheer from the bystanders greeted Mr. Carlisle's party, as they appeared upon the balcony; for no other decorations in all that vast piazza were so fine as those in which Giovanni had shown so much skill, and surely no other ladies were as beautiful. There was no appearance of heartache or disappointment on any of the four faces which now looked out upon the crowd. We all, sooner or later, learn to wear a mask before the world, and the interior life of each one of us is often a sealed book to our nearest friends.

"Clara," said Assunta, as they seated themselves after their survey, "you seem to know more about the races than the rest of us. Please to enlighten my ignorance."

"I heard about them at the hotel last night," replied Mrs. Grey; "so you will find me very learned. Sienna is divided into seventeen wards; but only ten take part in the race, and these are decided by lot. The victor receives a prize and a sort of diminutive triumph, while the losers may think themselves lucky if they only get a scolding from their respective wards. The oracle has spoken, and further than this she is not informed."

"The rest we shall now see for ourselves," said Mr. Sinclair, "for I hear the music which I suppose accompanies the procession." And, as he spoke, the band entered the piazza from a side street. Then followed, in turn, the representatives of the different wards, each representation consisting of two flags—the colors of the ward—a number of pages, the race-horse led by an esquire, and the man who was afterwards to ride the racer, on horseback as a knight. The flag-bearers, as well as all in each division, wore exactly the colors of the flag of the ward, in costumes of the olden time; and, as these flags were of entirely different combinations of colors, and most of them very brilliant, the procession would have been very effec-

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tive without its peculiar charm. The flag-bearers were men of grace and skill, and from the moment of entering the square the flags were in continual motion—waved above their heads, flung into the air, passed under their arms and legs, and all without once touching the ground. It was a very poetical combination of color and motion, and Mrs. Grey impulsively clapped her hands with delight—a performance which her dignified lover evidently looked upon as childish. After this part of the procession came a large chariot drawn by four horses, with postilions, and bearing the ten different flags tastefully arranged. This was the model of the old Siennese battle-car, which bore the standard, and was in consequence the scene of the thickest of the fight. Upon it, in time of battle, stood a priest, invoking by his prayers protection and success. There also was the trumpeter, in readiness to give signals. A truly mediæval picture was this chariot, with associations which carried one back hundreds of years into the past. A band of music closed the procession, which, after passing around the piazza, entered the court-yard of the Palazzo Pubblico. Here the knights exchanged their helmets and plumes for jockey-caps, and mounted their racers. As they emerged from beneath the archway, and proceeded slowly towards the starting-place, across which a rope was drawn, Mr. Carlisle exclaimed, with a laugh in which there was more sarcasm than merriment:

"Are you a judge of horses, Clara? If so, you, who yesterday announced your jockey proclivities, must be greatly disappointed; for truly a set of sorrier-looking steeds I never beheld. The prize ought to be given to the one that comes in last; for, where all are so slow, there would really be no little exercise of skill in moving more slowly than a coach-horse going up-hill, and yet moving at all."

"I think, Severn," replied his sister, "that your temper was not improved by the fever. It is very disagreeable in you to inform me that the horses are not Arabian chargers, for I never should have been the wiser."

"Most men are disagreeable," he retorted.

"George, you hear that, and do not resent it?" said Mrs. Grey indignantly.

"I leave that for you to do when you can, from experience of the contrary, deny the charge. But the horses are starting on their three times round." And Mr. Sinclair leaned over the balcony with an air of interest.

"Why do the men carry those short sticks in their hands?" asked Assunta.

"I believe," said Mr. Sinclair—for Mr. Carlisle became strangely inattentive—"that the riders are allowed by rule to do all the damage they can with the sticks, which are short, so as to limit somewhat their power; for their aim is to knock each other off the horses."

"The barbarians!" exclaimed Clara. "Oh! look, see how many are falling back on the third round. It rests with the two now. I bet on the sorrel."

"And he has won, Clara," said Assunta.

The whole piazza was now in motion. Shouts greeted the victor, and the defeated retired into obscurity.

"The modern Olympics are finished," said Mr. Carlisle. "Shall we go?"

As they drove towards home in

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the red glow of the setting sun, Mr. Carlisle said abruptly:

"Clara, when did you tell me that you and Sinclair intend to make each other miserable?"

"I will not answer such a question, Severn. You are a perfect dog in the manger. You will not marry yourself or let any one else."

"If you wish to know," said Mr. Sinclair, "when your sister intends to make me the happiest of men, she has permitted me to hope that the end of September will be the term of my most impatient waiting."

"Then," continued Mr. Carlisle in the same abrupt tone, "we had better be on our way to Paris. We might start day after to-morrow, I think."

Mrs. Grey gave a little scream.

"Severn, you must be out of your mind. I thought you wished never to leave Sienna."

"I am weary to death of it; but that is not all. I have business matters to arrange, and the preparation of your *trousseau* will no doubt occupy weeks."

"But it will be so warm in Paris," persisted Mrs. Grey.

"Do people whose hearts are filled with love and their minds with coming matrimony think of weather, then? I thought such sublunary interests were left to those whose hearts were still unthawed. However, there are fans and ices enough in Paris to cool you off. I will write to-night to engage rooms." And then Mr. Carlisle relapsed into silence and abstraction.

Assunta understood well enough the cause of this change in the plans; but she was powerless to act, and could only submit. It, indeed, made little difference to her.

"George," said Clara to her lover, as they were strolling down the avenue in the moonlight, "can you imagine what is the matter with Severn? I never saw him in such a mood."

"Disappointed in love, I should judge from appearances," he replied indifferently.

"Nonsense! He does not know the meaning of the word," was the not very intelligent reply of the lady.

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## SWINBURNE AND DE VERE.*

THE dramas *Bothwell* and *Alexander the Great*, which have so recently come into the world side by side to challenge the attention of that portion of it that speaks, or is supposed to speak, the language of Shakespeare, offer all the contrasts that might be expected from their subjects, as well as from the known thought, tone, and tendency of their respective authors. One writer has taken for his chief character a great Christian woman whose story, look at it as we may, is at least of the saddest that was ever told; the other has chosen for his subject the wonder of pagan history, the exemplar of pagan greatness, whose short career is the condensation of all earthly glory and triumph.

It will be at once manifest that to a modern writer, as far as the materials for the construction of an historical drama go, the life of Mary, Queen of Scots, is beyond measure richer than that of Alexander. Her story is religiously and politically one of the day. She is still on trial, no longer before the narrow circles of York and Fotheringay, but before Christendom. The question of her innocence or guilt, and the consequent justice or injustice of her sentence, is debated as fiercely today as when alone she faced the sleuth-hounds of Elizabeth in defence of her honor and her life. The final judgment of Christendom may be said already to be a foregone conclusion in her favor, so fast is the long-withheld evidence of her innocence accumulating. But her life-blood stains a nation and a religion, or what called itself such, and the verdict that declares her "not guilty" lays a terrible and indelible blot on them. Hence every nook and cranny of history is searched, every historical cobweb disentangled, with an eagerness and minuteness so thorough and complete that the reader is better acquainted often with the history of Mary Stuart than with that of the century in which he lives.

For a dramatist a most important point is thus at once secured. His audience is interested in advance; and there is no further care for him than to make a judicious use of the wealth of material at his disposal.

And surely to one with a soul in his body never did a more fitting subject for a tragedy offer itself than Mary, Queen of Scots. The only difficulty would seem to be a right selection from a great abundance. The scenes and characters, the very speeches often, are ready made. Time, place, circumstance, are ripe with interest. The march of events is terribly rapid. The scene is ever shifting, and with it the fortunes of the queen. All the passions are there at strife. Plot and counterplot, tragedy within tragedy, love and hate, jealousy and wrath, hope and fear, the basest betrayal and the loftiest devotion,

* *Bothwell: A Tragedy.* By Algernon Charles Swinburne. London: Chatto & Windus. 1874.
*Alexander the Great:* A Dramatic Poem. By Aubrey de Vere. London: H. S. King & Co. 1874. New York: The Catholic Publication Society.

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surge and make war around this one woman, and are borne along with her in a frenzied whirl to the terrible end, when the curtain drops silently on that last dread scene that stands, as it will for ever stand, in startling relief, far out from the dim background of history.

The name of Alexander the Great calls up no such interest as this. His life would seem the least likely of subjects for a modern dramatist. Great captains, such as the first Napoleon, may look to him as at once their model and their envy; but happily such great men are few and far between. Alexander might indeed have formed an admirable theme for one of the lesser lights of the English Augustan era to celebrate in those sonorous heroics whose drowsy hum might serve at need as an admirable soporific. But he and those who lived and moved about him are out of our world; and whether he conquered ten empires or fifty, whether he defeated Darius or Darius him, whether he sighed for more or fewer worlds to conquer, is now all one to us. The sands of the desert have buried or wiped out his empire ages ago; the sands of time have settled down on his memory and half obliterated it; and the mighty Alexander serves to-day for little more than to point a moral

On the other hand, every scene and incident in which Mary, Queen of Scots, figured is intense with dramatic force. She entered on her reign at what might be called the dawn of modern history—a lurid dawn presaging the storm that was to come and is not yet over. The Reformation was convulsing Europe. It had just entered Scotland before her, and the raven that croaked its fatal entrance was John Knox. In the person of this girl were centred the hopes of the Catholic party for Scotland and England. Mingled with the strife of creeds around her was the conflict of the great Scottish families, whose miserable contentions rent and wrecked the kingdom. Any chieftain who chose and thought himself strong enough drew the sword when and for what purpose pleased him. More than half of them—those of any note, at least—were in Elizabeth's pay. Treason constituted much of the political life of those days, while under and over and among the fierce strife of political parties rang and resounded the clangor and wrangle of the delirious sects that had just apostatized from Rome. Such was the period when the helm of the most distracted state in distracted Christendom was set in the hand of a gentle girl, who stood there alone to guide it over unknown seas. All the tempest gathered together its fury and broke over her head. This is the figure chosen by the author of *Bothwell* for the centre of his tragedy. It was a time and a scene and a tragedy worthy the philosophic mind of a Shakespeare and the terrible power of an Æschylus. Mr. Swinburne's work scarcely gives evidence of the combination of these qualities.

A subject of this kind, when attempted at all, suggests painful reflections if failure, emphatic failure, is the result. A goose essaying an eagle's flight would scarcely present a more absurd figure. Mr. Swinburne has fallen immeasurably below the level of a subject whose level is greatness. Not because he has chosen to paint Mary, Queen of Scots, as a fiend, is this judgment passed on his work. Milton has proved that Satan can be converted

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by genius into the most powerful dramatic villain that ever trod the stage. Lady Macbeth may thrill us with horror, but she never causes us to yawn. The author of *Bothwell* was at liberty, by the license allowed to poets, to make his heroine wicked enough even to satisfy his fastidious taste, and still have given us a drama that of its own force and brilliancy and coherence would have extorted the admiration of the unfortunate queen's most ardent defenders. But even her heartiest haters could not resist the tendency to nod over the cumbrous wickedness, the very heavy villany, of *Bothwell*, which is simply a dilution of Froude with a tincture of Swinburne, well watered and administered in the largest possible doses, or, in plain English, a few scenes of the history of the period stitched loosely together and set to measured lines of blank verse.

Five hundred and thirty-two pages, with thirty lines to the page, in five acts and sixty scenes, make a tragedy indeed. Such is *Bothwell*. Yet, notwithstanding its alarming proportions, it only extends from the death of Rizzio to the battle of Langside, thus omitting the scene that of all others is the most thrilling and effective—Mary's execution. This may have been done with a purpose; for even malevolence falters there. Such an end, preceded by her long captivity, so patiently borne, were she even as wicked as Mr. Swinburne would make her, might almost expiate any crime, as it sanctifies her innocence.

The entire first act, entitled "David Rizzio," is absorbed by the murder of the character after which it is named. As far as its necessary connection with the drama goes, it might have been entirely and very profitably omitted. It serves, indeed, to introduce many of the characters, but to no special purpose that might not have been accomplished in any of the other acts. The author forgets that he is not writing history, but a drama. We do not want the minutiæ, everything that everybody said at any time, in any place, and under any circumstances while Mary, Queen of Scots, was living, which Mr. Swinburne seems to think he was bound to give us, and in blank verse too, in *Bothwell*. We want the situations, the great facts. What led up to them may be told or hinted at in a few lines. Mr. Swinburne does not seem to have realized this, and, as a consequence, his drama is crowded with scenes, incidents, and personages that not only hinder, but are utterly irrelevant to, the main action of the piece, if indeed the piece can be truly said to possess any main action. Thus it takes the entire first act, consisting of five scenes and *eighty-nine* pages, to kill Rizzio. At last he is happily despatched, to the relief, it must be said, of the reader, who, already wearied, finds the second act entirely devoted to a similar sanguinary operation, performed on Darnley this time. With a nice sense, notwithstanding his pronounced communistic sympathies, of what is due even to second-hand royalty of the Darnley order, Mr. Swinburne, regardless of the liberal allowance of space allotted to the stabbing of Rizzio, feels it incumbent on him to devote one hundred and forty-seven pages and twenty-one scenes to the blowing up of Mary's husband. Thus, although two hundred and forty pages in all are given over mainly to the killing of these two characters, the tragedy can be scarcely said to have begun,

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there being still three dreary acts to face.

The question naturally suggests itself here, What in the name of common sense, if not of tragedy, has Mr. Swinburne been doing with his space? Perhaps we have reason to congratulate ourselves after all that he did not pursue his unhappy victim into England, and insist upon murdering her also; for it is impossible, in the contemplation of such an event, to form even a wild conception of when and where Mr. Swinburne's tragedy was likely to terminate. The truth is, he is no dramatist at all; he is a writer of speeches, good, bad, or indifferent, as may be, but no more. Livy or Sallust have almost as just a title to be styled dramatists as Mr. Swinburne; Homer far more so. Speeches form perhaps the least, certainly the easiest, portion of a drama; and the speeches in *Bothwell* are more or less ready made. Mr. Swinburne cannot grasp a situation; he can only write *about* it. He cannot picture it to us in a few telling lines. He cannot hint a future; he must foretell it in full, or wait until it comes. He cannot content himself with leaving well alone. The Earl of Leicester's historic "nod" that meant so much is of course a very amusing caricature; but the point of a caricature lies in the kernel of truth which it covers. Perhaps the most necessary of dramatic faculties is the capability of saying much in a little; and that faculty Mr. Swinburne does not possess in the slightest degree. If anything, his special tendency lies in an opposite direction; he says remarkably little in a very great deal. Instead of mastering his material, he has become hopelessly embarrassed by it, and, like the miser in the story, perishes from want in the midst of the treasures piled up around him. His characters, instead of being moved at his will, move him at theirs. When one, no matter of how great or how little importance, opens his or her mouth, not even Mr. Swinburne himself can say when it will close. Speeches pages in length are thrown into anybody's mouth on the slightest provocation, and all pitched more or less in the same key. If Mary curses—for Mr. Swinburne is more liberal than discreet in his distribution of strong language—she is not content with one good, round, blasphemous oath once in a while, but must indulge in half a dozen or so offhand. If Knox argues or preaches, he does so at as great length almost as when in the flesh. One of his speeches fills thirteen pages without a break. If the inevitable "first, second, and third citizen" enter—who, for the manner of their speeches or the matter of them, might with equal propriety be dubbed "first citizen" or "fifty-second citizen," or anything else—they talk and talk and talk until they talk themselves off, as they would beyond all doubt talk an audience out of their seats. Almost two-thirds of the play is to the reader simply wearisome jabber, whose sense, like Gratiano's "infinite deal of nothing," is as "two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff."

The drama is so interminable that we can only call attention to the chief character, which is not Bothwell, as the title would seem to imply, but Mary, whose alleged amours with Bothwell form the groundwork of the piece. As this article does not pretend to enter into an historical investigation, this is not the place to advance reasons for disagreeing with Mr.

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Swinburne's estimate of Mary. One or two words, however, may be permitted.

The story that forms the foundation of this play has been torn to shreds by writers of every shade of opinion. Its truth, based mainly on the "casket letters," was never accepted even at the English court. Elizabeth herself was compelled to acquit her cousin of all such scandalous charges. Yet on this Mr. Swinburne, with the chivalry of a poet and the honesty of a man who must have read history, builds his nauseous drama. Again, Mary was, by all concession, a lady. High and royal spirit she had indeed, of which in some notable instances she gave ample proof; but she has never been accused of indulging in language unworthy the royal woman she was, or savoring in any sense of coarseness. She was also a consistent and practical Catholic, who knew her religion and how to hold it, even against that fierce Calvinistic wolf, John Knox, to whom it were a happiness had his insulted sovereign only meted out the measure he persistently advocated for all Catholics. But she was too gentle-natured to adopt means of enforcing silence and obedience more congenial to the spirit of her English cousin, who had a very summary manner of dealing with theological difficulties. This much being premised, let us now look at the Mary of Mr. Swinburne.

Here we have her in the very first scene of the first act. Rizzio is pleading with her the recall of Murray:

QUEEN. "What name is his who shall so strengthen me?"
RIZZIO. "Your father gave him half a brother's name."
QUEEN. "I have no brother; a bloodless traitor he is,
Who was my father's bastard-born. By heaven!
I had rather have his head loose at my foot
Than his tongue's counsel rounded in mine ear."

This is only her fourth speech in the play. It does not seem to have impressed Rizzio sufficiently; for, turning a page, we find her still railing at the subject of her wrath in this vigorous style:

. . . "By my hand,
Too little and light to hold up his dead head,
It was my hope to dip it in his life
Made me ride iron-mailed and soldieress."

With occasional spurts of this nature the queen enlivens her somewhat tedious colloquy of thirteen pages with Rizzio concerning Murray. She is candid enough to say in one place of her half-brother, whom the Mary of history really believed in too long and too blindly for her own happiness:

"I am gay of heart, light as a spring south wind,
To feed my soul with his foretasted death. . . ."

And again:

"Oh! I feel dancing motions in my feet
And laughter moving merrily at my lips,
Only to think him dead, or hearsed, or hanged—
That were the better. I could dance down his life,
Sing my steps through, treading on his dead neck,
For love of his dead body and cast-out soul."

Verily, a real Highland fling! And lest there should be any possible doubt as to the meaning of "cast-out soul," this gentle lady pursues it to its place, and gloats over its eternal torments in this Christian fashion:

"He shall talk of me to the worm of hell,
Prate in death's ear and with a speechless tongue
Of my dead doings in days gone out. . . ."

It is surely punishment enough to be condemned to carry on a conversation of any kind with the worm of hell and in the ear of death; but to compel even a cast-out soul to perform this unpleasant duty "with a *speechless* tongue" is punishment that passes ordinary comprehension. Doubtless, however, matters are or will be altered for Mr. Swinburne's special conveni-

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ence in the lower regions. Abandoning the wretched Murray to his destiny, we look for other revelations of Mary's character, although something of her mettle may be gathered from the passages already given, which have been taken almost at random from the first twenty-eight pages of the five hundred and thirty-two. They are by no means the liveliest specimens to be found.

It would display a lamentable lack of knowledge of nature supposed to be human to imagine for a moment that the woman—if the expression is allowable—revealed in these passages is likely to be at all squeamish or foolishly coy about the profession of what Mr. Swinburne would probably call her love for Bothwell. The insignificant facts that her own husband, Darnley, and Bothwell's wife, Jane Gordon, were still living, would naturally weigh lightly as feathers in the balance against her desire. Most of the scenes between the queen and Bothwell might be shortly described as "linked foulness long drawn out." Were they even word for word true, it would still be a wonder and a shame to honest manhood that they could be dwelt upon and gloated over by any writer at all. Horace boasted of belonging to the "Epicurean herd." Were he living now, he would, we honestly believe, feel conscientious scruples at admitting Mr. Swinburne into the company. Only such passages are quoted here as are presentable and necessary to endorse our judgment of this drama.

Without even an attempt at disguise, Mary and Bothwell discuss the best means of getting rid of Darnley. As a wife, expecting soon to be a mother, and as a Christian woman, it is only natural that she should urge on the not unwilling Bothwell in this style:

> "*Would I were God!*
> Time should be quicker to lend help and hand
> To men that wait on him. . . . Were I a man,
> I had been by this a free man."

In the course of the second act she falls sick, as she believes, to death. She makes her dying confession to the Bishop of Ross, who, it is to be presumed, knew his religion. That being the case, it was somewhat rash in Mr. Swinburne to put into his mouth a gross error. He assures the dying queen that

> "The man that keeps faith sealed upon his soul
> Shall through the blood-shedding of Christ be clean.
> And in this time of cursing and flawed faith
> Have you kept faith unflawed.
> Have no fear, therefore, but your sins of life
> . . . . . .
> Shall fall from off you as a vesture changed,
> And leave your soul for whiteness as a child's."

Of course there is a sense in which this may be taken as correct. The man that really keeps his "faith sealed upon his soul" and "unflawed," acts up to his faith and lives its life. But this is not what Mr. Swinburne means. In several passages he is at pains to show that it is not. His meaning simply is that because Mary held to the profession of the Catholic faith the bishop assured her that her sins would be remitted. That faith alone was sufficient for salvation was the heresy of Luther. We do not know whether those useful little compendiums of Christian doctrine commonly known as catechisms were much in vogue at the time. Had they been, Mary would have found in hers the following question and answer, which would have shamed the Bishop of Ross: "Will faith alone save us?" "No; it will not without good works."

It must be remembered, however, that Mr. Swinburne, and not the bishop, is the real father confessor to his own penitent, and a very in-

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dulgent one he makes. The queen says:

> "I would have absolution ere I die,
> But of what sins I have not strength to say
> Nor hardly to remember."

After all that has gone before, that reads remarkably like a wilful lie, as Mr. Swinburne's bishop might have hinted, particularly as she has memory enough left to enumerate her virtues, which conclude with this:

> "I have held mine own faith fast, and with my lips
> Have borne him [God] witness if my heart were whole."

Whereupon the worthy bishop takes occasion to repeat his blunder. Glossing beautifully over her sins in a graceful sentence or two, the queen proceeds to "remit all faults against her done," and ends in this edifying strain:

> "I will not take death's hand
> With any soil of hate or wrath or wrong
> About me, but, being friends with this past world,
> Pass from it in the general peace of love."

Just at this happy moment, by what would doubtless be considered "a stroke of genius," Murray is made to enter and announce the arrival of Darnley, the unfortunate individual whose crime it is to persist in being Mary's lawful husband when she is in love with one who, by her own command, was somebody else's lawful husband. As may be supposed from what we know of her already, the contrite queen greets the announcement as contrite queens in similar situations are wont to do, thus:

> "By heaven! I had rather death had leave than he.
> What comes he for? To vex me quick or dead
> With his lewd eyes and sodden, sidelong face,
> That I may die with loathing of him?
> By God, as God shall look upon my soul,
> I will not see him."

After this there is clearly nothing left for the bishop to do but administer the last sacraments and bid the Christian soul depart in peace. Luckily, however, at this critical juncture, and by another "stroke of genius," the well-known tramp of Bothwell's heel falls on the ear of the dying queen, who immediately feels better, and bids her attendants "bring him in."

One more passage, and we have done with Mr. Swinburne's Mary. Darnley is not yet murdered; Bothwell is not yet divorced from Jane Gordon; he who became James I. of England is about to be born; the queen has in the preceding scene made the "confession" noticed above; the time, therefore, was ripe for her to make the following declaration to Bothwell:

> "I purge me now and perfect my desire,
> Which is to be no more your lover—no,
> But even yourself, yea, more than body and soul,
> One and not twain, one utter life, one fire,
> One will, one doom, one deed, one spirit, *one God:*
> *For we twain grown and molten each in each,*
> *Surely shall be as God is, and no man.*"

Were there such a thing as love in *delirium tremens*, surely this would be an instance; only that Mary is perfectly cool and collected in making so plain and definite a statement. And Bothwell is just the kind of man to understand and appreciate the pleasant prospect held out for them both. He responds cheerily, hopefully, and prayerfully withal:

> "God speed us, then, till we grow up to God!"

The reader has probably seen enough of Mr. Swinburne's Mary Stuart. It will be clear to any impartial mind that beheading was far too easy a fate for such a character.

In one thing at least has the author succeeded. He set out to paint a monster, and a monster indeed he has painted in Mary. The question for the reader to determine is whether his very full-armed Minerva be an emanation from the brain of this modern Jove or one who was a real, living

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woman. A woman ravenous for blood, lost to all shame, hating even her unborn offspring, blasphemous as Satan, cruel and pitiless as hell, brawling as a drunkard, full of oaths and coarse expressions as a trooper—if this be a true picture of Mary, Queen of Scots, of the woman who in her day drew, as she still continues to draw, the hearts of all true men and honest women to her side, then has the author done his work well and literature a service. But if she be the opposite of all this—a woman cruelly murdered and systematically wronged, at mention of whose name the heart of that chivalry which is never dead, and will never die while Christian manhood lives, leaps up—one is at a loss to father the writer's monster on any other than himself. Viewed in this light, it can only be looked upon as the product of an imagination diseased, an intellect debauched, and a mind distorted—the work of a man whose moral nature has gone astray, and to whom consequently all that is true, pure, womanly, manly, godly, has lost its significance and value.

From the Christian heroine to the pagan hero we turn with a feeling of relief. The very title of Mr. de Vere's drama challenges criticism. To write about Alexander the Great is one thing; to make Alexander speak for himself is another. The world, fashionable as it is to abuse its taste, is discriminating in the conferring of titles that are universal. Local magnates of greater or less magnitude are common enough; but men whom all civilized nations in all ages have agreed to crown with *greatness* are very few and very far between. From the number of these the son of Philip of Macedon probably stands out preeminent. In his brief career he accomplished more than any human conqueror ever accomplished, and he succeeded in leaving more after him. So complete and marvellous was his success, and so gigantic his projects, while his means were proportionately limited, that, beyond all possibility of doubt, the man, young as he was, must have been a marvellous genius. Being so, he must not only have done great deeds, but thought great thoughts. He must have been fitted in every way to be a leader of men. This, perhaps the most marvellous character in human history, is the one of all others whom Mr. de Vere, with a courage which, if not justified by the result, can only be looked upon as either rashness or folly, has undertaken to set living and real before us, speaking the speech, thinking the thoughts, scheming the schemes, dreaming the dreams of Alexander. Greatness thus becomes one of the necessary standards by which we must judge Mr. de Vere's work. If his chief character is not great in thought and word, as we know him to have been in deed, he is not Alexander, and this work can only be regarded as a more pretentious failure than the other. If he is great in thought and speech, where are the elements of his greatness to be found? In the brain of the author, in the conception of the poet—nowhere else. For in this case the speeches are not, as they were in the other, ready made and to hand. The record of Alexander's deeds we have; but Alexander we must imagine for ourselves. What manner of man, then, is this that Mr. de Vere has given us? is the first and most natural question to be asked.

Friend and foe alike are busy about him. At the opening of the play Parmenio, the testy but honest-



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hearted veteran of Philip, before Alexander has yet made his appearance, in words where the admiration of the soldier and the irritability and jealousy of old age are admirably blended, says:

> "A realm his father owed me,
> And knew it well. The son is reverent too,
> But with a difference, sir. In Philip's time
> My voice was Delphic on the battle-field.
> This young man taps the springs of my experience,
> As though with water to allay his wine
> Of keener inspirations. 'Speak thy thought,
> Parmenio!' Ere my words are half-way out
> He nods approval or he smiles dissent.
> Still, there is like him none! I marvell'd oft
> To see him breast that tempest from the north,
> Drowning revolt in the Danubian wave.
> The foe in sight, instant he knew their numbers;
> If distant, guess'd their whereabout—how lay
> The intermediate tract—if fordable
> The streams—the vales accessible to horse:
> 'Twas like the craft of beasts remote from man."

Antisthenes, the rhetorician, describes the man of action as a rhetorician might:

> "This king is valued past his worth:
> He nothing says that's sage, like Ptolemy,
> Or keen-edged, like Craterus. This I grant him:
> *Sagacity supreme in observation;*
> He sees with eye inspired. Seeing with him
> Is Act and Thought, not sense."

Arsinoë, the daughter of Darius, thinks that "he neither loves nor hates." He is royal-faced, "albeit too eager-eyed." And Hephestion, the strong friend on whom alone of all men Alexander leans, tells her of him:

> "He loves not many, and himself the least:
> *His purposes to him are wife and child.*"

"Free him from that conceit," says Parmenio later on, "that he's a god,"

> "The man of men were he:
> None like him we have had since Marathon."
> PHILOTAS. "I grant his greatness were his godship sane,
> But note his brow; 'tis Thought's least earthly temple
> Then mark, beneath, that round, not human eye,
> Still glowing like a panther's! In his body
> No passion dwells; *but all his mind is passion,*
> *Wild, intellectual appetite, and instinct*
> *That works without a law.*"
> PARMENIO. "But half you know him.
> There is a zigzag lightning in his brain
> That flies in random flashes, yet not errs.
> Chances his victories seem; but link those chances,
> And under them a science you shall find,
> Though unauthentic, contraband, illicit,
> Yes, contumelious oft to laws of war.
> Fortune, that as a mistress smiles on others,
> Serves him as duty-bound; her blood is he,
> Born in the purple of her royalties."

And so they go on describing him, each in his own way; for, with felicitous art, the presence of Alexander is made to permeate the drama, yet so unobtrusively and unconsciously to all seeming that the mind of the reader, though held fast on the chief character throughout, never wearies of him. The extracts given, culled from here and there, point all in one direction. They are consistent, however they may vary in expression, about the man they describe. He is not like other men; he towers above them; he stands alone. But even this only tells us what men say of him. It may mean no more than any young-lady novelist's description of her hero, whose biting sarcasm and brilliant wit are gifts that it was thought were buried with Sheridan. All which we are willing to concede, only that by some untoward accident the brilliant wit and biting sarcasm never appear on the surface. How does Alexander speak for himself?

In literature, as in life, very much depends on the impression a man makes on his introduction. Alexander's introduction is happy and suggestive. He meets us first at Troy when setting out on his expedition. Around him rise the temples of the memorable dead who died in the Ten Years' War. He is in search of the fane of Achilles, his ancestor, as he claims. Aphrodite and Helen have no attractions for him, upon whose mind "the wise Stagirite" had impressed the high code of pagan morals, that the passions were "a yoke which Action's strenuous sons should scorn to bear." He stands on ground where heroes fought and

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strove for ten long years together, and the question comes at once to his earnest mind,

"That ten years' war, what fruit thereof remains?
What empire lives, its witness and its crown?
What shall we say? That those were common men
Made large by mists of Time? Or shall we rather
Conclude them real, and our age a fraud?"

His friend Hephestion is reminded by the fanes around, not of the greatness, but of the littleness, of man and of the common ashes to which we come at last. In what, had he the ear to hear it, had been for his leader a solemn warning, he cries out:

"Alas! how small an urn
Suffices for the earth-o'erstriding dust
Which one time shook the world!"

But Alexander cannot contemplate the end of men and things in this calm fashion. To him, as to Achilles, death is "malign and intercepting." It bears no thought of peace or rest. He describes it as "that frustrate, stagnant, ineffectual bourn where substance melts to shadow." Far away in "the dimness of the dolorous realm" he sees, though sad, "the unvanquishable youth" of Achilles surviving and lamenting—

"Despite the embalm'd, purpureal airs and gleam
Immeasurable of amaranthine meads,
The keen, reviving, strenuous airs of earth,
And blasts from battle-fields"—

that is the very breath of his nostrils—earth, life, action, with a purpose in it, and the keen intoxication of occasional "blasts from battle-fields."

But he is not a mere genius errant, a Don Quixote of conquerors, wasting himself on windmills and flocks of sheep. He has a clear, resolute purpose before his mind, to which he shapes all things. It is to make the world one empire, which Grecian intellect should rule. The Governor of Sardis, when the Granicus is won, he bids:

"Tell those realms
Betwixt the Euxine and Pamphylian Seas,
That Grecian galaxy of Lesser Asia,
That Argive choir in eastern exile sad,
That Doric garland on base Persia's brow,
We came not here to crush them, but exalt;
This hand shall lift them to their first estate,
And lodge them mid the skyey heights of Greece."

Such is his plan; and whatever crosses him must break before or bend to that. Kings, empires, mighty cities, religion, customs and traditions, commerce, all must yield before his indomitable will. Nothing is sacred to Alexander, save what is sacred to Alexander's plan. All things were fashioned to his purpose, and existed only to be made subservient to him. He gazes from the sea-shore on Tyre of the ships, with its wealth, its energies, its possibilities, and the little it has done with them, and bursts forth:

"Wings without body! such—no more—is commerce
Which rests not upon empire! Commerce, ruling,
Disperses man's chief energies, *but, ruled*
*By spirit heroic*, increase yields of thoughts
That give to greatness wider basis. Tyre!
How soon thy golden feathers forth shall fly
Upon the storm of War!"

Lacking the "spirit heroic," Tyre's opportunities and life have hitherto been thrown away, as were thrown away the letters that Phœnicia gave, useless to the inventors. He goes on:

"Men stumble thus on glories not for them,
The rightful appanage of the capable.
The empire I shall found shall tread the earth,
Yet over it go flying. From its vans
The twin-born beams of Grecian Song and Science
Shall send perpetual dawn."

Mr. de Vere's verse is tempting to quote; but we must hasten on. Some idea of his Alexander may be gathered from the passages given; but, as we said, he permeates the book, and we must leave it to the reader himself to trace the slow growth and development of this singularly-rounded yet most difficult conception. We do not believe that the author in this instance has fallen below the level of his subject, high and remote as that level was.

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A strong, resolute, far-seeing character, possessed with the very passion of empire, speaks to us in every line of *Alexander*. Many of his sayings have almost the wisdom and the brevity of proverbs. "Time takes still the conqueror's side," he tells Hephestion; and when that great-souled character puts the deep and solemn question, "*Is there forgiveness for conquerors?*"—his answer is:

"Aye; but for half-conquerors, none."

Here is his policy told in a line:

"Strong hand makes empire; hand that heals retains it."

When, in a light moment, he asks his generals, were gods their slaves, what fortunes would they choose, and all cry out, "A kingdom!" he says aside:

"Note this, Hephestion:
Imagination is economist,
And vastest ends move less the appetite
Than small things near and easier of access."

Here is a truth for conquerors to ponder. In the height of his conquest he is convinced that

"The vanquish'd must connive, or victory's self
Its own grave digs in the end."

All the littleness of greatness, all those surroundings that to small minds stamp, if they do not constitute, greatness, are for him emptiness.

"To breathe applauses is to breathe that air
By breath of men defiled: I stand, and stood,
On the mountain-tops, breathing the breath of gods."

There is another aspect to his character at which we must glance. We have called attention at the beginning to his jealous hatred of death. Life and death are to him constant enigmas, to which he sees no solution. The only, or at least the great, obstacle that he sees in the way of accomplishing his dream and passion of empire is death. No human foe he fears; but the fates. Time, he passionately says, is no friend of his. He has to build his empire in few years. He is running a constant race with time, and something seems to whisper to him ever that his years are few. In this, too, lies an humbling fact. He, like others, is human and subject to death. This inward struggle and rebellion against his humanity is constantly going on. The thought, What am I? What do I? Who am I? Whence come I? Where go I?—all these things for ever trouble him. He would be a god; but he finds his loftiest aspirations bounded by a wall of flesh, and beyond that—a blank.

With keen dramatic instinct and happy thought the author gives him the opportunity of answering for himself these questionings. He visits the temple at Jerusalem, and converses with the high-priest. The truth is unfolded to him, and the true God made known. He hesitates, and finally rejects the truth. It clashes with his purpose.

"O'er all the earth my empire shall be just,
Godlike my rule,"

he promises the high-priest; whose answer is the solemn rebuke:

"Young man, beware! God's prophet
Awards thee Persia's crown, but not the world's:
He who wears that should be the Prince of Peace.
Thy portion lies in bounds. Limit and Term
Govern the world."

This revelation tells on his character throughout the rest of the play. He has no longer that blind confidence in himself, though his mind like a vise holds to its resolution of founding the empire he was warned he could not found. His iron will and indomitable energy overcome all obstacles; but time is creeping on, and he feels it. To unite Persian and Greek together, in order to win the Persian, he must be proclaimed a god; and a god he is proclaimed. But the emptiness and mockery of the title are shown with intense force in the

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workings of the king's mind up to this madness. He strives to argue himself up to godhead only by arguing godhead down to him:

"A race of gods hath fallen:
Then Zeus in turn may fall. I find for gods
No thrones secure; *to man's advance no limit;*
No certain truth amid contending rites;
No base for faith."

He remembers the warning about limit and term, only to say scornfully,

"That's for others:
To grasp a world for me is feasible;
To keep a half-world, not."

He turns further and further away from faith of any kind; his creed resembles that of more modern conquerors:

"The man that empire founds
Must measure all things by the needs of empire."

And the final outcome of his thoughts is this:

"This only know we—
We walk upon a world not knowable,
Save in those things which knowledge least deserve,
Yet capable, not less, of task heroic.
My trust is in my work: on that I fling me,
Trampling all questionings down."

And yet the next moment he cries out:

"I sometimes think
That I am less a person than a power,
Some engine in the right hand of the gods,
Some fateful wheel that, round in darkness rolling,
Knows this—its work, but not that work's far scope.
Hephestion, what is life? My life, since boyhood,
Hath been an agony of means to ends;
An ultimate end I find not. For that cause,
On-reeling in the oppression of a void,
At times I welcome what I once scarce brook'd—
*The opprobrium of blank sleep.*"

There are many scenes of strong dramatic power in this drama—the death of Darius, the quarrel with Parmenio, the rebellion of the Greeks, the last scene with Philotas, and others; but the power and intensity deepen at the close, when death at last creeps into the veins of the conqueror. He has lost Hephestion earlier in the drama, and this loss rends his heart. There is much truth in his singular, almost selfish love for his great-souled friend, who stood to Alexander as a wife would stand to another man. But he to whom "his purposes were wife and child" could not lean on a woman. It must be a man, strong, brave, keen-eyed as himself, but calmer, larger hearted, humbler, greater souled. Such was Hephestion, and his strong yet sweet character is not only admirably drawn, but affords an excellent foil throughout to the eager, impetuous, fiery nature and fiery words of the king.

Omens thicken around him, and the end comes at Babylon. The fever that burns at his heart seizes on his body while sailing on the Lake of Pallacopas. As the royal barge passes, a strain rises up from the waters:

"We sate beside the Babylonian river:
Within the conqueror's bound, weeping we sate:
We hung our harps upon the trees that quiver
Above the rushing waters desolate.

"If I forget thee, Salem, in thy sadness,
May this right hand forget the harper's art!
If I forget thee, Salem, in my gladness,
My tongue dry up and wither, like my heart!"

It is a relic of the Babylonian captivity. The song forces from Alexander the sad confession, significant to all conquerors:

"The ages pass, like winds;
The old wrong remains, rooted like tombs, and moves not:
All may be done through Time; yet Time does naught.
Let kings look well to that."

The end is on him. Though "maimed, and tamed, and shamed," he is resolute still, but impotent, and the empire lacks completion, he confesses, while

"The years, the months,
The hours, like ravening wolves that hunt a stag,
Come up upon my haunches."

Fighting time to the last, he succumbs; but he will not even die as other men. In his half-delirium he tells Ptolemy:

"I have a secret—one for thee alone:
'Twas not the mists from that morass disastrous
Nor death of him that died, nor adverse gods,

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Nor the Fates themselves; 'twas something mightier yet,
And secreter in the great night, that slew me."

And thus, surrounded by his warriors and his generals, with success within his grasp, but that grasp nerveless, his last moments troubled with awful visions and ill dreams, resentful to the last against what slew him, in doubt and in fear, in youth and glory and empire, in the fatality of success, staring with strained eyes into the dread void beyond that no ray of faith illumines, he whose nod was life or death to nations, Alexander, *the god*, passes away and dies—of a little slow fever that has entered and claimed for its own the clay of which he was made.

Mr. de Vere has written at once a magnificent poem and a powerful drama. We have devoted our attention in both instances to the chief characters, and thus many scenes and personages in *Alexander the Great* on which in reading we have dwelt with much pleasure and admiration must pass unnoticed. The author, if we may say so, has surprised us by the strength and finish of this work. The action of the piece is rapid; the characters, small and great, rounded and full; the scenes most varied and dramatically set. The clew to the play we take to be that old whisper which first allured our parents from their allegiance, and tempts forever the race of man: *Ye shall be as gods.* The whisper runs through the piece from the first line to the last, and lends to it a purpose and a plan of its own. The dramatist has taken the man who in human history came the nearest to exemplifying its truth to prove its utter and miserable falsehood, and to read with a new force the old and eternal command that alone can order the life of man wisely and well: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve."

When he died, Alexander was nearly thirty-three. With him really, though remnants lingered after him, his scheme and his empire passed away; and when to-day we look for what is left of the world's conqueror, of Alexander the god, we must search in musty tomes and grope in desert sands. Nothing is left of him, save some words and histories; and even were they lost also, and his very memory blotted out with them, the world to-day would in reality be little or none the loser.

Some centuries later there died Another at the age of thirty-three. He came into life silently; he went out of life ignominiously. He led no army; he had no following of any note; he was the son of a carpenter, and born of a despised race. He was born, he lived, he died, in poverty, sorrow, and suffering, a social outcast even from his own people. The last three years of his life he spent in preaching in and about Jerusalem. His doctrines were strange and startling. They were utterly subversive of all human glory and greatness. Like Alexander, he proclaimed himself divine, and claimed to be the Son of God. Like Alexander, he too died, but a death of ignominy. Before his name had spread far beyond Jerusalem, men rose up, Jew and Gentile, king and priest, church and state, together hanged him on a tree, nailed him there, tortured and slew him, and when he was dead sealed up the tomb in which he was buried. And there, humanly speaking, was an end to him and his.

To the world what had he left? A memory—nothing more. Men said that he had wrought wonders, that virtues flowed out of him, that

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his hands rained mercies, that the blind saw, the lame walked, the lepers were cleansed, the very dead rose again. Idle rumors! like that other of his bursting the tomb and rising again, walking in the flesh and ascending into the heaven from which he said he had come. And this was "the Expected of the nations," "the Prince of Peace," who was to accomplish what the high-priest warned Alexander was not for him, with all his power, to accomplish—to unite all the nations under one yoke. A likely prospect with the material he had left!

He left behind him no empire, no record, not a line of writing. He left a few words, a few maxims, a few rules of life, a few prayers, a few promises, a few men who timidly believed in him, a few commands. The world, its belief and non-belief alike, its customs, maxims, tendencies, he condemned as wrong. He commanded it to remodel itself according to the few rules he had left—rules singularly comprehensive, simple, and clear: to believe in him, to obey him as the son of God and God, to believe and obey those, and those only, whom he sent forth in his name, armed with the powers he gave them, fighting with the weapon of the cross. And what is the result? Who is the conqueror of the world now? Jesus Christ, in whose name every knee shall bow, or Alexander the Great? Here is a mystery surely that men should ponder. What shall explain the victory over the world, over sin, and over death, of Him whom they nailed to the tree nineteen centuries ago? Nothing but the words of Peter—"Thou art Christ, the Son of the living God." Thou art he that was to come, and we look for no other. "And he was clothed with a garment sprinkled with blood: and his name is called *The Word of God.* And he hath on his garment and on his thigh written King of kings and Lord of lords."

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## REQUIES MEA.

KEEP me, sweet love! Thy keeping is my rest.
Not safer feels the eaglet from beneath
The wings that roof the inaccessible nest,
Than I when thou art with me, dearest, best,
Whose love my life is, yea, my very breath!
Thy Son to Egypt fled to prove our faith.
Not Herod's men had snatched him from thy breast,
Or changed his thronèd slumber into death.
How wonderful thy keeping, mighty Queen!
So close, so tender; and as if thine eyes
Had only me to watch, thine arm to screen;
And this inconstant heart were such a prize!
And thou the while, in beatific skies,
Art reigning imperturbably serene!

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## ONTOLOGISM AND PSYCHOLOGISM.

OUR readers sometimes complain that the philosophical articles of THE CATHOLIC WORLD are too hard to be understood. Yet some of these very readers make a great effort to read these articles, and ask questions about metaphysical subjects—among others, about the very topic of the present article—showing a great desire to gain some knowledge about them. We are going to try to make this article intelligible to these readers, even to those who are yet quite young persons, in whose laudable efforts to improve their minds and acquire knowledge we are greatly interested.

We shall begin, therefore, by explaining some terms which need to be well understood before they can be used in a satisfactory manner, and especially the two which make up the title of this article. Ontology is the name given to one branch of metaphysics, which is also called general metaphysics, in distinction from the two other principal branches of that science—to wit, logic and special metaphysics. It is derived from two Greek words—that is, the first two syllables from a word which means being, and the last two from one which means reasoning. It is therefore a reasoning about being, or the scientific exposition of the object of the idea of real being, of metaphysical truth, good and evil, beauty, substance, accident, quantity, causality, the finite and the infinite, the contingent and the necessary, etc. Psychology is also a Greek derivative signifying a scientific exposition of the rational soul of man, its powers and operations, which is a sub-division of special metaphysics. Therefore every philosopher must be an ontologist and a psychologist, in the proper sense of those terms. Yet, there is a difference between ontology and ontologism, psychology and psychologism. Ontologism and psychologism are names denoting opposite philosophical systems which diverge in opposite directions from the scholastic philosophy, or that philosophy commonly taught in the Catholic schools after the method and principles of the Angelic Doctor, S. Thomas Aquinas. Of the authority which this philosophy possesses in the church we cannot now treat at length. We will, however, cite here the latest utterance of the Sovereign Pontiff which has come to our knowledge, as a sample of a great number of similar official expressions of approbation from the Holy See. In a letter to Dr. Travaligni, founder of the Philosophico-Medical Society of S. Thomas Aquinas, dated July 23, 1874, Pius IX. says: "With still greater pleasure we perceive that, faithful to your purpose, you have determined to admit only such members to your society as hold and will defend the doctrines propounded by the sacred councils and this Holy See, and in particular the principles of the Angelic Doctor concerning the union of the intellective soul with the human body, and concerning substantial form and primary matter (*materia prima*)." We shall take for granted at present that in all its essential parts, as well as in those speci-

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fied in the above quotation, the philosophy of S. Thomas has the highest sanction and authority in the church which any system of philosophy can have, and that it is the only true and sound philosophy. The system of ontologism differs from it by proposing a totally different ontology, which is made the basis of an essentially different philosophy. The advocates of that system call themselves ontologists, as claiming to be the only philosophers who understand rightly real being and the relation of intelligence to it as the object of its intuition and knowledge. They are also called by that name by their antagonists for the sake of convenience and courtesy, as those who believe in God, but not in revelation, are called theists, although neither party has an exclusive right to the appellation given to it by usage. Psychologism is a system which makes the basis and starting-point of philosophy to lie exclusively in the individual soul and its modifications, like Des Cartes, whose first principle is, "I think, therefore I am." The opponents of the scholastic philosophy who pretend to be ontologists give it the nickname of psychologism, because they either misunderstand or misinterpret its ontological and psychological doctrine. The scholastic philosophy is also frequently called Aristotelian, because S. Thomas derived a great part of his metaphysics from the great philosopher of Greece; and Peripatetic, which was the name given to the school of Aristotle, because the teachers and pupils used to walk up and down during their lectures and discussions. Those who diverge from the philosophy of S. Thomas in the same direction with the ontologists are also frequently called Platonists, because they follow, or are supposed to follow, Plato, in regard to certain opinions differing from those maintained by Aristotle.

The philosophical disputes which have been lately carried on with so much vehemence about questions of ontology are by no means of recent origin. They have been waged both within and without the limits of the Catholic Church. Des Cartes, the great modern master of psychologism, always professed to be a loyal son of the church, and had many disciples among Catholics. Malebranche, the author of modern ontologism, was a devout priest of the French Oratory; and Cardinal Gerdil, who began as an earnest advocate of the same doctrine, but gradually approached toward the scholastic philosophy in his maturer years, was really the second man to the Pope for a long time in authority and influence, as well as a most illustrious model of virtue and learning. More recently, the principal advocates of ontologism have been very devoted Catholics. The Louvain professors, Hugonin, Branchereau; for anything we know to the contrary, Fabre, and many others, have been most zealous and devoted Catholics. Only Gioberti, who was, however, the prince among them all, and one of the most gifted men of the century, among the well-known leaders of that school, was a disloyal Catholic. We have heard on very good authority that Gioberti continued to receive the sacraments up to the time of his death, and was buried with Catholic rites. Nevertheless, as a number of priests were still in the external communion of the church at the time Gioberti was living in Paris, who were really heretics and have since apostatized, this fact alone does not count for much as a

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proof that he died in the Catholic faith. All his works were long before on the Index; he was at least suspended, if not *ipso facto* excommunicated, as a contumacious rebel against the Pope. Dr. Brownson calls him "that Italian priest of marvellous genius, and, we were about to write, Satanic power." And again he says: "Gioberti died, we believe, excommunicated, and his last book, published before his death, contains a scurrilous attack on Pius IX., and bears not a trace of the Catholic believer, far less of the Catholic priest." * For a long time the Church did not directly interfere with the philosophical discussions which went on among her children in regard to ontology. Neither Des Cartes† nor Malebranche was condemned, nor were any specific propositions in the works of Gioberti censured. The Holy See has never been in the habit of using its supreme magisterial authority in deciding scientific controversies considered merely as scientific. Science is left to itself, to make its own way and fight its own battles, unless the interests of the faith become involved with those of science. When these interests demand the interference of the supreme authority, it utters its disciplinary edicts or its doctrinal decisions, as in its wisdom it deems opportune and necessary. For a considerable period of time philosophy was left in the enjoyment of the largest liberty, so long as the doctrines of the church were respected and maintained. But when professed Catholics, especially in Germany, began to frame systems of philosophy manifestly dangerous to sound theology and subversive of it, the Holy See began to exercise a more special vigilance over the teaching of philosophy in Catholic schools. Gregory XVI. and Pius IX. have condemned a number of works, of systems, or of distinct propositions in which philosophical errors were contained, because these were directly or indirectly subversive of the Catholic faith. Among other errors condemned, ontologism holds a prominent position. After various means more mild and indirect of correcting the evils which the teaching of this system threatened to produce had failed, the Holy See pronounced (Sept. 18, 1861) its condemnation of seven propositions embracing the fundamental tenets common to the so-called ontologists, and some particular tenets advanced by individual professors or writers of the same school. The professors of the Catholic University of Louvain were required to make a formal act of submission to this decision of Rome, which they did in the most exemplary manner.

The Abbé Hugonin, when nominated to an episcopal see in France, was also required to make a formal renunciation of ontologism, which he had taught in his writings, as a condition of receiving the confirmation of the pope, and complied without hesitation. The Abbé Branchereau, a distinguished French Sulpitian and professor of philosophy, voluntarily submitted a statement of the doctrine contained in his *Prelections* to the examination and judgment of the Holy See, and, when the judgment condemning his system was made known to him, promptly submitted and suppressed his work. In fact, there has been everywhere a most ready and edifying submission given to

* *Brownson's Review*, July, 1874, pp. 301, 304.

† Some of Des Cartes' works were, however, required to be corrected, and placed on the Index with that note.

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the judgment of Rome on a system which was rapidly spreading and gaining ground, and toward which a great number of the finest minds among Catholic scholars felt the strongest attraction. The reason of this may be found in the fact that those who had embraced this system or were inclined toward it were generally good Catholics, holding sound theological principles, and imbued with the love of truth and the love of the church, loyal to conscience, and well grounded in Christian humility and obedience. Consequently, ontologism, as a system prevailing among Catholics and in Catholic schools, is dead, and rapidly passing into oblivion—a great gain for science, as well as for religion, since it removes a great obstacle in the way of the revival of the genuine and sound philosophy which alone contains the real and solid wisdom of the Grecian sages, the fathers of the church, and the gigantic masters of the mediæval schools, combined, harmonized, and reduced to method.

It is time now to explain in what the essence of ontologism consists. In the words of M. Fabre, a professor at the Sorbonne, "Ontologism is a system in which, after having proved the objective reality of general ideas, we establish that these ideas are not forms or modifications of our soul; that they are not anything created; that they are necessary, unchangeable, eternal, absolute objects; that they are concentrated in the being to which this name belongs in its simple signification (*l'être simplement dit*), and that this infinite Being is the first idea apprehended by our mind, the first intelligible, the light in which we see all the eternal, universal, and absolute truths. Ontologists say, then, that these eternal truths cannot have any reality outside of the eternal essence, whence they conclude that they do not subsist except as united to the divine substance, and consequently that it can only be in this substance that we see them." *

We will now give the first two, the fourth, and the fifth of the propositions condemned at Rome, and which, with the other three, were taken from the prelections of a professor in a French seminary, never published, but extensively circulated in lithograph or MSS., and which, the reader will see, express the identical doctrine summarized so concisely and ably by M. Fabre:

I. The immediate cognition of God, at least habitual, is essential to the human intellect, so that without this it cannot know anything, since it is the intellectual light itself.

II. That being which we intellectively perceive in all things, and without which we perceive nothing intellectively (*quod in omnibus et sine quo nihil intelligimus*), is the divine being.

IV. The congenital knowledge of God as simply being (*ens simpliciter*) involves every other cognition in an eminent manner, so that by it we have implicit knowledge of every being, under whatever respect it is knowable.

V. All other ideas are only modifications of the idea in which God is intellectively perceived (*intelligitur*) as simply being (*ens simpliciter*).

Similar propositions to these are found in the fifteen submitted by M. Branchereau to the judgment of the Holy See, viz.:

1. In the act of thought two

* *Défense de l'Ontologisme*, p. 1.

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things are to be essentially distinguished—the subject thinking and the object thought.

2. Again, the object thought is distinguished into two things—that which is being simply, and that which is being in a certain respect.

3. By that which is being simply we understand real being, concrete and infinitely perfect; . . . in a word, that which is being simply is God.

12. From the first instant of existence the mind enjoys ideal perception, not indeed reflexively, but directly.

13. Among the intelligible truths, which we apprehend ideally, God occupies the first place, the intellective perception of whom, although essentially distinct from the intuition of the beatified, is terminated, not at a representative image, but at God himself.

The reader will now, we trust, understand without difficulty what is the fundamental idea of ontologism—namely, that God is the *immediate object* of the intellect, the ideal object which faces it from its creation, is present to it as its light and its luminous, intelligible term of vision, in which all ideal, necessary, self-evident, eternal ideas, verities, realities, are concentrated, beheld, made luminous; lighting up all objects whatsoever which exist and are perceived by sense and intellect, so that the things that are made are clearly seen by the invisible things of God, even his eternal power and Godhead; as Malebranche expressed it, "in Deo," and Gioberti, "in Deo et per Deum"—in God, and by or through him, as clouds in a luminiferous ether. For an explanation of the scholastic doctrine of the origin of universal ideas we refer the reader to a former article on Dr. Stöckl's Philosophy. In brief, it is the reverse of the one just delineated, viz., the universal and transcendental ideas are derived by abstraction from created things, and the knowledge of God is obtained by a discursive act of reasoning, by which we ascend from the knowledge of creatures to the knowledge of the Creator, whose invisible essence and attributes are understood by the things that are made. That is, God is known by a mediate and not an immediate apprehension, resulting in an intellectual judgment that he is. The mind terminates at a representative and inadequate image of God, and not at God himself or that which is God, real, concrete, necessary, infinite being, which is the remote and reflected object of the intellect.

We are now prepared to answer the question, What is the harm and danger of ontologism on account of which it has been condemned? It has not been condemned as heretical, for it does not formally, directly, and explicitly contradict any doctrine of faith. The Holy See has simply decided that it cannot be safely taught—that is, that it cannot be taught with a safe conscience, without danger to the faith, and consequently without grievous sin. It must therefore contain in it an error which cannot be extensively held and taught in Catholic schools without a serious danger of indirectly subverting Catholic faith and doctrine, especially in the minds of the young and inconsiderate. While this danger was only remote or not yet apparent, the error might be tolerated, and left to be opposed and refuted by argument. Moreover, it might be held and advocated in good faith and without sin by intelligent and pious men, who are liable to error when left to their own reasonings about abstruse mat-

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ters in theology and philosophy. But when the danger was apparent and proximate, it was necessary to appeal to the supreme authority of the Roman Church, that the whole matter might be thoroughly examined and adjudicated; and, the judgment being once rendered, the cause is finished for all good Catholics. Thenceforth all that remains to be done is to study the import of the decision, and to search into the reasons by which thé condemned errors may be proved false by philosophical and theological arguments, and the opposite truths brought out into a clearer light for the advancment of sound and solid science and the protection of the faith.

That part of Catholic doctrine which was endangered and indirectly subverted by ontologism is the one which relates to the distinction between nature and grace, the rational knowledge of God attainable by man in this life, and the immediate intuition of God enjoyed by the blessed in heaven. Ontologism destroys the real distinction between the natural and the supernatural orders, between the abstractive vision of God by reason and faith, and the intuitive vision of God without any medium, and face to face. It is true that ontologists have never taught that man has, or can have, a clear vision of the divine essence, like that of the blessed, by his unaided natural powers. This is a heresy condemned by the General Council of Vienne. Moreover, it would be too absurd for any sane person to maintain that such a vision is congenital and possessed by all men from the first instant of creation. Nor would any one who maintains that the idea of God is impressed on the soul at its creation be so extravagant as to assert that the clear and distinct conception of God which can be obtained by reason and faith is present to the minds of all men from their birth. Ontologists are careful to state that there is a difference between the immediate cognition of God in this life and that of the life to come. And all who maintain any kind of ideal cognition which is congenital or innate, understand by this something which exists unconsciously in the soul until its powers are developed. The object is there, facing the intellect, but the intellect has its eyes closed, and cannot perceive it. When it perceives it, it is first obscurely, then clearly, then more or less distinctly. Its congenital cognition is an unconscious, undeveloped act. But all the principles of conscious, developed cognition are in that act, and are only evolved by the operation of the senses and the intellectual faculties. The error condemned is the assertion that this cognition has God in his intelligibility as real and necessary being as its *immediate* object. And though it is not formally a heresy, since it does not assert that the immediate cognition of God is identical with the beatific vision, or deny the necessity of the light of glory to make the soul capable of the beatific vision, it is erroneous, inasmuch as it removes that which really makes the essential difference of the vision of the blessed, as distinct from the natural cognition of any created intelligence. This difference is defined by Benedict XIV., in the Const. *Benedictus Deus*, to be that the blessed see God "without the mediation of anything created which presents itself as the object seen"—*nulla mediante creaturâ in ratione objecti visi se habente*. Every other cognition of God must therefore have some created

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object of intellectual vision as an intermediary between the intellect and God—that is, must be mediate and not immediate cognition. An immediate cognition, however obscure and imperfect, must therefore be essentially the same with the clear, beatific intuition of the essence of God, and capable of being expanded, extended, developed, increased, made more penetrating or powerful, without being essentially changed, until it equals or surpasses the intuition of the highest angel in heaven. The light of faith or the light of glory can be therefore only aids to the improvement of the human intellect in its own natural capacity and activity—as if one should see the stars more plainly by a telescope, and afterwards receive a more perfect body with a visual organ superior to any telescope that was ever made.

A more elaborate similitude will make the difference of immediate and mediate cognition of God more plain. Let us suppose a barbarian lying asleep on the shore of his lonely island in the Pacific, while a large ship, the first which has ever approached it, has just come within the most distant range of vision. There is an object, then on his horizon, which he has the power to see, but does not perceive until he awakes. He perceives it at first as a very small and dimly-seen object—as *something*, he knows not what. It may be a cloud, a bird, a wave sparkling in the sun, a canoe. It is a large man-of-war which is the real object perceived, but he does not know that it is a ship, or know its contents, or even know what a ship is. This is an obscure perception. By-and-by he can see that it is not a cloud, or bird, or canoe, but a large, moving structure, whose principal parts are visible to him. This is a clear perception. When it has anchored, he has been taken on board, has seen its crew and armament, its cabins and hold, and has learned what is its purpose and the utility of its principal parts, he has a distinct conception. After he has learned the language of the sailors, and has been instructed to a greater or less extent, he acquires a more adequate and perfect knowledge, like that which the sailors themselves possess; he joins the crew, and becomes an expert seaman, and finds himself to have become much superior in knowledge and happiness to what he was before the ship came to his island.

Let us also suppose that a bottle is washed ashore at another island, and picked up by a native. When he opens it, he finds in it a drawing representing a large ship, and a paper containing particular information about the ship and its crew. This bottle had been thrown overboard after the ship had sprung a leak in mid-ocean, and was about to founder. After the bottle has been found by the native, Europeans arrive at the island, by whom the papers are examined, and their contents explained to the native, who learns also from the explanation of the drawing to understand what the ship is, its use, construction, parts, etc. He thus gains substantially the same knowledge of that ship and its crew with that which the other native gained about the other ship, though in a different way, without ever seeing the ship itself, but only an image of it. One has immediate, the other mediate cognition. One sees the object in itself, the other sees it in something else. In the first case the native saw something which was a ship, but while it was distant it was not

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visible as a ship, only as an object. Afterwards it was visible in its outward shape and appearance as a ship, in clear, unmistakable contrast with every different object, but not distinctly understood or closely inspected, or made the principal object of the occupation, the attachment, the enjoyment, of the native—in a word, the home and centre of his chief earthly good. When he first saw something in the distance, he really saw the ship, and in that vision was virtually contained all that he afterwards discovered in respect to it; whereas, the other native never saw the other ship, and never could see it by means of drawings or verbal descriptions, although he could learn that it was a ship, and what ship it was, where it sailed from, who sailed it, and when and where it foundered.

The above comparison is not perfect, since every comparison must limp at least a little; but we think it is sufficient as an illustration of the process by which the human intellect attains to the knowledge of God and the beatific vision of God, according to ontologism as differing from the doctrine of sound Catholic theology. According to ontologism, God presents himself to the intellect, when he creates it, as its immediate Object, objective Idea, or intelligible Term. So soon as it is capable of apprehending eternal verities, it apprehends that which is God, although not yet knowing explicitly that what it apprehends is God—that is, the one, living, most perfect Being who is the creator and sovereign lord of all things. By another step it acquires a clear conception of God, and makes the judgment that God is, and that he is eternal, infinite, omniscient, omnipotent. This judgment is an evolution from that cognition which existed at the beginning as a habit into an explicit act, as the explicit act of faith is deduced from the habit of faith given to the infant by baptism. That God is, is known by what he is—that is, by his essence, which is seen in the eternal verities or divine ideas as they are in reality, not distinguishable from the divine substance. Faith gives an obscure perception of the interior mysteries of the divine substance which are beyond the ken of the intellect unaided by revelation, or, in other words, are superintelligible verities; and the light of glory increases the power of intellectual vision so that it sees clearly and distinctly the interior essence of God, which completes the beatification of the soul.

In this place we may cite the third of the seven condemned propositions, which expresses the aforementioned theory, as taken in connection with the fifth. This third proposition is: "Universals, objectively considered, *a parte rei*, are not really distinguishable from God"; and the fifth: "All other ideas are only modifications of the idea in which God is intellectively perceived as simply being—*tamquam ens simpliciter intelligitur.*" Universals are general ideas, each one of which is capable of being predicated of a multitude of subjects. The logical universals are five—genus, species, differentia, attribute, accident. The ten categories of Aristotle include all the supreme genera, though some maintain that a better division may be made. The transcendental ideas are those which transcend all generic classification, because they may be predicated of every genus and all its inferiors. They are the ideas of being, unity, the good, the true,

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the beautiful. They belong, therefore, to the universals, although predicated in analogous and not identical senses of the diverse genera and their inferior subjects. Take the supreme genus substance, as an instance, and follow it down to man—substance, corporeal substance, organized substance, animal, rational animal, *i.e.*, man. His proximate genus is animal, his differentia rationality, which constitute the species man. The concrete reality of the universals, substance, etc., terminating in the species which is rational animal is found only in individual men. The direct universals, genus, species, differentia, exist, *a parte rei*, in each individual of the human species. Each man is a substance, corporeal, organized, animal, rational, and these universals can be predicated of him as their subject. The transcendental predicates, also, are connected with individual men as their subject. Individual men have being, unity, verity, goodness, beauty. But these may be predicated in senses which are only analogous to each other of the composite essence, of its distinct parts, soul and body, of the attributes or essential qualities of man, and of the accidents of individual men. For instance, the human essence is essentially good; the soul and body are good each in its own order; rationality is good; learning, valor, amiability, moral virtue, sanctity, are good; but there is analogy only, not identity, in these various kinds of good. The same is true of being. It is absurd, therefore, to speak, as Plato does, of a universal good, true, beautiful, or to speak of any universal idea, such as being, or a modification of being, as having any objective reality as a universal, except as a concept of the mind with a foundation in that which is or may be an actually existing thing. They are metaphysical essences, with their generic, specific, qualifying, and transcendental predicates. All the categories or supreme genera together make up what is called the nature of things, considered metaphysically; considered in their physical being in the sum of all concrete existences, they make up universal nature. The metaphysical essences are necessary, immutable, eternal, and potentially infinite. They are the eternal verities, the necessary truths, which copy the divine ideas upon nature or the universe, where God has impressed them, and are abstracted from the works of the Creator by the intellect of man. They are distinguishable from God, therefore they are not in the essence of God, or the divine ideas subsisting in the divine substance, and are not there seen by the intellect. This was long ago proved by philosophers and theologians. It is now declared by authority that it is unsafe thus to identify them with God, and thereby make him the immediate object of the intellect. The reason why it is unsafe is that it destroys the differentia which makes our rational cognition of God specifically distinct from the intuitive cognition of the blessed. There are also other dangers to faith and sound theology involved in the doctrines or tendencies of ontologism, which we have not space to notice.

Neither the absurdity nor the heterodoxy of ontologism is avoided by the system of Gioberti. The objection of Giobertians to pure ontologism, that it furnishes no dialectic principle uniting natural theology with other branches of special

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metaphysics and with ontology, is, indeed, well taken. But this only shows that pure ontologism is absurd and incoherent. It does not remove the absurdity of that which is common to pure ontologism and the ontologism of Gioberti. Neither does it remove its heterodoxy. Saying that we have immediate cognition of something which is not God does not make it more orthodox to say that we have immediate cognition of God. Moreover, Gioberti's doctrine, as taught by himself, and understood by his European disciples and admirers, as well as by his acutest and most orthodox opponents, is far more heterodox than that of any other ontologist who is also a Catholic. Evidence has been furnished which has never been rebutted that Gioberti was a pantheist even before he published his *Introduction to Philosophy*. In a letter to Mazzini, written before that date, but only afterwards published from a motive of pique against him, he says explicitly that he is a pantheist after the manner of Giordano Bruno, though a Christian pantheist. What does this mean, unless it means that he had conceived a plan of combining pantheistic philosophy with the Catholic dogmas, as a part of his grand scheme of reconciling paganism with Christianity, and the European revolution with the Papacy? On this supposition he must either have acted the part of a deliberate liar and hypocrite—a baseness of which we believe him to have been incapable—or he must have intended, and in a subtile manner insinuated pantheism in the guise of his famous ideal formula, *Ens creat existentias*. In this case whatever may bear a pantheistic interpretation or seem to point to a pantheistic conclusion must be pantheistically interpreted, so far as the sense of the author is concerned. It is not strange, however, that many have understood him in a sense not directly heretical, or even, perhaps, quite compatible with Catholic faith. For his works are filled with passages which, taken in a Catholic sense, are gems of the purest and most precious sort. If the formula *Being creates existences* be taken in the orthodox sense, as equivalent to *God creates the world*, it is obviously a directly contrary proposition to any one expressing pantheism. To make it bear a pantheistic sense, definitions of being, create, and existences must be subintroduced which vitiate its orthodox meaning. But, leaving aside this question, we have already proved that a Catholic must hold that the human intellect cannot have an immediate cognition of the first extreme of the formula, viz., that real and necessary Being which is God. Without this he cannot have an immediate cognition of the creative act, as the act of God, or of created things in their ideas, considered as the divine ideas themselves in the divine mind, and really identical with the divine essence. It is certain that the Holy See did not intend to condemn pantheism in the decree respecting the seven propositions, for it would never have affixed such a mild censure if it had so intended. Ontologism, whether couched in Gioberti's formula or not, is condemned in that sense which is not pantheistic, and under every formula which includes an affirmation of the immediate cognition of God by the human intellect, as defined by M. Fabre in the passage quoted at the beginning of this article.

Before concluding we are obliged reluctantly to add a few words



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about a personal controversy with Dr. Brownson, with whom we always regret to have a difference respecting any matter which belongs to Catholic doctrine. We desire to explain, therefore, that we made no statement to the effect that the ontologism condemned by the Holy See had ever been formally and explicitly taught in philosophical articles, whether written by himself or any one else, in this magazine. Moreover, in the passage where his name is mentioned there is no direct statement that "*his own* ontologism" falls under ecclesiastical censure. The utmost implied or asserted is that some educated men might think that some of his statements are "unsound," philosophically or theologically, and demand a certain benignity of interpretation in order to escape the censure which a professed theologian would justly incur if he made such statements in a book written for school-boys or young pupils. Dr. Brownson's own defence of his doctrine, as based on his definition of intuition: "Intuition is the act of the object, not of the subject," was cited as the precise distinction between his own doctrine and the one condemned, upon which the question of the theological soundness of his peculiar ontologism turns. We called it "a newly-invented distinction between ideal intuition and perception or cognition," and qualified the definition above quoted as an "assumption," which we think is quite correct. It is new in Catholic philosophy, and has not been proved. We think, therefore, that the phraseology of Dr. Brownson makes his doctrine liable to an interpretation, even by educated men, which makes it similar to that of the condemned ontologism. That it is sound and safe we are not prepared to say. Neither do we say positively that it is not. If it is, we think Dr. Brownson can place it in a clearer light than he has yet done, and we shall heartily rejoice to see him distinctly enunciate and vindicate his fundamental doctrine, whether it does or does not accord with that which is held by the disciples of S. Thomas. Of his loyal intention to conform his doctrine to the decisions of the supreme authority in the church there can be no doubt. That he has so far succeeded in doing so, at least by an exact and explicit expression of it, we cannot help doubting. We cannot see that the distinction between ideal intuition and cognition, so far as we apprehend it, suffices.

We understand him to define ideal intuition as an act of God presenting himself to the intellect as its object, and to call the act of the intellect apprehending this ideal object empirical intuition. We understand him also to identify the immediate object on which the active intellect exercises its discursive operations with real, necessary being—*i.e.* God—although it does not make the judgment that eternal verities are real being, and that real being is God, immediately, but by means of reflection and reasoning. Now, we cannot see any essential difference between this doctrine and that of M. Branchereau and other ontologists. We do not think it possible to escape the ecclesiastical censure on the doctrine of the immediate cognition of God, unless something is placed, *ratione objecti visi*, between God and the intellect, making the cognition mediate. Moreover, we consider that the term cognition in the Roman decree covers intuition and simple apprehension, even in their confused state, as well

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as distinct conceptions and judgments. Dr. Brownson's peculiar terminology and informal method of arguing make it, however, more difficult to understand his real doctrine and compare it with that of standard authors than if it were expressed in the usual style and method.

Dr. Brownson has also further charged the author of *Problems of the Age* with having actually taught in the opening chapters of that essay, as first published in this magazine, the very ontologism condemned in the seven propositions. That there are ambiguous expressions and passages which taken apart from the whole tenor of the argument are liable to such an interpretation, we do not deny. But in reality, it was the doctrine of Gerdil which was intended, and expressed with sufficient distinctness for a careful and critical reader. This doctrine is expressed by the illustrious cardinal in these words: "God, who contains eminently the ideas of all things, impresses their intellectual similitudes in us by his action, which constitute the immediate object of our perceptions." Upon which Liberatore remarks: "In these words Gerdil did not modify the ontologism which he professed in his youth, but retracted it. And indeed, how can even the shadow of ontologism be said to remain, when the immediate object of our perceptions is no longer said to be God, or ideas existing in God, but only their similitudes, which are impressed by the divine action upon our minds."* A few quotations from the *Problems of the Age* will prove the truth of our assertion that it proposed a theory similar to the theory of Gerdil.

"It is evident that we have no direct intellectual vision or beholding of God. The soul is separated from him by an infinite and impassable abyss."* "God affirms himself originally to the reason by the creative act, which is first *apprehended by the reason*† *through the medium of the sensible*. . . . Thus we know God by creation, and creation comes into the most immediate contact with us on its sensible side."‡ "The knowledge of God is limited to that which he expresses by the similitude of himself exhibited in the creation."§ "It is of the essence of a created spirit that its active intuition or intellective vision is limited to finite objects as its immediate terminus, commensurate to its finite, visual power. *It sees God only mediately*, as his being and attributes are reflected and imaged in finite things, and therefore its highest contemplation of God is *merely abstractive*."‖

More passages might be quoted, but these may suffice. The form of expression is frequently Giobertian, especially in the early chapters. But the author understood Gioberti in an orthodox sense. In our opinion Dr. Brownson, as well as ourselves, failed to a very great extent to understand his artfully-expressed meaning. We used language similar to that of ontologism, but the sense in which we asserted the intuition of God was that of an infused idea of necessary and eternal truths; having their foundation and *eminent*, but not *entitative* existence in God, as Father Kleutgen teaches; by virtue of which the mind can rise by discursive reasoning through the creation to an explicit conception of *what* God is, and make the judgment

* *De Orig. Idearum*, art. v. obj. 3.

* Catholic World, vol. iii. p. 294.
† Meaning the *understanding*.
‡ Ib. p. 519. § Ib. p. 520. ‖ Ib. vol. iv. p. 660.

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*that* he is. All that introductory part of his work which treats of ontology was, however, suppressed by the author when the *Problems of the Age* was published in book-form, precisely on account of the tincture of ideas and phraselogy, which too nearly resembled those of ontologists, and were too obscure and ambiguous.

We do not suppose that the ideology of those Catholic philosophers whom we may call Platonisers, for want of a more specific term, has been condemned; or the Peripatetic ideology enjoined as the only one which can safely be taught in the schools; by any positive precept of the Holy See. Nevertheless, we think the former ideology, in all its various shapes, has received a back-handed blow, by the condemnation of ontologism, which must prove fatal to it. We see no logical alternative for those who reject psychologism, except between ontologism and the ideology of S. Thomas. The objective term of intellective conceptions must be, if it has real existence, either in God, in created things outside the mind, or in the mind itself. If it is the latter, a vague idealism which carries philosophy into an abstract world, separated by a chasm from the real, seems unavoidable. There is no real, concrete being, except in God and that which God has created. Unless the universals are mere conceptions or ideas, and unless ideas are, not that *by which* the intellect perceives, but that *which* it perceives—and this is psychologism—they must have their entitative existence in the essence of God, and be indistinguishable from it; or they must have it in created objects. The former cannot be safely held and taught. Therefore we must take the latter side of the alternative, or fall into psychologism. There is no solid rational basis, except that of scholastic philosophy, on which we can stand. The master in this school is the Angelic Doctor. Our interpretation, or that of any greater disciple of S. Thomas, has no authority, except that which is intrinsic to the evidence it furnishes that it is really his doctrine. The evidence is clear enough, however, to any competent person who examines it, that we have stated his doctrine correctly, and that all the criticisms upon the ideology we vindicate fall upon S. Thomas, and not upon us. Any one who will read the great works of Kleutgen and Liberatore can see this proved in the amplest manner from the writings of S. Thomas and in his own distinct statements. And any person of ordinary common sense will conclude that a man of the acute intelligence, conscientiousness, and patient application which characterize Father Liberatore, in a lifelong study of the clearest and most lucid author who ever wrote, cannot have failed to understand his philosophical system. Liberatore avowedly confines himself to an exposition of the philosophy of S. Thomas pure and simple. And in his great work, *Della Conoscenza Intelletuale*, he has given the most ample and lucid exposition of that particular part of it, with a solid refutation of the other principal theories. Kleutgen is more original, and not less erudite, though perhaps not equal to Liberatore in the thorough mastery of the writings of the Angelic Doctor; and he has given a most extensive and complete exposition of scholastic philosophy, accompanied by an exhaustive appreciation of modern systems, in his

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*Philosophie der Vorzeit.* It is very well for those who can do so to study S. Thomas for themselves, though even they cannot neglect his commentators. But it is idle to recommend this study to the generality of students in philosophy and theology, as a substitute for the study of the minor approved authors. Dogmatic and moral theology and philosophy are real sciences, as they are taught in the Catholic schools, and they can be and must be learned from text-books and the oral instruction of professors. The presumption is in favor of the books and teachers approved by ecclesiastical authority, that they teach sound doctrine. There cannot be anything more injurious to the interests of ecclesiastical or secular education than to depreciate and undermine their legitimate authority, and thus awaken distrust in the minds of those who must receive their instruction from them, or else undertake the task of instructing themselves. Such an undertaking usually results in a failure which may have disastrous consequences. The greater number follow self-chosen and dangerous guides. The few of superior intelligence and activity of mind; who throw off respect for all authority except that which they recognize as absolutely infallible, or submit to through the worship which they pay to genius and to ideas which have captivated their intellect and imagination; are apt to indulge the futile and dangerous dream of remodelling philosophy and theology. Such have been the leaders of dissension, of heresy, and of apostasy. De Lamennais, St. Cyran, Gioberti, and Döllinger are examples. They began to deviate by breaking away from the common and present sense of the great body of authors in actual use and living teachers of theology. Every one knows where they ended. Similar tendencies and proclivities can be effectually suppressed only by a sound theology and a sound philosophy, together with that spirit called the *piety of faith*, which goes much beyond a mere submission to absolute and categorical decrees in regard to faith and morals. In conclusion, we venture very earnestly to advise all converts who have finished a liberal education before entering the church, not to study theology without also going through a careful course of philosophy, beginning with text-books such as those of Father Hill and Liberatore.

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## REMINISCENCES OF A TILE-FIELD.

ONCE upon a time there lived a king and a queen in a grand old group of Gothic towers that was called the Louvre. Nowadays we should call their house a palace, but in those good old times kings built houses to fight in as well as to live in, and their abodes had to do duty at once as palace, fortress, and prison. At the time we speak of this mass of straggling roofs and gables resembled a citadel mounting guard over Paris from the western side, as the Bastile did from the east; but when Francis I. came on the scene, he denounced the barbaric-looking stronghold as a place too like a dungeon for a king to live in, though it did well enough for a hunting-lodge. It was too venerable to be thrown down, and too stern in its original character to bend to any architectural modifications, so he decided to leave it as it was, and build a palace after his own fancy by the side it. He began, accordingly, the florid Italian edifice which now forms the western side of the old Louvre. He did not live to see the work completed; but it was continued by his son, who died soon after it was finished, and left his widow, Catherine de Médicis, in enjoyment of it. But the wily queen, looking to the future, saw that her son would one of these days be reigning in the Louvre, and that it might not suit her to remain his guest; so she set about building a palace for herself, where in due time she might plot and scheme, distil poisons, and light civil wars unmolested by the king's presence or the prying eyes of his court. West of the Louvre, and in the then open country, was a tile-field, which, from the fact of *tuiles* being manufactured there, was called *Les Tuileries*. The Médicean sorceress touched the tiles with her wand, and up rose under that magic stroke the stately palace which was to be the centre of so many high and wonderful destinies, and which continued to bear through all changes and vicissitudes its first homely title of Les Tuileries. One life could not suffice for the completion of such a monument, however, and Catherine left it to her three king sons, successively to finish. But already in her own time the tile-field was baptized in blood. From one of its Gothic windows the mother pulled the trigger in the trembling hand of the son which gave the signal for the massacre of S. Bartholomew. Thus in its very cradle did the Tuileries sign itself Haceldama, a field where blood should flow, where princes should sell and be sold, where a king should wrestle with the powers of darkness, and be dragged forth in ignominy to death. The two palaces, hitherto distinct and separate, were united by Charles IX., who erected the long gallery by the river's side. It was not entirely finished when he died, leaving his brothers to make it ready for Henry IV., who is represented as traversing the gallery, leaning on De Guise, the day before Ravaillac's dagger cut short the Béarnais' career.

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The idea of turning it into a museum was first suggested by Louis XVI., who reverted to the plan frequently, but was compelled by financial difficulties to leave the glory of its execution to Bonaparte. Those who have seen the beautiful old palace recently, before its partial destruction, would hardly recognize it as the same which fifteen years ago was choked up to its very windows by the rubbish of the encroaching town; the space now cleared away between the two palaces, the Louvre proper and the Tuileries, was filled with mean houses, for the most part shops. Even the façade of the Tuileries was cumbered and disfigured by a variety of shabby buildings, barracks, stables, and domestic offices, these latter being necessary for the convenience of its inmates—since royalty must dine—the original plan of the palace having made no provision for those vulgar essentials for the carrying on of daily life. It was an unsafe abode for royalty when safety needed to be thought of and the hearts of the people had ceased to be the king's best stronghold; but when the Médicis reared the noble, picturesque old pile, they were troubled with no such considerations. The ghosts of constitutionalism and *sans-culottism* were slumbering quietly unsuspected in the womb of the future, and no provision was made for slaying or defying them. For nearly a century the Tuileries had been uninhabited, when, on the wrathful day of the 6th of October, the mob surged from Paris to Versailles, and dragged Louis Seize and Marie Antoinette from their beds, and installed them within its empty, neglected walls.

"Buildings, like builders, have their destiny." Ever since the memorable morning when insurrection reared its hydra-head under the windows of the Queen of France, and battered in the chamber door with clubs and tricolor-bedizened pikes, and sent her flying in terrified *déshabillé* through secret corridors and trap-tapestries into the king's room for safety; ever since "rascality looked in the king's face, and did not die," but seized royalty by the beard, and led it, amidst hootings of triumph, to lodge where the people willed, the grand château of Versailles has stood vacant of kings and queens, its polished floors reflecting the dead monarchs on the walls, a great hush filling its broad galleries, grass growing in its courts, the silence of the past brooding everywhere. Noisy demagogues may scream and howl in the theatre where the Grand Monarch applauded the verses of Corneille and Racine, and their nimble heels may tread down some of the grass between the paving-stones of the Cour du Roi, but they are but jackdaws chattering in the deserted temple. Versailles has lived its day, and outlived its generation.

Neglected and uncomfortable as the Tuileries was, the royal family had no choice but to go there. The Louvre was partly dilapidated and quite unfurnished, while the sister palace, though so long uninhabited, was still furnished, and needed comparatively little to make it, even in this sudden emergency, a suitable domestic residence. The discomforts of the first few days were great, but the royal captives were absorbed in graver cares, and bestowed no idle regrets on such small matters as personal accommodation. Louis was satisfied with his truckle-bed, hurriedly provided by the nation in the tapestried room. "Where will your majesty please to sleep?" inquired an obsequious municipal,

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entering the presence; and majesty, with head bowed over his knees, answers, without deigning to look around and choose, "I am well enough here; let each lodge as he may." So the truckle-bed is got ready. Strange days followed this strange beginning. Paris for a week was drunk with joy. The mob had got the king in their possession. Loyal subjects looked on, not knowing whether to weep or to rejoice. The Orleanist faction chuckled boldly over the degradation of the crown, and over the fact that the persons of the king and, above all, of the queen were safe in a gilded prison.

The queen was far too wise and keen-eyed to be deceived by the pale glimmer of popularity which, during the early days of their abode in Paris, shone upon them. Louis took pleasure in the scanty *vivats* that greeted him when he sauntered out for a walk on the terrace—his only place of exercise now—and within doors amused himself with carpentry and lock-making. The Dauphin played at soldiering, dressed in military uniform, and gave the word of command to his men, a regiment of warriors from five to eight years old. Marie Antoinette had her library brought from Versailles, and sought refuge from thought in reading. Mme. Elizabeth, meanwhile, watches the signs of the coming storm, prays, loves, and hopes.

The Assembly had followed the king to Paris, and installed itself in the Salle de Manège, formerly the riding-school of the Tuileries, and situated within sight of the palace on the north terrace. This proximity, whether accidental or designed, was a source of danger and humiliation to the king. The members could see the royal prison-house from the windows of the Manège, and the prospect served to point many an insolent period in the tribune. Mirabeau used it with fine effect. "I see," he cried, "the window whence a king of France, under the influence of execrable advisers, fired the shot which gave the signal of the massacre of S. Bartholomew!"

But the Assembly did not content itself with pointing the arrows of its rhetoric at the doomed Louis; it sought to give him more practical proofs of disrespect. The riding-school being situated on the Terrace des Feuillants, the members declared that this terrace belonged to them, and not to the king; it was therefore thrown open as a public thoroughfare, the palace being thus exposed to the coming and going of the populace, who availed themselves of the opportunity of flaunting their disloyalty under the very windows of the sovereign. There was no longer any barrier on the north side, and, the external posts being all sentinelled by National Guards, the royal family had no control over either the courts or the gardens. This scandalous violation of his privacy roused even Louis to utter a mild protest to the Assembly, but it was met by one of the Girondists retorting that "the people lodged Louis in the Tuileries, but it nowise followed that they gave up to him the exclusive use of the gardens." The unhappy king had no resource henceforth but in dignified patience, fed by the hope of escaping to the freedom and seclusion of St. Cloud at Easter. We know how, just as he had entered his carriage to start for that suburban castle, it was surrounded by the mob, and he himself only rescued from personal violence by Lafay-

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ette and his troop, who were, however, unable to effect his release. Louis re-entered the Tuileries crushed and humbled, but inwardly resolved on some desperate attempt to escape from the insupportable bondage of his position. The abortive attempt to leave the Tuileries, even for his usual summer residence, roused a bitter feeling of suspicion against him, and more especially against the queen, which was soon manifested by the increasing insolence of the mob. They dared no longer show themselves in public, and even their afternoon walk on the terrace by the river's side became impossible. They tried to avoid the humiliation and annoyance it provoked by rising at daybreak, and taking an hour's exercise in the early dawn; but this soon became known, and had also to be abandoned. At last the queen complained that she "could not even open her windows on these hot summer evenings without being subjected to the grossest invectives and threats."

When things came to this point, the king was forced to lend an ear to the proposals which had up to this time met with a dogged and somewhat contemptuous refusal. There was but one way of remedying the miseries of their position, and that was by flight. It was no longer a question of flying from humiliation, but from absolute and imminent danger. The most sanguine or the most obtuse observer could not but see that things were hastening to a fearful crisis, which, terminate how it may, must work ruin to the royal family.

Many schemes were arranged, but for one reason or another they fell through. Finally, it was settled that the sovereign should escape with his wife and children and sister to Montmédy. This was the utmost that could be wrung from Louis, even in this extremity. No arguments could induce him to consent to leave France, or even to cross the frontier with the purpose of re-entering France the next day, though by so doing he would have shortened the journey and lessened its dangers. If even then he had consented to fly speedily, separately, instead of losing the precious days and weeks in preparations that only awoke suspicion and proved hindrances instead of helps! But in the race of destiny, who wins? Not he who flies, but he who waits. Louis waited too long, or not long enough; fled too late, if he should have fled at all.

The story of the flight to Varennes has been written by historians of all shades and camps, but it is generally tainted with such vehement partisanship that the simple, underlying facts become obscured, almost obliterated, by hysterical reproaches of this one and that; whereas the cause of the failure of that memorable expedition is to be sought rather in the attitude of the entire population, the atmosphere of the times, or, let us say at once, the mysterious leadings of the First Great Cause which overrules human events, even while it leaves the human instruments free to decide the issue. It is easy for one historian* to lay the blame on Marie Antoinette, who "could not travel without new clothes," showing us how "Dame Campan whisks assiduous to this mantua-maker and to that; and there is clipping of frocks and gowns, upper clothes and under, great and small—such clipping and sewing as might be dispensed with. Moreover, majesty cannot go

* Carlyle, *French Revolution*, vol. i.

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a step anywhere without her *nécessaire*, dear *nécessaire*, of inlaid ivory and rosewood, cunningly devised, which holds perfumes, toilet implements, infinite small, queenlike furniture necessary to terrestrial life." Poor Marie Antoinette! her grand, queenlike soul was lifted far above such silly "terrestrial life" by this time, and it is not likely that, when such tremendous stakes were impending, her care dwelt with new clothes or perfume bottles—so misleading does prejudice make the clearest mind, the most intentionally sincere witness. The plain truth is that the difficulty of the new clothes existed, but from a very different motive from that suggested by Mr. Carlyle. It was necessary that the queen and the royal children should be disguised, and for this purpose new clothes were essential, and it required all the ingenuity of Mme. De Tourzel, and Mme. Campan, and every one connected with the affair to get them made so as to fit the royal fugitives, and then conveyed into the palace without exciting the keen lynx-eyes that were fixed on every incomer and outgoer passing through the queen's apartments. As to the *nécessaire* over which the Scotch philosopher breaks the vials of his scorn so loftily, it was wanted. Some box was wanted to hold the money, jewels, and certain indispensable papers that were to be taken on the journey, and the queen suggested that her dressing-case should be used, adding at the same time that she was loath to leave it behind her, as it was almost the first present she had received from her husband—no great subject for philosophical sneers, as far as we can see. Nor did either *nécessaire* or new clothes—though the obtaining and smuggling in of the latter caused much delay—give rise to any of the accidents which worked the failure of the scheme.

Then there was the new berlin to be provided—a lamentable mistake, but not one that deserves Mr. Carlyle's withering sarcasms any more than the *nécessaire*. "Miserable new berlin!" he cries. "Why could not royalty go in an old berlin similar to that of other men? Flying for life, one does not stickle about one's vehicle." It was not for the newness or dignity of the vehicle that the queen stickled, but for its capability of carrying "all her treasures with her." She positively refused to fly at all, unless it could be so contrived that she was not separated for an hour of the way from her husband, her children, and her beloved sister-in-law, the Princess Elizabeth. She insisted, moreover, that the few faithful friends who were to share her flight should be with them also, and not exposed to solitary risks in a separate conveyance. This was characteristic enough of the queen's loyal heart towards those she loved, but it was unlike her practical sense and intelligence. M. de Fersen, who was taken into confidence from the first, declared that no travelling-coach was to be found large enough to answer these requirements, and that one must be built on purpose. It so happened that the previous year he had ordered a berlin, of just such form and dimensions as was now wanted, for a friend of his in Russia; he therefore went to the coach-maker, and desired him with all possible speed to build another on the same model for a certain Baronne de Korff, a cousin of his, who was about to return to St. Petersburg with her family and suite. The berlin was built, and, to baffle suspicion more effectually, was

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driven through some of the most public streets in Paris, in order to try it. The result was most satisfactory, and M. de Fersen talked aloud to his friends of the perfect coach he had ordered and partly designed for his cousin, Mme. de Korff.

The journey was fixed for the 19th of June. Everything was ready, every precaution had been taken, every possible obstacle anticipated. The Marquis de Bouillé, almost the only general whose devotion the king could trust to the death, was in command of the army of the Meuse, and Montmédy, a small but well-fortified town, was situated in the midst of it. Here the royal family were sure of a safe and loyal asylum. The minor military arrangements were entrusted to M. de Goguelat, an officer of engineers, who was on Bouillé's staff, and personally devoted to the king and queen. The Duc de Choiseul, under De Goguelat's orders, was to furnish local detachments from his regiment of Royal Dragoons along the road, and to precede the royal departure by a few hours, so as to ensure all being in order at the various stations. M. de Goguelat made two experimental journeys to Montmédy himself, to ascertain the exact hour of arrival at each place. Unluckily, he forgot to calculate the difference between a light post-chaise and a heavily-built, heavily-laden "new berlin." Relays of horses were provided at each stage, and a detachment of cavalry from De Bouillé's army was to be there also, and, after a short interval, to follow the new berlin, picking up each detachment successively, and thus swelling the force at every stage. The utmost secrecy was observed with all except the leaders of the expedition; the pretext alleged to the troops for all this marching being that a treasure was on its way to the north for payment of the army. All was waiting, when, at the last moment, owing to some difficulty about getting Mme. de Tourzel into the berlin, the king sent a counter-order for the departure, saying it must take place, not on the 19th, but on the 20th. It was a woful delay. But at last, on the night of the 20th, behold the travellers under way. Mme. Royale's *Mémoires* give us the most authentic account of the mode of starting: "At half-past ten, on the 20th of June, 1791, my brother was wakened up by my mother. Mme. de Tourzel brought him down to my mother's apartment, where I also came. There we found one of the *gardes-du-corps*, M. de Malden, who was to assist our departure. My mother came in and out several times to see us. They dressed my brother as a little girl. He looked beautiful, but he was so sleepy that he could not stand, and did not know what we were all about. I asked him what he thought we were going to do. He answered: 'I suppose to act a play, since we have all got these odd dresses.' At half-past ten we were ready. My mother herself conducted us to the carriage in the middle of the court, which was exposing herself to great risk."

The *rôles* were distributed as follows: Mme. de Tourzel, governess of the children of France, was Baronne de Korff; Mme. Royale and the Dauphin, her daughters. The queen was their governess, Mme. Rocher. The Princess Elizabeth was *dame-de-compagnie*, under the name of Rosalie. The king was Durand, the *valet-de-chambre*. The officers of the disbanded *gardes-du-corps* went as couriers and

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servants. This was a grievous mistake amidst so many others. These gentlemen were totally inexperienced in their assumed characters, and, by their personal appearance and ignorance of the duties they undertook, proved a fatal addition to the party. The preparations were altogether too cumbrous and elaborate, but it is difficult to accuse any special portion of them as superfluous in a time when the public spirit was strained to such a pitch of suspicion and hatred; though prudence might have hinted that this heavy paraphernalia was far more calculated to awake the jealous mistrust of the people than to baffle or allay it.

All being now ready, the fugitives furtively left the Tuileries, and proceeded to enter the hackney-coach that stood in wait for them outside the palace. "Mme. de Tourzel, my brother, and I got into the coach first," says Mme. Royale. "M. de Fersen was coachman. To deceive any one who might follow us we drove about several streets. At last we returned to the Petit Carrousel, which is close to the Tuileries. My brother was fast asleep in the bottom of the carriage."

And now another traveller steals softly out of the palace, her face shrouded by a gypsy-hat. As she steps on the pavement a carriage, escorted by torch-bearers, dashes past. An unaccountable impulse moves her to touch the wheel with the end of her parasol. The occupant of the carriage is Lafayette, on his way to the king's *couchée*. He is late, having been delayed by urgent matters. They tell him the king has already retired for the night. Meantime the lady in the gypsy-hat, leaning on M. de Malden, one of the amateur couriers, loses her way in the dark street, and keeps the occupants and driver of the hackney-coach half an hour waiting in an agony of suspense. At last, after crossing and recrossing the river, they make their way to the coach, and start. Another presently follows them. So they jog on through the dark night to the spot where the new berlin is waiting; but, lo! they arrive, and no berlin is there. The king himself alights, and prowls about in search of it. M. de Fersen at last finds it, overturns the hackney-coach into a ditch, mounts the berlin, and drives on to Bondy. There the travellers find a relay waiting in a wood. The chivalrous Swede stands bareheaded in the dewy dawn-light, and bows his loyal farewell to the king and Marie Antoinette. They press hands in silent thanks, and the chevalier goes his way—to Stockholm, where that same day, nineteen years hence, he will meet a more brutal end than that which awaits the royal pair he has befriended—beaten to death with sticks by a savage mob, who, on the impulse of the moment, accuse him of having been accessory to the death of Prince Charles Augustus. But now he breathes with a glad sense of victory and security, and stands with bright, moistened eye watching the huge berlin lurching on its way, the only thing that broke the stillness of the wood, sleeping yet under the fading stars.

All went smoothly as far as Châlons-sur-Marne, about a hundred miles beyond Bondy, and here the programme as arranged by the queen and De Fersen ceased, to be taken up by the Duc de Choiseul and M. de Bouillé's detachments. The berlin rumbled on through Châlons at four in the afternoon, and reach-

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ed the next stage, Pont de Somme-Velle, at six, where M. de Goguelat's escort was to meet it. But no escort was to be seen. M. de Choiseul had been there at the appointed time, but owing to the slow pace of the berlin and the time lost in the early stages—one accident to a wheel causing two hours' delay—they were four hours behind time, and M. de Choiseul, taking for granted something had occurred to change the plan altogether, drew off his dragoons, without leaving even a *vedette* to say where he was going. Everywhere these unlucky troops turned out a hindrance and a danger. The soldiers accepted without *arrière pensée* the plausible story of their being on duty to protect the transport of pay for the army of the Meuse; but the municipal authorities looked on them with suspicion, and, long before the idea of the real cause of their presence got wind, the soldiers were eyed askance in the towns they passed through. At this very place, Somme-Velle, one detachment caused a panic. It so fell out, by one of those disastrous coincidences which pursued the berlin on its adventurous way, that some few days before there had been an affray amongst the peasants of a neighboring estate, they having refused to pay certain rates, in consequence of which the tax-gatherers had threatened to enforce payment by bringing down the troops. When therefore the population beheld De Choiseul and his cavalry they fancied they had been summoned for the above purpose, and a spirit of angry defiance was roused against them. The municipality sent the *gendarmerie* to parley with the troops and compel them to withdraw; but they failed in this overture, and words began to run dangerously high on all sides. Meanwhile De Choiseul was straining eyes and ears for the approach of the berlin, in mortal dread of seeing it arrive in the midst of the popular excitement. When, however, four hours passed, and there was no sign of it, he said to an officer, loud enough to be heard by those near, "I will draw off my men; the treasure I expected must have already passed."

The accounts of this particular hitch in the itinerary of the flight are so conflicting—some envenomed by bitter reproach, others equally hot with recrimination from the accused—that it is difficult to see who really was in fault. The time lost in the first instance appears to be the main cause of all the mishaps. Goguelat is blamed for not having taken better measures for ensuring the relays being found at once at every stage; but he throws the blame on De Choiseul, under whose orders he was, and who was at any rate guilty of strange thoughtlessness in drawing off from the point of rendezvous without leaving word where he could be found.

Little time, however, was lost at Somme-Velle when the berlin at last arrived there. It changed horses at once, and away to Sainte-Ménéhould, which it reached at half-past seven. But here the incapacity of the *soi-disant* couriers caused fresh delay and danger. M. de Valory, one of them, not knowing where the post-house was, went about inquiring for it, exciting curiosity and some suspicion by his manner and uncourier-like appearance. He was still looking for it when a special escort of troops rode up—a circumstance which was very unfortunate, as the angry feeling excited in the neighboring village by De Choiseul's huzzars the day before had not yet subsided. The captain of the detachment,

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the Marquis d'Andoins, sees the berlin, and tries to telegraph by glances to Goguelat which way lies the post-house; but Goguelat cannot read the signals, and goes up to him and asks in words, keeping up the sham of his yellow livery by touching his hat respectfully to the aristocrat officer. The king, impatient and nervous, puts his head out of the carriage-window, and calls to Valory for explanations; the marquis advances and tenders them respectfully, but with seeming indifference, as to ordinary travellers asking information on their way. Unlucky Louis! Imprudent M. d'Andoins! Patriots' eyes are sharp, and there are hundreds of them fixed on your two faces now. These sharp eyes are suggesting some vague memory, a likeness to some forgotten and yet dimly-remembered features. Whose can they be? And the lady with the gypsy-hat who bends forward to thank the gracious gentleman, bowing in silence, but with a grace of majesty unmistakable, a something in her air and carriage that startles even these heavy-souled provincials into wondering "who can she be?" The lady falls back in an instant, and is hidden from further gaze; but that fat *valet-de-chambre* keeps his head protruded for several minutes. The post-house is found at last, and the horses are coming. The postmaster and his son are busy at their service. The son has lately been to Paris, and has seen that head somewhere. He whispers suspicion to his father, old Droue, one of Condé's dragoons in by-gone days, and the two come closer, and steal a long, sharp, look. Yes, it is the same as the head on the coins and the assignats; there is no mistaking it. What is Drouet to do? He is a staunch patriot; is he to connive at the king's treachery to the nation, and let him fly to the foreigner unimpeded? Never was the ready wit of patriotism more severely tested. No need now to wonder at all this marching and countermarching, this flying of pickets to and fro, this moving of troops along the road to the frontier. Treasure to be transported! Ay, truly, a greater treasure than gold or silver. But what was to be done? How was it to be stopped? There were the soldiers and chivalrous aristocrat officers, ready to cut all the patriot postmasters in France to pieces, and then be cut to pieces themselves, rather than let a hair of one of those royal heads be touched. A word, and the village would be in a blaze; but only so long as it would take those glittering swords to quench the flame in patriot blood. Drouet is a prudent man. He holds his tongue until the new berlin is fairly on its way, with the village gaping after it, the military escort lounging about yet a little longer in careless indifference. M. de Damas was in command of the troops. Presently, after the appointed interval, he orders them to move on in the wake of the berlin. But short as the time was, it had sufficed to stir up the town to terrified and resolute opposition. The people had flocked into the streets in angry excitement, and would not suffer the cavalry to advance. M. de Damas at first took a high tone of command, but it was of no use; his weapon broke in his hand. The troops turned round on him and joined the mob, and after a desperate struggle he was obliged to escape for his life, unconscious, even at this crisis, of the danger that threatened his master. Drouet, meanwhile, was flying after his prey

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to Clermont, the next stage to St. Ménéhould, and which by a fatal chance he never reached; if he had, the final catastrophe would, in human probability, have been averted. On the road there he met his own postilions coming back, and they informed him that the berlin had not gone on to Verdon—the next stage beyond Clermont; that they had overheard the courier on the seat say to the fresh postilions, "A Varennes!" Drouet, who knew every stone of the roads, saw at once what a chance this gave him. He turned off the main road, and started by a short cut across the country to Varennes. Varennes was a small town, a village rather, where there was no post-house, but where M. de Bouillé had a relay waiting for the travellers, who, having arrived before Drouet, and without any suspicion that he was pursuing them, might have congratulated themselves on being at last safe over the Rubicon. Yet it was here that danger was to overtake and overwhelm them. In this secluded little dell, near midnight, when every one was asleep, hushed by the lullaby of the river hurrying on its way beneath the silent stars, no prying eyes to peer at them, no patriots to take offence or fright, with fresh horses waiting in the quiet wood, and young De Bouillé, the general's loyal son, to superintend the relays, with a guard of sixty staunch huzzars lodged in an old convent of the upper town, at hand in case of now seemingly impossible accident—it was here that the thunderbolt fell, and, as the king expressed it, "the earth opened to swallow him." Valory, the clumsy courier in the gaudy gold livery, has been blamed for it all; but let us remember at least that a man who has ridden one hundred and fifty miles without breathing-space in twenty-three hours is entitled to mercy if, at the end of the ride, his mind wanders and his thoughts become confused. It was past eleven when he reached Varennes, and went looking about for the relays, where he had been told he should find them, at the entrance of the faubourg; but no relays were to be seen. He pushed on through the faubourg to the town, which had gone to bed, and could find no sign of the missing horses. After wandering about for nearly an hour, he hears a sound of rumbling of wheels coming along the Paris road. Can it be the berlin? And where, oh! where are the fresh horses? He hurries back in the direction of the sound, and finds the fugitives at the entrance of the suburb, looking about for the relays. There was nothing for it but to wake up the village and make enquiries. The king and queen themselves got out, and went, with the couriers, knocking at doors, and calling to the inhabitants to know if they had seen horses waiting in the neighborhood. Drouet, meantime, was not asleep; he was up with his game now, and flashed past the berlin, like a man riding, not for life, but against life for death, just as the king alighted. He shouted something as he passed, but Louis did not hear it. It was an order to the postilions not to stir from the spot. The relays all this time were ready waiting not at the entrance of the suburb on the Paris side, as had been specified to the king in M. de Goguelat's programme, but at the entrance of the faubourg *beyond* the town—a safer and to all appearances more advantageous position, as the change of horses would be sure to attract less notice out of the town than within it. The grievous mistake on De

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Goguelat's part was in not having told the courier the exact place where the relays were to be found. But where were the officers commanding the sixty huzzars all this time? Fast asleep, it is said, though it is almost impossible to believe it. Certain it is that they and their huzzars, as well as the detachment of dragoons which, under command of M. Rohrig, was told off to keep watch over "the treasure," kept out of the way while all this commotion was going on, and never appeared until the entire village was on foot, lights gleaming in every window, and the streets filled with the inhabitants, lately snoring in their beds. Drouet had managed his mission with a coolness and cleverness worthy of a nobler cause. He made no row, but went quietly to the houses of some half-dozen good patriots, told them what was abroad, and directed them how to act. Their first move was to hurry off to the bridge, and throw up a loose barricade which would prevent the berlin passing; they then flew to the other end of the town, and overturned some carts that happened to be close by, and thus barricaded the exit by the road. They were but "eight patriots of good-will," Drouet proudly asserts, in these momentous preliminaries, so sagaciously and quickly executed.

The mob were by this time thoroughly roused. They surrounded the carriage, and forced the travellers to alight. Mme. Royale thus describes the scene: "After a great deal of trouble the postilions were persuaded that the horses were waiting at the castle (at the other side of the town and river), and they proceeded that way, but slowly. When we got into the village, we heard alarming shouts of Stop! stop! The postilions were seized, and in a moment the carriage was surrounded by a great crowd, some with arms and some with lights. They asked who we were; we answered, 'Mme. de Korff and her family.' They thrust lights into the carriage, close to my father's face, and insisted upon our alighting. We answered that we would not; that we were common travellers, and had a right to go on. They repeated their orders to alight on pain of being put to death, and at that moment all their guns were levelled. We then alighted, and, in crossing the street, six mounted dragoons passed us, but unfortunately they had no officer with them; if there had been, six resolute men would have intimidated them all, and might have saved the king. There were sixty close at hand, but the two officers who commanded them were asleep; and when at last the noise of the riot awoke them, they coolly rode away to tell the Marquis de Bouillé that the king had been stopped, and all was over; while M. Rohrig, who commanded the treasure escort, rode off likewise, leaving his men under a disaffected non-commissioned officer." M. de Raigecourt, in his account of this eventful "Night of Spurs," tells us how he and his brother officer, De Bouillé, "at half-past eleven returned to their bed-rooms," after strolling about the town, in hopes of seeing the travellers arrive. "We extinguished our lights," he says, "but opened our windows and kept a profound silence. About twelve we heard many persons passing and repassing, but without tumult; some even stopped under our windows, but we could not distinguish what they were saying." They remained quietly in their rooms, "wondering what was

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the matter," until about half-past twelve, when they were enlightened by signals which even their unsuspicious minds could not mistake. "The tocsin was rung, the drum beat to arms, the tumult became very great. *Terror* seemed to prevail. I believe that at that moment ten, or even fewer, determined men would have routed that scared populace. A general cry informed us that the king was in Varennes, betrayed and a prisoner." Instead of now, at least, hastening to call out their men (who, we said, were lodged above the town in an old abbey), the two officers "took for granted that the huzzars had laid down their arms, as otherwise they would have come to the rescue and liberated the king," and so they simply rode away to report the lamentable issue to De Bouillé. It was about a quarter to one when they left Varennes.

At this juncture M. de Damas, who had escaped with a few faithful men from the fray at Clermont, reached Varennes—not with the idea of succoring the travellers, but of rejoining them. He believed that the uproar which so suddenly exploded at Clermont had been merely against the troops, and that the royal fugitives were now in security, past all further dangers or hindrances. His consternation was therefore great when, on approaching the village of Varennes, he beheld a barricade across the high-road, held by a band of peasants, who made an attempt to stop him. M. de Damas, however, leaped the barricade, and dashed past them into the town. But the chivalrous soldier was no war-god descending on fire-wings to save the royal prisoners. He saw the huzzars walking about the streets, and in answer to his question, "What were they doing?" they replied, "Nothing; we have no orders." Those who should have given the orders had fled. M. de Choiseul was there with his drawn sword at the head of forty men; and there was a detachment just arrived from another direction under M. Deslons. There was therefore, even at this point of the disaster, no lack of armed force to clear the way, if there had been but one vigorous will to use it. But everybody seemed too bewildered to act. No one had the courage or the presence of mind to take the initiative. As to Louis himself, he was like one paralyzed; not with personal cowardice—that odious charge his subsequent conduct amply disproved—but with a sort of dazed, mental stupor. When Deslons went the length of asking him for orders, he replied, "I am a prisoner, and have no orders to give!" Deslons might have taken the hint, and acted without orders; but the two officers present were his superiors, and he lacked the genius or the desperation to seize the opportunity at the cost of a breach of military discipline. Even the queen's imperial spirit seems to have abandoned her in this critical extremity, and she sat passive and dumb in Sausse the grocer's bed-room, clasping her children to her heart, and taking with silent, humble thanks the sympathy of Mme. Sausse, who forgets the queen in her pity for the mother, and stands over the group weeping womanly, unavailing tears. Tears even of "warlike men" cannot help now, for the soldiers have fraternized with the mob, as their wont is in France; and even if Louis could be electrified by the shock of despair to arise and assert himself, remembering that he is a king, it is too late.



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The journey so wisely planned, so deeply thought over, dreaded, and at last attempted, had come to an end, and stopped at the first stage along the road whose goal was the scaffold. The return to Paris resembled the capture of a runaway malefactor. Every species of insult was poured out on the unhappy victims of the popular fury. The brave men who stood by them in their hour of humiliation, MM. de Choiseul, de Damas, and de Goguelat, were disarmed and sent to prison; the three *gardes-du-corps*, who faithfully but clumsily played their part as servants to the last, were bound with ropes on the front seat of the berlin, and hooted at in their glaring yellow liveries by the mob; the National Guard of Varennes claimed the glory of escorting the fugitives back to the capital, and the National Guard of all the towns the berlin had passed through on its ill-starred journey fell in with the *cortége* one after another, swelling it to ten thousand strong as it advanced. As these men were on foot, the journey homewards lasted four days. When the king arrived at Sainte-Ménéhould, M. de Dampierre came out to salute him, and paid for the loyal act by being massacred on the spot. A little further on the prisoners were met by Barnave, Petion, and Latour-Maubourg, members of the Assembly sent by Lafayette to conduct them back to Paris. Barnave and Petion entered the berlin, Mme. de Tourzel leaving to make room for them, and following in another carriage. From this strange meeting grew the quasi-friendship of Barnave and the queen, which led to his honorable though futile efforts to save her and all of them. At first the proud Austrian lady sat in sullen silence, turned to stone, deaf to Petion's coarse sneers, as he sat opposite in ill-suppressed jocularity of triumph; but Barnave's interference to save a priest from being butchered, like loyal Dampierre, for saluting the king, moved her to speech, and soon to confidence in the young representative of the nation. Barnave was surprised beyond measure to discover in Marie Antoinette's conversation such clear and strong intelligence, and so thorough a comprehension of the existing state of things. He was captivated by her grace, as well as impressed by the serenity and courage that stamped her whole demeanor throughout that terrible journey; while his prejudices received nearly an equal blow in the person of the king. There was no approaching Louis XVI. without being convinced of his single-minded honesty and good sense.

In this sorry guise did the new berlin re-enter Paris. It had departed on Monday night, and behold it returning on Saturday towards sundown, a huge, jolting, captured whale whom no miracle will compel to disgorge its prey. In order to prolong the people's jubilee and the king's shame, it was brought a league out of its direct way, so as to make an entry down the Champs Elysées, and bear its occupants back to their gilded prison with due pomp and emphasis by the front gate of the Tuileries gardens. So with serried ranks of bayonets pointed at it on every side, it reappears in Paris, and jogs on to deposit its burden on the old Médicean tile-field, an ignominious procession, royalty degraded and fettered, a spectacle of joy to the king-hating citizens. The royal family enter the Tuileries, now a prison in the most cruel and literal sense. The queen and Mme. Elizabeth are henceforth watched,

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even in their chambers—so watched that, as it is recorded, the queen being one night unable to sleep, the National Guard on duty at her open door offered to come in and converse with her majesty awhile, conversation being sometimes conducive to sleep.

Even at this distance, when we read the history of the flight to Varennes, it has the exciting effect of a fresh tale. We hold our breath, and fancy that still at the last some deliverer will arrive just as all is lost; some accident will prevent Drouet from reaching the scene in time; the fugitives will clear the bridge, and the mob be prevented by the soldiers from pursuing them. Never, even in the history of those most unfortunate of princes, the Stuarts, was there a series of mishaps, blunders, and accidents such as make up the chapter of the flight to Varennes. It is idle to conjecture what would have happened if it had ended differently. If, when the berlin was first surrounded and the travellers ordered to alight, Louis had proudly defied the insolent command, and bade the soldiers fire, how quickly the "pale paralysis" of baffled rage would have seized Drouet and his eight patriots of good-will; how the froth of ruffianism they had evoked would have melted away before that imperial word, and slunk out of sight, while the monarch fared on his way along the high-road, the troops sweeping back all possible pursuers, and landing the destinies of France safe beyond the reach of regicidal hands! All this was so much more likely to be than that which was! The reason why it was not is so mysterious! Enough that it was not; that the bloody deed of January the 20th was to consummate the outrages and sufferings of the Night of Spurs; and that the fate of France was not shaped to a different issue, as we, in our short-sighted philosophy, fancy might so easily have been done.

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## THE INGENIOUS DEVICE.

"Doth no man condemn thee? And she answered, No man, Lord."

"WOMAN! thou'rt over-confident and sure
To answer thus the Infinitely Pure!
How knowest thou that He does not condemn,
And will not cast at thee th' avenging stone?"
"The pure are merciful. His stratagem
Has left me to be judged by such alone."

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## THE RIGI.

THE Golden Lion of Weggis can scarcely be said to resemble its now famed namesake of Granpère. It shows neither coach-house, stable, farmyard, nor bustling village life around it, and yet there is the one point of a certain homeliness in common which suggests that it too may have seen many a simple romance acted out beneath its roof, and have had its share in many a life's heart-story. It is difficult to imagine sentiment of any kind in connection with the monster hotels, or rather caravansaries, of modern Switzerland. But this is a true inn, in the olden acceptation of the word; modest and sedate enough to feel elated at the arrival of new guests, who are welcomed by the landlord himself, and instinctively made to understand that he will personally see to their comfort and proper attendance. At first sight it appears to be overshadowed by a new and larger neighbor; but the Golden Lion does not care, for he enjoys the advantage of mature age and well-established fame, and justly prides himself on his old customers, whose constancy is a good tribute to his honesty and civility. Some who knew him in the quieter times of Rigi history still come and spend two or three days here when going to, or returning from, the mountain, and it was one of these faithful friends who had recommended us to choose it in preference to the larger establishment of more modern date. Truly, no spot seems more suitable for a romance. Situated on the lake, surrounded by the most lovely views of land and water, removed from the rush and bustle which somewhat jar on the sentimental traveller at Vitznau, and even at Gersau, still with the pleasant splash of the steamers as they halt alongside the shady pier, only making just sufficient noise to remind him that, though not of the world, he can still be in it whenever, or fly whithersoever, his fancy may impel him. Yes; every steamer, backwards and forwards, stops at Weggis, though generally merely to drop a stray traveller—a man with alpenstock and knapsack, or two ladies with their waterproofs neatly strapped across their shoulders, thereby betraying their recent arrival from "fatherland beyond the Rhine." And every one walks leisurely and with consequent dignity on shore, as though life and plenty of time to enjoy it in were still at their command. No feverish train is in the background; indeed, it cannot be even seen on the mountain sky-line from Weggis, so that strangers may pause and dine at ease up-stairs in the clean, airy *table-d'hôte* room of the Golden Lion, sip their coffee on its wide balcony facing the Uri-Rothstock and Rigi-Nasen, or lunch *à la carte* in the leafy arbor of the garden, which is more trim and inviting than its counterpart at Granpère.

It was overpoweringly hot when we landed from the *Helvetia*, the sun bearing down with that full force which so often follows a heavy shower; and the leafy arbor

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in question irresistibly attracted us by its deep shade and cool, refreshing shelter. Here we resolved to dine, in order to strengthen the "inner being" and let the noonday hours of heat glide by before attempting the ascent to Kaltbad, which promised to be a matter of two and a half hours at the least. The landlord was loud in praise of his horses and men—"well known before that Vitznau railway existed," he said in a tone rather contemptuous of such an upstart. "The price of each only six francs to Kaltbad, fixed according to the tariff." And here an ejaculation in praise of this tariff system, penetrating even to the heart of the mountain, may perhaps be allowed to us. None but those who have benefited by it can understand the advantage of being able thus to calculate beforehand the expense of every excursion, nor the unspeakable comfort it brings when, on reaching the hotel at night, tired and sleepy, you know that the guide cannot cheat you, and he feels you cannot cheat him. No one thing contributes more to ensure peace or conduces to happy wanderings. Nor does any man more surely "deserve well of his country" than that Swiss, whoever he may have been, who first proposed this arrangement; and after him we must be grateful to those authorities who have so well carried it out. The dinner was the next matter for consultation between Mr. C—— and mine host, which ultimately ended in the latter promising to do his best, and to have it ready in three-quarters of an hour or thereabouts.

Besides the arbor, the Golden Lion boasts of a tea-house and a swimming or bath house projecting into the lake, and also many a well-placed seat inviting to a most enjoyable *dolce far niente* close by the pellucid waters, without sound to disturb poetic musings; bright coloring and full foliage forming a framework to the exquisite landscape which extends beyond. Nothing could be more romantic, rural, or tranquillizing to soul and body; but before long, prompted by my "natural female curiosity," as Mr. C—— ungallantly styled it, I proposed a saunter through the village. "There is nothing whatever to see," he retorted. Still, with much good-nature, he immediately offered to accompany his wife and me in our rambles. It certainly was true in the ordinary sense of the term. There was nothing very remarkable to behold; still, the Swiss villages are always pleasant to look at, especially in these forest cantons, and of this class Weggis is an excellent specimen. It has probably seen its palmiest days, and is at present thrust aside by the hitherto despised sister, Vitznau, now in the spring-tide of her charms, who seems to toss her head at her elderly and *passée* rival with the conceit of young life and energy. Yet there no signs of decay. Far from it. It has a steady, old-fashioned *commune* life of its own, quite independent of the tourist element, which only comes in—very opportunely, no doubt—to help it on its way. As at Gersau and many of these places, the population is much smaller than appearances warrant, owing chiefly to the substantial size of the houses and the straggling, independent manner in which they are placed. Sometimes a dwelling stands endwise or sidewise to the road, just as the whim of the ancestral great-great-grandfather who built it centuries ago dictated. The walls are now man-

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tled with vines, bright blue eyes peep through casements embosomed in leaves, gardens of glowing sun-flowers and fig-trees laden with fruit surround the cottages, while here and there a noble Spanish chestnut throws its deep shade on all around. The street-road was almost deserted as we passed along, on account of the strong sun; but many buxom, pleasant-faced matrons sat working at their doors, while chubby children played beneath the trees hard by. Though innocent of manufactories, and far more rural in its general aspect and atmosphere than Gersau, the whole place breathes of prosperity and comfort. It gives the impression, too, of greater space; for it is not shut in on all sides, and the open slopes extend much further back before they reach the precipitous mountain-side.

And in accordance with this character is the church, which stands on a slight eminence at the end of the village. The cemetery too, though large and thoroughly well cared for, is more simple, and has none of those pretty monuments that lend such poetry and beauty to the Camenzind-Küttel resting-place. But, if not, it possesses a very handsome stone crucifix in one angle—evidently a recent erection, and of which Weggis may well be proud—with the following inscriptions on the base: "Praise be to Jesus Christ in all eternity"; on the front facing the entrance: "See, is there any sorrow like unto my sorrow?" and "In the cross is salvation and benediction" on either side; whilst on the back, close to the Mortuary Chapel, the words run thus: "Gentle Jesus, grant eternal rest to all departed souls." The children's quarter, too, was remarkable for its fresh flowers and superabundance of white ribbon; but not until quite near did we notice a poor disconsolate mother decorating the grave of her child—her little *engel*, or angel, as they are so often styled on the tiny headstones or crosses. *She* did not mind the sun, nor our presence either, but went on with her work, while large tears rolled unchecked down her cheeks. And this part is in a striking spot, right under the northern angle of the Rigi, the straight rocks of which rise perpendicularly from a green slope of pasture-land behind the village church, covered with large boulders and *débris* that seem to corroborate all the stories of land-slips and stone-rolling so common in this region. Standing here, it was easy to understand the most noted of these events—the mud-slide of 1795, which threatened Weggis with destruction. Thirty-one houses and eighty acres of land were buried beneath the creeping mass. It occurred, like the fall of the Rossberg, after a peculiarly rainy season. Though the story says that the slide was preceded by ominous symptoms, the earth so much resembles rich garden-mould, and looks so loose and friable, that, recollecting yesterday's rain, it made me quite nervous to look at it. Had I stayed gazing upwards much longer, I felt that I would certainly have fancied it was beginning to move downwards. "What an idea!" exclaimed Mr. C——, laughing—"the effect of nerves and sun combined! The church-door is open, and the sanctuary lamp burning; so it would be much wiser and better for you to enter in!" Saying which, he preceded me into the sacred building.

Large, clean, and simple, as a rural church should be, it had three

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distinguishing points: first, an altar dedicated to S. Justus, one of the patron saints of Weggis, who was an archbishop of Lyons in the first centuries of its Christianity, thus affording, as in the case of S. Leodegar, another proof of the early ecclesiastical connection between Switzerland and the Frank Empire. Next, a large processional banner placed near the altar, and composed simply of the national standard —the beautiful white cross on the red ground—whose position in this spot it puzzled us to explain. Lastly, the model of a boat suspended from the ceiling, with two sailors rowing, whilst a bishop in full canonicals stood erect in the stern, in the act of giving them his benediction. It looked like an *ex-voto*, but our communicative landlord later informed us that it was the emblem of the Guild of S. Nicholas, "patron of all who navigate upon the lake." Every Weggis man who has anything to do with the water belongs to the confraternity. Before steamers existed they numbered many hundreds, and, though of late the village occupations have been turned into other channels, the numbers are still numerous enough; for boats and smaller craft are even now much used on the lake. The confraternity is still full of life and vigor. The Feast of S. Nicholas is religiously kept in the village. The members of the Guild often assemble, but on that day they go in a body to church, accompanied by their wives and families, to offer thanks for the past and implore protection for the coming year.

Who shall describe our charming little dinner in the deep-shaded arbor, with the glowing sun-color lighting up the mountains, seen through its leaf-framed openings? Such a clean *Kellnerinn* waited upon us, and the *Gastherr* himself all smiles and conversation! The beautiful trout too, "fresh from the Muotta-Thal, just brought by the steamer from Brunnen." The Muotta valley!

"But what's in a name?" said Mrs. C——.

"A great deal more than we acknowledge," I answered.

This one struck again the chord of Schwytz and the "Urschweiz" in our minds, but perhaps much more that of Soovorof and the hard fighting on the surrounding crags of the Muotta between his Russians and the French. Mr. C—— knew the locality, and waxed eloquent on the subject, until interrupted by an army of—wasps! attracted by some delicious cream with which our landlord wound up the dinner. It became a regular battle, and a doubtful one at first, waged in self-defence. "Never had there been such a year for wasps," said our host, slaying a couple so dexterously with his napkin that it betrayed considerable practice in the art. "But it had altogether been a prosperous season"—two more knocked down by Mrs. C——. "So no one had a right to complain"—three or four more timidly but effectually killed by Mrs. C—— and myself. "The villagers had made a great deal of money by their fruit and flowers carried up the mountain by their children," he continued; until at last, counting our victims by tens and twenties during this running dialogue, we were left in peaceful possession of the scene, and ready to hear wonderful reports of Weggis prosperity. The Golden Lion evidently would have been pleased to keep us longer, but the horses were waiting and the afternoon advancing; so, despite the attractions — minus the

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wasps — we were obliged to depart.

Our path led at first up behind the hotel, through lanes, and meadows enamelled with wild flowers, and dotted here and there with picturesque cottages under magnificent chestnuts and walnut-trees. The whole of this portion is on the site of the former land-slip, now the richest and most highly-cultivated district of the mountain. On every side the views were enchanting; Mount Pilatus standing forth in all his grandeur just opposite, displaying folds and tracts of pasture-ground we had not attributed to his rugged form. Lost in admiration, we rode on in comparative silence, until we halted, to refresh the men and horses, at a *café* under a splendid tree, and soon after reached a chapel sheltered by a rock, called in our hand-book the Heiligenkreuz, or Church of the Holy Cross. "The beginning of the Stations to Kaltbad," said my guide, a dark-eyed, refined-looking man, who had spoken but little hitherto. "Stations to the *Wallfahrtort*, or place of pilgrimage at Kaltbad," he repeated, noticing my perplexed countenance. "Kaltbad is a *Gnadenort*, or 'place of grace,' to us, madam," he continued, "although you perhaps only know it as a *Curort*." And such was the sober truth. I had never heard it spoken of as anything but a huge hotel with salubrious air. So now I entered into conversation with my guide, and found that he constantly made the Stations, in common with all the Weggis population, up this rugged ascent, until they reach the church at Kaltbad. "Would I not go to see the church?" he asked. "It was indeed a *Gnadenort*. But the feast of the year I could not see, for it takes place in the middle of May, just before the flocks are sent up to the summer pastures. Then there is a procession up the mountain, with the banner we had noticed in the parish church—the white cross on the red ground."

So here was the explanation of its place of honor inside the sanctuary—one more reason why the Weggis folks should hold it dear and we strangers regard it with reverence. Nay more: should we not love and cherish a flag which not only symbolizes, but is practically used by, a modern free people in connection with their highest and noblest feelings? "In this procession, headed by the priest," my informant continued, "we, the people, make the Stations with hymns and prayers as we go up, and, after first visiting the Kaltbad church, all ends by the priest blessing the pastures on all sides before the cattle are permitted to be brought up to them for the summer season." The higher we ascended, the steeper became the road under a straight face of rock, and we could readily fancy how picturesque, even from an artist's point of view, such a procession must be, headed by the red flag, winding its way up this rugged mountain-road; but, combined with the spirit and faith which animate it, it is impossible to conceive anything more beautiful.

This peasant was a native of Weggis, and soon grew communicative. "Oh! yes, he had often been to Einsiedeln; every one in that country had many, many times made the pilgrimage there." And in fervent language he described the place to me. He had also been to Tell's Chapel often, but not yet to Tell's Platform. That was the great object of his ambition, what he most wished to accomplish, with a visit to Sachslen to see "Bruder

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Klaus," as so many of his neighbors had done; but another year should not pass without his carrying out his intentions. Amidst conversation of this kind we climbed up the straight wall of rock, which seemed to have no issue, until suddenly we reached a curious group called the Felsenthor, composed of large fragments fallen from above exactly in the semblance of a "rocky gate," as the name implies, and whence the view is magnificent.

The afternoon was lovely. At each turn one snowy peak after another had been coming into view. The air, though warm, was fresher and brisker than at Weggis, while the vegetation had sensibly changed from the luxuriant chestnuts to the pines and fir-trees of the Alpine heights. Nothing could be more poetic and tranquil than our half-hour's repose at this beautiful point, noticing the approach of sunset-tints on the mountain-wall just opposite which overhangs Vitznau; watching the pretty steamers looking like dragon-flies hovering over the lake two thousand feet below; and then reflecting on the faith and piety of our humble attendants, which shed a vivifying atmosphere over the whole scene. Our minds were still full of these thoughts as we set forth again for our last ascent to Kaltbad, about three-quarters of an hour distant, through a pretty dell of fallen rocks and fresh verdure. We had quite forgotten the existence of the railway or its feverish life, when all at once a turn in the road gave a rude shock to our peaceful meditations. There were the trains laboring up a barren, steep hill beside us—one that would be too steep for any horse without three or four zigzag turns and windings. Three separate trains were coming up at certain distances in succession, the engines puffing and snorting, panting and laboring, in the effort to push the one carriage before each, as though the struggle were too much for their fast-failing strength. It made one tremble to watch them, and it seemed impossible to comprehend how the passengers looked so quiet and unconcerned. How Mrs. C—— and I congratulated ourselves on having kept old-fashioned ways and despised "progress," at least for once in our travels! And when I also thought of the varied charms of our ride, and all that I had seen of the population and their ways, I felt that no one who rushes through a country at high-pressure railway speed can ever hope to understand its people half as well as those who come into closer contact with them.

Before we had time to recover from the impressions of the railway, Kaltbad itself appeared in sight, high above our heads, like a green-jalousied monster of some German watering-place lifted bodily up from the depths below. Anything more unpoetic than its first view is not to be found; though it must at once be admitted that first impressions are not to be trusted in this particular case. It was a cruel shock, however, to our visions of pious pilgrimages and processions; a return to the prose of life we had never contemplated at four thousand four hundred and thirty-nine feet above the level of the sea.

Our young friends were anxiously awaiting us on the long terrace in front of the hotel with such sensational accounts of their railway journey as might well have obliterated all remembrance of the *Wallfahrtort*, or "place of pilgrimage," but for the parting reminder of my guide, that "the church was behind

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the house, and he hoped I would be sure to see it." But the C——s' only thought now was of the sunset about to take place, and they hurried us off, without a moment's delay, to a beautiful spot, called the Käuzli, ten minutes' distance from the hotel. Certainly no view could be more glorious! Before us spread half the northern portion of Switzerland —Mount Pilatus right opposite, Lucerne at our feet, Sempach, the great lake, just beyond, bathed in a flood of crimson, as though in harmony with its memories, and bringing back to our minds at one glance Arnold von Winkelried and all the grand history related to us so recently by Herr H——. The seven great peaks of the Oberland, including the Wetterhorn, Monk, and Eiger, towered above the clouds to our right, while the summits on the south, half facing the sunset, were lit up by the same kaleidoscopic coloring that we had witnessed on the first evening of our arrival at Lucerne. Spell-bound by this fairy-like scene, we lingered here till nearly dark, and it seemingly became too late to seek out the little church. But young C—— had discovered it that afternoon, and led me by an intricate back pathway to its very door. Even at that late hour it was open, the lamp burning before the altar, and many figures could be distinguished devoutly praying in the twilight. These, as I afterwards learned, were servants of the hotel—the laundresses, bath-women, and porters, who came to pay their visit to the Blessed Sacrament before retiring to rest after their busy day's work. Mass was celebrated every morning at half-past seven o'clock, they said. My own devotions over, I was again led back to the hotel, where the brilliantly-lighted rooms and crowd of fashionably-dressed ladies—although the material comforts are by no means to be despised—were still in harsh discord with our ideas of mountain life.

Next morning, as if we had been in the plain, the church-bell tolled at the stated hour, and found us ready to sally forth in answer to its call. In the hotel all was bustle and clatter; but what wonder? Three hundred guests and upwards have, on an average, to be provided for daily during the season. In the middle of July four hundred and twenty were at one time under this roof, but, happily for us, the numbers had now sensibly decreased. No church, however, was visible, and it was only on inquiry that I found a pathway in the rear of the house leading behind two rocks—a true *Felsenthor*, or "rocky gate," they made—hiding away their little treasure. Once past them, there stood the church, with the sun shining on its roof, small and simple, but perfect in all its proportions, nestling amongst the encircling crags and overhanging trees, from amidst which, opposite the door, trickled a stream of the clearest water. Mass had just commenced at the centre altar, over which stood a statue of the Blessed Virgin and Child, surrounded by a garland of flowers, and two bouquets were laid, evidently as a pious offering, on the two side altars, which were also adorned by excellent paintings. A handsome silver lamp hung in the sanctuary, and there was a confessional, besides benches capable of accommodating a couple of hundred people, all neatly painted and very clean. To-day the congregation was small, for the servants could not be spared, we were told, at that hour from their work, and

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there were few Catholic visitors in the house; but we noticed that the clerk rang the church-bell at the Gospel and the Elevation, so that the shepherds and others scattered about on the mountain might join their intention with the priest at the altar. Nothing could exceed the quiet of the spot. It might have been miles away from the noisy world hard by, no sound audible but the trickling of the stream outside, heard through the open door, and enhancing the deep tranquillity of the scene. A most perfect haven of rest it made for weary souls or pious pilgrims, and a worthy aim, with the constant presence of the Blessed Sacrament, for any procession toiling up the precipitous mountain-side. When Mass was over, we lingered awhile, and, looking round, a large, illuminated tablet caught our attention. What was our delight to find it gave the whole history of the place in the following words:

"KALTBAD ON THE RIGI.

"Amongst the venerated spots which the goodness of God seems to have especially chosen for the distribution of rich spiritual and temporal gifts, Kaltbad on the Rigi has for centuries enjoyed a well-founded reputation. The natural operation of the remarkably cold water has in itself given life and health to thousands. But far more effect has been produced by trustful prayers, joined with the contrite and devout reception of the holy sacraments, and aided by the powerful intercession of the pure Virgin-Mother of God and of other saints. Remarkable and often perfectly miraculous cures of countless Christians, in the most different circumstances of body and soul, have here taken place, which have partly been recorded in writing, and partly live on in grateful remembrance.

"In former times this place was called the 'Schwesterborn,' or 'Spring of the Sisters'; for the legend relates that in the reign of the Emperor Albert of Austria—in the beginning of the XIVth century—three pious sisters retired to this wilderness in order to escape from powerful governors, or *Vogts*, and here led holy and saintly lives. The first miraculous cure on record is that of a devout *Landsassen* of Weggis, named Balthasar Tolen, in the year 1540. From year to year the reputation of this spring increased. In the year 1585, on the 20th of May, the first small chapel was consecrated in honor of God, of the holy Archangel Michael and the other angels, and of the holy shepherd Wendelin, by Balthasar, Bishop of Ascalon. It proved, however, insufficient for the number of Alpine inhabitants and pilgrims. Even after those belonging to the canton Schwytz built themselves a chapel, a hundred years later, at Mary in the Snow, or 'Maria zum Schnee,' the want of a larger church was still felt. The present one, with three altars, the middle one of which possesses the image of the ever Blessed Mother of God, and the two side ones the pictures of the holy martyr S. Lawrence and the father of the church, S. Jerome, was built in the year 1779, and considerably renovated in the year 1861, when the two new side altars and their paintings by Theodore von Deschwanden were added.

"On the 20th of July, 1782, His Holiness Pius VI. granted a plenary indulgence to all the faithful, on any day whatsoever, on the condition that after approaching the holy sacraments of Confession and Communion, with contrite and worthy dispositions, they here devoutly pray for the union of all Christian princes, the extirpation of heresy, and the increase of the Holy Catholic Church—an indulgence which can be applied to the souls in purgatory.

"In order to afford the opportunity of assisting at divine service on Sundays and holidays to the shepherds as well as to the pilgrims, and also of approaching the holy sacraments, a special priest is here appointed during the whole summer season."

So here again, even here, the Austrians and imperial *Vogts* were at the root of all things—in this instance, however, and unconsciously, the source of good to many poor sufferers; for numberless *ex-votos* filling the end of the little church eloquently told that it had proved

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to them a true "place of grace," as my guide of yesterday had so beautifully called it. And the little stream outside was the real "Kaltbad," whose wonder-working effects had first given the place its name. Quaint and rude were all the paintings, but full of life and feeling, mostly from the neighborhood—from Weggis, Vitznau, and Gersau. Yes, there was a man in a boat in danger on the lake, just as we had seen from the Gersau hotel two evenings ago; but this one is praying fervently with clasped hands, and we longed to know if those who were saved the other day had done likewise.

Then here is a family of boys and girls kneeling in rows, the father and mother behind, all with their pink, and blue, and green rosaries twined round their hands, in the selfsame manner that the Gersau children had theirs during Mass! Above, a child of two years old, kneeling beside its mother, has a rosary hanging on its arm; quaint little things in caps like those of their elders, or infants tied on pillows with quantities of red bows. Red was so much the prevailing color that it seemed as if it must have some reference to their beloved national flag. And then there were small waxen hearts, and ears, and a wooden hand with a fearful gash, the offering, no doubt, of a grateful wood-cutter. Some of these are upwards of a hundred or a hundred and fifty years old, with inscriptions in the native dialect, full of pathos and local color. But most striking of all is a large painting of the very wall of rock up which we had climbed from Weggis yesterday, bearing the following simple-worded inscription:

"Be it known to all, that by the breaking up of the dangerous Rigi-rocks on the Weggis mountain some of the inhabitants were threatened with the complete destruction of all their possessions. In this extremity and distress they turned to heaven, and, with firm confidence in the gracious Mother of all the angels, they here sought and found help; for instantly the loosening of the rocks ceased, and all became quiet again. Therefore, as a perpetual memorial of praise and thanksgiving to God and the Mother of Mercy, they have consecrated and hung up this tablet, *anno* 1753."

This was clearly forty-two years before the fatal mud-slide which destroyed so much, and it would be most interesting to know whether the later victims turned hitherward for succor; but of this no record exists in the church. In the above painting the Blessed Mother, holding the divine Infant in her arms, is represented standing in the centre of the rock-wall, with S. Michael on one side and S. Lawrence on the other, just as if they had been visible. Had we only beheld this tablet before, with what different eyes should we have looked at this face of rock yesterday from the cemetery below, as also during our ascent! And what proof such a picture and inscription give of the strong faith of the Weggis population in the unseen world under whose blessed protection they live in peace and confidence! Whilst we tarried, peasant after peasant came in. One, an old woman, took out her rosary, and told her beads leisurely; another, younger and busier, laid down her basket, prayed for a few minutes with recollection, and then went on to her work; but what most struck us was a little girl of about twelve, who also had her basket, full of fruit and flowers, and had

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been there before we arrived for Mass. She waited until we left, and then evidently thought that we had finally departed. Unexpectedly, however, I returned to look at the tablet again, and I beheld the little maiden in the act of dropping some money into the poor box, blushing modestly when her eyes caught mine. I asked, and found that she was a Weggis child—one of the number that climb the mountain like antelopes up to this hotel daily to sell their "fresh figs," "peaches," and "flowers"—for they offer them in good English—the majority of whom first pay their visit to the Blessed Sacrament in this church, and leave some little offering for themselves or their parents. She was a blue-eyed, intelligent girl—one who had made her first communion two years previously, and approached the Holy Sacrament *manchmal*—many times, she said, during the course of the year.

As time went on, experience taught us that the children of the Rigi are one of its most distinctive characteristics. Intelligent, bright-countenanced, and yet modest, they are the most attractive race of juveniles to be met with in Switzerland, and, as yet, are unspoiled by contact with the stranger crowd. They form the most remarkable contrast to those of the Bernese Oberland, where the grandeur of Grindelwald and other spots is so much marred by the swarms of sickly beggar-children that there flock round one from all quarters. Here, on the contrary, they are brimful of health and intelligence, and never once during all our wanderings in the forest cantons did a beggar, old or young, ever cross our path. So much for the popular fallacy, or rather calumny, which says that prosperity, comfort, and thrift are alone to be found in the Protestant cantons, and that beggary, want, and uncleanliness mark the entrance into the Catholic districts. Like many such sayings, it does not bear investigation; but when even the most just-minded start on their travels with prejudiced minds, it is astonishing how readily they accept the opinions of men whose want of observation they despise at home. Above all, should the question be anything concerning Catholicity, their wilful blindness surpasses all belief. Some exceptions to this rule there certainly are, increasing, too, each year, like the celebrated Dr. Arnold, for instance, who frankly admitted that he had found nothing in Switzerland to justify such a verdict being passed on its Catholic population, and was generous enough to acknowledge this.

Nor are the children who cover the Rigi, selling fruit and flowers, idlers in any way. The law requires their attendance at school up to the age of eight all the year round, but from eight to twelve only during the winter months. This arrangement has been made in order that they may accompany their parents to the upland *châlets*, or, as often happens, mind the cattle alone on the higher pastures. A most interesting class they are, and one must ardently pray that nothing may ever change or modernize them, according to the present ideas of so-called "civilization"!

For several days we took up our abode at Kaltbad, and never had cause for one moment's regret. The hotel is in itself a marvel of material comfort and luxury at such an altitude; the air brisk, invigorating, and yet balmy, and the views simply lovely. Who can forget the terrace facing the Uri-Rothstock,

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Tittlis, and many another peak and pass, and overhanging Vitznau, whence we could even distinguish my favorite red standard floating over its hotel, as the steamers came and went to Lucerne or Fluelen, and the light smoke of the engines told that the trains were creeping up towards us? Sometimes, it is true, the lake and all below were hidden by the clouds that settled in thick masses over the water or floated beneath us in light, vapory forms, while the heights and summits opposite shone, like Kaltbad, in brilliant sunlight; making us more fully realize the great elevation we were inhabiting in such tranquillity.

Then, the mornings spent in the "Wilderness," which is represented *nowadays* by fir-trees, descendants of those the three sisters knew, but at present embedded in velvety turf on the hillside, with seats and tables carefully placed at the best points of view! And the dear little church to turn into at all times and hours, with the lamp ever burning, and never quite empty! The afternoons we devoted to longer excursions, ascents and descents in all directions. That to the *Kulm*, or Summit, was made by rail, despite its terrors and perils. The young people insisted on our making the experiment, but they could not succeed in persuading us elders to return, except on foot! The Kaltbad world seems to go through the ordeal unconcernedly; but nervous and uncomfortable work it must always be, no matter how custom may familiarize them with it. One spot especially is most alarming, where the precipice seems to go straight down from the railroad to the plain many thousand feet below. As a matter of course, the sunset at the *Kulm* is the great *event* on the Rigi—one, however, which altogether depends upon the weather. We were most fortunate in catching a clear atmosphere, and consequently distinct horizon. Then, sleeping at the large hotel at the top, we included the famed sunrise in the same excursion. Oh! for the pen of poet to describe either of these sights properly. They are among those grand scenes which nature holds so completely in her own keeping that no rush of commonplace humanity can ever lower or vulgarize them. Crowds from all countries were present, yet we saw nothing save the glorious panorama before us—the sun sinking grandly behind the Jura Mountains in the west, or rising majestically from behind the Sentis far away in Appenzell, after having first heralded his approach by coloring with the light touch of "rosy-fingered morn" the Finster-Aarhorn, Wetterhorn, Monk, and Jungfrau, as they stand in gradual succession, facing the east, in the Bernese Oberland.

Here, too, were all the scenes of that famous Swiss history which we had been studying within the last few days—the town of Schwytz in the Urschweiz, bright and cheerful on its fresh, green meadows; Lomerz, where Stauffacher commenced the great revolution; the small lake of Egeri, the site of the battle of Morgarten; Kappel, on this side of the Zurich line of hills—the Albis—with its monument to Zwingle, who was killed here in battle against the Schwytzers; Königsfelden, further north, the scene of Albrecht's murder, and, later, the site of the sanguinary Agnes' convent; Küssnacht at our feet, with Tell's Chapel close by, the object of my guide's pilgrimages, and where the fatal arrow is said to have entered Gessler's heart; the

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Lake of Sempach, and Lucerne towards the northwest—every spot, in short, hallowed by some memory sacred to Swiss patriotism or piety.

A circumference of three hundred miles is said to be included in this panorama, dotted here and there with thirteen lakes, distinguishable in clear weather. But it needs a mountaineer's eye to detect this number, for, though they certainly do exist, as proved by the map, even the youthful sight of George C—— and his sister failed to count more than eleven. The other two had "to be taken on trust," on the word of the guides, who declared that particular gleams of sunlight rested on distant waters. But it is not the number of lakes or the extent of view which gives such renown to this favorite spot. It is the grand poetry of its nature, the interest of its associations, and that great, indescribable influence which the poet addresses as

"Spirit of Beauty, that dost consecrate
With thine own hues all thou dost shine upon."

Amongst the pleasantest of many pleasant memories, that of Sunday at Kaltbad stands forth pre-eminent. The weather was brilliant, and high and low appeared in corresponding costume. It cannot be said that in the hotel proper the day was altogether sanctified or edifying; for, except the Catholics, the English Protestants, and a rare few others, the foreigners show little outward sign of remembering the day. Indeed, one lady ingenuously confessed her surprise that we should be so careful about attending church, considering that *she* never thought of it whilst "taking the waters," as she liked to fancy she was doing at Kaltbad. "Who did?" she asked; and certainly it looked as if the majority were of her way of thinking. Not the peasants, however, and let us hope that their example may yet influence the strangers. Alas! alas! how one trembles, lest the reverse may be the result of this inroad of "civilized" multitudes to their midst! But so far no harm seems to have come of the contact. As the hour for Mass drew near, men and women were to be seen coming from various points, and when we reached the church it was so full that a large overflow of the congregation had taken up their position in the little porch outside. It seemed as though the history of the past century would repeat itself over again; that a new church would become necessary, and another new tablet be put up, telling future generations that the present one had "proved insufficient for the number of Alpine inhabitants and pilgrims." No sight could be prettier, considering the locality, the bright sun, and all these people in their Sunday dress. In the latter particular, however, one peculiarity had a singular effect, namely, that on the Rigi "full dress" for the men seems to consist in the absence of their outer coats, and the Sunday distinction is shown only by the snow-white linen of their shirt-sleeves and collars. All had their alpenstocks and their prayer-books, which they read devoutly during the whole time. Anna and I also remained outside, as there was no room within; but we heard every word distinctly, and could see the altar through the open door and windows. The service began by an oblation of the Mass and the Acts of Faith, Hope, and Charity in German, in the very manner and words used in so many other countries, but notably in all the churches of Ireland. This was followed by a good sermon, in which the preacher chiefly urged the neces-

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sity of "keeping holy the Sabbath day," of living in peace and concord, but likewise of holding fast to the principles of religion, "like their forefathers of old," of whose virtues and steadfastness he spoke in glowing language. It was the first sermon we had had an opportunity of listening to in these parts, and it was very curious to hear, even in a small out-of-the-way place of this kind, such allusions thus brought in as a matter of course, and so thoroughly in accordance with Herr H——'s predictions. At its termination we were surprised to see half a dozen of the hotel guests rise and leave; but these, we later learnt, were Lutherans, who, having no chaplain of their own, find no difficulty in coming to the preliminary part of the Catholic service, though they consider it their duty to leave before Mass commences. It was a curious instance of liberalism, and of the little essential antagonism German Protestants entertain towards the Catholic Church. At the end of Mass a prayer was said in German in honor of the Five Sacred Wounds, joined in by all, after which the congregation dispersed, some to the front of the hotel, and others in various directions. On these days alone a few picturesque costumes appear, but they are generally from other parts, as the Rigi boasts of nothing special of this kind. To-day two women in bright bodices covered by silver buttons and crosses, and with silvered head-dresses, enlivened the group of women—relations of the clerk coming, they said, to visit this spot from Bürglen, a long distance on the other side of the lake, and beyond Sachslen, the sanctuary of "Bruder Klaus."

Not wishing to disturb our Anglican friends, who were singing hymns and performing their service in one of the drawing-rooms of the house, Anna and I sauntered past the "Wilderness," until we reached the Käuzli. The atmosphere was most clear, and the landscape so enchanting that a rest here seemed a fitting and heavenly portion of our morning worship. Weggis lay below; its church and the children's corner, where I had stood lately gazing upwards in this direction, were at our feet, and Lucerne, with its girdle of battlemented walls at the upper end of the lake, further north, its houses and boats distinctly visible in the transparent atmosphere. The peasants could be seen here and there returning to their gray-roofed *châlets*, but, save the tinkling bells of the light-limbed cattle browsing in our neighborhood, no sound broke the perfect stillness of the scene. All at once the peal of Lucerne Cathedral came booming to us across the waters! It was eleven o'clock, which in those cantons is the Angelus hour, and in a moment the deep-toned bell of Weggis sent its sound up to our very resting-place. Then swiftly the echo was caught up by the churches of all the numberless pretty villages that here cover the land, until the whole country seemed to sound as with but one note. A more thrilling instance of faith and practice it were impossible to imagine, and, looking down at such a moment at this fruitful, prosperous district, one felt as if our Lord had already heard its prayers, and in his mercy blessed it.

Our afternoon walk was this day directed to the other Rigi sanctuary, "Maria zum Schnee," or Mary of the Snow, the same mentioned in the Kaltbad tablet, and which, from Wordsworth's beautiful poem, has obtained a more world-wide

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name than its pretty neighbor; though in the locality itself no difference in celebrity is admitted between the two. The only striking distinction is that whilst Kaltbad has but the one simple appellation, "Mary of the Snow" rejoices in a *pet* name, by which it is more generally known on the Rigi, where Klösterli, or "the little convent," is its familiar and every-day title. It lies deep in a southern fold of the mountain, unseen from Kaltbad, but only a couple of miles distant; so that it is a favorite walk with those visitors whose strength is unequal to the longer excursions. This year the charms of the mountain-road have been sadly interfered with by the blasting of rocks necessary to the making of the railway branch to the Scheideck, and another line up from Arth to the Staffel, besides the building of an additional hotel, all which modern material improvements make one look forward with trepidation to their future effect on the old inhabitants. In a few years more these heights will be one vast mountain-city—a new phase of life, which may have its own poetic side, it is true, and bring health and advantage to humanity in general, but which, during two or three months of the year, so completely changes the old character of the beautiful mountain that its friends of twenty and thirty years' standing say they can no longer recognize its former simplicity. Hence our musings were somewhat melancholy, as we wandered on above the new railway-line, until, from a bend in the hill, we unexpectedly came in sight of a completely new scene, the curious *Mythen* rocks rising above Schwytz, in the distance, and Klösterli itself lying peacefully below us, as if sheltered from all harm in a dell beneath the *Kulm!* It seemed a spot exactly made for snow, and one could almost fancy it buried at times under the soft embrace of some snow-white drift. Whether the name first came from this circumstance of its position, or from its connection with the Basilica of Santa Maria Maggiore at Rome, we had no opportunity of ascertaining; but, whatever the cause, the name and connection seemed most appropriate. Certain it is that the painting which is the chief ornament of S. Maria zum Schnee is a copy of the one at the great basilica, and, moreover, that the church at Klösterli has been, as is fitting, affiliated to the one in Rome. The festival is kept on the same day, the 5th of August, and the Rigi church was consecrated by a Papal Nuncio in 1700, and endowed since then with many privileges by Pope Clement XII., so that the link in interest and connection has never been wanting. Mr. C—— knew all the particulars, and as we descended the steep pathway to Klösterli he recalled to us the beautiful tradition about the foundation of Santa Maria Maggiore. He reminded us how a Roman senator and his wife having been converted to Christianity, the latter had a dream which made her believe they ought to build a church in honor of the Blessed Virgin. Her husband, however, dismissed the idea as a fancy of her brain, until, having had the same dream for three successive nights, his wife on the last occasion understood that she ought to choose the site which should be covered with snow on the following morning. Her husband, still unwilling, accompanied her in the search, when, not far from the house, they found the top of the Esquiline Mount com-



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pletely covered with a fine crust of snow! This occurred on the 5th of August, and, bringing conviction to the husband's mind, he at once consented to give up his fortune for the purpose, and built on the spot the Basilica, which now covers the extent of ground marked out by the fall of snow. Another version states that it was the result of a vision which the pope, S. Liberius, and John, the patrician, had on the same night, and which was confirmed the following morning, the 5th of August, by a miraculous fall of snow, which extended over the space the church was to occupy. Certain it is that the fall of snow occurred, on this very spot too, and that the recollection of this wonderful origin is still kept alive in Rome. On the Feast of Santa Maria ad Nives, on the 5th of the hot month of August, a shower of white leaves is made to fall on the congregation attending High Mass at the great Basilica. What affiliation, therefore, could be more fitting for a mountain chapel? With renewed interest we hurried to the spot. The village consists entirely of a few inns, the convent—where live the Capuchin fathers who have care of the church—and of the church itself, much larger than that at Kaltbad, and which forms the centre of the whole place. The old character is maintained up to the present time, these inns being still most homely—very different from the luxurious abodes elsewhere on the mountain—and the convent in reality an hospice for pilgrims, which at once gives the impression of a higher aim than mere pleasure-seeking. The Capuchin fathers, who glide about with serious mien in their brown habits, add to the solemnity, further increased by the depth of the valley "making sunset," as the sailors say, to the place long before it happens on the surrounding heights. It has nothing cheerful or peculiarly attractive to the general public, so one might hope that it would escape the contagion of a worldly spirit. This year the gloom has been added to by a dreadful accident connected with the unwelcome railway, and one heard of little else on the spot. A young lady who was sitting with her father outside the Sonne Hotel, writing at one of the small tables, was suddenly struck by a large stone, thrown by the blasting of a rock close by, and died in less than half an hour. She was to have gone away from Klösterli on the previous day with the rest of her family, but had remained a while longer merely to take care of him. His grief, consequently, was overwhelming. It was a melancholy inauguration of the "iron road," and for the moment made a deep impression on all concerned. But it is much to be dreaded that it will not be a lasting one. The father, to whom we spoke, shook his head gravely, as he pointed to the railway works, expressing his fears that from a place of pilgrimage they would soon convert his dearly-loved Klösterli into a simple *Curort*, or, in modern parlance, a *Sanatorium*. He complained of its baneful influence already; for, though the peasants are thoroughly good and pious, the immense influx of tourists gives them little time for devotions during the summer season, especially in the month of August, when the church festival occurs. They, the monks, belong to the large Capuchin convent at Arth, from which two or three have been sent here at the special request of the commune, ever since the foundation, to take care of this church and attend to

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the wants of the pilgrims. But the numbers of the latter are diminishing from the above causes, and hospitality has this year been chiefly bestowed on invalid priests, who here seek change of air for weeks at a time. The procession similar to that from Weggis, which used to come up from Arth for the 5th of August, making the Stations on the way, did not take place this time. Nor had the people leisure, either, for their old games, which followed the church services as a matter of course. Sad and melancholy, he seemed fearful of this inroad of materialism and the many temptations to which the poorer classes may be exposed. The tranquillity of the spot will doubtless be ruined by the puffing engine and obtrusive railway, and we could not but rejoice doubly that the "haven of rest" at Kaltbad lies safely hidden away behind its rocks out of reach of such disturbance. But so many have been the prayers answered and hearts cured within the last two centuries by the intercession of holy "Mary of the Snow" that it is hard to believe so favored a sanctuary, though this may perhaps be a moment of transition, will be altogether swept away or lose its holy influence on so essentially pious a population. The church is crowded with *ex-votos*, many of them the same seen by Wordsworth in 1820, when he sang in the following strain of

"OUR LADY OF THE SNOW.

"Meek Virgin Mother, more benign
Than fairest star upon the height
Of thy own mountain set to keep
Lone vigils thro' the hours of sleep,
What eye can look upon thy shrine
Untroubled at the sight?

"These crowded offerings, as they hang
In sign of misery relieved,
Even these, without intent of theirs,
Report of comfortless despairs,
Of many a deep and cureless pang
And confidence deceived.

"To thee, in this aërial cleft,
As to a common centre, tend
All sufferings that no longer rest
On mortal succor, all distrest
That pine of human hope bereft,
Nor wish for earthly friend.

"And hence, O Virgin Mother mild!
Though plenteous flowers around thee blow
Not only from the dreary strife
Of winter, but the storms of life,
Thee have thy votaries aptly styled
Our Lady of the Snow.

"Even for the man who stops not here,
But down the irriguous valley hies,
Thy very name, O Lady! flings,
O'er blooming fields and gushing springs,
A holy shadow soft and dear
Of chastening sympathies!

"Nor falls that intermingling shade
To summer gladsomeness unkind;
It chastens only to requite
With gleams of fresher, purer light;
While o'er the flower-enamelled glade
More sweetly breathes the wind.

"But on!—a tempting downward way,
A verdant path, before us lies;
Clear shines the glorious sun above;
Then give free course to joy and love,
Deeming the evil of the day
Sufficient for the wise."

In our walk hither along the brow of the hill we had talked to some pretty, bright-eyed children running about to call in their father's cattle, asking their names and other questions; but, returning the same way, all our thoughts and attention were given to the distant sound of avalanches, which the C——s declared came to us across the mountain-tops from the region of the great Oberland range. Anything more sublime it were difficult to conceive in the fading light and soft hues of the sunset twilight. We had quite forgotten the children, but they had been thinking of us, and, passing on by their *châlet*, little Aloysius (a fair-haired boy of three years old) was seen skipping down the green slope with a paper in his hand. It was a mysterious proceeding, especially when he came and eagerly presented it to me. But my surprise was greater on reading it to find that it consisted of prayers printed at Einsiedeln: the first teaching how to offer up one's intention with the Masses that

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are being said all over the world; another to be said when present during the offertory of the Mass; and a third, when unable to attend in person, for daily recital at home in union with the priest at the altar. The little fellow evidently prized it, as taught by his mother, and it was fortunate that I was able to promise him it should hold a place amongst my treasures, and that I would say the beautiful prayers daily, which I have never failed to do. But he could not altogether know how much happiness his act caused me, chasing away the gloomy fears of the Capuchin father, and giving bright hope that a true spirit of piety will grow up with the rising generation.

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## CHURCH SONG.

"And when they had said an hymn, they went forth to the Mount of Olives."—S. MARK xiv. 26.
"Hymnum cecinit, ut et nos similiter faciamus."—S. CHRYSOSTOM.

THE DISCIPLE.

A WORLD I'd give to hear thee sing
That song!
Too long
Is life until it bring
The breaking of the bonds that cling
About this deadly flesh.
Sweet Lord, refresh
My weary, longing soul;
And this sad banishment condole
With one faint echo of that strain
Of melody divine, which must remain
Yet murmuring through space
Of all creation's bound;
And so controls
The harmony that rolls
In floods of majesty and grace
Throughout thy dwelling-place,
From tuneful lyres
Of angel choirs,
From ceaseless rapturous songs
Of shining saintly throngs,
That every sound
Heaven hears doth merely seem
Made to accompany thy theme.
Wondrous Singer, O my Lord and King!
Tell me, who taught thee how to sing
So sweet a strain?

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THE MASTER.

I heard my Mother's voice one morn,
Whilst yet in womb unborn,
Chanting the canticle of praise
She still in heaven doth raise;
And when a boy, oft at her knee,
She did the tuneful mystery
Unfold to me.
Wouldst hear me sing?
'Tis no hard thing.
Go, hearken to the singing of my Bride
With whom my Presence ever doth abide;
Who is a Mother unto thee,
Like as the Virgin, full of grace, to me.
Her voice, in melody her own,
If thou wilt mark its heavenly tone,
Hath cunning art
To make thy heart
Hear mine again.

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## A DISCUSSION WITH AN INFIDEL.

### XVIII.

### PERSONAL CONTINUANCE.

*Reader.* The next question you treat, doctor, regards the immortality of the human soul, or, as you call it, "personal continuance." In your opinion the spirit and the body, the soul and the brain, are so intimately and inseparably connected that a soul without a body, as "force without matter," can never exist. I remember having already answered some of the grounds of this opinion; but as you make "personal continuance" the subject of a special chapter, I presume that it is in this chapter that you have condensed the strength and substance of all your arguments. How do you, then, establish your position?

*Büchner.* "A spirit without a body is as unimaginable as electricity or magnetism without metallic or other substances" (p. 196).

*Reader.* Unimaginable! Of course, a spiritual substance is not the object of imagination. Perhaps you mean that it is unthinkable, inconceivable, or unintelligible; which I deny.

*Büchner.* "Unprejudiced philosophy is compelled to reject the idea of an individual immortality and of a personal continuance after death. With the decay and dissolution of its material substratum, through which alone it has acquired a conscious existence and become a person, and upon which it was dependent, the spirit must cease to exist" (*ibid.*)

*Reader.* Beware of fallacies, doctor. You have not yet proved that the human soul needs a material substratum. Again, you merely assume that it is *through the body*

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that the soul has acquired a conscious existence, whilst the fact is that the soul *through itself* is conscious of its own existence in the body. Moreover, the soul does not become a person through the body it informs, but, on the contrary, confers on the body the privilege of being a part of the person. Lastly, the spirit is not dependent upon the body, except for the sensitive operations; and you cannot assume that the soul depends upon the body for its own being. Hence your conclusion is yet unproved.

*Büchner.* "All the knowledge which this spirit has acquired relates to earthly things; it has become conscious of itself in, with, and by these things; it has become a person by its being opposed against earthly, limited individualities. How can we imagine it to be possible that, torn away from these necessary conditions, this being should continue to exist with self-consciousness and as the same person? It is not reflection, but obstinacy, not science, but faith, which supports the idea of a personal continuance" (pp. 196, 197).

*Reader.* I am rather amused than embarrassed at your identifying reflection with science and obstinacy with faith, as I know that you are absolutely incapable of accounting for such a nonsensical ranting. It is not true that "all the knowledge acquired by our soul relates to earthly things." We have already discussed this point, and shown that our knowledge of earthly things is only the alphabet of human knowledge. Nor is it true that our soul "has become conscious of itself by such things." Consciousness is, even objectively, an immanent act, and the soul cannot be conscious of its own self, except by looking upon itself. No one can say *I perceive* without a knowledge of the *I*; and therefore the soul knows its own self independently of the perception of other earthly things. But, as there are philosophers who account for self-consciousness by the primitive accidental sensations experienced by the child, I will suppose with you that our soul becomes conscious of its own existence by means of such sensations. Does it follow from this that the union with the body is "a necessary condition" for the existence of the soul? Such a conclusion would be absurd. For it latently assumes that the soul must lose its consciousness of self by losing the instrument of its first sensation. Now, to assume this is at least as absurd as to assume that by losing any of your senses you lose all the knowledge already acquired through them, or that by going out of Germany you cease to know everything that is German.

But your greatest mistake regards the notion of personality. The spirit, you say, "has become a person by its being opposed against earthly, limited individualities." What does this mean? First of all, the spirit *does not become* a person, but is itself the source of human personality. Secondly, to be a person, there is no need of other earthly, limited individualities, against which the spirit should be opposed. Any intelligent being, left to itself, with the free disposal of its own self, is a person. *Persona*, says Boethius, *est rationalis naturæ individua substantia*; and this celebrated definition, adopted by all the metaphysicians of the old school, is far from becoming obsolete. It would seem, then, that you speak of personality without knowing in what it consists. To prove that the soul cannot enjoy personal continuance in a state of separation, you should

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prove that the soul separated from the body *is not an intelligent being having a free use of its faculties.* Whatever else you may prove, if you do not prove this, will amount to nothing.

*Büchner.* "Physiology," says Vogt, "decides definitely and categorically against individual immortality, as against any special existence of the soul" (p. 197).

*Reader.* Tell the physiologists to keep to their own business. The question of the immortality of the soul is not one of those which can be solved from the knowledge of our organs and their functions. All the physiologist can do is to show the existence in the organs of a principle which animates them, and which at death ceases to show its presence. What becomes of it the physiologist, as such, has no means of deciding. Hence your Vogt is supremely rash in affirming that "physiology decides definitely and categorically against individual immortality."

*Büchner.* "Experience and daily observation teach us that the spirit perishes with its material substratum" (*ibid.*)

*Reader.* Indeed? Let us hear how experience and daily observation teach what you assert. It is extremely curious that mankind should be ignorant of a fact which falls under daily observation.

*Büchner.* "There never has been, and never will be, a real apparition which could make us believe or assume that the soul of a deceased individual continues to exist; it is dead, never to return" (p. 198).

*Reader.* Allow me to remark, doctor, that you change the question. You had to show that experience and daily observation teach that the spirit perishes with the body. To say that there are no apparitions is not to adduce experience and daily observation, but to argue from non-experience and non-observation. Not to see a thing is not an argument against its existence, especially if that thing be not the object of sight; and therefore to infer the non-existence of souls from their non-apparition is a logical blunder. But, secondly, is it true that "there never has been, and never will be, a real apparition"?

*Büchner.* "That the soul of a deceased person," says Burmeister, "does not reappear after death, is not contested by rational people. Spirits and ghosts are only seen by diseased or superstitious individuals" (*ibid.*)

*Reader.* I do not say that souls, as a rule, reappear, or that we must believe all the tales of old women about apparitions. Yet it is a fact that Samuel's ghost appeared to Saul and spoke to him; and it is a fact that the witch of Endor, whom Saul had consulted, was already famous for her power of conjuring up spirits, as it appears from the Bible, where we are informed that there were many other persons in the kingdom of Israel possessing a similar power, whom Saul himself had ordered to be slain. If you happen to meet with Martinus Del Rio's *Magic Disquisitions*, you will learn that in all centuries there have been apparitions from the spiritual world. Devils have often appeared, saints have appeared, and, to make the reality of the apparitions incontrovertible, have left visible signs of their presence, or done things which no mortal man has power to do. I need not descend to particulars; yet I may remind you of the great recent apparition of Lourdes, and of the numberless miracles by which it was accompanied and followed,

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in the eyes of all classes of persons, including infidels and Freemasons, who left no means untried to discredit the facts, but they only succeeded in enhancing the value of the evidence on which such facts had been previously admitted. Come, now, and tell us that all the witnesses of such public facts are "diseased or superstitious individuals"!

It is therefore proved, by experience and observation, that there are apparitions, and that the human soul remains in existence after its separation from the body. But, although this proof suffices to convince all reasonable persons, philosophers furnish us with other excellent proofs of the immortality of the soul. Are you able to show that all such proofs are inconclusive?

*Büchner.* "There is something suspicious in the great zeal and the waste of arguments with which this question has at all times been defended, which yet, for obvious reasons, has rarely experienced serious scientific attacks. This zeal appears to show that the advocates of this theory are rather anxious about their own conscience, since plain reason and daily experience are but little in favor of an assumption which can only be supported on theoretical grounds. It may also appear singular that at all times those individuals were the most zealous for a personal continuance after death whose souls were scarcely worthy of such a careful preservation" (p. 198).

*Reader.* This is vile language, doctor. Our zeal in defending the immortality of the soul arises from the moral importance of the point at issue; and there is nothing "suspicious" about it. Our "waste of arguments" is not yet certified; whereas your waste of words is already fully demonstrated. The immortality of the soul "has *rarely* experienced serious scientific attacks," or rather, it has *never* experienced them, because real science does not attack truth, and therefore all attacks against the soul's immortality have been, are, and will always be unscientific in the highest degree. "Plain reason," without the least need of "daily experience," convinces every thoughtful man that a truth based on good "theoretical grounds" cannot be rejected as a gratuitous "assumption," especially when it is also supported by undeniable facts. Your closing utterance deserves no answer. Every sensible man will qualify it as downright insolence. Meanwhile, where are your proofs?

*Büchner.* "Attempts were made to deduce from the immortality of matter the immortality of the soul" (*ibid.*)

*Reader.* This is simply ridiculous. Who ever admitted the immortality of matter?

*Büchner.* "There being, it was said, no absolute annihilation, it is neither possible nor imaginable that the human soul, once existing, should be annihilated; which would be opposed to reason" (p. 199).

*Reader.* Natural reason does not show the impossibility of annihilation; and therefore it was impossible for philosophers to argue as you affirm that they did. But, since you think that annihilation is quite impossible, how can you evade the argument?

*Büchner.* "There is no analogy between the indestructibility of matter and that of spirit. Whilst the visible and tangible matter sensually exhibits its indestructibility, the same cannot be asserted of spirit or soul, which is not matter, but merely an ideal product of a

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particular combination of force-endowed materials" (*ibid.*)

*Reader.* You merely rehash the old blunder already refuted in one of our past conversations. If the soul were nothing but a product of material combinations, it would certainly perish when those combinations are destroyed, and there would be no need of annihilation to make it vanish. But if the soul is an active principle, as you must admit, it cannot be a result of material combinations, and consequently it is a special substance, and cannot perish except by annihilation, just in the same manner as matter also cannot perish but by annihilation. Your ground for denying the analogy between the destructibility of matter and that of the spirit is therefore a false supposition. It is plain that there is not only analogy, but absolute parity, and that, if matter were really indestructible, the indestructibility of the soul would thereby be sufficiently established. But we do not avail ourselves of such argument; for we know that matter is destructible. You say that "the visible and tangible matter sensually exhibits its indestructibility"; but a little reflection would have sufficed to convince you that the possible and the impossible are not objects of sensible perception, but of intellectual intuition. Then you say that the soul is an "*ideal* product of a particular combination of force-endowed materials"; which is the veriest nonsense. For, were it true that a particular combination of materials produces the soul, such a product would be *real*, not *ideal*. Thus you have succeeded in condensing no less than three blunders into a few lines. But let this pass. Have you anything to add in connection with this pretended argument?

*Büchner.* "Experience teaches that the personal soul was, in spite of its pretended indestructibility, annihilated; *i.e.*, it was non-existing during an eternity. Were the spirit indestructible, like matter, it must not only, like it, last for ever, but have ever existed. But where was the soul before the body to which it belongs was formed? It was not; it gave not the least sign of an existence; and to assume an existence is an arbitrary hypothesis" (pp. 199, 200).

*Reader.* You grow eloquent, doctor, but without cause. We all admit that the soul did not exist before the body was formed. And, pray, how could the soul be annihilated if it did not exist? Are you doomed to utter nothing but blunders?

*Büchner.* "It is in the very nature of things that all that arises should necessarily perish" (p. 200).

*Reader.* By no means.

*Büchner.* "In the eternal cycle of matter and force nothing is destructible; but this only applies to the whole, while its parts undergo a constant change of birth and decay" (*ibid.*)

*Reader.* Try to be reasonable, dear doctor, and lay aside "the eternal cycle," which has no existence but in your imagination. You promised to argue from experience and observation. Keep your promise.

*Büchner.* I will. "There is a state which might enable us to produce a direct and empirical argument in favor of the annihilation of the individual soul—the state of sleep. In consequence of corporeal changes, the function of the organ of thought is suspended, and the soul, in a certain sense, annihilated. The spiritual function is gone, and the body exists or vegetates with-

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out consciousness in a state similar to that of the animals in which Flourens had removed the hemispheres. On awakening, the soul is exactly in the state it was before sleep. The interval of time had no existence for the soul, which was spiritually dead. This peculiar condition is so striking that sleep and death have been termed brothers" (p. 200).

*Reader.* This "direct and empirical argument" may be turned against you. For sleep is not real death; and the animal, when asleep, continues to be animated. If, therefore, the soul remains in the body, even when the organs are in a condition which excludes the possibility of their concurrence to the work of the soul, does it not follow that the soul enjoys an existence independent of the organs? It is true that, while the organs are in such a condition, the soul cannot utilize them for any special work; but it does not follow that "the soul is, in a certain sense, annihilated," nor that "the spiritual function is gone." You yourself admit that, "on awakening, the soul is exactly in the state it was before sleep." I do not care to examine whether the state of the soul is *exactly* the same; I rather incline to say that it is much better; but, waiving this, it is still necessary to concede that the soul cannot keep its state without preserving its existence, attributes, and faculties, and a direct consciousness of its own being, which can be recollected after sleep, when it has been accompanied, as in dreams, by a certain degree of reflection.

*Büchner.* I expected, sir, that you would appeal to dreams; for "the phenomena of dreaming have been used as arguments against the supposed annihilation of the soul during sleep, by their proving that the soul is also active in that state. This objection is founded upon error, it being well known that dreaming does not constitute the state properly called sleep, but that it is merely a transition between sleeping and waking" (p. 201).

*Reader.* I have not appealed to dreams. I simply mentioned the fact that in certain dreams, where a certain degree of reflection accompanies the acts of the soul, we have the possibility of remembering that we were conscious of our own being. Take away all dreams; you will not thereby lessen the certainty of our direct consciousness of our own being; you will only suppress an experimental subsidiary proof, of which we are in no special need. Moreover, remark, doctor, that "against the *supposed* annihilation of the soul during sleep" we are by no means bound to bring arguments. It is necessary only to say *Nego assumptum*, and it will be your duty to prove your supposition. I observe, in the third place, that you cannot consistently maintain that dreaming is a state intermediate between sleeping and waking. For, as you affirm that the soul exists in the latter state, and does not exist in the former, you are constrained to affirm that in the middle state the soul cannot be said to exist, and cannot be said not to exist, but partakes of existence and non-existence at the same time. Now, though you are so thoroughly accustomed to blundering, I am confident that you cannot but shrink from the idea of a non-existent existence. And thus your definition of dreaming destroys your supposed annihilation of the soul during sleep.

*Büchner.* "Certain morbid conditions are still more calculated to

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prove the annihilation of our spirit. There are affections of the brain, *e.g.*, concussions, lesions, etc., which so much influence its functions that consciousness is suspended. Such perfectly unconscious states may continue for months together. On recovery, it is found that the patients have no recollection whatever of the period which has passed, but connect their mental life with the period when consciousness ceased. This whole time was for them a deep sleep, sleep or a mental death; they in a sense died, and were born again. Should death take place during that period, it is perfectly immaterial to the individual, who, considered as a spiritual being, was already dead at the moment when consciousness left him. Those who believe in a personal immortality might find it somewhat difficult, or rather impossible, to explain these processes, or to give some clue as to the whereabouts of the soul during these periods" (p. 202).

*Reader.* It is neither impossible nor difficult to ascertain where the soul is during such periods; for it is in the body all the while. Only the actual conditions of its existence in the body preclude, by their abnormity, the exercise of some faculties. The soul is, in such cases, like the organist, who is unable to elicit the wonted sounds from the organ so long as the pipes are not properly supplied with wind. The patients you allude to are not corpses; and although you affirm that "they *in a sense* died and were born again," it is evident that they did not die at all, but only lost the proximate power of performing certain operations. The soul and the body, so long as they are together, must work together. Even the purely intellectual operations, in which the body has no part, are always naturally associated with the imaginative operations, in which the body has a considerable part; and when these latter, through the abnormal condition of the brain, are suspended, the former also are suspended, so far at least as there is question of reflex acts. And this fully accounts for the phenomena accompanying certain morbid states, without resorting to your pretended annihilation of the spirit. Accordingly, if you wish to argue against personal continuance, you must draw your objections from some other source.

*Büchner.* "The annihilation of a personal soul has been protested against upon moral grounds. It was, in the first place, asserted that the idea of an eternal annihilation is so revolting to the innermost feeling of man that it must be untrue. Although an appeal to feelings is not a scientific method of proceeding, it must certainly be admitted that the thought of an *eternal life* is more terrifying than the idea of eternal annihilation. The latter is by no means repugnant to a philosophical thinker. Annihilation, non-existence, is perfect rest, painlessness, freedom from all tormenting impressions, and therefore not to be feared" (pp. 204, 205).

*Reader.* This way of reasoning, doctor, is most extraordinary. First, you assume that the moral grounds on which our knowledge of the immortality of the soul is based consist of mere feelings. This is false. Secondly, you do not consider that there are rational tendencies which, whether you call them feelings or not, ought to be taken into account in a philosophic discussion, as they are of such a character that their fulfilment cannot be a matter of doubt. Thirdly,

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you exhibit *eternal life* as a synonyme of *perpetual torments;* for you suppose that the idea of eternal life is terrific, and that, to be free "from all tormenting impressions," annihilation is necessary. Thus you conceive that after this life there can be nothing but the torments of hell. This is most certainly true with regard to unrepenting Freemasons; they have nothing else to expect, not even annihilation; and it would truly be better for them if they were annihilated or *had never been born*, as we know from the Gospel. But why should you take for granted that there is no heaven? It is plain that your argument in favor of annihilation is nothing but a miserable sophism. Lastly, I wish to remark, though it is of little importance to the question of immortality, that annihilation, or non-existence, is *not* perfect rest, as you imagine. For who is it that rests? Can you have the subject after its annihilation, or the rest without the subject? You see, I hope, that your logic here, too, is at fault.

*Büchner.* "Philosophers, perceiving the loose ground upon which they stand in regard to this question, have, in their endeavors to reconcile philosophy and faith, tried to help themselves by very singular expedients" (p. 205).

*Reader.* Loose ground and singular expedients indeed! Who will believe you?

*Büchner.* "The desire of our nature," says Carrière, "to solve so many problems requires immortality, and the many sorrows of this earth would be such a shocking dissonance in the world if it were not to find its solution in a higher harmony, namely, in the purification and development of personal individuality. This and other considerations render immortality, from our point of view, a subjective certainty—a conviction of the heart" (p. 206).

*Reader.* Do you consider these words as a very singular expedient to reconcile philosophy and faith? What can you object to the thought they express?

*Büchner.* "Every one may, certainly, have *convictions of the heart*, but to mix them up with philosophical questions is unscientific. Either something accords with reason and experience—it is then true; or it does not accord—then it is untrue, and can find no place in philosophical systems" (*ibid.*)

*Reader.* I see your trick, doctor. There are two kinds of convictions of the heart. Some of these convictions are accidental, transitory, not universal, and not invincible; others universal, permanent, and unchangeable. The first kind originates in accidental affections of particular persons in particular circumstances; and this kind of convictions should not be mixed up with philosophical questions. But the second kind owes nothing to accidental circumstances, and shows in its universality and invincibility its universal and unconquerable cause, which cannot be other than our rational nature; and this kind of convictions must be taken into account in the philosophical questions concerning our rational soul; for it is from the nature of the effects that we discover the nature of the causes. Now, "the conviction" which Carrière mentions belongs to this second kind; for it is common to all rational beings, and cannot be shaken off even by those who, like you, try to convince themselves of a future annihilation. We therefore can and must take into account such a conviction when we examine philosophically the nature of the soul.

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Accordingly, it is absurd, on your part, to pretend that an appeal to such a conviction is "unscientific." Nothing is more unscientific than to lay aside the effects while one wishes to investigate the causes.

As to your aphorism, "either something accords with reason and experience—it is then true; or it does not accord—then it is untrue," I do not think that it can help you much. A thoughtless reader may indeed be dazzled by its fine glittering, and candidly believe that you are a most resolute champion and acute investigator of truth; but he who reflects on your reckless disregard of logic, tergiversation, and intellectual perversity will only wonder at your audacity in appealing to a principle which you trample upon in every page of your production. Yes, sir; what accords with reason and experience is true; but how can this be a plea for denying immortality?

*Büchner.* "It may be that it would be very fine if in heaven, as in the last act of a heart-stirring drama, everything would resolve in a touching harmony or in general joy; but science has nothing to do with what *may be*, but with what *is*, and is accordingly compelled to infer from experience the finiteness of human existence. Indeed, a perfect solution of the enigmas of the universe, as Carrière desires, must be considered as impossible for the human mind. The moment we arrive at this point we are creators and capable of shaping matter according to pleasure. Such a knowledge would be equivalent to dissolution—annihilation—and there exists no being which can possess it. Where there is no striving there can be no life; perfect truth would be a sentence of death for him who has acquired it, and he must perish in apathy and inactivity" (p. 206).

*Reader.* It is of no use, doctor, to heap up assertions of this kind. They are all groundless. When you say that science has nothing to do with what may be, but with what is, you latently assume that between what may be and what is there must be opposition; whereas it is plain that nothing is but what could be. And again, when you mention *science*, what do you mean? Physics, chemistry, astronomy, geology, and the like have certainly nothing to do with the immortality of the soul; but philosophy has something to do with it, and philosophy, the highest of sciences, decides that the human soul not only *may be*, but *must be*, immortal. In the third place, it is ludicrous to affirm that "experience shows the finiteness of human existence"; for our experience is limited to human life upon earth, whereas our discussion refers to after-life. In the fourth place, you pretend that a full knowledge of truth is impossible to the human mind, for the wonderful reason that we would then be "creators and capable of shaping matter according to pleasure." In this you commit two blunders; for, first, the knowledge of natural truths does not necessarily entail a physical power of shaping matter according to pleasure; and, secondly, were our souls to acquire such a power, we would not yet be creators, as creation is infinitely above the shaping of matter. You are never at a loss to find false reasons when needed to give plausibility to false assertions. Thus you invent the prodigious nonsense that a perfect knowledge of natural things "would be equivalent to annihilation," and to support this strange notion you argue that

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"where there is no striving there can be no life," as if a human soul, when in full possession of truth, could not find in its contemplation a sufficient exercise of intellectual life. Yet it is clear that striving for a good must end in a peaceful enjoyment of the same good; or else all our striving would be purposeless. On the other hand, if "perfect truth were a sentence of death for him who has acquired it," would it not follow that the more we know, the less we live? But to conclude. How can you conciliate these two things: "The moment we possess full knowledge we are creators," and "the moment we possess full knowledge we are annihilated"? or these two things: "We become capable of shaping matter according to pleasure," and "we perish in apathy and inactivity"? Answer, old fox?

*Büchner.* "It may be that we are surrounded by many riddles" (p. 206). "In doubtful questions we must apply human knowledge, and examine whether we can arrive at any solution by experience, reason, and the aid of natural sciences. . . . Some believe they can give scientific reasons for the doctrine of individual immortality. Thus Mr. Drossbach discovered that every body contains a limited number of *monads* capable of self-consciousness . . ." (p. 208).

*Reader.* There is no need of discussing such absurdities. We know, that monads are not self-conscious.

*Büchner.* In fact, "Drossbach's monads are too intangible to concern ourselves about them. We may, however, take this opportunity of alluding to the unconquerable difficulties which must arise from the eternal congregation of innumerable swarms of souls which belonged to men who, in their sojourn upon earth, have acquired so extremely different a degree of development" (*ibid.*)

*Reader.* What unconquerable difficulties do you apprehend?

*Büchner.* "Eternal life is said to be a perfectioning, a further development, of earthly life, from which it would follow that every soul should have arrived at a certain degree of culture, which is to be perfected. Let us think, now, of the souls of those who died in earliest childhood, of savage nations, of the lower classes of our populations! Is this defective development or education to be remedied beyond? 'I am weary of sitting on school-benches,' says Danton. And what is to be done with the souls of animals?" (pp. 208, 209).

*Reader.* Indeed, doctor, the ignorance of the unbeliever is astounding! Our children and the lower classes of our populations are not half as ignorant as you are. They would tell you that the light of the beatific vision dispels with equal facility all degrees of darkness which may remain in our souls in consequence of imperfect education, without any need of your "school-benches" or other imaginary devices. They would tell you also "what is to be done with the souls of animals," on which you most stupidly confer "the same rights" as are possessed by the human soul. If beasts have the same rights as men, it is a crime to kill them; or, if this is no crime, it must be as lawful to kill and devour men! Are you ready to accept this doctrine?

*Büchner.* "There is no essential and natural distinction between man and animal, and the human and animal soul are fundamentally the same" (p. 209).

*Reader.* Do you understand what

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you say? What do you mean by "fundamentally"?

*Büchner.* I mean that the animal soul is only distinguished from the human soul "in quantity, not in quality" (*ibid.*)

*Reader.* Then you yourself must have the qualities of an ass, and there will be no difference between you and the ass, except in this: that the asinine qualities are greater in you than in the ass. Your efforts to prove that beasts are endowed with intellect, reason, and freedom are very amusing, but lack a foundation. It would be idle to examine minutely your chapter on the souls of brutes; it will suffice to state that your reasoning in that chapter is based on a perpetual confusion of the sensitive with the intellectual faculties. Sense and intellect do not differ in quantity, but in quality. No sensation can be so intensified as to become an intellectual concept or a universal notion. Hence no intellect can arise from any amount of sensibility. Brutes feel; but, although their sensitive operations bear a certain analogy to the higher operations of the intellectual soul, nothing gives you the right to assume that brutes can reason. So long as you do not show that asses understand the rules and the principles of logic, it is useless to speak of the intellect of beasts. Their cognitions and affections are altogether sensitive; reasoning, morality, and freedom transcend their nature as much as your living person transcends your inanimate portrait in the frontispiece of your book.

But reverting to the immortality of the human soul, I wish you to understand that in the course of your argumentation you have never touched the substantial points of the question. You not only have not refuted, but not even mentioned, our philosophical proofs of immortality. You have been prating, not reasoning. To crown your evil work a couple of historical blunders were needed, and you did not hesitate to commit them. The first consists in asserting that "the chief religious sects of the Jews knew nothing of personal continuance," while it is well known that the chief religious sect of the Jews was that of the Pharisees, who held not only the immortality of the soul, but also the resurrection of the body. The second consists in asserting that "among the enlightened of all nations and times the dogma of the immortality of the soul has had ever but few partisans" (p. 213), while the very reverse is the truth.

*Büchner.* "Mirabeau said on his death-bed, 'I shall now enter into nothingness,' and the celebrated Danton, being interrogated before the revolutionary tribunal as to his residence, said, 'My residence will soon be in nothingness!' Frederick the Great, one of the greatest geniuses Germany has produced, candidly confessed his disbelief in the immortality of the soul" (p. 213).

*Reader.* You might as well cite Moleschott, Feuerbach, yourself, and a score or two of modern thinkers, all *enlightened* by Masonic light, *celebrated* by Masonic pens and tongues, and *great geniuses* of revolution. But neither you nor your friends are "among the enlightened of all nations and times." Before you can aspire to this glory you must study your logic, and, I dare say, the Christian doctrine too.

*Büchner.* If the soul survives the body, "we cannot explain the fear of death, despite all the consolations religion affords" (p. 214).

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*Reader.* You cannot; but we can.

*Büchner.* Men would not fear death, "if death were not considered as putting an end to all the pleasures of the world" (*ibid.*)

*Reader.* I too, doctor, acknowledge that death puts an end to all the pleasures of this world; but this does not show that our soul will not survive in another world. We fear death for many reasons, and especially because we are sinners, and are afraid of the punishment that a just Judge shall inflict on our wickedness. We would scarcely fear death, if we knew that our soul were to be annihilated. And therefore our fear of death is a proof that the belief in the immortality of the soul is more universal than you imagine.

*Büchner.* "Pomponatius, an Italian philosopher of the XVIth century, says: 'In assuming the continuance of the individual we must first show how the soul can live without requiring the body as the subject and object of its activity. We are incapable of thought without intuitions; but these depend upon the body and its organs. Thought in itself is eternal and immaterial; but human thought is connected with the senses, and perceptions succeed each other. Our soul is, therefore, mortal, as neither consciousness nor recollection remains'" (p. 214). Can you answer this argument?

*Reader.* Very easily. That the soul can live without the body is proved by all psychologists from its spirituality—that is, from its being a substance performing operations in which the body can have no part whatever. Such operations are those which regard objects ranging above the reach of the senses altogether; which, therefore, cannot proceed from an organic faculty, nor from any combination of organic parts. Now, if the soul performs operations in which the organs have no part, it is evident that the soul has an existence independent of the organs, and can live without them. Accordingly, the body is *not* the "subject and object" of the activity of the soul.

That "we are incapable of thought without intuitions" is true, in the same sense as it is true that we are incapable of digesting without eating. But would you admit that therefore no digestion is possible when you have ceased eating? Or would you maintain that I cannot think to-day of the object I have seen yesterday? Certainly not. Yet it is evident that I have to-day no sensible intuition of that object. That thought in itself is "eternal" is a phrase without meaning. Thought is never in itself; it is always in the thinking subject. That "human thought is connected with the senses" in the present life is true, not, however, because of any intrinsic dependence of the intellect on the senses, but only because our present mode of thinking implies both the intellectual and the sensible representation. The consequence, "our soul is therefore mortal," is evidently false, as well as the reason added, that "neither consciousness nor recollection remains." Pomponatius was a bad philosopher, but still a philosopher. His objection is vain, but still deserves an answer. His reasoning is sophistical, but there is still some meaning in the sophism itself. Not so with you. After three centuries of *progress* you have not been able to find a single objection really worth answering, either in a scientific or in a philosophical point of view.

Pomponatius brings in another

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argument against immortality by saying that virtue is much purer when it is "practised for itself without hope of reward." You quote these words (p. 214), but without gaining much advantage from them. You might have argued that "as the hope of reward makes virtue less pure, it would be against reason to suppose that God can offer us a reward, the hope of which must thus blast our virtue." In your next edition of *Force and Matter* you may develop this new argument, if you wish. Your future adversaries, however, will refute it, as I fancy, with the greatest facility, by observing, first, that the hope of a reward may accompany the practice of virtue without interfering with its purity; for we can love virtue *for itself* without renouncing the reward of virtue. Do you not expect your fees from your patients as a compensation for your services? And yet I presume that you would take it as an insult if any one pretended that you practise medicine for the love of money. It might be observed, secondly, that as sin deserves punishment, so virtue deserves reward; hence a wise and just Providence, which we must recognize as an attribute of Divinity, cannot leave the virtuous without a reward, nor the sinner without a punishment. And, since it is plain that neither the reward nor the punishment is adequately meted out in this world, it remains that it should be given in the next. I shall not enter into any development of this argument, which is the most intelligible among those usually made use of by philosophers to prove the immortality of the human soul. It suffices for me to have shown the utter falsity of your reasons against this philosophical and theological truth.

XIX.

FREE-WILL.

*Reader.* Do you admit free-will?

*Büchner.* "A free-will," says Moleschott, "an act of the will which should be independent of the sum of influences which determine man at every moment and set limits to the most powerful, does not exist" (p. 239).

*Reader.* Do you adopt this view?

*Büchner.* Of course. "Man is a product of nature in body and mind. Hence not only what he is, but also what he does, wills, feels, and thinks, depends upon the same natural necessity as the whole structure of the world" (*ibid.*)

*Reader.* Then free-will, according to you, would be a mere dream; political and religious freedom would be delusions; *free*-thinkers could never exist; and, what may perhaps strike you most of all, *Free*-masons would be actual impossibilities.

*Büchner.* "The connection of nature is so essential and necessary that free-will, if it exists, can only have a very limited range" (*ibid.*)

*Reader.* What! Do you mean that free-will can exist, if "what man does, wills, feels, and thinks depends upon the same natural necessity as the whole structure of the world"? Can you reconcile necessity and freedom?

*Büchner.* "Human liberty, of which all boast," says Spinoza, "consists solely in this, that man is conscious of his will, and unconscious of the causes by which it is determined" (*ibid.*)

*Reader.* This answer does not show that liberty and necessity can be reconciled. It would rather show, if it were true, that there is no liberty; for if the human will is determined by any cause distinct



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from itself, its volition cannot be free. Accordingly, your assertion that "free-will, *if it exist*, can only have a very limited range," is inconsistent with your principle of natural, essential, and universal necessity, and should be changed into this: "Free-will cannot exist, even within the most limited range." If you admit the principle, you must not be afraid of admitting the consequence; or if you shrink from the consequence, it is your duty to abandon the principle from which it descends.

*Büchner.* "The view I have expressed is no longer theoretical, but sufficiently established by facts, owing to that interesting new science, statistics, which exhibits fixed laws in a mass of phenomena that until now were considered to be arbitrary and accidental. The data for this truth are frequently lost in investigating individual phenomena, but, taken collectively, they exhibit a strict order inexorably ruling man and humanity. It may without exaggeration be stated that at present most physicians and practical psychologists incline to the view in relation to free-will that human actions are, in the last instance, dependent upon a fixed necessity, so that in every individual case free choice has only an extremely limited, if any, sphere of action" (p. 240).

*Reader.* "Limited, if any"! It is strange that you hesitate to say which of the two you mean to advocate. Why do you not say clearly, either that free-will has a certain sphere of action, or that it has no existence at all? Instead of explaining your opinion on this point, you try to obscure the question. Individual free-will is to be ascertained by the statistics of the individual, not by that of the collection. When a crowd moves towards a determinate spot, individuals are carried on to the same spot, be they willing or unwilling, by the irresistible wave that presses onward. So also when any collection of men, from a nation to a family, lives under the same laws, experiences the same wants, enjoys the same rights, and holds the same practical principles, the general movement of the mass carries in the same direction every individual member of the collection, by creating such conditions all around him as will morally compel his following the general movement. But this is only *moral* necessity, against which man can rebel in the same manner as he can rebel against the divine or the human law; whereas our question regards the existence or non-existence of a *physical* necessity, physically binding the human will, and determining every one of its actions. Hence, even were it true that "a strict order inexorably rules humanity"—that is, the collection of human beings—it would not follow that the individual will is inexorably ruled by a physical necessity.

*Büchner.* "The conduct and actions of every individual are dependent upon the character, manners, and modes of thought of the nation to which he belongs. These, again, are, to a certain extent, the necessary product of external circumstances under which they live and have grown up. Galton says: 'The difference of the moral and physical character of the various tribes of South Africa depends on the form, the soil, and the vegetation of the parts they inhabit.' . . . 'It is about two hundred and thirty years,' says Desor, 'since the first colonists, in every respect true Englishmen, came to New England. In this short time they have undergone con-

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siderable changes. A peculiar American type has been developed, chiefly, it appears, by the influence of the climate. An American is distinguished by his long neck, his spare figure, and by something irritable and feverish in his character. . . . It has been observed that, during the prevalence of easterly winds, the irritability of the Americans is considerably increased. The rapidity of the American state development, which surprises us, may thus, to a considerable extent, be ascribed to the climate.' As in America, so have the English given rise to a new type in Australia, especially in New South Wales . . ." (pp. 241, 242).

*Reader.* Has all this anything to do with the question of free-will?

*Büchner.* Certainly. "If the nations are thus in the aggregate, in regard to character and history, dependent upon external circumstances, the individual is no less the product of external and internal natural actions, not merely in relation to his physical and moral nature, but in his actions. These actions depend necessarily, in the first instance, upon his intellectual individuality. But what is this intellectual individuality, which determines man, and prescribes to him, in every individual case, his mode of action with such force that there remains for him but a minute space for free choice? What else is it but the necessary product of congenital physical and mental dispositions in connection with education, example, rank, property, sex, nationality, climate, soil, and other circumstances? Man is subject to the same laws as plants and animals" (pp. 242, 243).

*Reader.* I do not see any ground for this conclusion. Our "intellectual individuality" is, I surmise, our individual soul, or our individual intellect. Now, our intellect may speculatively prescribe, in individual cases, some mode of action, but even then it lets our will free to obey the prescription. Moreover, it is not true that our intellect prescribes, in every individual case, a determinate mode of action. How often do we not hesitate, even after long intellectual examination, what line of action we should adopt! How often do we not entertain distressing doubts, and have no means of emerging from our state of perplexity! It is therefore false that our "intellectual individuality" prescribes to us, in every individual case, our mode of action. Hence your other assertion, that the same intellectual individuality urges us "with such a force that there remains for us but a minute space for free choice," needs no further discussion, as being contrary to constant experience and observation. It is curious that a man who professes, as you do, to argue from nothing but facts, should coolly assume as true what is contradicted by universal experience; but you have already accustomed us to such proceedings. What strikes me is that your blunder cannot here be excused by the plea of ignorance, as you cannot be ignorant of your own mode of action; whence your reader must infer that your direct intention in writing is to cheat him to the best of your power.

As to education, example, rank, climate, soil, and other circumstances, I admit that they are calculated to favor the development of particular mental and physical dispositions; but I deny, first, that such dispositions are the "intellectual individuality," and, secondly, that the existence of such dispositions is incompatible with the exercise of free-will. Of course, we experience

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a greater attraction towards those things which we are accustomed to look upon as more conducive to our well-being, and towards those actions of which we may have acquired the habit; but this attraction is an invitation, not a compulsion, and we can freely do or choose the contrary, and are responsible for our choice.

*Büchner.* "Natural dispositions, developed by education, example, etc., are so powerful in human nature that neither deliberation nor religion can effectually neutralize them, and it is constantly observed that man rather follows his inclinations. How frequently does it occur that a man, knowing his intellectual character and the error of his ways, is yet unable to struggle successfully against his inclinations!" (p. 244.)

*Reader.* I do not deny the power of natural or acquired dispositions, and I admit that men usually follow their inclinations; but this is not the question. The question is, "Do men follow their inclinations freely or necessarily?" The assertion that "neither deliberation nor religion can effectually neutralize" such inclinations is ambiguous. If you mean that, in spite of all deliberation, we continue to feel those inclinations, the thing is obviously true, but proves nothing against free-will; if, on the contrary, you mean that, after deliberation, we cannot act against such inclinations, the assertion is evidently false; for we very often do things most repugnant to our habitual inclinations.

That a man, knowing the error of his ways, "is unable to struggle successfully against his inclinations," is a wicked and scandalous proposition. As long as he remains in possession of his reason, man is able to struggle successfully, not only against his own inclinations, but also against his predominant passions. The struggle may indeed be hard, for it is a struggle; but its success is in the hands of man. How could criminals be struck by the sword of justice, if, when committing crime, they had been unable to check the temptation? Your doctrine would, if adopted, soon put an end to the existence of civil society, and transform mankind into a herd of brutes. If we cannot successfully struggle against our bad inclinations, then theft, murder, adultery, drunkenness, and all kinds of vice and iniquity are lawful, or at least justifiable, and nothing but tyranny can undertake to suppress them or to inflict punishment for them. Is it necessary to prove that a theory which leads to such results is a libel against humanity?

*Büchner.* "The most dreadful crimes have, independently of the will of the agent, been committed under the influence of abnormal corporeal conditions. It was reserved for modern science closely to examine such cases, and to establish disease as the cause of crimes which formerly were considered as the result of deliberate choice" (p. 245).

*Reader.* Modern science pretends, of course, to have established a great many things. But how can you explain the fact that, when "the most dreadful crimes" are committed by common criminals, science still considers and condemns them as a result of deliberate choice, whilst, if such crimes are committed by members of secret societies, science attributes them to abnormal corporeal conditions? Can we trust a science which so nicely discriminates between the Freemason and the Chris-

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tian? Yet even your modern science, not to become ridiculous, is obliged, in order to absolve criminals, to put forward a plea of *temporary insanity*, thus acknowledging that a man who enjoys the use of his reason is always responsible, as a free agent, for his actions. Hence, even according to your modern science, our actions, so long as we are not struck with insanity, are the result of our deliberate choice. It is only when you lose your brain that you are "under the influence of those abnormal corporeal conditions" which prevent all deliberate choice.

*Büchner.* Yet man's freedom "must, in theory and practice, be restricted within the narrowest compass. Man is free, but his hands are bound; he cannot cross the limit placed by nature. For what is called free-will, says Cotta, is nothing but the result of the strongest motives" (pp. 245, 246).

*Reader.* It is difficult, doctor, to hold a discussion with you. Your views are contradictory, and your argumentation consists of assertions or quotations for which no good reason is, or can be, adduced. If man is free, his hands are *not* bound; and although he cannot cross the limits of nature by which he is surrounded, he has yet a great latitude for the exercise of freedom within said limits. We are not free to attain the end without using the means, to live on air, to fly to the moon, to add an inch to our stature; but these are limits of physical power, not limits of free volition. Our will is moved by objects through the intellect; and no object which is apprehended as unnecessary to our intellectual nature can necessitate the will. To admit that what is presented to the will as unnecessary can produce necessity, is to admit an effect greater than its cause. Hence the range of free-will is as wide as creation itself; for no created object can be considered by the intellect as necessary to our rational nature. One object alone may be so considered—that is, God, whose possession alone is sufficient, and therefore necessary, to fill the cravings of our heart. Thus man's freedom is not to be restricted "within the narrowest compass," as you pretend, but is to be stretched to the very limits of creation.

But "what is called free-will," you say, "is nothing but the result of the strongest motives." I answer that the stronger the motive is, the intenser is the movement of the will, since the effect must be proportionate to its cause. But the movement of the will is not a reflex act; it is merely an indispensable condition for it, and its existence does not necessarily entail the existence of the rational volition. The first movements of our appetitive faculty are not formally free; for they are not originated by the will, but by the objects. It is only when we reflect upon ourselves and our movements that we become capable of rationally approving or reprobating that towards which or against which we feel moved; and consequently it is only after such a reflection that our will makes its choice. Now, it is impossible that the rational soul, reflecting upon itself and its first movements towards a finite good, should consider its possession as a necessity of its own nature; for all good that is finite is deficient, and if the rational soul considered finite good as necessary to its happiness, it would in fact consider its deficiency also as necessary to its happiness; which

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cannot be. Hence, whatever the strength of the motives by which we are impelled, no movement excited by finite good interferes with the freedom of the volition.

And now, is it true that our choice always answers to the strongest motives? This question may be understood in two ways, according as the motives are considered objectively or subjectively. The motives which are the strongest objectively may become the weakest subjectively, and *vice versa*. It is with our will moved by different motives as with the lever loaded with different weights. The heavier weight absolutely prevails over the lighter; but if the arms of the lever be suitably determined, the lighter will prevail over the heavier. Thus the lightest motives may prevail over the strongest ones, when our soul adapts itself to them, by shifting, so to say, its own fulcrum, and thus altering the momenta of the opposite forces. The motives which prevail are therefore the strongest in this sense only: that the will has made them such; and, properly speaking, we should not even say that they are the strongest, but only that they are the most enhanced by the will.

These explanations may be new to you, but they are the result of experience and observation. I abstain from developing them further, as it is no part of my duty to vindicate them by positive arguments. No truth is so universally and unavoidably recognized as the existence of free-will. A man of common sense must be satisfied of this truth by simply reflecting upon his own acts. Criminals may pretend that they have not the power to avoid crime; but doctors should not countenance such a pretension contrary to evidence. To excuse crime on such a miserable plea is to encourage the triumph of villany and the overthrow of human society.

*Büchner.* Indeed, it has been said that "the partisans of this doctrine denied the discernment of crime, and that they desired the acquittal of every criminal, by which the state and society would be thrown into a state of anarchy. . . . What is true is that the partisans of these modern ideas hold different opinions as regards crime, and would banish that cowardly and irreconcilable hatred which the state and society have hitherto cherished with so much hypocrisy as regards the malefactor" (p. 247).

*Reader.* To denounce the state and society as hypocritical is scarcely a good method of exculpating yourself. Yet your denunciation is false, so far at least as regards Christian states and Christian society; for as regards anti-Christian societies connected with Freemasonry, and states fallen under their degrading influence and tyranny, I fully admit that they cannot, without hypocrisy, hate malefactors. Those who plunder whole nations, who corrupt public education, who persecute religion, who sow everywhere the seeds of atheism, materialism, and utilitarianism, have no right to hate malefactors. As to those who teach that "neither deliberation nor religion can effectually neutralize the dispositions of man," and that "man, knowing the error of his ways, is yet unable to struggle successfully against his inclinations," what right have they to speak of crime or of malefactors? Can there be crime and malefactors without free-will? You see, doctor, that your materialistic doctrines do away with all morality, and that a society imbued with

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them cannot be moral. Hence it is bad taste in you to declaim against modern society, as you do (p. 247), on account of vices which are nothing but the result of materialism. "We are astonished," you say, "that our society is so ticklish as regards certain truths taught by science—a society whose social virtue is nothing but hypocrisy covered by a veil of morality. Just cast a glance at this society, and tell us whether it acts from virtuous, divine, or even moral motives! Is it not, in fact, a *bellum omnium contra omnes?* Does it not resemble a race-course, where every one does all he can to outrun or even to destroy the other? . . . Every one does what he believes he can do without incurring punishment. He cheats and abuses others as much as possible, being convinced that they would do the same to him. Any one who acts differently is treated as an idiot. Is it not the most refined egotism which is the spring of this social mechanism? And distinguished authors who best know human society, do they not constantly depict in their narrations the cowardice, disloyalty, and hypocrisy of this European society? A society which permits human beings to die of starvation on the steps of houses filled with victuals; a society whose force is directed to oppress the weak by the strong, has no right to complain that the natural sciences subvert the foundations of its morality." These last words should be slightly modified; for the truth is that such a society is the victim of your modern theories, which you dignify with the name of *natural sciences*, and which have already subverted the foundations of social morality. The society you describe in this passage is not the old Christian society formed on the doctrine of the Gospel, but the materialistic society formed on modern thought. The moral distemper of modern society is the most irrefragable condemnation of all your doctrines. By its fruits we know the tree.

CONCLUSION.

We ask the indulgence of our readers for having led them through so many disgusting details of pestilential philosophy. Without such details it was impossible to give a clear idea of the futility and perversity which characterize the teaching of one of the greatest luminaries of modern infidelity. We have shown that Dr. Büchner's *Force and Matter*, in spite of all its pretensions, is, in a philosophical point of view, a complete failure. We have omitted many of the author's passages, which we thought too profane to be inserted in these pages, and which, as consisting of vain declamation, arrogance, and assumption, had no need of refutation. As to our mode of dealing with our adversary, we have been pained to hear that some consider it harsh. We beg to say that a man who employs his talents to war against his Creator has no right to expect much regard from any of God's creatures. Men of this type are frequently treated with too much forbearance, owing to the false idea that every literary character should be treated as a gentleman. Blasphemers are not gentlemen, nor should they be dealt with as gentlemen. They should be made to feel the disgrace which attaches to their moral degradation. Such was the practice in the good old times; and we may justify it by the example of One who did not hesitate, in his infinite wis-

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dom, publicly to rebuke the Scribes and Pharisees in terms not at all complimentary, and certainly much stronger than those which we have used in censuring the author of *Force and Matter.*

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## THE ICE-WIGWAM OF MINNEHAHA.

THE winter of 1855-56, memorable for its excessive and prolonged cold, while it brought suffering to many a household throughout the land, and is recalled by that fact almost solely, is fixed in my memory by its verification of an old Indian legend of the ice-wigwam of Minnehaha. Longfellow has made this name familiar to the English-speaking world, and beyond. A little waterfall, whose silvery voice is for ever singing a love-song to the mighty Father of Waters, and into whose bosom it hastens to cast itself, bears the name and personates the Indian maiden.

On the right bank of the Mississippi, between the Falls of St. Anthony and the mouth of the Minnesota, is a broad, level prairie, starting from the high bluffs of the Mississippi, and running far out in the direction of sundown. In the month of June this prairie is profusely decked with bright flowers, forming a carpet which the looms of the world will never rival. Stretching far into the west is a tortuous ribbon of rich, dark green, marking the path of a stream which stealthily glides beneath the shadows of the long grass. As it nears the eastern border of the prairie, this stream becomes more bold. Its expanded surface glistens in the noon-day sun. Here it passes slowly under a rustic bridge, upon an almost seamless bed of rock. Then its motion quickens, as if in haste to reach the ledge which overhangs the broad valley of the Mississippi, when, with one bound, it plunges into its basin sixty feet below. This is Minnehaha, the little hoiden who throws herself upon the outstretched arm of the great Father of Waters with a merry laugh that wins the heart of every comer. Beautiful child of the plain! How many have sought you in your flower-decked home, and loved you! Hoiden you may be; but coquette, never. Your life is freely given to be absorbed in the life of him you seek.

But Minnehaha is at times the ward of another—an old man whose white locks are so often the sport of the winds, whose very presence makes the limbs of mortals tremble, and their teeth chatter at his approach. Yet he is wondrous kind to his beautiful ward—touchingly kind is the Ice-King of the North. When the blasts from his realms, freighted with the chill of death, scourge the lands over which they pass, and a silence awe-inspiring and complete falls on all; when the flowers are being buried beneath the snow, and the mighty river bound with ice, then it is the ice-king exhausts his powers to build for Minnehaha a palace worthy of her. The summer through (and spring and autumn scarce are known where Minnehaha dwells) the maid

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has worn about her, as a veil, a cloud of mist and spray. O wondrous architect! Of mist and spray you build a palace even Angelo might not conceive In wildest dreams, were marbles, opals, pearls, all gems and stones and precious metals, cut and fashioned ready to his hand! Thy breath, O ice-king! fashions mist and spray into grand temples, palaces, more chaste and cold than any stuff Italian quarries yield! Behold the ice-king build! He breathes upon the mist, and on all sides strong-based foundations fix about the space he would enclose. The walls on these rise up, as mist and spray are gathered there and set with his chill breath. Height on height they rise, until the arch is sprung; and then the dome is gathered in to meet the solid rock above, and all the outer work is done. Within, the decorations form as do the stalactites within the caves. Then these are covered with the diamond frost, such as December's shrubs and trees so oft put on to greet the rising sun. And Minnehaha, so the legend says, sings here the winter through. This is the masterpiece of the great ice-king. Solomon in all his glory possessed no temple to compare with this, nor Queen of Sheba ever saw its counterpart.

A party of four started from St. Paul in the latter part of March, 1856, to visit this wonder of the North. For many years the winters had not been protracted enough to permit the planting of a May-pole upon the ice of Lake Pepin, nor had eye seen the ice-wigwam of Minnehaha. Marquette, Hennepin, Lesueur, and the early Catholic missionaries had carried with them their love for the month of Mary into that cold region, and settlers and Christian Indians made the opening day of this month one of joyful festivity. To plant a May-pole upon the ice of Lake Pepin (which is always the last point on the Upper Mississippi where the ice breaks up, as no current helps to cut or break it) was quite an event. The May-pole, decked with garlands of green and dotted with the many-colored crocuses that spring up and bloom at the very edge of the melting snow, and long before the drifts and packs have disappeared, if planted on the ice, permitted dancing on its smooth surface, and pleasanter footing than the loose, moistened soil. May-day can seldom be pleasantly celebrated in that region out-of-doors, except upon the ice. Ice on Lake Pepin, then, is to the young folk of that latitude as important an event as a bright, sunny day in latitudes below.

During the month of March, 1856, a bright, warm sun melted the snows to such an extent as to cover the level prairies with several inches of water, confined within banks of melting snow. Wheels were taking the place of runners. Our party drove over the undulating prairie to St. Anthony, crossed the Mississippi by the first suspension bridge which spanned its waters just above the Falls of St. Anthony, and from Minneapolis, on the west bank, moved out into the dead level which extends south and west toward the Minnesota River. A splashing drive of four miles brought us to the bridge above the Falls of Minnehaha, from which we could see on our left a cone of dirty ice, disfigured here and there with sticks and stones and clods of earth; its base far down within an ice-lined gorge, its top close pressed upon an overhanging ledge. Was *this* the wonder we had come to

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see? A wonder, then, we came. But we did not turn back at this unsightly scene. There was a charm about this legend of Minnehaha's ice-wigwam that surely did not have its source in the charmless thing before us. Nor could we believe the imagination of the red man capable of drawing so poetic an inspiration from so prosaic a source. We therefore set to work to discover the hidden things, if such there were. With large stones we broke away the ice about the top of the cone, hoping to peer through the opening by which the water of the stream entered. We failed in this, but let in the western sun through the opening we had made. Then we descended to the bottom of the gorge, over ice and snow, to seek a new point of observation. Here, to the east, lay the broad, snow-covered valley of the Mississippi; before us, at the west, rose the cone of ice full sixty feet in height, its wrinkled surface all discolored and defaced, inspiring naught of poetry, stifling imagination. Moving northward around the ungainly mass, and part way up the north side of the gorge, we reached a terrace which led behind the cone and underneath the overhanging ledge. We enter from the north (by broad steps of ice, each rising three or four inches above the other) a hall twelve by twenty feet, floored, columned, curtained, arched, and walled with ice. At somewhat regular intervals elliptical columns of ice rose from floor to spring of arch. Between these columns curtains hung, with convolutes and folds and borders, filling all the space—and all of ice. Above us was the ledge of rock overhanging the basin of the fall, behind us the bluff, and under our feet the terrace of earth midway the cone; and all was paved and curtained and ceiled with ice. Before us stood the upper half of the cone, meeting the ledge above.

While giving play to admiration of the architectural beauties of the place, our ears were greeted with a sound muffled or distant, as of falling water. Whence could this come? Could there be life or motion within that frozen mass? In the chill of that drear winter was not the laughing voice of Minnehaha hushed?

The sun was dropping down the western sky, and a shadow lengthened in the gorge below. The broken edges of the ice which overhung the quiet stream gave back the borrowed rays of sunlight more brilliant than they came.

One of the party had, slung to his side, the customary long-knife of those days. With it in hand he started in search of the creature whose voice lured him on, not, as the siren, to destruction, but to a scene of beauty, brilliance, glory, with which the fabled cave of Stalacta was but as shadow. Between him and the voice he sought a wall of ice imposed. The knife at once was called to play its part. Between two columns this wall was cut away, a window opened, through which we saw the glories of the wigwam. Our eyes were dazzled and our senses mazed. The curtain rent exposed to view the inner surface of a dome high-arched and perfect in its curves. From base, through all its height, it was hung with myriad stalactites of ice, which seemed to point us to the laughing voice still rippling on the waters far below. These stalactites were covered thick with richest frost-work; and from ten thousand upon thousand points the glinting light fell off in floods. Near to the centre of the

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upper dome the waters of the stream pour in in one broad sheet. An instant only is such form preserved. The sheet of water breaks, and countless globes, from raindrops to a sphere the hand would scarcely grasp with ease, come down, and break still more in passing through the air, until within the basin all is mist and spray. These globes at first arrange themselves in systems not unlike the planetariums of the schools, where sun and planets, with their satellites, are shown the youths, to aid such minds as seek to learn the grander works of God in space. These systems, as they fall, are countless; and by common impulse, which means law, the smaller range themselves about a greater central orb. And so they pass through space, to fall upon the bosom of the pool in mist. Is there no emblem here of life and God?

And as we look, behold! the walls and dome are striped and slashed with silver and with gold; then barred; and then again are panelled with this silver sheen and gold. The gold and silver interchange positions, fade, return, as the Northern Lights dissolve or chase each other here and there. The mystery of this party-colored scene was soon resolved. The ice we broke away with stones had let the sun shine through the opening, and the waters, flowing in, disputed passage with the light. There is an ebb and flow in running water so like to pulse-beats that it may not seem strange to those who stop to think, that ruder men have worshipped streams as gods. This ebb and flow upon the ledge so changed the depth of water there that the sunlight, as it struggled through these different depths (for ever changing), cast the light in silver or in gold upon the walls and dome.

And now the sun bows down still more, and shines still more within the dome; its rays are kissed by countless water-drops, and changed by that caress from white to all the colors of the bow or prism. But, strange, no bow is formed; but in its stead a circle of the varied hues is poised within the midst of all this splendor, as though the sun and flood had come to crown the Indian maid, and vie with the ice-king in doing fullest homage to his ward.

Such is the legend realized. The time, the accidents, and every impediment we overcame seemed but steps so prearranged that we might see complete the efforts of the cold, the light, the water, all combined to create The Beautiful. It was the meeting of extremes in harmony for common end, instead of conflict. Here was a grand display of powers without jealousy. The cold took irresistible possession of the water, mist, and spray, and reared a work that art can scarcely copy. But all was cold and chaste and white. The light possessed itself of the water also, but with a touch so delicate and warm that color mantled the coldest, chastest, whitest ice.

Do you, dear reader, imagine this a fancy sketch? Be undeceived. Three of the "four" still verify its truth. The fourth has fallen upon the outstretched arm of the great Father of mankind. It is in tribute to his memory that I write; for never soul more chaste, or heart more warm, or life more full of love for all the beautiful, made up a man.

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# A RUSSIAN SISTER OF CHARITY.

BY THE REV. C. TONDINI, BARNABITE

On the fifth of August died in Paris Sister Nathalie Narishkin, a Russian by birth, and descended from the same family from which sprang the mother of Peter the Great. Born on the $\frac{1}{1}\frac{3}{3}$th of May, 1820, Sister Nathalie Narishkin abjured the Greek Church August the 15th, 1844. This first step had cost her a fearful struggle—that struggle of heart for which Jesus Christ prepared us when he said, "I came to set a man at variance against his father, *and a daughter against her mother*" (S. Matt. x. 35). We mean that endurance which is perhaps the hardest of martyrdoms, at least when God requires it of a soul whose love of him is combated by an unusual tenderness of affection towards the authors of her being. Such was Nathalie Narishkin.

But as any sacrifice we offer to God enables us, by strengthening our will, to make fresh sacrifices for his love, she had not yet attained the age of twenty-eight when she resolved to follow more closely the footsteps of our Lord, and in March, 1848, she entered the novitiate of the Sisters of Charity in Paris. A few years afterwards she was named superioress of the convent in the Rue St. Guillaume, where she died.

Foreigners who visit Catholic countries often imagine themselves acquainted with Catholicity when they have hastily glanced through the streets of our capitals, visited the museums, the public buildings, and theatres, and inspected the Catholics in the churches at some mid-day or one o'clock Mass on Sundays. Hence it follows that in reality they have nothing to relate concerning the influence of the Catholic faith in the sanctification of souls. What would have been their edification, and perhaps surprise, had they visited that convent of the Rue St. Guillaume, and had the good-fortune to converse with Sister Nathalie! No one who approached her could help feeling that he was in presence of a soul in continual union with God, and in whom self-abnegation and the profoundest humility had grown, as it were, into a second nature. With these qualities, which at once struck the beholders, she combined the most refined gentleness of manners and language—a gentleness which, let us remark, was in her the same when soliciting from the Emperor Alexander II., at the Elysée, in 1867, permission to enter Russia for the purpose of nursing the sick attacked with cholera, as when answering the meanest beggar asking at her hands a morsel of bread. "Every one who had to deal with Sister Narishkin departed satisfied"—this is the general testimony of all who ever had occasion to speak with her.

It is needless to add that, with regard to charity—that virtue which is the special vocation of the daughters of S. Vincent de Paul, and the surest token of true Christianity, as pointed out by Christ himself—Sister Nathalie was second to no one; and this was made manifest on

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the day of her funeral by the multitude of poor who accompanied her remains to the cemetery, and the tears they shed on their way to the grave. What is the pomp of the sepulture of kings and the great ones of the nations when compared to this tribute to the memory of a Catholic Sister?

Father Gagarin, S.J., himself a Russian convert, though scarcely recovered from an illness, and in spite of his age and physical sufferings—which did not permit him to walk without difficulty, and leaning on a stick—would not fail to follow the funeral on foot. The body was deposited in the Cemetery of Mont Parnasse—in that same cemetery where for fifteen years past have reposed the remains of that other Russian convert and Barnabite father, Schouvaloff, who, speaking of those among his countrymen who had become Catholics, said: "Fear not, little flock; we are the first-fruits of that union which every Christian should desire, and which we know will take place. Fear not; our sufferings and our prayers will find grace before God. *Russia will be Catholic.*"

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE ILLUSTRATED CATHOLIC FAMILY ALMANAC FOR THE UNITED STATES, FOR THE YEAR OF OUR LORD 1875. Calculated for Different Parallels of Latitude, and Adapted for Use throughout the Country. New York: The Catholic Publication Society.

This annual is already known in almost every Catholic home in the land. Its cheapness places it within the reach of all, whilst its literary and artistic excellence renders it acceptable even to the most fastidious. The issue for 1875 even surpasses its predecessors in the variety of subjects treated and in the beauty of its illustrations.

Publications of this kind undoubtedly do very much to awaken a truly Catholic interest in the contemporary history of the church, and therefore tend to enlarge the views and widen the sympathies of our people. The life-current of the universal church is borne through the whole earth, and whatever anywhere concerns her welfare is of importance to Catholics everywhere.

The opening sketch in the *Almanac* for the year which even now "waiteth at the door" carries us to Rome, in a biographical notice of Cardinal Barnabo, whose name will long be held in grateful remembrance in the United States.

There are also sketches of the lives of the late Archbishop Kenrick, Archbishop Blanc of New Orleans, Bishop Whelan, Bishop McFarland—brief, but sufficiently comprehensive to give one an insight into the character and labors of these apostolic men. Col. Meline and Dr. Huntington, who strove so faithfully and so successfully, as men of letters, to defend and adorn Catholic truth, receive due tribute, and are held up as examples for those of our Catholic young men to whom God has given talent and opportunity of education.

Cardinal Mezzofanti, the greatest of linguists; Cardinal Allen, who was the first president, and we may say founder, of the Douay College, which, during the darkest period of the history of the Catholic Church in England, gave so many noble confessors of the faith to Great Britain; Archbishop Ledochowski, who is to-day suffering for Christ in the dungeons of Ostrowo, all pass before us in the pages of the *Catholic Almanac* for 1875.

Then we have sketches of John O'Donovan, the famous Irish antiquarian; of Father Gahan, the great Irish preacher; of

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Father Clavigero, the historian of Mexico and California, and of Joan of Arc, whose name may yet be inscribed by the church among those of her saints. The miscellaneous matter with which the present issue of the *Catholic Almanac* is filled has been chosen with admirable tact and with a special view to the wants of our own people.

If the standard of excellence which this publication has now reached be maintained, it cannot fail to command a steadily increasing patronage, and to become in yet wider circles an instrument for good.

NOTES ON THE SECOND PLENARY COUNCIL OF BALTIMORE. By Rev. S. Smith, D.D., formerly Professor of Sacred Scripture, Canon Law, and Ecclesiastical History at Seton Hall Seminary. New York: P. O'Shea. 1874.

The author of these *Notes* makes his observations on a considerable number of very practical questions, some of which are of the greatest moment and of no small difficulty, with great modesty and moderation of language. Evidently, he seeks to promote piety, discipline, and the well-being of the church in an orderly manner, and with due respect to authority and established usage. *The Decrees of the Second Plenary Council of Baltimore* is intended as a text-book of instruction for the clergy and seminarists on what we may call "pastoral theology"—that is, on the whole range of subjects relating to the conduct, preaching, and administration of those who are invested to a lesser or greater degree with the pastoral office. The author makes the Acts of the Council therefore the basis of his *Notes*, or familiar disquisitions on practical topics of canon law, giving also a general exposition of certain fundamental canonical principles and laws, chiefly derived from the standard authors Soglia and Tarquini. Some valuable documents are also contained in the appendix. Such a work as this is evidently one that, if it can be made complete, and also carry with it sufficient intrinsic and extrinsic authority to give its statements and opinions due weight, will be one of great utility. Due respect to the author, who has given us the results of careful and conscientious labor, as well as the great importance of the topics he discusses, demand that we should not attempt to express a judgment upon his work or the opinions contained in it without a minute and detailed examination and discussion of every point, supported by reasons and authorities. We are not prepared to do this at present. We may say, however, that, in our opinion, a work of this kind cannot easily be brought to completion by a first and single effort. It is, in many respects, *tentative* in its character. As such, we regard it as a promising effort, creditable to its author, and in many ways likely to prove a serviceable manual for the clergy and those who are engaged in teaching canon law in seminaries.

THE MISTRESS OF THE MANSE. By J. G. Holland. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. 1874.

We never pardon the reviewer who praises a novel by telling us its plot. Therefore we shall not spoil the pleasure of the reader by revealing the story of this poem. We will only say that the heroine is the wife of a "country parson," and that their conjugal life is beautifully drawn. A Catholic will not find anything to move his righteous indignation, as he did in the author's *Marble Prophecy* though here and there he will come upon something which

> "In the light of deeper eyes
> Is matter for a flying smile."

For instance, a poet who can write such Tennysonian verse does not blush to place in the same "evangelical" library "Augustine" and "Ansel" (we suppose he means S. Anselm) by the side of

> "Great Luther, with his great disputes,
> And Calvin with his finished scheme" (!)

After the flood of light which even Protestant research has poured on the characters of Luther and Calvin, how can a poet (of all men) dare to hold them up to admiration?

MARIA MONK'S DAUGHTER. An Autobiography. By Mrs. L. St. John Eckel. New York: Published for the Author by the United States Publishing Co., 13 University Place. 1874.

The writer of this notice well remembers reading, when a boy of fifteen, the *Awful Disclosures of Maria Monk*, and *Six Months in a Convent*, by Rebecca Reed. With great satisfaction he recalls the fact that his own father, who was a Presbyterian minister of Connecticut, together with a very large number of other most respectable Protestants, condemned

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and repudiated the calumnies of Maria Monk from the first moment of their publication. The effect of these books and of the exposure so honorably made by Col. Stone on our own young mind, and undoubtedly upon the minds of thousands besides, was to open our eyes to the falsehood and dishonesty of the gross misrepresentations of the Catholic religion and its professors which have been rife among Protestants, and are still prevalent among the less enlightened of them, both gentle and simple. Afterwards the task devolved upon us to prepare a set of documents concerning Rebecca Reed and Maria Monk which Bishop England had collected, for publication in the edition of his works issued by his successor in the see of Charleston. While we were correcting the last proofs of the printer at Philadelphia, the *Times* of that morning furnished us the last item of news respecting the unfortunate Maria Monk, which came to the knowledge of the public before the publication of the volume under notice, viz., that she had died in a cell on Blackwell's Island. After the lapse of twenty-five years, we find before us the autobiography of a daughter of Maria Monk, who seeks to expiate her mother's crime, and to make reparation for the wrong done to the clergy and religious of the Catholic Church by her pretended disclosures made in the fictitious character of an escaped nun. The unhappy young woman herself, though we believe she was the daughter of an English officer at Montreal, seems to have had a very unkind mother, and, for some reason to us unknown, to have been brought up without education, and early turned adrift without any protection. Having fallen into a condition of desperate misery, she resorted to the expedient of inventing her *Awful Disclosures* in order to get money and escape from present wretchedness. The men—far more malicious and base in their villany than this poor forlorn girl, so much sinned against and so fearfully punished for her own sins that we pity more than we blame her—who prepared the vile book of *Awful Disclosures*, and published it under the name of HOWE AND BATES, cheated her out of her share of the profits. We are glad to see their infamy once more exposed, and the honor of the Catholic religion avenged. Although the most honorable class of Protestants are exempt from complicity with this and similar gross libels on Catholics and caricatures of all they hold dear and sacred, nevertheless their cause and name are disgraced by the fact that they are so frequently and generally implicated in a mode of warfare on the Catholic Church which is dishonorable. The statements which are continually made current among them respecting Catholics and their religion, and which are so generally believed, do no credit to their intelligence or fairness. We remember hearing the Archbishop of Westminster remark that the most ridiculous fables about the Catholic religion are accepted as truth among the aristocratic residents of the West End of London. The coarse and angry assaults of the English press upon the Marquis of Ripon, on account of his conversion, show, what Dr. Newman has so humorously and graphically described, the extent and obstinacy of vulgar prejudice and hostility in England. There is less here, and it is diminishing; yet there is enough to make Mrs. Eckel's audacious spring into the arena of combat against it well timed as well as chivalrous.

We do not intend a criticism on her book, but merely, as an act of justice to one who has braved the criticism of the world, to aid herself and her book to meet this criticism fairly, without prejudice from any false impressions which may be taken from its title. We therefore mention the fact, which may not be known to those who have not read the book or any correct account of its contents, that Maria Monk, according to the probable evidence furnished in the book, and which does not seem to have anything opposed to it, was really married to a man who was a gentleman by birth and of respectable connections, although reduced by his youthful follies to a condition which was always precarious and sometimes very destitute. Mrs. Eckel is the offspring of this marriage. After a childhood of hardship, she was adopted into a respectable family related to her father, Mr. St. John, and made the most strenuous efforts to acquire the education and good manners which are suitable for a lady. She married a gentleman of respectable position and of very superior intellectual gifts and culture, Mr. Eckel, who afterwards fell into distressed circumstances, and died in a very tragical manner. Mrs. Eckel separated herself from him some time before this occurred, and very shortly before the birth of her

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daughter, as it seems to us for very good reasons which exonerate her from all blame for the misery into which her husband fell when he lost the support of her sustaining arm. The remarkable history of her subsequent career in Paris must be sought for in the pages of the autobiography. The circles in which she moved while there were the highest, and many of her intimate friends were persons of not only exalted rank, but of the most exemplary piety, and of universal fame among Catholics. Of her own accord, without either compulsion or advice, she did what she was not bound in conscience to do—abandoned her brilliant position in the world, made known the secret of her origin, and has now thrown open the history of her life to the inspection of the world. That history must plead for itself and for the author before impartial and judicious readers. In our opinion it is substantially true. We believe the author has written it from a good motive, and that she is sincere in her statements. Divested of all the adventitious glitter of the successful woman of the world, she presents herself for precisely what she is in herself, and, as we think, is far more worthy of honor and respect now than ever before, or than the most brilliant marriage in France could have made her.

Everybody who can read this book will do so, as a matter of course, even if they have no other motive than they would have in reading one of Thackeray's romances. It is a romance in real life, and an instance of the truth of the old adage, "Truth is stranger than fiction." Such fictitious works as *Lothair* and the *Schönberg-Cotta Family* have served as a polemical weapon against the Catholic Church, and we do not see why a romantic but true history, of much greater literary merit than the whole class of that sort of trash, should not answer a good purpose on the other side. If the readers of the book find in it many things open to criticism, and jarring upon a delicate and cultivated Catholic sense of propriety and reverence, they should remember that the author lacks the advantage of long and careful Catholic discipline, is still comparatively young, and a novice in everything that relates to the spiritual and religious life. She does not profess to give the history of her life as a model to be imitated, or to instruct others as one competent to teach on spiritual matters, but to write her confessions for the encouragement of other wayward and wandering souls, and to speak out freely what she thinks as she goes along, with very little regard to censure or fear of it.

There seems a Nemesis in the publication of such a book which should give a salutary lesson to those who dare to throw dirt on the spotless robe of the Catholic Church. We have often thought that this Nemesis is frequently apparent of late in the punishments which have come from divine or human justice on notorious corrupters of public and private morals. Dreadful as are the actual corruptions and the corrupt tendencies in the bosom of our political and social state, we hope this is a sign that God has not abandoned us. It is hardly necessary to say that this is not a book suitable for very young people.

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THE

# CATHOLIC WORLD.

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## THE PERSECUTION OF THE CHURCH IN THE GERMAN EMPIRE.

CONCLUDED.

In the spring of 1870, whilst the discussion concerning the opportuneness of defining the infallibility of the Pope was attracting the attention of every one, and when the distant mutterings of the Franco-Prussian war were not yet audible, the leading organs of the Party of Progress in Berlin sought to weigh the probable results of a definition, by the Vatican Council, of the much-talked-of dogma. In case the Pope should be declared infallible, the *Volkszeitung*, of Berlin, affirmed that many would favor the interference of the government to prevent all further intercourse between the bishops of Prussia and the Roman Pontiff, which would result in the creation of a national church wholly independent of Rome.

But this organ of the Party of Progress openly avowed that there was not the slightest probability that the state could, by any means at its command, succeed in separating the Catholic Church in Prussia from communion with the See of Peter; nor was there, it confessed with perfect candor, a single bishop in Germany who would desire such a separation.

And yet, as we have shown in a former article, the task which the German Empire has set itself is precisely the one which is here pronounced impossible; and we propose now to continue the history of the tyrannical enactments and harsh measures by which the worshippers of the God-State hope to destroy the faith of thirteen millions of Catholics. The project of the Falk laws was brought before the Landtag on the 9th of January, 1873, and on the 30th of the same month the Catholic episcopate of the kingdom of Prussia entered a solemn protest against this iniquitous attempt to violate the most sacred rights of conscience and religion.

In the name of the natural law,

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of the historical and lawfully-acquired rights of the church in Germany, of the treaties concluded by the crown of Prussia with the Holy See, and, in fine, in the name of the express recognition of these rights by the Constitution, they protest against the violation of the inalienable right of the Catholic Church to exist in the integrity of its doctrine, its constitution, and its discipline.

It is of the duty and right of each bishop, they declare, to teach the Catholic doctrine and administer the sacraments within his own diocese; it is also of his duty and right to educate, commission, and appoint the priests who are his co-operators and representatives in the sacred ministry; and it is of his duty and right to exhort and encourage them in the fulfilment of their charge, and, when they obstinately refuse to obey the doctrine and laws of the church, to depose them from office, and to forbid them the exercise of all ecclesiastical functions; all of which rights are violated by the proposed laws. As to the Royal Court for Ecclesiastical Affairs, they affirm that they can never recognize its competency, and that they can see in it only an attempt to reduce the divinely-constituted church to a non-Catholic and national institution.

The Memorial concludes with the following noble and solemn words:

"Concord between church and state is the safeguard of the spiritual and the temporal power; the indispensable condition of the welfare of all human society. The bishops, the priests, the Catholic people, are not the enemies of the state; they are not intolerant, unjust, rancorous towards those of a different faith. They ask nothing so much as to live in peace with all men; but they demand that they themselves be permitted to live according to their faith, of the divinity and truth of which they are most thoroughly convinced. They require that the integrity of religion and their church and the liberty of their conscience be left inviolate, and they are resolved to defend their lawful freedom, and even the smallest right of the church, with all energy and without fear.

"From our inmost souls, in the interest of the state as much as of the church, we conjure and implore the authorities to abandon the disastrous policy which they have taken up, and to give back to the Catholic Church, and to the millions of the faithful of that church who are in Prussia and in the Empire, peace, religious liberty, and security in the possession of their rights, and not to impose upon us laws obedience to which is incompatible, for every bishop and for every priest and for all Catholics, with the fulfilment of duty—laws, consequently, which violate conscience, are morally impossible, and which, if carried into execution by force, will bring untold misery upon our faithful Catholic people and our German fatherland."

The organs of the government declared that the Memorial was an *ultimatum*, "a declaration of war"; that "it was impossible to keep the peace with these bishops; and that they should be reduced as soon as possible to a state in which they could do no harm." Accordingly, the discussion of the Falk laws was hurried up, and they were adopted in May by a majority of two-thirds.

In the meantime, the government continued to follow up its harsh measures against the reli-

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gious orders, going so far as to close the churches of royal patronage in Poland, in order to prevent their consecration to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. It even forbade the children of the schools to assist at the devotions of the Sacred Heart. The Catholic casinos were closed; the Congregations of the Blessed Virgin, the Society of the Holy Childhood, and other religious associations were suppressed. The Catholic soldiers of the Prussian army had already been outraged by having their church in Cologne turned over to the Old Catholics.

By the beginning of 1873 nearly all the Jesuits had withdrawn from the territory of the German Empire, and taken refuge in France, England, Austria, Belgium, Brazil, the Indies, and the United States. Those who still remained were interned, and, deprived of all means of subsistence, placed under the supervision of the police. The government next proceeded to take steps to suppress those religious orders which it considered as *affiliated* to the Jesuits. A mission which the Redemptorists were giving at Wehlen, near Treves, was broken up by the police. Another mission which they were about to open at Oberjosbach (Nassau) was interdicted; whilst almost at the same time several Redemptorists were decorated "for services rendered to the fatherland during the war." A community of Lazarists at Kulm was dissolved, and houses of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, of the Sisters of Notre Dame, of the Sisters of Charity, and of the Sisters of S. Charles were closed.

Von Gerlach, the President of the Court of Appeals of Magdeburg, himself a Protestant, has informed us, in a pamphlet which he published about this time, of the effect of these persecutions upon the Catholics of Germany.

"As for the Catholic Church," he wrote, "persecutions strengthen her. In fact, her moral power is increased under pressure. The Catholic Church is to-day more zealous, more compact, more united, more confident of herself, more energetic, and better organized, than she was at the commencement of 1871. The Roman Catholics have good reason to be thankful that their church has gained in faith, in the spirit of sacrifice and prayer, in devoutness in worship, and in all Christian virtues.

"It is even evident that the interior force of the religious orders, especially that of the Jesuits, has been proportionately augmented. Around these proscribed men gather all those who love them to protect and help them."

The courageous conduct of the German bishops in taking a firm and decided stand against the persecutors of the church met with the almost unanimous approval of both priests and people. Dr. Döllinger and his sect were forgotten. If there had ever been any life in the impossible thing, it went out in the first breath of the storm that was breaking over the church. All the cathedral chapters gave in their adhesion to their respective bishops, and their example was followed by the pastors, rectors, and vicars of the eleven Prussian dioceses. They repelled with horror, to use the words of the clergy of Fulda, the attempt to separate the members from the head, and to give to the priesthood tutors in the person of a state official. Even the twenty-nine deacons of the Seminary of Gnesen entered their protest, recalling in their address to Archbishop Ledochowski the beautiful words

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of S. Laurence to Pope Sixtus as he was led to martyrdom: *Quo sine filio, pater?*

The Catholic nobility, in their meeting at Münster in January, 1873, openly proclaimed their fidelity to the church and their firm resolve to defend her rights and liberties; and the Catholic people began to organize throughout the Empire.

"The Association of the Catholic Germans," which now counts its members by hundreds of thousands, was formed, with the motto, *Neither rebel nor apostate*. Its *Wanderversammlungen* (migratory reunions) spring up everywhere, and become the centre of Catholic life. This association is based upon the constitutional law, its acts are public, the means it employs are lawful, and the end it aims at is distinctly formulated in its statutes.

In this manner the Catholics of Germany prepared themselves, not to commit acts of violence or to transgress the law, but to offer a passive resistance to tyranny and oppression, to uphold liberty of conscience against state omnipotence, and to suffer every evil rather than betray their souls' faith.

The Imperial government, on the other hand, showed no intention of withdrawing its arbitrary measures, but through its organs openly declared that "the execution of the clerical laws would form a clergy as submissive and tractable as the Prussian army"; whilst Herr Falk proclaimed in the Reichstag "that the government was resolved to make use of every means which the law placed within its power; and if the present laws were not sufficient, others would be framed to ensure their execution."

The ukase, signed by Bismarck on the 20th of May, 1873, suppressed the convents of the Redemptorists, of the Fathers of the Holy Ghost, of the Lazarists, and of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart; and the members of these orders were commanded to abandon their houses before the end of the following November. The Ladies of the Sacred Heart were accused of desiring to acquire "universal spiritual dominion."

The bishops were called on to submit for the approval of the government, in accordance with the tenor of the May laws, the plan of studies and the disciplinary rules of their diocesan seminaries; which, of course, they declined to do, whilst foreseeing that their action would bring about the closing of these institutions. Herr Falk, the Minister of Worship, ordered an examination into the revenues of the different parishes, without even asking the co-operation of the bishops; and the civil authorities were warned of their duty to notify the government of any changes which should be made in the body of the clergy. The police received orders to interfere, at certain points, with Catholic pilgrimages, which, in other instances, were positively interdicted.

The annual allowance of twelve hundred thalers to Mgr. Ledochowski, Archbishop of Posen, was withdrawn, his seminary was closed, and all teachers were forbidden to ask his permission to give religious instruction. In November, 1873, the archbishop's furniture was seized; even his paintings were carried off. The people, gathering in crowds, shouted after the officials: "Thief! thief!" On the 23d of the same month Mgr. Ledochowski was condemned to pay a fine of five thousand four hundred thalers, or, in default, to an imprisonment of two

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years, for having made nine appointments to ecclesiastical offices contrary to the laws of May.

Before the end of December, the fines imposed upon the archbishop reached twenty-one thousand thalers. In January, 1874, he was cited before a delegate judge of the Royal Court for Ecclesiastical Affairs, but refused to appear, since he could not, in conscience, recognize the competency of a civil tribunal to pass sentence on the manner in which he had exercised his pastoral functions. He moreover averred that, in case the threat to drag him into court should be carried out, it was his firm resolve to say nothing.

Several priests of the Diocese of Posen had already been incarcerated for failure to pay the fines of the government, and on the 3d of last February, at five o'clock in the morning, the archbishop was himself arrested and carried off to prison in Ostrowo, a town of about seven thousand inhabitants, chiefly Protestants and Jews.

The bishops of Prussia at once drew up a letter to the clergy and the Catholic people of their dioceses, in which they declared that "the only crime of Archbishop Ledochowski was that of having chosen to suffer everything rather than betray the liberty of the church of God and deny Catholic truth, sealed by the precious blood of the Saviour."

The canons of the Chapter of Posen were ordered by the government to elect a capitular-vicar; and as they declined to give their approval to the cruel and unjust imprisonment of their archbishop, a state official was appointed to take charge of the affairs of the diocese.

Both the priests and people of Prussian Poland remain firm, and give noble examples of steadfastness in the faith.

The history of the persecution in one diocese is, with a few unimportant differences, that of all. More than a year ago, the annual allowance of three thousand four hundred and seventy thalers made to the Theological Seminary of Cologne was withdrawn. Archbishop Melchers and his vicar-general were cited before a civil tribunal for the excommunication of two apostates. The Lazarists were driven from the preparatory seminaries of Neuss and Münstereifel.

On the 22d of November, 1873, the archbishop was condemned to pay a fine of twenty-five hundred thalers for five appointments made in violation of the May laws; and almost every week thereafter new fines were imposed, until finally his furniture was seized on the 3d of last February, and in a very short time the venerable prelate was incarcerated, not even his lawyer being allowed to visit him. His prison-cell was thought to be too comfortable, and he was soon changed to one under the very roof of the jail. A great number of pastors and vicars of his diocese were deprived of their positions, and some of them imprisoned.

On the 20th of November, 1873, the priests of twenty-eight towns and villages of the Diocese of Treves were interdicted by the government, and the bishop fined thirty-six hundred thalers. The Theological Seminary was closed, "not to be reopened until the bishop and rector should accept in good faith the laws of May, 1873." Any seminarians who might be found there on the 12th of January, 1874, were to be forcibly ejected.

The 15th of this same month the professors were forbidden to instruct the students of theology, under penalty of a fine of fifteen

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thalers or five days' imprisonment for each offence; and this prohibition is to remain in vigor until the bishop accepts the Falk laws. On the 21st of January, an inventory of the furniture of the episcopal palace was taken. The goods were sold at public auction on the 6th of February; in a few days, Bishop Eberhard was thrown into prison; and before the end of last August sixty of his priests were confessing the faith in the dungeons of Treves and Coblentz.

The old Dominican convent in Treves had been converted into a prison, and it is there that the bishop and some thirty of his priests were incarcerated. The prison discipline is rigid and harsh in the extreme. These confessors of Christ are forced out of their beds at five o'clock in the morning, and from this until they retire at nine in the evening they must either walk to and fro in their cells, or sit upon stools, since chairs are not allowed. If during the day they wish to lie down for a moment, an official at once informs them that this is not permitted; if they lean against the wall, the table, or the bed, they again receive the same warning. A jailer accompanies them whenever necessity forces them to leave their cells. All letters to and from the prison are read by the officials, and, in case the slightest pretext can be found, are destroyed. None save those who have voluntarily given themselves up, and who, after a first imprisonment, have not received an ovation from the people, are allowed to say Mass. The bishop is permitted to celebrate the Holy Sacrifice, but no one is suffered to be present except the server and the indispensable government official.

The food seems scarcely sufficient to sustain life. We have received from a most reliable person, who during the past summer examined into this whole matter on the spot, the bill of fare of the priests confined in the prison of Treves, which we here submit to our readers:

| | *Breakfast.* | *Dinner.* | *Supper.* |
|---|---|---|---|
| Sunday | Porridge. | Peas | Soup and Bread. |
| Monday | Coffee | Beans | Soup and Bread. |
| Tuesday | Porridge | Potatoes | Soup and Bread. |
| Wednesday | Soup | Rye Meal. | Soup and Bread. |
| Thursday | Soup | Peas | Porridge. |
| Friday | Coffee. | Rice | Soup. |
| Saturday | Porridge. | Cabbage. | Soup. |

Three times in the week, each of the prisoners receives a small piece of meat, and this is the only change ever made in the bill of fare which we have just given. What we have called "porridge" is known at Treves under the name of *Schlicht*, and is a kind of flour-paste. When we reflect that there are in Germany to-day not less than a thousand priests who are suffering this slow and cruel martyrdom, we shall be able to realize that the present pagan persecution may in all truth be compared to those which, in the first ages of Christianity, gave to the church her legions of martyrs and confessors. It is not necessary that we should enter into a detailed account of the persecution in the other dioceses of Germany. The same scenes are everywhere enacted—fines, citations, seizure of effects, interdicts, and imprisonments, on the part of the government; whilst the Catholics, standing in unshaken fidelity to God and conscience, suffer in patience every outrage that their enemies can inflict, rather than betray the sacred cause of the religion of Christ. The May laws of 1873 did not prove sufficiently harsh or tyrannical to satisfy the Prussian infidels; and they were consequently supplemented by clauses which passed both

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houses of the Reichstag last May. In virtue of these amendments, the state can decree the sequestration of the goods of an ecclesiastical post not occupied in the manner prescribed by the Falk laws. In this case, these goods are to be administered by a royal commissary.

The Royal Court for Ecclesiastical Affairs receives the power to depose bishops; and, this deposition being once pronounced, they are forbidden to exercise any ecclesiastical functions in their respective dioceses, which by this very fact are placed under interdict. When the bishop is deposed by the Royal Court, the cathedral chapter is summoned to proceed to elect his successor; and in case it fails to comply with this injunction within ten days, all goods belonging to the episcopal see, as well as those of the chapter of the diocese, and of the parishes, are sequestrated and administered by the government.

This miserable legislation gives to the state the entire spiritual power, and ignores alike the rights of God and those of the free Christian conscience. Still, it is only the legitimate and logical expression of the views and aims of the modern heathendom which is organizing throughout Europe for the destruction of the religion of Christ.

The May laws of 1873 required the bishops to convert all the incumbents having charge of churches into permanent and irremovable parish priests; in consequence of which the position of twelve hundred and forty-one incumbents in the Rhine Province became illegal on the 11th of last May. A general interdict was therefore expected, and even a process to compel the bishop to comply with this clause was looked for; but Herr Falk seems to have been frightened by his own legislation, since already, on the 8th of May, he announced in the Reichstag that only those priests whom "the government considered dangerous" would be notified of the proceedings taken against the bishops, and that no others would be held to come under the operation of the law. In this manner the Prussian Minister of Worship avoided the odium of a general interdict, whilst by a slower process he hopes eventually to bring about this result. The moment the incumbent of a church receives official notification that his bishop has been put under restraint, he is by the very fact forbidden to perform any ecclesiastical function, and his post is considered vacant. The *Landrath* then declares this *vacancy*, and invites the parishioners to prepare for the election of a successor to their former pastor.

That this election may take place, it suffices that ten men, who are of age and in the full possession of their civil rights, put in an appearance, that the person chosen by them and approved of by the civil authority may be recognized as the lawful incumbent.

The evident aim of this law is to create a schism in every parish in the German Empire, which, by fomenting divisions amongst the Catholics, would greatly aid the government in its efforts to destroy the church. But this is only one of innumerable instances in which the persecutors have been wholly mistaken.

They counted first upon the weakness of the Catholic bishops; confidently expecting that one or the other of them would place himself at the head of the Old Catho-

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lics, and thus, whilst causing great scandal in the church, give to that still-born sect at least a semblance of respectability. But not one of the German prelates wavered. They go to prison, like the apostles, rejoicing that they are found worthy to suffer for Christ, and declare that they are willing to shed their blood for the holy cause. Their enemies are not more ready to inflict than they to bear everything for the love of Jesus. Then, there was no doubt in the minds of the Prussian infidels that large numbers of the clergy would take advantage of the bribes offered by government to apostates to throw off the authority of the bishops, and to constitute themselves into a schismatical body. On the contrary, the persecution has only drawn tighter the bonds which unite the priests with their chief pastors. In all Germany there have not been found more than thirty rationalistic professors and suspended priests who were willing to take sides with Döllinger in his rebellion; and the juridically-proven immorality of Bishop Reinkens will no doubt give us a true insight into the characters of most of the men who have elected him their ecclesiastical superior.

When the persecutors found that both bishops and priests were immovable in their devotion to the church, they appealed to the Catholic people, and, by the laws of last May, placed it in their power to create a schism, by giving them the right to elect their own pastors, with the promise that government would turn the churches over to them. But this attempt to show that the bishops and priests of Germany have not the sympathy and confidence of the laity has met with signal rebuke.

The elections for the Prussian Landtag in November, 1873, and those for the Reichstag in January last, had not merely a political significance; their bearing upon the present and future welfare of the church in the German Empire is of the greatest importance. Opportunity was given to the Catholic people to make a public confession of faith; to declare, in words which could not be misunderstood, whether or not they were resolved to stand firm in the struggle into which their leaders had been forced.

In the November elections, in spite of every effort of the government, the Catholics increased their representatives in the Landtag from fifty-two to eighty-nine; whilst in the Reichstag their members have grown from sixty-three to considerably more than one hundred.

The entire Rhenish Province elected Catholics. Cologne, Düsseldorf, Treves, Coblentz, Aix-la-Chapelle, Crefeld, Bonn, Neuss, Düren, Essen, Malmedy, Mülheim, all the cities of the Lower Rhine, made their vote an act of faith. Windthorst, the leader of the Catholic party, was elected at Meppen (Hanover) over Falk, the author of the May laws, by a majority of nearly fifteen thousand. The entire vote for Falk was only three hundred and forty-seven.

The result of the elections undoubtedly startled the government, and possibly shook Bismarck's confidence in the power of persecution to destroy Catholic faith; but the struggle had grown too fierce to allow him to think of withdrawing.

On the contrary, the firmness of the Catholic people incited the persecutors to still harsher measures; but nothing that they have done or can do will succeed in breaking the combined passive opposition of the clergy and the laity.

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In the Vatican Council, the most determined resistance to the definition of the infallibility of the Pope was made by the German bishops, who felt no hesitation in openly declaring with what anxiety they regarded the probable effects of such a definition upon the Catholics of their own country. Divisions, apostasies, schisms, seemed imminent; and it is not easy now to determine what might have been the result had not God's providence interfered.

In the first place, at the very moment when the definition was made, the terrible conflict between France and Prussia broke forth, and raged so fiercely that the loud earth was struck dumb, and men held their breath till it should be ended. In the meantime, the angry feelings aroused by the discussions in the Vatican Council had, in great measure, been calmed, and it was possible to take a fairer and more dispassionate view of the whole subject.

Then the attempt of the government to destroy the Catholic Church in Germany, by tearing it away from its allegiance to the Pope, and debasing it to a mere function of the state, roused those who might have been disposed to waver, and brought about a universal reawakening of faith. It is the fate of the enemies of God's people to bless when they mean to curse. In fact, when Catholics begin to suffer, they begin to triumph; and hence even those who hate us have of nothing so great horror as of making martyrs and confessors. They know the history of martyrdom—that in the whole earth and in all ages it means victory.

The church, which sprang from the conflict of the God-Man with death, like him, in her greatest humiliation shows forth her highest power.

Her march through the world and through the ages is not along pleasant roads and through peaceful prospects, or, if so, only at times and rarely. If she move in pomp amid the acclamations of peoples, her triumphal procession ends in sorrow. The bark of Peter must be storm-tossed; and when the angry waves would swallow it, the divine voice speaks the magic word, and the quiet deep bears it up on her peaceful bosom.

The road wherein the progress of the church is most secure is the blood-stained way of the cross. When she is all bruised, and there is no comeliness left in her; when her eyes are red with weeping, and the world, beholding her agony, mocks and jeers and laughs her to scorn, then is she strongest; for her strength comes from humility, from suffering, from the cross. When she is humbled, God exalts her; when he permits her enemies to entomb her in ignominy, he is near at hand to crown her with the immortal glory of a new life. The word of Christ is: "You shall live in the world in the midst of persecutions; but take heart: I have conquered the world."

Within the memory of those who are still young, it was the fashion with our enemies to proclaim that the church was decrepit, that she was dying, that of her own weight she would fall to pieces in the new society that was growing up around her: to-day we hear that she is everywhere waxing too strong, and men appeal against her to tyranny and to brute force.

The most powerful and the most thoroughly organized of the modern nations, the great *Cultur-Staat* of the age, has confessed that it is unable to check the growth of the church by legitimate means, and it

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has therefore had recourse to the most arbitrary legislation and to the harshest measures of compulsion and violence. This, of course, is the most explicit avowal of its own impotence. We find also that the two nations which have manifested the most supercilious indifference to the Catholic Church, as being something which did not and could not concern them, now applaud this Prussian tyranny, in spite of the pretence of the love of freedom and fair play. The sympathy of the English press, and to a great extent of the American press, in this struggle, is with the absolute and liberty-destroying government of Prussia. The favorite motto of "civil and religious liberty all the world over" has been wholly lost sight of, and Englishmen and Americans give moral aid to a state which wantonly tramples upon both.

This, too, was a cherished watchword: The church is the friend of absolutism, the enemy of freedom.

But to-day we behold the Catholic Church, single-handed, fighting again the same battles of liberty which she fought and won in the early centuries of Christianity. Now, as then, she opposes absolutism in the state; denies, as she then denied, that Cæsar can lawfully lay claim to "the things of God"; and protests, in the name of the outraged dignity of human nature, that there is a freedom which transcends the sphere of all earthly authority. Her children, when nothing else remains to be done, utter the divine words: *Non possumus*—we cannot; we must obey God rather than men.

Referring to this struggle, Bismarck has said, in a memorable speech, that "it is the ancient contest for power, which is as old as the human race itself—the contest for power between king and priest." This is necessarily the view which he takes, since he believes in nothing but force. But the dualism here is not in the combatants alone; it is in the objects for which they contend.

It is indeed the ancient contest between good and evil, between the spirit and the flesh, between the Christ and the rulers of this world, which makes life a warfare and the earth a battle-field, and which must continue until the end. Never has it been fiercer than in our day, and the battle is yet hardly begun. But very few indeed understand, as yet, the nature of the struggle, or are at all aware of the real principles and interests which are at stake. Few men can see further than an hour or beyond the little circle that bounds their private interests; but each day it is becoming more evident that men must take sides; that not to be for Christ is to be against him.

Twice in the last eighteen hundred years the church has been the ark of the nations: she destroyed paganism; she converted and civilized barbarism. Some historian will tell, in another age, how, when Christian society, grown luxurious and corrupt, without God and without future hope, was sinking back into the flesh-worship and the death of ancient paganism, she, gathering around her the remnant of her children, and fearlessly facing the storm and the wrath of those who had ceased to know her, kept her own pure and undefiled till the dawn of the brighter day, to become the leaven of the social state that is to be.

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## CHRISTMAS-TIDE.

'Twas the hallowed Christmas even—
Christmas of the olden time,
Earth in snowy robes lay sleeping,
But there came a ringing chime
From the forest
Deck'd with glittering frozen rime.

Bright the golden stars were gleaming
Through the cloudless frosty air,
Like the tapers softly beaming
Round some holy shrine of pray'r,
And the night wind
Chants an anthem faint and rare.

Cheer'ly shone the Yule-log, glowing
In an old baronial hall,
Ghost-like shadows rose and faded
On the ancient panelled wall:
O'er my spirit
Mournful fancies seemed to fall.

Happy hearts were gathered round me—
Laughing childhood, free from stain;
Maidens, in their girlish beauty;
Manhood's gaze, undimm'd by pain;
And the aged,
Who might never meet again.

Gathered on that Christmas even
In the old ancestral home,
Breathing words of hope and kindness,
'Neath that lofty arching dome,
Ere they parted
Through life's thorny paths to roam.

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Two beside the hearthstone lingered—
Aged sire, and lady fair;
He of life's long journey weary;
But her softly waving hair
Graced a forehead
Yet unmarked by trace of care.

Spake then out that youthful mother
With her babe upon her knee
To the grandsire old and hoary,
Like a leafless forest tree:
"Tell me, father,
What thought Christmas brings to thee."

Silently he gazed upon her,
On her brow so pure and white,
On her dark eyes, softly beaming
With affection's holy light;
But a shadow
Lay upon his soul like night.

"Daughter, in life's joyous morning
Christmas comes with merry cheer,
Fancy tints a glowing pathway
Bright'ning with each coming year:
On the picture
Falleth not a shade of fear.

"Childhood smileth in its gladness,
Archeth Hope her rainbow bright—
Ah! he strives to grasp the vision;
Fades it from his eager sight:
Soon around him
Closes Disappointment's night.

"In the noontide, manhood kneeleth
Low before Ambition's shrine,
Praying: 'Goddess, hear thy vot'ry,
I no altar seek but thine':
Fame's wan fingers
Withered chaplets for him twine.

"But when fall the length'ning shadows,
When life's even stealeth on,

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Memory opes her golden casket,
Counts her jewels one by one—
Earth's dream fadeth;
Her bright smile remains alone.

"One by one my loved departed
To the far-off spirit-land—
One by one they crossed my threshold,
Till, the last of that bright band,
Sad and weary,
By a stranger hearth I stand.

"As the wand'rer homeward speeding
Marks the Southern Cross decline,
I am looking ever backward
To the stars that faintly shine;
But one beameth
With a radiance all divine.

"Star of Bethlehem! ere the sunlight
Of another Christmas blest
Rises in the glowing Orient,
Light, oh! light me to my rest!
I would slumber
Calmly in earth's quiet breast."

Slowly, slowly crept a Shadow
Through that silent, dark'ning room—
Softly loosed the cord of silver,
Led that soul from Sorrow's gloom
To the valleys
Where the flowers immortal bloom.

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# THE VEIL WITHDRAWN.

TRANSLATED BY PERMISSION, FROM THE FRENCH OF MADAME CRAVEN, AUTHOR OF "A SISTER'S STORY," "FLEURANGE," ETC.

## XXX.

THE portrait of Gilbert I have drawn is not incorrect. He was as noble as I have represented him, and it is certain that, in speaking to me as he did that day, he was very far from the thought of laying a snare for me, or even for himself. Whether he was absolutely sincere or not I cannot say, but probably as much so as I, at least during the few first days after this conversation. Thanks to the method of reasoning I have given above, and which I thought original, it seemed to me that this frequent intercourse with a man unusually superior to any one I had ever known, and who, very far from addressing me any silly flattery, almost invariably appealed to all that was highest in my nature, and, without alluding to the cause of my troubles, knew how to divert my mind completely from them—it seemed to me, I say, that this intimacy, this sort of imaginary relationship which I had accepted, was not only lawful, but beneficial, and I regarded it even as a just compensation for so many cruel deceptions. In a word, I had lost, through the frivolity of my recent life, that clearness of spiritual vision which is maintained by vigilance alone, and I was a long time without suspecting that this idle frivolity, with all the exuberant gayety that accompanied it, was a thousand times less dangerous than the long conversations, to which the perfect harmony of a kindred mind, and the contact with a soul so noble that it seemed to ennoble mine, lent such a charm, and gave to my life a new interest which I had never experienced before.

There was no apparent, or even real, difference in our interviews from what they were before, and any one might have heard every word he addressed me. And yet I felt that he by no means talked to me as he did to others, and I, on my side, conversed with him as I did with no one else. We were seldom alone together, it is true, but every evening, either in the drawing-room or on the terrace, he found an opportunity of conversing with me a few moments without witnesses. He did not conceal from me that he regarded these as the most precious moments of the evening; and as to this I scarcely differed from him. Occasionally, something inexpressible in his voice, his looks, and even in his silence, made me tremble, as if I felt the warning of some approaching danger. But as he never deviated a single word from the *rôle* he had taken, my torpid conscience was not aroused! Lorenzo was still absent, though the time fixed for his return had long gone by; and when I was expecting him the second time, I received a letter announcing a further delay, caused, as he said, by "a circumstance that was unforeseen and independent of his will."

A flush of anger rose to my face

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while reading this letter, though I felt and acknowledged that the prolongation of his absence did not cause me the same chagrin it once would. I did not ask why. I took pleasure in recalling with a kind of complacency the aggravating wrongs I had repeatedly endured, and it seemed to me he had less right than ever to deny a heart he had so cruelly wounded any consolation whatever that remained.

The day this second letter arrived we were on the point of starting for Mt. Vesuvius, where, for a week, crowds of people had been going out of curiosity, as is the case at every new eruption. It was nearly night before we set out. My aunt and her two daughters were of the party, besides Gilbert, Mario, and Lando, as well as two foreigners who, from the time of the Carnival, had assiduously haunted the steps of my two cousins. One was a young Baron von Brunnenberg, an excellent dancer and a great lover of music; the other an Englishman, no less young, of fine figure and herculean proportions, whose name was Harry Leslie.

There was a certain embarrassment at our departure among the members of the party, caused by the simultaneous desire of several of them to avoid the *calèche* in which Donna Clelia had at once installed herself. I observed this hesitation, which was far from flattering to my poor aunt, and hastened to take a seat beside her. The young baron, who escorted her, then concluded to follow my example, and I made a sign to Lando to take the vacant place. He obeyed me less eagerly than usual. Stella, my two cousins, and the young Englishman took possession of the other carriage, which assumed the lead, followed with an envious eye by the baron as well as Lando, who, I remarked, seemed in a less serene frame of mind than usual. Gilbert and Mario came after in a *carozzella*, which formed our rear-guard.

At first everything went on pleasantly. My aunt was very fond of pleasure excursions, and she regarded this as one, particularly as we were all to take supper together at my house on our return. The conversation did not slacken an instant as far as Resina, where we arrived at nightfall. There we left the main road to take that which led directly to Mt. Vesuvius.

A new crater had this time been formed below the well-known cone from which the fire and smoke generally issued. It was like a large, gaping wound on the side of the mountain, which sent forth torrents of fire, ashes, and red-hot stones.

Consequently, instead of being obliged to climb to the summit in order to witness the eruption, we were able to drive so near the stream of lava that we only had to walk a short distance to see the terrible opening, which was approached more or less closely, according to the degree of boldness or curiosity with which each one was endowed.

But the spectacle presented an imposing appearance long before we saw it close at hand, and I was in the height of admiration when I heard a murmur beside me: "O Gesù, Gesù! . . . O Madonna santa! . . ." Turning around, I beheld my aunt, pale with fright, kissing the cross of the rosary she held in her hand.

Donna Clelia, as we are perfectly aware, knew how to brave danger when she found an occasion worthy of the trouble. We had a proof of this on the memorable day of the combat on the Toledo. But, as it

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has perhaps also been perceived, she was rather indifferent to the picturesque. Consequently, there was nothing at this moment to stimulate her courage, and I was alarmed at the condition in which I saw her.

"O Ginevrina mia! . . ." said she at last in a trembling voice, "*non mi fido!* No, I have not the courage to go any further. . . . Madonna! . . ."

This last appeal was caused by a stream of fire brighter than any of the preceding ones, and accompanied by a loud detonation.

"But merciful Lord! What folly!" she continued. "What caprice! What madness! How can you wish to rush into such a lake of fire while you are still alive! . . . Oh! no, not yet; no, never! *O mamma mia! misericordia! . . .*"

Each new stream of fire produced a more lively exclamation of terror. All at once she leaned her head on my shoulder, exclaiming:

"Ginevrina! . . . I feel I am going to have a *papariello!*" *

At this we stopped the carriage. It was evidently dangerous to take her any further. But what should we do? . . . Must we give up our excursion, and retrace our steps? We were not inclined to do this. Besides, the other carriage was some distance in advance, and could not be recalled. In this dilemma we were rejoined by the *carozzella.* Gilbert and Mario leaped from their carriage to ascertain what had happened to us.

"What is it, Zia Clelia?" said Mario, approaching the carriage, and perceiving my aunt in the attitude I have just mentioned. She raised her head.

"O Mario! *figlio mio!* It is because I cannot endure this storm of fire. It is the end of the world —the day of judgment! . . . How it oppresses me! . . . How it stifles me! . . . O my God! and the *povere ragazze, dove sono?* . . . O holy Virgin, lead us all back safe and sound to Naples, and I promise you that for nine days . . ."

She finished her vow mentally, for Mario at once decided on the only thing that could be done, and devoted himself to the task. He would take her back to Resina in the carriage, and there await our return.

The exchange was soon effected. My aunt did not require any insisting, after we promised to bring her daughters back without allowing them to incur any danger. In the twinkling of an eye she was placed beside Mario in the *carozzella* with her back to Mt. Vesuvius, while Gilbert took her place beside me, and we pursued our way as fast as possible, in order to make up for the time we had lost.

We soon arrived at the place where we were obliged to leave the carriage. Gilbert aided me in descending, and then gave me his arm, while Lando and the baron went in search of the other members of the party, who only had Mr. Leslie to protect them. They were soon out of sight, and Gilbert remained alone with me.

I will not repeat here what every one has seen or read concerning the eruptions of Mt. Vesuvius. I will merely say to those who have not had the experience, that this extraordinary spectacle, assuredly the most wonderful and at the same time the most terrific in the whole world of nature, causes a singular fascination which induces the spectator to approach continually nearer and nearer the fiery crater. It

* Neapolitan for a nervous attack.

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seems impossible to turn away his eyes. He keeps on, therefore, without looking to the right or left, without seeing where he is walking, stumbling at every step over heaps of lava scarcely cold, regardless of the rough path with its sharp, burning stones, the effect of which is afterwards seen on his garments and shoes, though he does not think of it while exposed to the danger, more apparent, perhaps, than real, but which indubitably exists, however, as is proved by the numerous accidents that occur at every new eruption.

Leaning on Gilbert's arm, I was too firmly supported to stumble, and was able to ascend to the top of a ridge of lava formed by preceding eruptions; and there, protected by an immense block on the very edge of the flaming abyss, I contemplated the awful, imposing spectacle! Gilbert did not utter a word, and I attributed his silence to the impression which likewise rendered me dumb in the presence of this terrific convulsion of nature. The burning lava, issuing, as I have said, from a crater on the side of the mountain, did not spring up to fall back again on the summit, as usual, but it advanced like a large river of fire over the heaped-up masses of cold, black lava, giving them the most singular, fantastic forms. It was like a city, not on fire, but of fire! It seemed as if one could see houses, towers, and palaces; and in the midst of these imaginary edifices moved the fiery stream! For lava does not flow. However steep the descent, it stops and goes no further as soon as the crater ceases to emit it. But it had not yet stopped. On the contrary, it pursued its slow, pitiless course, consuming vineyards, swallowing up houses, and burning the trees and bushes in its way.

It was a sight difficult to endure for a long time, and yet I could not turn my eyes away from so mysterious and terrible a spectacle.

"O my God!" I murmured, "this is truly *la città dolente!* We have before our eyes an exact representation of the last day of the world! . . ."

Gilbert made no reply. He was overcome by I know not what emotion more powerful than mine, and, looking at his face by the red light of the fire, I was alarmed at the change in his features and their unusual expression.

"Would that that day had arrived for me!" said he at length. "Would that this were really the last day of my life! Yes, I would like to be swallowed up in that flame! I would like to die here on the spot where I am—beside you—worthy of you. . . ."

In spite of the terrific scene before me, in spite of the noise of the explosions and the sullen sound of the lava, the tone in which he spoke was distinctly audible, and made my heart beat with mingled emotion and fear.

"I am afraid you are becoming dizzy, Monsieur de Kergy," said I in a trembling voice; "take care. Its effect, they say, is to draw one into the abyss."

"Yes, Donna Ginevra," replied he in the same strange tone, "you are right. I am dizzy. I am approaching the verge of an abyss, I know. I have rashly exposed myself to the danger. I have presumed too much on my strength."

The look he fastened on me, as he uttered these words, gave them a meaning I could not mistake. It was no longer Gilbert who spoke—



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it was not he to whom I had accorded the rights of a safe and faithful friend. The veil with which I had wilfully blinded my eyes suddenly fell off, and the emotion I was seized with, the material flames that surrounded me, and the certain peril into which another step would have plunged me, gave an exact idea of the danger to which I had foolishly exposed my honor and my soul!

I covered my face a moment with my hands, but spoke as soon as I dared.

"Monsieur de Kergy," said I in a supplicating tone, "cease to look at the fire around us. Lift up your eyes, and see how calm and beautiful the night is above this terrible *inferno*."

In fact, a bright moonlight was diffused over this terrific scene, and the contrast between the earth and sky could not have been more striking.

Gilbert's eyes followed mine, and remained for some time fastened on those peaceful starry worlds, which seemed as far remote from the agitation of our hearts as they were above this frightful convulsion of nature. I felt in my soul the need of powerful assistance, and murmured in a low tone: "O my God, have mercy on me!" with a fervor that for a long time I had not felt in my prayers.

After a long silence, Gilbert said to me in a low, agitated tone:

"Will you pardon me, madame? Will you trust in me to take you away from this place?"

"Yes, I trust you. But let us make haste to leave so dangerous a spot. Do you not hear the frightful explosions? Do you not see the red-hot stones that are flying over our heads? . . ." And as I spoke a cloud of thick smoke added obscurity to all the other horrors of the place.

"Do not be alarmed," said Gilbert in a tone once more calm and decided. "We must certainly hurry away, but there is no danger yet, unless from fear. Give me your hand."

But I hesitated when he endeavored to take it, and made an involuntary movement, as if going to descend without his assistance.

"In the name of heaven," said he rapidly, trembling with agitation and terror, "do not refuse my assistance in the danger we are in. You cannot do without it. You *must* give me your hand, madame."

His agitated voice became almost imperious. I gave him my hand, and even complied when he told me to rest the other firmly against his shoulder.

"Now," said he, "descend carefully. You need not be afraid. I will support you. In spite of this whirlwind of fire and smoke, I can clearly distinguish my way."

He made no further observations, as we slowly descended; and as soon as we were in a place of safety, I left him, and leaned against a tree at some distance, trying to get breath. Besides the violent agitation of my heart, the suffocating air that surrounded us gave me a feeling of giddiness and faintness that was almost overpowering.

## XXXI

The stream of fire and smoke that obliged us to leave the place where we were standing had a like effect on all who were in the vicinity of the fiery current. We were therefore soon joined by Teresina

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and Lando, Mariuccia and the baron. But I felt extremely anxious at seeing nothing of Stella and young Leslie, who had left the others to go further below, in order to get a better view of the lava in its course to the plain. The fear lest some accident had happened to them began to chill the blood in my veins, but I was soon reassured by seeing them at last reappear with blackened faces and torn garments, while Stella was bareheaded, and her hair streaming in disorder.

"Good heavens! what has happened to you?"

"Nothing, nothing," said Stella, out of breath. "We will tell you everything by-and-by."

Here Mr. Leslie interposed, declaring that the Countess Stella was "the bravest woman he had ever met—a heroine, and an angel of goodness."

"You are entirely mistaken," said Stella, drawing up the hood of her cloak. "But I have lost my bonnet, and nearly destroyed my shoes also, I fear. Let us start immediately. We will relate everything afterwards."

As she was there safe and sound, it was really much better to put off any further particulars till another time, and return to Naples as quickly as possible. We started, therefore, without any delay, only stopping at Resina long enough to take my aunt, who, having devoted the whole time of our absence to a siesta, was completely rested, and had quite recovered from her terror. Mario was less good-humored; but when, a little after midnight, we all assembled at last around the supper-table that awaited our return, every one seemed satisfied with the excursion we had made. I alone felt I had brought back a heart more agitated than at our departure.

Stella still refused to answer our questions, pretending to be too hungry to think of giving the account we were all so eager to hear; but Mr. Leslie was only too glad to assume the task, and at once proceeded to satisfy our curiosity.

"We were," said he, "watching the lava, as it advanced with a dull sound resembling the distant report of grape-shot, when all at once we heard a succession of heart-rending groans a few steps off. At our approach we found a man lying on the ground. I endeavored to raise him. Impossible: he had broken his leg. Countess Stella questioned him, and the story he related was a sad one. Like so many of the other poor creatures, he had deferred leaving his house till the last moment. His wife was ill in bed, with a little boy of five or six years old beside her. He kept hoping the lava would stop before it could reach his dwelling—they all hope that! He went out two or three times an hour to see how far it had progressed, and finally saw all hope was vain. The lava kept on its course, regardless of any one. He had barely more than half an hour to save his wife and child, and then carry away what he could. He rushed towards the house; but in the haste with which he endeavored to make up for lost time, he had fallen from one of those black rocks you are so familiar with, on the spot where we found him, unable to rise. It was necessary to hasten; the lava was continually advancing. In less than a quarter of an hour it would reach his hut, and his wife and child were there! . . . I could not understand what he said," continued the young Englishman with

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an expression of benevolence and courage which added to the effect of his narrative, "but while I was gazing at the devouring current that was advancing towards a house I supposed empty, I suddenly saw the countess dart forward without any explanation. I understood it at once, and followed her. Outrunning her, I was the first to arrive at the house, and had already taken the woman and mattress in my arms when the countess joined me. 'Take the child!' I cried. He was screaming, the poor thing; for, in taking up his mother, I had, without intending it, thrown him on the floor. He was a boy of about six years of age, and heavy to carry, I assure you. But kindness and courage gave strength. The countess picked him up as if he were a feather, and we hurried out of the house. The heat of the fire was already intolerable, and the earth under our feet heaved at every step. I thought a dozen times we had sacrificed our own lives in trying to save theirs. But no, thank God! we all succeeded—woman, child, and ourselves, with the mattress—in reaching the poor wounded man, whose cries of terror now gave place to those of joy. He had reason—the poor creature!—for we were hardly in safety before we heard a horrid sound, this time like the noise of cannon—it was the shock of the burning lava against the house we had just escaped from. What a sight! Good God! . . . But since it must have happened, I am not sorry I was there! The fiery stream first passed around the house, then rose, as if to wrap its red flame around it, and finally swept over the roof; and when everything was engulfed, it quietly continued its course. The poor people wept; but, after all, they were thankful to be alive, and kissed the hands of the Countess Stella, calling her an angel sent by the Madonna and a thousand other things of that kind. It was now time to call for assistance, and by the aid of two or three peasants we transported them all into a habitation, where they were received for the night. To-morrow I shall go and carry them some assistance. And now, Madame la Duchesse, you know how the Countess Stella lost her bonnet, and why we were so late."

The effect produced by this account cannot be described. Gilbert eagerly raised his head, and I saw his eyes glisten as he listened. As for me, my heart leaped with a kind of transport, while my dear, noble Stella made fruitless efforts to stop the acclamations her courage drew even from those who were the least accessible to enthusiasm.

"What an absurdity!" exclaimed she as soon as she could make herself heard. "Who of you would not have done the same thing? Stop, I beg of you, or rather, listen to me. Let us all join in buying these poor people a cottage to replace the one they have lost."

This proposition was of course acceded to with ardor and unanimity. My Aunt Clelia instantly plunged into the depths of her pocket, and had already opened her well-stocked *porte-monnaie* when Lando rose and exclaimed:

"Stop, Donna Clelia; put your gold back in your pocket—for the moment. I have an idea. Let us do as they do in Paris."

"Oh! bravo!" exclaimed my two cousins in a breath.

"Yes," said Teresina with enthusiasm, "as at Paris, I beg of you. But what? how? say!"

"Listen, all," said Lando—"lis-

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ten to my programme. It contains a *rôle* for us all. First, Donna Ginevra's is the easiest, but most indispensable. She must lend us one of her drawing-rooms where a small but select number can assemble. This *réunion* shall take place to-morrow, . . . no, the day after to-morrow, when—pay special attention now, Monsieur le Comte de Kergy."

Gilbert, hearing his name, looked up with surprise, while Lando stopped to say very swiftly in Italian to his neighbor, "You know he is celebrated for his eloquence," then continued: "And then, the Comte de Kergy, here present, shall, at the opening of the meeting, make a brief discourse, in order to explain the object of the contribution we shall afterwards expect of each one. He will relate the account we have just heard, and add all he pleases about the excursion we have made together and the various incidents that have taken place. We shall depend on his omitting nothing that occurred. *Poi*, Donna Teresina and Donna Mariuccia will sing a duet, accompanied by the Baron von Brunnenberg; and if you wish for a general chorus, here we are, Mario, Leslie, and myself, ready to lend our assistance. *Finalmente*, we come to the most important; the Countess Stella will recite some poetry of her own choice, and you who have heard her know what is in reserve for those who are to hear her for the first time. After that is the moment to present your contributions, and you shall give me the result. *Che ne dite!*"

I could not have declined, even if I had had any serious objections against this proposition, which was unanimously received with even more enthusiasm than the first. Stella, though really endowed with the talent Lando was desirous of profiting by, seemed annoyed. Gilbert's face darkened, and he resumed the gloomy, preoccupied expression he had for an instant shaken off; but to protest or refuse was as impossible for them as well as me, and before separating, at two o'clock in the morning, the meeting was decided upon and appointed for the next day but one.

When I found myself alone, it was impossible to think of sleep, notwithstanding the advanced hour of the night. My chamber was at one end of the house, and opened on the lateral terrace opposite that of the drawing-room. I opened my window, and took a seat outside. There, in the imposing silence of that beautiful night, I sought calmness and the power of reflection. The uncommon courage Stella had just given a proof of produced a salutary effect on me. Her example reacted somewhat against a fatal enervation that was gradually diminishing my moral strength. I admired courage, and my soul, however enfeebled it might be, responded at this moment to her noble, generous impulse. With my eyes fastened on the flame that now lit up the whole horizon with its sinister gleam, I thought the sight ought to inspire Stella with a lofty emotion such as follows the accomplishment of an heroic deed; whereas I—it was with a shudder I thought of the contrast it suggested! . . . I tried to avoid dwelling on what had taken place. I wished to believe it was my imagination alone that disturbed and alarmed me; that nothing was changed; but I could not succeed, and at last I was forced to consider what I should do—what was the course prescribed by the new light to which I could no longer close

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my eyes? But as soon as this question was clearly placed before me, I experienced the most violent repugnance to solve it.

Gilbert's sweet, beneficent friendship alone had enabled me to endure the destruction of my happiness. Could I admit the necessity of renouncing it? What had he ever done till to-day to give me reason to regret my confidence in him? For an instant, it is true, and only for an instant, he had not seemed like himself, and my heart beat, in spite of myself, as I recalled his look and the accent of his voice; but did I not attach too much importance to words which, after all, were vague and incoherent? Should I not take time to reflect? Such were the questions I asked myself, in order to impose silence on my reason and the actual voice of my conscience. I succeeded so far as to defer the reply I was unwilling to listen to, and put off my decision, whatever it might be, till the following day.

It was late when I awoke, for I did not go to sleep till daylight; and I had not yet left my chamber when the following letter was brought me. It was dated the same day at three o'clock in the morning:

"MADAME: A few hours ago I addressed you in a moment of delirium. What I said I know not. But what I do know is that you understood me, and, in order to regain your confidence and make you forget what I uttered, I should be obliged to declare what is false, and this I cannot do. No, I will not be false to myself, were I, by speaking the truth, to forfeit a happiness I ought to have courage enough to deny myself, and which I shall, at least, renounce if you require it.

"I only ask you not to condemn me without a hearing. For once allow me to speak plainly, though it be of myself; which is repugnant to me, as you may have perceived. But it is necessary to do this in order to throw light on the decision you will afterwards have to make.

"I believe I have a high idea of the use a man should make of his life, as well as a profound conviction he will have to render an account of the way he spends it. In a word, I adhere, thank God, to the faith of my mother, and desire to live as much as possible in accordance with this faith, and as it becomes an honest man and a Christian to live.

"To this end, I have given my activity every possible scope—long, fatiguing journeys, hard study, active concurrence in a multitude of enterprises that seemed to have an useful object. I have entered eagerly into everything that could absorb my mind and time, not so much out of disinterested zeal for doing good, as from a calculation that is allowable, I think; for it is founded on a distrust of myself, resulting from an exact knowledge of the shoals on which I might easily be wrecked.

"I dreamed of a happiness, common enough in many countries, but rare in ours—that of knowing, loving, and choosing the one I would make my own; but this is a difficult thing in France, and I had a strong repugnance to any other way of deciding my lot. I persistently refused to consent to any of those so-called chance encounters one is constantly drawn into by officious friends without number in Paris, who are always ready to take possession of any one who has the misfortune to be considered a *bon parti*.

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"In avoiding these encounters I was spared other temptations still more dangerous, and I met with nothing to disturb my peace of mind till the day I saw you the first time, madame. I had no conversation with you on that occasion, but I observed you, I heard your voice, and listened to some of your remarks. I noticed your indifference to the homage that surrounded you, and the evident absence of vanity which your beauty rendered so strange, and I became afraid of you. Yes, I felt I must avoid you, and I did so resolutely. One day, however, you were, without my being aware of it, in the audience I addressed, and Diana afterwards presented me to you. The opinion of every one else immediately became indifferent to me. I only cared to know what you thought of my discourse, and to ascertain if there was any mental sympathy between us. I thought I discovered some in the few words we exchanged, and my resolution to avoid you only became the more fixed. I even resisted my mother's entreaties to join some of the excursions she made with you. Consequently, I only met you once, as you are aware, madame, and that was at home, where I could not avoid the happiness of being beside you.

"I perceived you were sad that evening, in spite of your charming smile and gayety of manner, which were no less dangerous to me than your tears. I saw it, and was terribly agitated. And when at last the time came to bid you farewell, I could not summon the resolution, but said instead '*au revoir*.'

"Nevertheless, I allowed long months to pass. I waited till time had somewhat effaced the vividness of my recent impressions, so I should no longer fear to meet you, and then I made an excuse to stop at Naples a few days on my way to Egypt. The day I arrived here, though I detest balls, I could not avoid attending that given by the French ambassador, and there I saw you once more!

"Shall I acknowledge it? When I saw you in all the splendor of your dazzling beauty, enhanced by your dress, and surrounded by adorers, I felt a momentary relief. I congratulated myself on having braved the danger of seeing you again. It seemed to me at that moment the image I had so cherished in my heart was effaced, and I was no longer in any danger. Alas! the next day you were no longer the same. I found you as you once were, but I had not the courage to fly from you. My stay was to be short, and I yielded to the happiness allotted me, persuading myself the habit of seeing you daily might diminish the effect of your influence.

"At length, madame, in good faith, as I thought, I ventured one day to ask you to regard me as a friend, and promised to be worthy of the favor. I firmly believed I promised you nothing beyond my strength. A single instant was sufficient to reveal to me, even more clearly than to you, the extent of my illusion. You see I make no attempt to conceal anything from you now. I no longer try to deceive you. But in spite of all I have said, I implore you not to bid me depart. In asking this I feel sure of never offending you again. I cannot hope for the return of your confidence. I no longer claim to be regarded as a friend. I even promise to speak to you henceforth but seldom. But I beseech you not to deprive me of the happiness of seeing you! Do

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not punish me so severely! Do not yet command me to *go*. That word would be an order I should at once obey, or rather a sentence I should submit to without a murmur; but there is no criminal who has not the right to petition for mercy, and that mercy I now implore at your feet.

"GILBERT."

XXXII.

My mother, in portraying the lineaments of my youthful soul, once spoke of a precious jewel hidden in its depths. She doubtless referred to the inclination for what is right and the lively horror of evil she discovered there. But does not this jewel exist with more or less purity and brilliancy in the depths of every human soul, requiring only a perverted will to crush it utterly, or a feeble, undecided will to tarnish its lustre and diminish its value? My life, though not very culpable in appearance, was now drawing me in its soft current into that state of sluggishness, inaction, and weakness which is a dissolvent of this supernatural jewel without any equal in the natural world.

Lorenzo, notwithstanding his jealous vigilance during the earlier period of our married life, did not hesitate to take me to all the theatres, and at Paris he placed in my hands some of the most celebrated romances of the day. This somewhat disturbed the equilibrium of my mind, and produced a certain agitation of soul, which is the natural consequence of an unhealthy interest in works to which genius and talent have the cruelty to lend their irresistible power. When we reflect on the value of these divine gifts, the source from which they emanate, and their power of diffusing light and awakening the mental faculties, we cannot help thinking how cruel it is to employ them in kindling everywhere a fire so destructive to the human soul—the only real, irrevocable death.

But, in spite of the inevitable effect spoken of above, the strong disgust and repugnance they speedily produced in my mind prevented their poisonous emanations from affecting me seriously. Now, after being so long exposed to influences doubtless less deleterious than those, but by no means strengthening, a more subtle snare was laid for me. . . . The letter I held in my hand was not an effusion that should instantly have aroused my conscience, which, though torpid, was not hardened; no, its language was such that I read and reread it, and allowed the sentiments it expressed to penetrate my very heart. And yet, what was the substance of this letter; what was its real signification? However noble and superior to other men Gilbert might appear in my eyes, of what avail was this nobleness, this superiority, this purity of his soul even, when he began to tread the lower path of common mortals with the vain thought that he could maintain a straight course better than others; . . . that he could make me so decidedly explicit a declaration, and promise me an inviolable respect, which he immediately deviated from the first time he had the opportunity? . . .

But this truth did not at that time appear in the light in which I saw it at a later day, and a terrible struggle took place in my heart. Illusion was no longer possible. I

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could no longer say I had a sure, faithful friend whose attachment was allowable, and yet I could not decide to give it up. I tried to persuade myself, with all those arguments that present themselves as soon as one is ready to listen to them, that this sacrifice was unnecessary. In the bottom of my soul, however, another voice made itself heard, repeating more strongly the warning of the night before—a sweet, divine voice, scarcely audible in the midst of all this agitation, and, when heard, was not listened to!

That was the day I usually went to see Livia, but it was quite late before I remembered it. My first thought was to omit going for once, but as I had always been punctual at these interviews, in spite of every obstacle, and Saturday was the only day I could be received, after some minutes' hesitation I surmounted the temptation to remain at home.

During the whole period of frivolous gayety that marked the first months of my life at Naples, far from wishing to avoid seeing Livia, I took pleasure, on the contrary, in asking her advice, which I was by no means as afraid of, even in Carnival time, as my Aunt Clelia. I was something like a place besieged and almost surrounded by the enemy, but still not wholly inaccessible to the friendly power disposed to deliver it. As I have said elsewhere, Livia's voice always took a correct pitch, unmistakable to the ear, and I loved to listen to it, even when mine was too weak to sound the same note with like power and clearness.

But from the day of Lorenzo's departure, so doubly fatal, instead of the careless gayety I usually went to the convent to acknowledge and correct, I was filled with a sadness and anxiety Livia was not slow to perceive, and, instead of gently shaking her head, as she smiled at my account of the somewhat too gay a life into which I had been led by Lorenzo, she now fastened a grave, anxious look on me, to which I replied by pouring out all the bitterness of my fresh grievances without any restraint. After this explanation, which sufficiently accounted for the change she had remarked, I spoke no more of myself, and never once mentioned Gilbert's name. I was angry with myself for this reserve. I longed to overcome it, and tell her, as I had often told myself, that in Gilbert heaven had sent me a friend whose influence was delightful, salutary, elevated, pure, and so on. These words came to my lips, but I could not utter them before her.

Once (it was the Saturday before) there was a new change in the expression of my face—a change which reflected, I suppose, the insecure and dangerous happiness to which I had unscrupulously yielded. Seeing me appear with a smiling air and a calm, untroubled face, she at first seemed pleased, but, after observing me for some time, said:

"Has Lorenzo returned?"

"No."

She looked thoughtful.

"Do you know when he will return?"

"I do not know," said I bitterly; "and, in fact, I begin never to expect him, and almost not to wish him to return."

I saw a slight movement of her clasped hands like a shudder. She raised her large eyes, and, looking me in the face, said:

"Take care."

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Her look and words greatly troubled me, and I did not recover from the impression till it was time for Gilbert to arrive in the evening, when his presence made me forget it. I thought of this to-day, and perhaps the remembrance added to the repugnance I felt to go to the convent. Perhaps it also caused the unusual emotion I experienced when I found myself once more in the parlor—the very parlor that filled me with so much terror the first time I entered it, but which I afterwards forgot, so different were the impressions that followed.

But whatever the joy, the trouble, the agitation, or, as to-day, the anguish, with which I came, a few minutes sufficed to put me in harmony with the inexpressible tranquillity that reigned around me. The pulsations of my heart diminished, and I experienced the effect a pure, vivifying air produces on one who has just come from a heavy, feverish atmosphere. The bare walls, the wooden seats, the extreme simplicity and austerity on every side, inspired me with a kind of attraction that would have surprised those who daily saw me in my sumptuous home, surrounded by all that wealth and the most refined taste could procure. This attraction, incomprehensible to myself, was like that vague perfume the traveller breathes when approaching some unknown shore which he does not yet perceive. . . .

But on this occasion these things, instead of producing their usually beneficial, soothing effect, caused me a kind of uneasiness akin to remorse, and I soon found the solitude so difficult to endure that I had some idea of profiting by the interval that remained in order to leave the convent under some pretext without seeing my sister. But the strength of mind that, thank heaven, I still possessed prevented me from leaving the place, and I became absorbed in thoughts I dared not fathom, so utterly discordant were they with everything around me, and so different from what they seemed in the light by which I regarded them only an hour before.

At last the door opened, the curtain was drawn aside, and Livia made her appearance.

"You are late, Gina," said she. "I was afraid I should not see you to-day."

I stammered some excuse, as she gave me a scrutinizing look with her usual expression of extreme sweetness.

"You do not look so happy as you did last Saturday, Ginevra. You are agitated and excited to-day. Will you not tell me the reason?"

I was tempted to make her a thorough, sincere confession; but the moment I was about to begin I was struck with the impossibility of speaking in that angelic place of what seemed elsewhere only natural, excusable, and almost legitimate.

Seeing I made no reply, she gently said:

"Lorenzo has not yet come home. Of course his absence afflicts you. Be patient and forbearing, I conjure you, Ginevra."

Her words caused me a kind of irritation, though I was glad to elude her previous question, and I hastily replied:

"Livia, you require too much of me. Some day I may become patient and forbearing, but at present it is impossible."

"Gina, Gina, do not say so," said she in the tone in which she used to correct the faults of my childhood.

"O Livia! your poor sister finds life hard, I assure you. How happy you are! . . ."

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"Yes, I am happy," she softly replied.

"Who would have said it, however," I continued in an agitated tone, "when Lorenzo came to woo me with so many assurances of affection, so many promises of happiness? . . . That all this should prove false and illusory! . . . Oh! when I think of it, I no longer have the strength to . . ."

"Ginevra!" said Livia, suddenly interrupting me in a tone of authority, "it is useless to talk in that manner. You speak like a child!"

She seldom spoke to me in this way, and I stopped.

"At the time you are speaking of," she resumed, "do you remember my telling you one day—it was only a short time before your marriage . . ."

I hastily interrupted her in my turn.

"I have not forgotten our conversation, Livia. That was the day you told me I was going to pronounce *the most fearful vow there is in the world.* But, sister, I was not the only one who made it."

"No, certainly not. You mean to say that Lorenzo has violated the solemn vow that bound you together. . . . Yes, Gina, it is horrible, I acknowledge, but listen to me; if you continue to think more of your own wrongs than of God, whom he has offended a thousand times more; if you continue to complain and dwell on your injuries, the result will be, you will soon seek likewise to be released from the fidelity you vowed to him. And then (may God preserve me from ever seeing that day, when I shall be truly separated from you!) your fall will be speedy, rapid, and terrible. You will fall as low, perhaps, as you might now rise high."

She saw me shudder at these words, and continued with her usual mildness:

"Now, my dearest Gina, may God and his angels watch over you! . . . It is growing dark. The bell is about to summon me away. I have only time for one word: *Forget your heart,* I implore you. Believe me, God will some day satisfy its cravings, if you cease to listen so weakly to them, longing to have them gratified at all costs. Forget your heart, I say, and think only of your soul!"

The bell rang while she was speaking. She raised her hand, and made the sign of the cross in the air. I bowed my head, and when I raised it again she had disappeared. But she had not spoken in vain. The clouds that obscured my reason began to disperse, my courage began to revive, and the jewel within to regain the brilliancy that had been obscured in the depths of my soul. The course I ought to pursue was set before me with painful distinctness, but I no longer turned my eyes away from it.

I was not happy when I left the convent. I did not even feel calm or consoled; but I had come to a decision.

It was so late when I arrived home that the garden was filled with moonlight. I walked there a long time, absorbed in my reflections, and sincerely endeavoring to strengthen a resolution whose fulfilment I did not yet dare to consider. I trembled as I asked myself if it was necessary to utter the decisive word before another day, or if I could wait till after the *soirée* organized by Lando, when it would be no longer possible to defer it.

I still hesitated as to this point. Though I had come to a decision, I did not cease to suffer, but I ceased to be weak. I was very far

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from the summit, but I resolved to attain it, instead of remaining as far below as I now stood. A circumstance, insignificant in itself, now occurred to confirm the change in my mind.

The door of Lorenzo's studio was open, and, wishing to shorten the way to my chamber, I entered it, and was proceeding towards the other door when I found myself face to face with the vestal of which I was the model. The moon threw so brilliant a light over it as to produce a striking effect. I stopped to look at it, and, while doing so, it seemed as if this statue of myself spoke to me in its own way, and in a language similar to that I had so recently been listening to.

And what was the idea which Lorenzo really intended to express in this vestal—the finest of his productions?

One of those ideas which, under the inspiration of genius, sometimes sprang from his soul, and seemed for an instant to show a sense of the good equal to that he had of the beautiful. This was, alas! only a transitory gleam of light, but it was sufficient to justify the ambitious hopes I once felt for a day—hopes so fatally illusory at the very time they were conceived!

Lorenzo's idea in choosing the ancient guardians of the sacred fire as his subjects was to represent under these two figures the woman who was true to her highest mission, and the woman who was untrue to it; the latter making use of the holy fire under her charge to kindle a flame that would end in destruction and woe; the other striving to keep this very fire alive, diffusing its clear, brilliant, beneficent light, not only over herself, but over everything around her

Such was the idea he had not been able to embody, he said, till he had me for his model. All this was doubtless the dream of an artist; but while I stood contemplating what had resulted from it, the effect I experienced was so strange, the thoughts that came to my mind were so vivid, that they could only have been the whisperings of the voice that for an hour had spoken more and more clearly to my heart.

The statue, however idealized it might be by the genius of the sculptor, resembled me sufficiently for me to recognize the likeness. Flooded as it now was by a brilliant, unearthly light, I looked at it with an attention I had never done before. I observed its simple, dignified attitude; the head slightly inclined towards the symbolic flame that rose from the lamp she bore in her hands with so much ease, and yet with care and vigilance; and, finally, the mouth and eyes, in which it seemed to me no artist had ever expressed so clearly the gentleness, firmness, and purity he wished to depict. It was thus Lorenzo imagined the guardian of the divine fire which not only burned on the sacred altar, but kindled and fed the noblest inspirations of genius. . . .

Yes, the conception was a beautiful one, and I felt proud and gratified that he had found me worthy of being the model to realize it!

All at once I was struck with a kind of terror, as it occurred to me, Shall this resemblance be merely external? Are not many things wanting in my nature which this statue seeks to express, and of which its beauty is only the reflection? . . .

O my God! I thank thee! Everything becomes an instrument

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in thy hand. It was thou, and not this marble, who didst suggest this thought, and it was through thy grace that, at that moment, quicker than I can express it, and as clearly as the eye beholds a picture placed suddenly before it, I all at once saw if Lorenzo were present, under the roof that was his, and Gilbert were also there—Gilbert, who called himself my friend and not his—there would exist at my fireside, there would be infused into my life, a perpetual lie, unmistakable treachery, and constant danger. I saw and realized that, though he might not apparently have anything to reproach me for, everything within and around me would henceforth continually reproach me. I saw if the sacred lamp did not actually fall from my hands, the purity of its flame would speedily be dimmed, and certainly end by being wholly extinguished. . . .

All this became clearly visible and palpable, and in the presence of this voiceless marble, before the image of this pagan priestess, I renewed the tacit promise I had an hour before made to her who was the living Christian realization of this ancient ideal of a virtue pure and chaste.

## XXXIII.

I went up to my chamber, not only startled at the vividness of the impression I had received, but decided as to my course. The words *falsehood* and *treachery* that came to my mind produced a powerful effect on me, and would, perhaps, have had the same effect on every woman who happened to be in a similar position, if she had the courage to call things in this way by their right names. It is pleasant and delightful to inspire and to experience those profound emotions sung by poets and exalted by writers of fiction, but it is not noble to be false. No poet has ever said so, no writer of fiction has ventured to insinuate it. Now, it is this falsity, so essential a feature in all these little dramas of the heart (real or fictitious), which ought, it seems to me, to disgust even those who do not act from any higher motive than those of the world. As for me, the mere thought that it would henceforth be impossible to speak of Gilbert's friendship without falsehood, and, at Lorenzo's return, that I should not have the same right as before to look him in the face—this thought, I say, was sufficient to inspire me at this moment with so much determination that I thought my irresolution at an end. It seemed as if I should have but little difficulty in accomplishing the task from which I no longer endeavored to escape. But in the evening, when, at a late hour, Gilbert arrived, I was somewhat moved at perceiving my outward calmness and animation made him suppose I acquiesced in his wishes; for, after looking at me an instant, he seemed suddenly relieved from a lively apprehension, and his eyes flashed with joy.

There was considerable company in the drawing-room that evening, and consequently a good deal of noise. They had a kind of rehearsal of what was to take place the following evening. My cousins were at the piano with the baron and Lando. Leslie, at a distance, was gazing at Stella, who, under the pretext of looking over a volume of Dante, in order to select something to recite, was seated apart,

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silent and absorbed. There was no one on the terrace, and I proceeded in that direction. I felt that Gilbert's eyes followed me; but he hesitated about joining me. I likewise felt some hesitation, but, fearing I might again become irresolute, and wishing at once to make it impossible to yield to the danger, I looked up, and motioned for him to follow me. In an instant he was at my side, and, as I remained silent, he said in an agitated tone:

"I hope you have pardoned me, madame."

I was terribly moved on my part, but it would not do to manifest it.

"Yes," I replied, "I forgive you; for you have been sincere, and that is worth everything else. But, Monsieur de Kergy, I must be sincere likewise. Let me therefore say to you, leave Naples. You ought to, and it is my wish."

He was greatly agitated, but did not utter a word. I continued with a calmness that astonished me, though my heart beat with frightful rapidity:

"To-morrow, I know, every one will depend on hearing you speak, and I also. But do not remain in Naples beyond the following day, if you can possibly help it. And after you are gone, I am sure you will be glad you obeyed me."

He made no reply.

"Who knows?" continued I gently. "The day will come, perhaps, when we can meet again—when we can be truly friends without deceit, without falseness in the real sense of the word. What is impossible now may not be always."

While I was speaking he leaned against the wall with folded arms. He listened at first with his head bent down; but he now suddenly raised it, and I saw such a veil of sadness over his eyes and whole face that I had to make a violent effort to maintain my self-command.

At last he said:

"You are right. It was folly in me to come; it would be greater folly to remain. I will obey you, madame. I cannot complain, and I respect you as much as I . . ."

He stopped, for I made a deprecatory gesture. What I had to say was said, and I felt our interview ought not to be prolonged. I was about to leave the terrace when he detained me.

"A moment more, madame, I beg—only one, and the last; for who knows if you will grant me another, even to bid you farewell? . . ."

I stopped.

"Yes," continued he slowly, "I would like to think, as you say, that I shall be permitted to see you again some day, and sincerely be your friend. Time will pass over my head and yours. You will not always be young and beautiful. Long years will doubtless pass. To enable me to endure the present, I must look forward to the time when I shall be no longer young, and can see you again, and resume without fear the title I ought not to claim, I acknowledge, while there is any danger of profaning it. I await that day."

It was by no means with indifference I listened to his agitated, trembling voice; but I manifested nothing outwardly, and was even able to smile, as I replied:

"It will not be necessary to wait so long as you suppose, I assure you. Long before my hair grows white, what there is good and true in your friendship will be restored to me. For before that day some one, more beautiful than I (whom it

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will not be difficult to find), and, moreover, worthy of you, to whom you can give your whole heart, will have effaced the remembrance of the passing fancy I have caused without intending it, but which shall not be prolonged a single instant with my consent."

I passed by him without looking up or giving him time to reply, and returned to the drawing-room. There I seated myself on a sofa in an obscure corner of the room, or rather, I fell on it, pale, faint, and exhausted by the effort I had made.

I did not believe a word of what I had just said to Gilbert. My duty was to send him away, and this duty was accomplished! But I by no means desired another should so soon efface my image. I said so to allay his regret and appear indifferent. I was proud of the courage I had manifested. When I compared myself with Lorenzo, I thought myself perfectly heroic, and I was about to have reason to think myself a thousand times more so.

Lando at that moment left the piano, where he had been stationed all the evening beside Teresina. The latter, it may be remarked *en passant*, had profited so well by his hints that her toilet had become irreproachable, and now added singularly to the effect of her beauty. Lando perceived it, and it was evident he also thought of my cousin's by no means despicable dowry among her other attractions, as a possible means of abridging his exile and returning to Paris before the two years had expired. When, therefore, I saw him coming with a grave air towards the place where I was seated, I thought I was about to receive a communication I had long been prepared for. I did not suspect what he had to say concerned me much more directly than himself.

"Cousin Ginevra," said he in a low tone, as he took a seat beside me, "I have had news from Milan."

I started involuntarily. He did not notice it, but continued:

"News which proves I was not mistaken the other day when I told you the beautiful Faustina would take good care to avenge you. Only, I did not think it would be so soon."

Brought back so suddenly to the most painful reality of my life, I was the more startled and confounded at what he said. Lando's gossip was usually odious to me; but now, instead of imposing silence on him, I insisted, on the contrary, that he should conceal nothing from me.

"Well, then," continued he, "it seems the fair Milanese, notwithstanding her *belle passion* for Lorenzo, had never been able to console herself for being deprived of the duchess' coronet on which she had depended. So while neglecting nothing to maintain the ascendency she had regained over him, she was not wholly indifferent to the homage of a certain potentate from the Danube who offered to share with her his principality and his millions. She was still hesitating, it seems, between ambition and love, when Lorenzo, who had some suspicion, and was on the alert, unexpectedly came upon his rival. Then there was a violent scene and high words, which ended in a challenge. They were on the point of fighting when the lady prevented the affair from going any further by declaring she would give her hand to the potentate! . . . So in a short time, I imagine," con-

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tinued Lando, rubbing his hands, "Donna Faustina will take her departure for the banks of the Danube. You will be delivered for ever from her, and we shall soon see Lorenzo come home in a terrible humor. But, frankly, it is good enough for him. This punishment is not the hundredth part of what he merits when he has a wife like you!"

"O merciful heaven! what a fate is mine! and what a husband I am obliged to immolate myself to! . . ."

Such was my first thought on hearing this account, and an hour after, when I went to my chamber, I had not yet overcome the bitterness and agitation it caused me. My temptation became stronger and more formidable than ever, and the desire again sprang up in my heart to retract the sentence I had so recently pronounced. To see him, hear him, sometimes speak to him, and meet his sympathetic glance—was all this really forbidden me? Would this be failing in my duty to the husband who had outraged me so publicly? No, no, it could not be. . . . No one yet knew Gilbert was to leave Naples. A line, a word, from me, would suffice to prevent his departure. The new life created by his presence would continue as if nothing had happened that ought to terminate it! . . . I had already seized my pen and written the word . . . when suddenly there awoke in my memory the words of Livia: "Think of God, whom he has offended a thousand times more than he has you"; and afterwards these: "If you seek likewise to be released, your fall will be speedy, rapid, and terrible."

The recollection of these words stopped me and made me shudder. I now perceived what gradations I had passed through within a month. I felt that Livia was right—should I descend from the height I had just attained, it would indeed be to fall lower than I was before, and perhaps to the lowest depths!

My sister in her quiet cell still aided me with her prayers, which doubtless augmented the increasing light in my soul. I tore up the note I had begun to write, and, again preparing myself to struggle and suffer more than ever, I calmly renewed the resolution I had been so near breaking. It seemed to me this slight victory, though it did not lessen my sadness, added to my strength, and made the jewel within gleam with a lustre somewhat brighter than before.

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## ANOTHER GENERAL CONVENTION OF THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

THE late convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church has, we believe, disappointed everybody. With skilful care to avoid anything which might cause a rupture, the various factions of this large and respectable denomination have spoken to each other, and parted. The world is none the wiser, and we hardly think that *they* are. High-Churchmen have maintained their ground with smooth dignity; Low-Churchmen have gained some points, while they have lost others; and Ritualists have hidden themselves in silence. If neither party is suited, there is the consolation that no one is pleased; and from this universal negative we presume the conclusion comes to an universal affirmative that all are pleased. We have long ago foreseen this result, and they who, arguing from the defection of Bishop Cummins, expected to hear something decisive in the way of doctrine, have learned how peace may be maintained by simply abstaining from war. The Episcopal Church has no fixed creed. Its articles of faith contradict its offices. Its various members interpret both, so that from the Babel of conflicting opinions no certain sound can be heard. Thus it has been, and thus it will be to the end. There is only one thing on which Episcopalians unite—namely, hostility to the Catholic Church. With various degrees of ignorance or honesty, they are enemies of the only body which teaches with authority, whose forms they counterfeit by sad travesties or servile imitations.

The action of this convention, as far as it concerns the interior structure of the church, which they profess to have modelled after the American Constitution, has no particular interest for the world. Some improvement may have been made in the canons, of which we can be no judges. Legislation is one of the peculiarities of our day. If it be harmless, it is looked upon as a safe use of force and nerve which, expended in another direction, might have done damage. We proceed to notice a few things which are of importance, and they are the only acts of the convention which, on the reading of the journal, strike us as of any consequence.

We are happy to be able to congratulate our friends on the rejection of the *provincial system*. With them it would have worked very badly, because a province supposes some central government and a unit in authority. When a province separates from its parent state, it becomes independent. If there be no home government, there can be no province, properly so-called. The committee very *learnedly* explains the constitution of the primitive church, and concludes that it would not apply to them, and could not without injury be forced upon them.

"Your committee assume that the terms 'provincial system' are used in the resolution in their full ecclesiastical



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and primitive sense. In the early church there were: 1, the parish; 2, the diocese; 3, the province; 4, the patriarchate. The parish had its priest, the diocese its bishop, the province its archbishop, the patriarchate its patriarch. Among these, the dominant and most active power was the province with its archbishop. Speaking generally, we may say that it possessed the powers of this body and of the House of Bishops, and many of the powers of our diocesan councils. The provinces were disconnected and independent, except as, by very slender ties, they were united in the patriarchate. Such a system would dismember this church, and out of this now compact, now united body create five, or seven, or ten separate churches. The ties which may at first unite them will grow weaker and weaker. However similar they may be at the moment of dismemberment, at that moment the process of divergence will begin, and it will go on until the separation will be as great as that now existing between York and Canterbury. Those provinces now communicate with each other only informally.

"Any institution of provinces or provincial synods, with powers subject at all times to revocation by the General Convention, would be useless and illusory. The provinces, if invested with irrevocable powers, and discharged from the constant and necessary authority and supervision of the General Convention, certainly might, and probably would, soon diverge into widely differing practices and opinions, engendering ecclesiastical conflicts, threatening the unity of our church."

Nothing could be plainer than this argument. In any Protestant organization, the least separation makes an independent church. It could not be otherwise where there is no infallible authority and no divine government to bind all the members to one head. It must be sad to the lovers of primitive purity to know how imperfect the constitution of the early church was. Everything tended to disintegration, and a more perfect system has been found out by the wisdom of modern days. In the mind of the committee, the hand of God had nothing to do with the primitive church; for there is only *one* author of confusion and disorder. These learned antiquarians never heard of the See of Rome, and do not know that our Lord said to Peter, "Thou art the rock, and on this rock will I build my church." Viewing them, however, from their own standpoint, we are glad to note their acuteness, and to congratulate them that they have not *divided* themselves.

It appears also that there was some disposition to consider the American Episcopal Church as a province of the English, and to treat the Archbishop of Canterbury as a kind of patriarch. This disposition was rebuked by the convention. The following are among the remarks made in the House of Deputies which show that the *quasi* mission of the Bishop of Lichfield was fruitless:

"The right reverend gentleman who has taken so strong an interest in this subject has made a proposition, and the proposition is that we should become one great province, if you please, with the Archbishop of Canterbury as metropolitan of these United States for the nonce, and that in all these conferences the Archbishop of Canterbury, as the great metropolitan or patriarch, is to preside.

"I know that many are wont to call the Church of England the mother church. I hold that she is not. If so, I claim her to be nothing but a very poor stepmother. The church in this country never was perfected till she got her perfection by the consecration of Seabury from the bishops of Scotland; and if we acknowledge a mother other than the mother church of Jerusalem (which I am not prepared to acknowledge), we must acknowledge Scotland, not England.

"I could say a great deal more on this subject—full of it I am; but, under the circumstances, I think I have said enough to satisfy the members of this house that they had better let it alone, and wait till the bishops tell us what they think of it.

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They are the persons interested. They accepted the first invitation without asking us 'with your leave' or 'by your leave.' Now, after they have been bluffed, and this church, I would say, insulted as it has been by the Dean of Canterbury, and by the prearrangement of keeping out the very question which these gentlemen, at a large expense of time and money, went to attend to, why not leave them first to express their opinion? My word for it, from what I know of the self-respect of the members of that house, if you wait for that, you will wait to the end of the term.

"There are several parties to this movement, of different temperaments. One of them is the great apostolic prelate whom we have welcomed twice to this convention—the illustrious prelate, of whom I speak with the most unbounded admiration as a churchman, as a gentleman, as a historian; as a man. In every capacity in which I can know human nature, he deserves honor and affection. I do not enter into the motives of this movement, but I simply say that he is affirmatively moving, in my belief, to gratify what he has largely developed in his great nature —the power of organism. He does wish, I have no doubt, something like an organic union of the two churches of the two great English-speaking races. That movement, to a certain extent, is creditable and desirable, but to a certain other extent it is extremely dangerous and utterly inadmissible."

The organic unity of the Anglican with the American Episcopal Church is as far from perfect as the union of provinces would prove if the *primitive* system, as stated by the learned committee, were adopted. The independence of the two churches is as complete as that of the Presbyterian or Methodist denominations in this country. Neither is bound by the doctrinal decisions of the other. This being the case, we hardly understand the full significance of the ceremony by which an "alms-basin" was presented by the General Convention to the Archbishop of Canterbury. The Bishop of Lichfield, explaining his part in the august rite, says:

"It was my happiness to present that alms-basin to the Archbishop of Canterbury in concert with one whose loss we all lament, who is now with God in his rest—Bishop McIlvaine, of Ohio, who, hand-in-hand with me, each of us holding the alms-basin by one hand and on bended knee, presented that alms-basin for the Lord's table in S. Paul's Cathedral, on the fourth of July, on that occasion."

One of the members of the House of Deputies tells us that

"This basin was procured from the Messrs. Kirk, of the city of Baltimore. The price of it was one thousand dollars, and it is said to be the finest piece of work of silver and gold and precious stones combined that has ever been made upon our continent. It was sent through the hands of the Bishop of Lichfield, who presented it on bended knees to the Archbishop of Canterbury, to be placed upon the altar of S. Paul's Cathedral; and in this basin the bishops of the Church of England made their own offerings first. It is understood that the basin is to be preserved by the archbishop and transmitted to his successors, to be used in all future times at the consecration of English bishops and the opening of the Houses of Convocation, and upon all public and great occasions in which the Church of England is interested, and to be preserved as a pledge and token of unity and good-will between our own church and our mother Church of England.

"I may say here, too, that both Houses of Convocation, by resolution adopted unanimously, went in their scarlet convocation robes from their sittings in the chamber near Westminster Abbey, in solemn procession, to the celebration of the Holy Communion in S. Paul's Cathedral, especially to do honor to the American Church; and in this procession Bishop McIlvaine and the Lord Bishop of Lichfield carried our basin, and it was presented to the Archbishop of Canterbury in form."

Why did these prelates *kneel* to the archbishop on this occasion, unless to do him homage? And what function does an "alms-basin" discharge in the consecration of bishops and the opening of the Houses of Convocation? We ask in

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all sincerity, because our knowledge of ecclesiology is imperfect in reference to these points.

While we praise the manly spirit of our American friends in not yielding to the spirit of toadyism before English prelacy, we confess we are somewhat pained at a seeming want of self-respect in their attempt to deal with the "Holy Orthodox Eastern Church." This body, though having valid orders, holds all the doctrines condemned by the Thirty-nine Articles, and has plainly and openly anathematized Protestantism. Why will the Episcopalians consent to be snubbed and slapped in the face for the sake of an intercommunion which is utterly impossible? If *they* like it, we ought not to repine; yet, for the sake of our manhood, we protest against it. The Rev. Dr. Fulton, of Alabama, said:

"There is a great body of Christian people, constituting one of the three great bodies of the Holy Catholic Church, throughout the world, which to-day are not in visible communion, although they are in unity of spirit, and hope for a more clearly-defined bond of peace. Hitherto it has only been possible for these various bodies, or at least two of them—that is to say, the Anglican Church and the Holy Orthodox Eastern Church—to meet each other in courtesy. Now, arrangements have been made through the Archbishop of Canterbury by which the dead of our communion from England or this country can be buried by the Orthodox clergy, and other offices of courtesy and kindness can be performed. The Archbishop of Syra, representing the Holy Orthodox Eastern Church, lately visited the Church of England, and was there received with the greatest honor. Prelates of our own church and clergy of lower degree have likewise been received by the Eastern clergy. There are, in this city, with the approbation of the bishop of the diocese clergy of the Holy Orthodox Eastern communion. It is believed—in fact, it is known—that they are present now in this house; and, as a member of the Russo-Greek Committee, it was suggested to me that, in the general recognition of the clerical rank and character which these resolutions imply, these brethren should be likewise recognized. It touches not at all the doctrine of their churches; it touches not at all the doctrines of their church; it touches not at all their attitude toward us; it simply recognizes that they are clergy of a church toward which we hope that, in the providence of God, we may be drawn in love, without any sacrifice of our own principles."

We doubt not that, when gentlemen meet, they treat each other with courtesy. Even Roman Catholics, whom Dr. Fulton would not invite to the convention, are courteous and polite. But this does not mean any compromise in questions of doctrine. If Dr. Potter approves of the presence of Rev. Mr. Bjerring in New York, we are quite sure that the Russian priest never dreams of acknowledging his authority. Is it not very much beneath the dignity of a large and respectable body to take mere politeness for any approach to unity in faith or communion? A letter of the Metropolitan of St. Petersburg was handed round among the deputies as a curiosity and a wonderful sign of Eastern favor to the Protestant Episcopal Church. We are not sure if the following is an exact copy of the letter. If so, it is a gentle rebuke, given as politely as could be done under the circumstances. We extract the letter and the comments thereon from a secular paper generally trustworthy:

"THE CONVENTION'S PROPOSITION SPURNED BY ORTHODOX CATHOLICS.

"Apropos of the efforts of the Protestant Episcopal Church for a closer union and affiliation with the Orthodox Eastern Church, the following letter, translated from the *Birzheviga Vedomosty*, a Russian journal of a semi-official ecclesiastical status, will be interesting. It is a reply to the petition of the Protestant Episcopal Church for a more intimate union with

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the Russo-Greek Church, and is now for the first time published on this continent:

"'TO THE WELL-BELOVED IN CHRIST, AND THE RIGHT REVEREND COMMITTEE OF THE HOUSE OF BISHOPS OF THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA:

"'Your letter, addressed to his Excellency the Procurator-General, Count Tolstoy, having been presented by him to the consideration of the Most Holy Governing Synod of Russia, together with the report and the concurrence of the House of Bishops, approved by the House of Clerical and Lay Deputies, in reference to the establishment upon a true catholic basis of a spiritual fraternity between the American and Orthodox Churches, especially in the Territory of Alaska, was received by the Most Holy Synod of all the Russias with the utmost pleasure, as a new proof of respect shown by the representatives of the Episcopal Church, and of their estimable purpose concerning the union of the churches. The Most Holy Synod, on their part, will make it an object of their constant care that a spirit of Christian tolerance and fraternal love and esteem, in accordance with the precepts and usages of our church, shall continue to pervade all the relations existing between the members of the Orthodox Church and those of the Protestant Episcopal Church in America, and particularly in the Territory of Alaska.

"'As to the hypothesis of a reciprocal participation in the solemn performance of the sacrament of the Eucharist, the Eastern Church firmly adheres to the principles and convictions so clearly stated in the messages sent in 1723 by the Orthodox patriarchs of the East in reply to the Anglican bishops. It considers a previous agreement in faith as absolutely indispensable to the practical mutual participation in the sacraments, inasmuch as the first is the only possible groundwork or basis for the last. In order to attain this most desired end, a thorough study and investigation of the differences in the doctrine of both churches would be absolutely requisite; and to promote this, a great principle of co-operation will undoubtedly be found in the spirit of peace and charity which animates both churches, the Orthodox as well as the American, and in those prayers for the peace of the whole world and for the union of the holy churches of the Lord which arise to the God of truth and mercy from the Orthodox churches, and which are most certainly shared in by the American churches.

"'Having been authorized by the Most Holy Governing Synod, I assume the duty of presenting their answer to the House of Bishops of the American Episcopal Church, and beg you to accept the assurance of the highest esteem of your brother and co-servant in Jesus Christ.

ISIDORE,

"'First Presiding Member of the Governing Synod of all the Russias, and Metropolitan of Novgorod and St. Petersburg.'

"The only ecclesiastical representative of the Russian Church in this city, the Rev. N. Bjerring, has corroborated the facts set forth in this letter, and furthermore stated to the writer, in answer to inquiries, that the Orthodox Church seeks not exclusive affiliation with the Anglican and American Episcopal Churches, but desires to hold friendly relations with all Christian denominations; and in this spirit of fraternal love he receives in his own house, as personal friends, not only members of his own household of faith, but ministers and members of the Lutheran and Reformed Churches, Methodists, Baptists, Episcopalians, and Roman Catholics, with all of whom he maintains the most cordial relations. But he declares that there can be no such thing as sacramental union between his church and any other, unless there shall have been first complete agreement in dogmas and an unconditional acceptance on the part of the affiliating churches of the authority and acts of the first seven Œcumenical Councils. This is a *conditio sine quâ non* from which the Russian Church cannot move a step nor deviate one line from the dogmatic truth handed down to her from the apostolic church; nor can she at the same time permit anything to be added to these dogmas."

The Eastern churches will never recognize the Episcopalians as anything but a sect of Protestants. They deny the validity of their orders, and condemn their articles of faith as heretical. Not one of their bishops or priests would be recognized as possessing any sacerdotal power, or could ever receive Holy Communion at the hands of the Greeks,

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whom they are inclined to receive with so much favor.

The following words of one of their leading agents in England are sufficiently decisive, though we fear not plain enough to convince our brethren who are so sensitive about their apostolic succession, which every one denies but themselves:

"No other Protestant church was ever so full of contradictions, so full of variegated heresy, as the English Church was and *is*, and will be to the end of her existence. With *such an heretical church* the Orthodox Eastern Church never would allow her bishops to transact.

"If Rome considered all ordinations by Parker and his successors—*i.e.*, the whole present English episcopate and clergy—to be invalid, null, and void, and consistently reordained all those converts who wished and were fit for orders, the Eastern Church can but imitate her proceedings, as both follow, in this point, the same principles.

"The Anglo-Catholics are *most decidedly* no Catholics, but Protestants, although inclining hopefully towards Catholicism. It is astonishing how the zealous Intercommunionists dive into the depths of orthodox learning, rove in the remotest districts, compile the minutest arguments, while they overlook the *chasm at their feet*. They most ingenuously demand to dispense with ceremony, and to join hands all at once over *the vast deep* stretching out between them."*

Very little has been done by this convention in the way of doctrinal decisions. The House of Bishops having solemnly declared that in baptismal regeneration, as the term is used in the Prayer-Book, no *moral change* is signified, the effort to drop the term altogether was voted down. Thus, in harmony with the customs of this church, a term is retained which has no real significance. Those who object to it can only console themselves by the conviction that it means nothing.

A former convention had quite plainly denied the real presence of Christ in the Holy Eucharist, and hence the condemnation of any adoration of the sacrament is quite natural. We are not certain that the Ritualists will see anything to startle them. They would hardly hear any voice, however loud it might be. Yet we think the rest of the world will be satisfied that no adoration can be paid to the *elements* of the Protestant Episcopal communion, for the reason that they are in their very nature and substance, and that Christ is not in them. An important canon on ritual was passed bearing chiefly on this subject. As it first received the votes of the House of Deputies, it condemned "the use of incense; the placing, carrying, or retaining a crucifix in any part of the place of public worship; the elevation of the elements in the Holy Communion in such manner as to expose them to the view of the people, as objects towards which adoration is to be made; and any act of adoration of or towards the elements, such as bowings, prostrations, or genuflections." As amended by the House of Bishops, and afterwards passed by both houses, the use of incense and of the crucifix is not forbidden. One deputy explained that the Greek Church is in the habit of using incense, and that the Lutherans retain the crucifix. Perhaps these may be among the reasons for the action of the bishops. We conclude that while the crucifix may be placed in the church, and in-

* *Catholic Orthodoxy.* By Rev. Dr. Overbeck.

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cense be used at the will of ministers or their people, no act of adoration can be allowed towards the Eucharist. The force of this canon will depend much upon the disposition of the bishop, who can wink at these observances or fail to know anything of them. The law, however, obliges him to examine the matter if any two of his presbyters complain, and, referring the subject to his standing committee, to admonish the offending minister. And if the minister disregard this admonition, he must be tried for a breach of his ordination vow. If this canon means anything at all, it will put a stop to all the practices of the Ritualists by which they endeavor to imitate the beauty of Catholic worship, and their whole ceremonial is at once excluded from any Episcopal church. Let us see if this law will be either respected or obeyed.

The rejection of Rev. Dr. Seymour, elected to the bishopric of Illinois, is a still further condemnation of any Eucharistic adoration. For chiefly for this adoration, which he was supposed to favor, was he refused the vote of the clerical and lay deputies. The majority against him was so great that hardly any one can doubt of the mind of the convention. He had been involved in the Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament, either directly or indirectly, and this fact alone was sufficient to cause his rejection. It seems to us pretty evident that the Episcopal Church by her highest authority has denied both baptismal regeneration and the real presence of Christ in the Eucharist. Yet this denial will have little effect, because all Episcopalians will think as they please, and no doctrinal decision influences their faith. Creeds are with them written on paper, and have no further value. One would naturally expect the believers in these rather important doctrines to forsake a church which condemns them. But few will do so. They will talk of the primitive days and the hopes of better times when the "three branches" of the Catholic Church shall come together. Until that time there is no authority for Anglo-Catholics. If the Protestant Episcopal communion should by synod deny the existence of God, we believe they would still remain in her, bearing their burden, persecuted by their own church, and with great self-denial waiting till the truth should revive in the hopeful mother that bore them. This new species of self-abnegation and of moral martyrdom by one's own church is the glory of Ritualistic confessorship. They have not learned that the first duty of a true church is to teach, and that the first step in holiness is to mortify self-will.

On the subject of education, the Protestant Episcopal Church has *nearly* taken a step forward, and we sincerely regret that the step was only half made. The Committee on Christian Education recommended the organization of "sisterhoods" and "brotherhoods" to supply teachers. They say:

"The great want will not be met until some method of organization be adopted, such as brotherhoods or sisterhoods, whose members make teaching their special work, and who therefore cultivate the teaching faculty, and acquire all the branches of useful learning, in order to do Christ's work for the young, under the direction and at the call of their bishops and pastors. And while an organized work seems to be the only one likely to meet our necessities, and while the religious motive is the only one powerful enough to draw men and women to such work for the best years of their lives, it should be borne in mind that the truths

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of the Gospel, and the Catholic faith, as this church hath received the same, have strength and vitality sufficient to furnish motive and method to such associations without exaggerations or additions in doctrine or practice, and without borrowing distinctive dress, nomenclature, or usages from the Church of Rome. In some of the schools or colleges at present belonging to us, such associations might be developed—teaching orders—Brothers of the Christian Doctrine, Sisters of the Holy Childhood—composed of men and women of sound judgment, moral force, thorough education, patient and winning ways, who would ask for no higher work than to train the minds and mould the characters of the young in accordance with the gracious teachings of the church, and with the sanction of, and in loyal submission to, the authority of those who are rulers in the same."

In accordance with this recommendation, a canon to establish "deaconesses or sisters" was reported to the convention. It, however, failed to pass, and the words of the committee stand before the world on their own merits. Though there are grave difficulties in the establishment of communities where there is no religious rule or any unity in faith, yet we would like to see this imitation of Catholic life tried among our Protestant brethren. It might do good, and gradually lead the earnest and truly self-denying soul to the one home of all Christian life and zeal.

It is a disappointment to us, however, that this convention has done nothing in regard to parochial schools. Some years ago the language of the Episcopalian bishops led us to think that they realized the full importance of guarding the young from the dangers of an infidel education. Colleges and academies will very poorly meet this great evil. The children most exposed are those who every day go to our public schools, where no religion can be taught, and where a non-Christian system of instruction is equivalent to infidelity. The truth of this assertion needs no demonstration, for the facts of every day prove it, and the tide of unbelief is at our very doors.

The report of the Committee on the State of the Church dwells on some generalities, but yet admits a substantial decline during the three years past:

"But there are in these documents some facts that are not cheering or satisfactory. In 1871 there were 448 candidates for holy orders, and in 1874 but 301—decrease in three years, 147. In 1873 it is said there were no ordinations in 17 dioceses, and of the whole number of candidates only 60 or 70 were able to maintain themselves. Thus we have not only the supply of the ministry diminished, but the fact revealed that parents of pecuniary ability, elevated social position, and great culture, seemingly withheld their sons from the Lord's higher service. We have also had our attention called to the fact that, in many instances, the young novice is admitted to the diaconate and priesthood with such imperfect qualification that we are forced to the conclusion that there is great imperfection in our legislation, or they whose office and duty call them to decide upon the qualifications of candidates are too lenient in their admission of the applicants."

We do not find any comparative table of communicants, but should be led to conclude that as the ministry diminishes in numbers, the members would decline in the same ratio. Perhaps a little more attention to schools and the training of the young would be advisable. If the Episcopal Church wishes to hold its own in this age and country, it will have to give more attention to the dangers of the public schools.

We do not know precisely what authority belongs to the address of the bishops at the end of the convention. It has not one word in regard to doctrine, and the allu-

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sions to any differences of opinion are so very general that no party could be offended. We do not even gather the precise meaning of the writer. We utterly fail to comprehend his idea of "the *liberty* of Christian faith," or understand his notion of freedom in obedience. The pastoral was evidently written to offend no one, and in this we think it must have succeeded.

There are some good words on the subject of divorce, but we can hardly tell how far they go. Those "who put away an uncongenial wife or husband," and marry again, taking advantage of the license of the civil courts, are condemned as adulterers, unless they do so for the cause of fornication. We do not know how to explain this. Is fornication or sin before marriage a reason for divorce? Is adultery after marriage considered sufficient to break the tie of matrimony, so that a new marriage is permitted? If the bishops mean to say this, we would earnestly recommend them to study the sacred scriptures of the New Testament. Their half-way protest against civil divorce is nevertheless something to be thankful for in these days.

Now, having rehearsed all the important points which we have been able to see in the doings of this General Convention, we would ask any person of honest mind who really believes in the divinity of Jesus Christ if there is in the Protestant Episcopal community any trace of the one true church which he established. It is to be found neither in the unity of faith nor in any consciousness of sacerdotal gifts. No conception of the fundamental idea of a church has any place in her councils, and the truth of Christ's presence in his adorable sacrament, which is the very life of his elect, is the constant object of assault. While they, against all facts and the testimony of all which they pretend to hold as the Catholic Church, assert the validity of their orders, they prove beyond all cavil that the grace of the priesthood is not theirs. For God never left that grace, even in heresy and schism, without the consciousness of its tremendous power. As a mere Protestant body, it may keep its exterior before the world. It has no interior life whatever, no heart and no soul, that we might mark it and distinguish it among the hosts of a divided Christianity. Nevertheless, there is light enough to guide the sincere to the one faith, and the plea of invincible ignorance will be a poor excuse for many in the dread day of account. Let us pray earnestly to God for these souls in the night of error. "What will it profit them to gain the world, and then to lose their souls?"

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# ASSUNTA HOWARD.

CONCLUDED.

## VI.

### WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.

"AND so I have you all to myself once more; no interference from cruel guardians on your side, and none from unreasonable husbands on mine. Joking apart, Assunta darling, I think God has been very good to me to give me such a compensation for Harry's long absence. Every trial seems to have a blessing in its train, by way of a set-off. And you are just the very dearest of blessings." And Mary Lee moved her chair a little nearer to her friend, by way of showing her appreciation. Assunta looked up from her work with a bright smile, as she replied:

"You are not in the least changed from the dear Mary Percival of convent days—and happy days they were, too—while I feel twenty years older than I did the day I bade you good-by at the garden gate. But now you are mistaken. I am the one blessed, not blessing. For think what it is to me—a waif—to find awaiting me so kind a welcome and so pleasant a temporary home. God only knows what would have become of me without you."

"Oh!" said Mary, "my only fear was that, with so many claimants for the honor, I should never succeed in carrying off the prize. I am sure, until it was decided, and I saw your trunks safely landed at my door, I looked upon Mrs. Sinclair as my deadly enemy."

"Clara is very kind—much more so than I deserve," said Assunta, while an expression of seriousness passed over her face; "but I should not have liked to accept her hospitality now. I think the present arrangement is more for the happiness of all parties."

And the remembrance of a certain evening on board the steamer, when Mr. Sinclair, a married man, had dared to tell her, his wife's friend, that she had first possessed his heart, and that his love for her was still unchanged, made her shudder now involuntarily. He must indeed have strangely forgotten himself, when, after that, he added his entreaties to those of his unsuspecting wife that she would look upon their home as hers. Assunta felt as if the word love had indeed been profaned by the lips of George Sinclair. God is love; but she knew that he would not hesitate to take even that most holy name in vain. Why then scruple to profane the attribute? However, all this was a secret, known to herself alone.

"Mrs. Sinclair must have been a lovely bride," said Mary musingly. "But, Assunta, why did Mr. Carlisle return at once to Europe? I should think he would be tired of travelling by this time, and would like to settle down for a while on his own place. I have heard it is so beautiful."

"The habit of travelling grows

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upon one," replied Assunta. "He only returned to Maryland to attend to certain matters in regard to his sister's property and mine. It was his intention to spend some time longer in Europe and the East." Then, to change the subject, she continued: "But, Mary dear, when does your brother enter the seminary?"

"I do not know," said Mrs. Lee. "I cannot understand Augustine at all. He seems just as good and earnest as ever, and yet something troubles him, I see it plainly. But he is unusually reserved with me; so that I feel a reluctance to question him. I wish you would ask him about the seminary. You can do it quite incidentally; and very likely he would tell you all about it."

"I certainly will," said Assunta. "He is your brother; so I almost feel as if he were mine too."

"I do not think," continued Mary, "that he is well. I am afraid his trip to the East may have done him more harm than good. He always protests that he is perfectly well, if I ask him; but I am sure he does not look so."

"I have thought so myself, and I think we must look upon his case as our next duty." And Assunta arose, as the clock struck eleven.

The opportunity to take the case in hand came much sooner than the fair conspirators had anticipated. The next afternoon, while Mrs. Lee had excused herself for a few hours, in order to pay the expected weekly visit to her mother-in-law, Mr. Percival joined Assunta, as she sat alone in the cosey library, finishing a garment for a poor child in whom she was already interested. Assunta noticed more than usual the paleness of the spiritual face she had always so much admired, and the weariness of its expression; but, with true feminine tact, she made no comment; only, as he seated himself beside the table, she looked up with a smile of welcome, as his sister might have done.

"Hard at work, as usual. I hope I do not interrupt you, Miss Howard?" said Mr. Percival, with an answering smile.

"Oh! no indeed. I am delighted to see you this evening. We have not had a good long talk since I came; and yet we have so many topics of mutual interest."

Mr. Percival took from his pocket a little box, and, opening it, said:

"Miss Howard, I have ventured to bring you a souvenir of my travels, which I beg you will accept from Mary's brother, and because of the association."

He placed in her hand a heart-shaped locket, plain but heavy, in the centre of which glowed a large crimson ruby, and around it were engraved the words, "Cor cordium." Within, on one side, was a miniature painting of the Sacred Heart of Jesus; on the other side was set a tiny crucifix, carved from the olive-wood of Gethsemani by one of the monks of Jerusalem, and which had been laid upon the altar in the Chapel of the Holy Sepulchre.

"And I prayed for you in that sacred spot most fervently, you may be sure," said Mr. Percival.

Assunta's eyes were still fixed upon the beautiful treasure which she held in her hand. Tears were in them, as she raised them at last, saying:

"Words are poor thanks for such a gift as this. You know, Mr. Percival, how much I shall value it. Indeed, I feel most unworthy to possess anything so precious; yet I shall accept it, as you said, from the brother of my dearest friend,

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who is to me truly a sister in affection." And pressing her lips to the crystal which protected the crucifix, she carefully replaced the locket in its case.

"And so you did not forget those foolish, fanciful remarks I made by Shelley's grave. I had not dreamed they would have dwelt in your memory so long; still less did I imagine they would inspire so beautiful a design as this, which is, of course, your own." Then she added after a little pause: "There is one greater gift even than this that I shall ask of you one of these days. It is one of your first Masses, when, as a priest, you are privileged to offer the Holy Sacrifice."

"Miss Howard," exclaimed Mr. Percival, with deep emotion, "that is a subject of which I cannot even think without suffering."

"Forgive me," murmured Assunta, surprised beyond measure. "It was indeed unpardonable in me to pain you by speaking of that which is between yourself and God alone. My only excuse is that I thought the matter had long been settled."

Then followed a silence, so prolonged that Assunta began to wonder what kept that manly head bowed forward upon the table. Was it confusion, was it prayer, or had he perhaps fainted? At last he suddenly looked up, and fixed those fine, earnest eyes of his full upon Assunta's face; and even in that moment the thought struck her what pure, true eyes they were.

"Miss Howard, you are the last person on earth to whom I ought to speak on this subject, and I know not what impels me to do so now. Pray for me; for my salvation may depend upon it."

Assunta tried to be calm, as she said gently, while she breathed a silent prayer for guidance:

"You must think of me as almost a sister."

Mr. Percival went on:

"Even your image, true and beautiful and holy as it is, and pure as an angel's, should never have been allowed to come between me and the God to whose special service I was inclined. But believe me, Miss Howard, never for one moment have I cherished a hope that you might be to me other than you are; only, when I have striven to rise above all human feeling, and to give myself unreservedly to him who demanded the sacrifice, God help me! you seemed to fill his place in my soul. Forgive me and pity me! I am miserably weak."

After a moment he continued:

"Ah! Miss Howard, you know what I mean. It is only because of my own weakness that I have found the memory of you an obstacle to my advance towards the perfection to which I aspired."

"And to which you will still aspire." And Assunta's voice was low and sweet, as she for the first time broke silence. "I had not dreamed of this, Mr. Percival, but I hope you will never have occasion to regret the confidence you have reposed, not in the ideal which has for a moment passed as a cloud of temptation between your soul and its high calling, but in one who, though full of faults, may yet offer you her sympathy and her prayers."

"God bless you!" escaped from Mr. Percival's lips.

"I am too young and inexperienced," continued Assunta, "to give you counsel; besides, I am a woman; but, with my woman's intuition, I think I see how all this

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has come about. . . . May I go on?"

"I beg you will; it is the sort of soul-wound that needs probing."

Assunta smiled. "I do not think such severe treatment will be required—only an examination, perhaps, preparatory to healing. You met me in Rome—forgive me if I speak too freely of myself—surrounded by that atmosphere of beauty and poetry which steals into the soul, because it breathes from the very centre of Catholic faith and the glory of the church militant. But when you met me, I was with those whose hearts were not open to such influences; and it was very natural that you and I should feel drawn to each other by the attraction of a common faith and hope. Do you think I could have said those foolish words, which it seems you have remembered only too well"—and she glanced at the little case in her hand—"if I had not felt that you could sympathize with my thoughts, however poorly they were expressed? Believe me, it was a certain earnestness of faith in me, which your presence drew out into somewhat too free expression and which remained in your memory as an attraction; and the devil has ingeniously made use of that little opening to insinuate some subtle poison. But his power is at an end, thank God! He has, for me, overreached his mark. The very fact that you could speak of this to me proves that the danger is already passing. O my friend! think what a poor, miserable substitute is even the greatest human happiness for the life to which God calls you. Think of the reward! Heaven is the price! However, it is the Holy Spirit, not I, that should speak to your soul. Will you not give him the opportunity? Will you not, perhaps, go into retreat? Or rather, please do not listen to me, but go to your director, and open your heart to him. I can only give you a few words of sympathy and encouragement. He can speak to you as the voice of God."

"You do not despise me, then, for having wavered?"

"Do not say that, Mr. Percival," exclaimed the young girl earnestly. "What saint is there that has not suffered temptation? Despise you? I envy you, rather. Think of the vocation God has given you! If it proves to be the mountain of sacrifice, and you ascend it with the cross upon your shoulders, will you not be all the better priest from your likeness to Him who was at once both priest and victim!"

"Miss Howard, pardon me, but you speak as if the lesson of Calvary were not new to you; as if you, too, knew what it is to suffer—not, as I have done, through your own weakness—God forbid! That I could never think."

"We each of us must bear some cross," said Assunta hastily; and then, to give a lighter turn to the conversation, she added: "I am sorry that I should have proved to be yours."

For the first time Augustine Percival smiled, as he said:

"But if, through you, I win my crown, you will not then regret it?"

"O that crown!" exclaimed Assunta; "let us both keep it ever in sight as an incentive. The way will not then seem so long or so hard. Mr. Percival, will you see your director to-night?"

"I will go to him now. It is what I have neglected only too long. God bless you, Miss Howard! But dare I now, after all that has passed, ask you to retain my

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trifling gift, that you may not forget to pray for me?"

"I shall prize it most highly," said Assunta. "But I shall not need to be reminded to commend you very often to the Sacred Heart of our divine Lord, where you will find strength and consolation. I am sure the least I can do for you is to pray for you, having been the occasion of your suffering."

"And of something more than that," said Mr. Percival.

"And I shall still hope for the other greater gift," said Assunta in pleading tones.

"Miss Howard," replied Mr. Percival, almost with solemnity, "if I, unworthy as I am, should ever be permitted to offer the Holy Sacrifice, my first Mass shall be for you, God willing. But I dare not yet look forward with hope to such a possibility. Once more, God bless you! Pray for me." And in a moment more he had left the house.

Assunta attended Mass daily at the cathedral. The next morning, as she was leaving the church, Mr. Percival joined her; but, without saying a word, he placed a note in her hand, and at the corner he turned, and took his way in the opposite direction. In her own room the young girl read these words:

"To-day I start for Frederick, where I shall make a retreat with the good Jesuit fathers. In solitude and prayer I hope that God may make known to me his will. Pray, that I may have light to see and grace to follow the inspirations of the Holy Spirit. The words you spoke last night are known to the loving Heart of Jesus. He will reward you. I can say no more now. Your brother in Christ, A. P."

"Thank God!" exclaimed Assunta.

After breakfast, Mary came to her, as she stood for a moment by the window, and, putting her arm about her affectionately, said:

"Darling, we need not make any more plans to entrap poor Augustine into a confession, for I do believe he is all right. He came here for a few minutes early this morning to say good-by, as he was going to Frederick. Of course that must mean a retreat; and a retreat is, of course, the first step towards the seminary."

"I am very, *very* glad," said Assunta, smiling. "Women are not always as bright as they think they are, you see."

Three weeks from that day Augustine Percival sailed for Europe to enter upon his theological course in Rome. And two faithful hearts daily begged for him of Almighty God grace and fortitude with that happy confidence which seems almost a presage of answered prayer.

And five years passed away—long and often weary in the passing, but short and with abundant blessings in the retrospect—five uneventful years, and yet leaving a lasting impress upon the individual soul. Assunta's home was still with her friend, Mary Lee—an arrangement to which she most gratefully consented, on condition that she might, from her ample income, contribute her share towards the ease and comfort of the family. It thus became a mutual benefit, as well as pleasure; for Capt. Lee's pay as a naval officer was small and their only dependence. Assunta had won the hearts of all, even down to Mary's two little ones, who came bringing plenty of love with them, as well as adding much to the care and solicitude of the young mother and her younger friend.

They saw but little of Mrs. Sinclair during those years. She had

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become a thorough woman of the world—a leader of fashion in her own circle. She had lost much of the simplicity and *naïveté* of character and manner which had made her charming in the old Roman days. Her laugh had not the genuine ring which her own light heart used to give it. She was still beautiful—very beautiful as queen of the ball-room. But Mary Lee always insisted that she had the unmistakable look of one who has an interior closet somewhere which might reveal a skeleton; and Assunta thought—but her thoughts she kept to herself—that it was not very difficult to divine what that skeleton might be. She understood her, and pitied her from her heart; and she loved her, too, with the old affection. But their life-paths, once seemingly parallel, had now diverged so widely that she felt she could not help her. The consolation Clara sought was very different from anything her brother's ward could supply.

And that brother, Mr. Carlisle—did Assunta never think of him? Daily, before God, she remembered him; but it was not for her peace to allow him a place in her memory at other times. They were entire strangers now, and she had long since given up the hope of any return to the old friendship. He had dropped out of her life, and God alone could fill the place left vacant by the surrender of this human love. She prayed for him, however, still, but as one might pray for the dead. Her days glided quietly by, each one bearing a record of deeds of love and kindness; while the consciousness of duty fulfilled gave her a peace that it is not in the power of mere human happiness to bestow. The blessings of the poor followed her, and the blessing of God rested upon her soul.

Mary sometimes protested against this "waste of life," as she called it.

"My darling," she said one day, as she was rocking her baby to sleep in her arms, "you will be a nun yet."

"I fear not," replied Assunta. "I might have wished to enter religion, but it seems that God does not call me to that life."

"Then, Assunta, why don't you marry? It would break my heart to lose you, darling; but, truly, it grieves me to have you settle yourself down to our stupid life and ways, and you so young and rich and beautiful. It is contrary to nature and reason."

"Be patient with me, dear," said Assunta. "I do not believe that you want to be rid of me. Some time we shall know what it all means. I am sorry to disappoint my friends, but my life is just as I would have it."

"Well, you are a saint," said Mary with a sigh; "and as I am the gainer, I am the last one to complain. But I wish you had a dear little bother of your own like my Harry." And the maternal kiss had in it such a strength of maternal love that the baby-eyes opened wide again, and refused to shut.

Mary heard occasionally from her brother; and sometimes she heard *of* him in a way that filled her heart with joy. Austere, yet with wonderful sweetness, full of talent and a hard student, yet with touching humility, Augustine Percival, by a life of mortification and prayer, which his studies never interrupted, was preparing himself to do great things for God. A few words, uttered simply by a true-hearted Christian woman, had turned the scale for him; and God will

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receive so much the more glory. There will come a day which will reveal many such works, performed through the perhaps unconsciously-exercised influence of some noble woman, whose mission is none the less real because it is accomplished silently and out of the world's sight.

## VII.

### CREDO.

Five years had passed away, and their close found Mary Lee welcoming back to her home her long-absent brother, now a priest. Augustine Percival returned, the same, and yet changed. There was the same tender, earnest nature; but upon that nature grace had built up a superstructure of such strength and virtue that, in most respects, he was a different man—purified by suffering, sanctified by penance, and now consecrated by the sacrament of Holy Orders.

It was a happy circle that gathered around the blazing wood-fire on that cool October evening—so happy that they were almost subdued, and thought more than they talked. It was towards the end of the evening that Father Percival said quite incidentally:

"Mr. Carlisle returned in the steamer with me. I suppose he will soon pay his respects to the ladies."

Assunta did not start. Why should she? Had the name of one long since dead been mentioned, it might have caused an emotion of tenderness; but that would have been all. Mr. Carlisle was dead to her, and every memory of him had long been buried. So, though her face became a shade paler, she went on with her work, and her hand did not tremble.

"Is he well?" asked Mary, continuing the conversation, "and is he as fine-looking as he used to be?"

"He is just recovering from a very severe illness," replied her brother. "It has told upon him fearfully, so that you will find him much changed. Still, I hope his native air will restore him to health; and no doubt, Mary, his good looks will follow. He was already much better when I parted from him yesterday." And then Father Percival questioned Mary about her absent husband and her children, and listened with interest to the young mother's enthusiastic description of Harry's brilliancy and the little Assunta's sweetness.

The next evening, as Father Percival was giving the two ladies an account of his last days in Rome, Mr. Carlisle's name was announced, and immediately he himself entered the pleasant drawing-room. He was indeed much altered, for the traces of sickness and suffering were only too visible. There was another change, perceptible to one who had known him well. In his bearing there seemed to be less pride than of old, and more dignity; in his face the expression of bitterness had given place to one more contented, more peaceful. Suffering had evidently done a work in that proud spirit. But as Mr. Carlisle extended his hand to Assunta, who greeted him with the frank simplicity so peculiar to her, the same old smile lighted up his thin, pale face, and he truly seemed her guardian once more. Assunta was for the moment surprised to see the cordiality with which Mr. Carlisle took the hand

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of the young priest, and held it in both his, as if a brother's affection were in the pressure, and which was returned as warmly. A comfortable arm-chair was placed near the fire for the guest; and while he seated himself, as if fatigued, he said:

"Augustine, have you kept my secret?"

"Most faithfully. I did not even betray that I had one, as a woman might have done." And Father Percival glanced at his sister, who pretended indignation, but said nothing.

"Then," said Mr. Carlisle, "I must tell my own story. Assunta, come and sit by me." And he pointed to the vacant chair beside him, while Assunta obeyed at once, the words and manner were so like those of the old days.

"Forgive me," Mr. Carlisle went on, "if I call you to-night by the familiar name. I could not say Miss Howard, and tell you what I have to tell. And, Mrs. Lee, if I seem to address myself too exclusively to your friend, I beg you will pardon me, and believe that, if my story interests you, I am more than glad that you should know all. Assunta, put your hand here." And taking her hand in his, he laid it upon his brow. "In that Roman sickness it has often rested there, and has soothed and healed. Tell me, child, do you feel no difference now?"

Assunta looked at him wonderingly—still more so when she caught sight of a meaning smile on Father Percival's face.

"Mr. Carlisle, you puzzle me," she said.

Again that peculiar and beautiful smile, as he continued:

"The sign of the cross has been there; do you understand now, my child? No? Then, in one word, I will explain all. *Credo*—I believe! Not yet? Assunta, you have, I know, prayed for me. Your prayer has been answered. I am a Catholic, and, under God, I owe all to Augustine Percival."

Assunta could not speak. For a moment she looked in his face with those earnest blue eyes, as if to read there the confirmation of his words, and then she bowed her head upon her hands in silence. Mr. Carlisle was the first to break it.

"And so you are not sorry, *petite*, to welcome so old a sinner into the fold?"

"Sorry!" exclaimed Assunta at last. "Life will not be long enough to thank God for this happiness."

"You are so little changed, child, after all these years, that I must look at myself to realize how the time has gone. But shall I tell you how all this has come about? Three months ago I was as miserable an unbeliever as ever lived."

"Please tell us all," murmured Assunta.

"All the story of these five years would be long and wearisome. Life to me has been simply an endurance of existence, because I dared not end it. I have travelled a great deal. I have *stood*, not *kneeled*, in the Chapel of the Holy Sepulchre, and have wandered as a sight-seer through the holy places in Jerusalem. I have been in almost every part of Europe. Need I tell you that I have found satisfaction nowhere? And all this time I was drawn, by a sort of fascination, to read much on Catholic subjects; so I sneered and cavilled and argued, and read on.

"At last, about four months since, the same uneasy spirit which has made a very Wandering Jew of me for the last five years possessed me



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with the idea of returning home, and I started for Paris. I engaged my passage in the next steamer for New York; and, though feeling far from well, left for Havre. I reached the hotel, registered my name, and went to my room for the night. The steamer was to sail the next morning. I knew nothing more for three weeks. Fortunately, I had fallen into good hands, or I should never have been here. They said it was brain-fever, and my life was despaired of. Assunta, child, you need not look so pale. You see it is I myself who have lived to tell it."

Father Percival here rose, and, excusing himself on the ground of having his Office to say, left the room. As soon as he was gone Mr. Carlisle exclaimed:

"There is the noblest man that ever lived. No words can tell what he has been to me. It seems that, when I was beginning to give some hope of recovery, Father Percival arrived at the same hotel on his way to America. The landlord happened to mention the fact of the illness of a fellow-countryman, and showed the name upon his books. Father Percival at once gave up his passage, and remained to perform an act of charity which can only be rewarded in heaven."

"You remember, Assunta," said Mrs. Lee, "Augustine wrote that he was detained a few weeks by the illness of a friend."

"Yes," said Assunta; "but how little we dreamed who the friend was!"

"And a most ungrateful friend he was, too, at first," said Mr. Carlisle. "When he came to see me, and I learned his name, and that he had become a priest, it was nothing but weakness that prevented my driving him from the room. As it was, I swore a little, I believe. However, with the tenderness of a woman he nursed me day and night; and even when I was better, there was still no word about religion, until one day I introduced the subject myself. Even then he said but little. I was too weak to have much pride, or that little would not perhaps have made the impression that it did. My pride has always been the obstacle, and it is not all gone yet, *petite*," he added, looking at Assunta, who smiled in answer.

"One night, from what cause I do not know, I had a relapse, and death seemed very near. Then Father Percival came to me as priest. I can hear now the solemn tones in which he said: 'Mr. Carlisle, I will not deceive you. I hope that you will recover, but you may not. Are you willing to die as you are now, unbaptized?' I answered, 'No.' 'Do you, then,' he said, 'believe the Catholic Church to be the infallible teacher of truth, and will you submit to her teaching?' Here I paused. The question was a difficult one; the word *submit* was a hard word. But death was very near, and at last, with desperate energy, I said: 'Yes; baptize me!' He then knelt beside me, and made for me an act of contrition—for I seemed to be sinking fast—and in a moment more I was baptized, a Catholic. He then left me instantly, and went for the parish priest, who came and administered Extreme Unction to—as they supposed—a dying man. But the sacrament did its work for life, and not for death. From the moment of receiving it the scale turned. Of course much that I have told you I have learned since from Augustine. I was conscious only of the one act—the *submission*.

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"And how mean a specimen of a man I have since felt myself to have been—resisting God year after year with all the strength of human pride and that most powerful auxiliary of the devil—pride of intellect; and then, when life was at its last gasp, and everything had slipped from under me but that one foothold—then to say, 'Life is going; the world has already gone. I have lost everything else; now I, a sinner, will condescend to receive the portion of the saints—God and heaven!' Do you think, Assunta, that the angels would have had much cause for rejoicing over such an addition to their bright company?"

"That is a genuine drop of your old bitterness, Mr. Carlisle," replied Assunta, laughing, nevertheless, at his frankness.

"Oh! there is plenty of it left, *petite*. But to go on: when I found that I was to live, I was determined, before leaving for home, to make my profession of faith in the church, as a Christian should who is not ashamed of his colors. Augustine would do nothing official for me after the baptism, but he was ever the kindest friend, and I love him with a real David and Jonathan affection. Oh! child, how often have I thought of you and of how much you would have been amused to see me, Severn Carlisle, meekly receiving instruction in Catholic doctrine and practice from that simple French priest. Truly, I needed some one to identify me to myself. Well, to bring this long story to an end, the day before sailing I made my profession of faith and received Holy Communion in the quiet little parish church. And now I am here, the same proud, self-sufficient man as of old, I fear, but with a peace of soul that I have never known before."

"How good God is!" exclaimed Assunta.

"What does your sister say?" asked Mrs. Lee.

"My sister? I do not think she took in the idea. Her thoughts would have to travel miles before they would approach a religious sentiment. Poor Clara! I find her much changed. I spent two or three hours with her this afternoon. She was very gay, even brilliant—too much so, I thought, for real happiness. She did not imagine how transparent her mask was, and I would not destroy her illusion. I did not see Sinclair at all. But," exclaimed he, looking at his watch, and rising hastily, "it is eleven o'clock. I ordered the carriage for ten, and no doubt it has been waiting a long time. I owe you ladies many apologies for my thoughtlessness and egotism."

"Mr. Carlisle," began Assunta, placing her hand in his, as she bade him good-night; but the words would not come as readily as the tears.

Mrs. Lee had gone to summon her brother, so the two, so long parted, were left alone.

"My child," said Mr. Carlisle in a low voice, "I know all that you would say, all the sweet sympathy of that tender, unchanged heart. I have much to say to you, Assunta, but not to-night—not in the presence of others."

Then turning to Father Percival, who entered the room, "Augustine," he said, "I am going for a few days to my place in the country for rest, and also that I may see how much it has suffered from my long neglect. Come and see me there. It will do me good, heart and soul."

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"I will try to arrange my plans so as to give myself that pleasure," replied the priest, as he assisted Mr. Carlisle into the carriage.

What strange contradictions there are in human nature! How little can we account for our varying moods and the motives which influence our actions! And how often we seem to get at cross-purposes with life, and only see how far we have been wrong when a merciful Providence, overruling all, unknots the tangled thread and straightens the crooked purpose!

Excepting the visit of a few hours paid by Father Percival to his friend, two months passed by, and nothing was heard of Mr. Carlisle. Those two months were to Assunta longer, more wearisome, than the five years that had preceded them. We may talk of hopes that are dead, and may honestly believe them buried deep down in the grave which duty has prepared and time has covered. But hope is the hardest thing in this world to kill; and thank God that it is so! Let but a gleam of sunshine, a breath of the warm upper air, into that sepulchre, and the hopes that have lain buried there for years will revive and come forth with renewed vigor. It is much more difficult to lay them to rest a second time.

Assunta had borne her trial nobly; but, as she sat alone on Christmas Eve, and her thoughts naturally dwelt upon that happy return, and then the unaccountable disappearance of Mr. Carlisle, her courage almost failed her, and her brave heart sank within her, as she thought how dreary the future looked. She had excused herself from joining the others at a little family party, and for an hour she had sat idle before the fire—a most unwonted self-indulgence for one so conscientious as Assunta Howard.

A ring at the door and a voice in the hall made her start and tremble a little, as she had not done on that first evening of Father Percival's return. She had scarcely recovered herself when Mr. Carlisle entered the room.

"I have come to account for myself," were his first words. "I hoped that I should find you alone to-night."

"Mrs. Lee has gone to her mother's," was the reply.

"Yes, I knew it. Assunta, what have you thought of me? Still more, what will you think of me now? I have suffered much in these two months; perhaps it is ungenerous in me to say this to you. Assunta, never for one moment have I been unfaithful to the love I told you of so many years ago; but I had given up the hope of ever possessing yours. Even when the obstacle you know of had been removed, I thought that I could bear to see you happy, as I believed you were, in a life in which I had no share. I felt that it would not be right even to ask you to marry one so much older than yourself, with broken health and darkened spirits. And your fresh beauty, still so girlish, so all-unchanged, confirmed my purpose. Ah! child, time, that has silvered my hair, has not dimmed the golden aureola which crowns your dear head. But in the many lonely hours that I have passed since my return, my courage has grown faint. I have longed for your sweet presence in my home, until an answering voice has urged me to come to you. Assunta, once, beneath the shadow of the cross, in the moonlit Colosseum, I offered you my love, and you put God between us. Again I urged my suit,

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and again you erected the same impassable barrier. To-night I am so selfish that, even as I have described myself to be, I come to you a third time with a love which years have but strengthened. My darling, God no longer comes between us; can I ever hope to win that true, brave heart?"

With a child-like simplicity and a true womanliness Assunta put her hand in his, and said:

"Mr. Carlisle, it has long been yours. 'Unless he can love you *in God*,' my mother said. I believe that the condition is now fulfilled."

"And may God bless the love he sanctions!" said Mr. Carlisle solemnly. After a silence—for where hearts understand each other there is no need of many words—Assunta said in her own sweet tones:

"Do you regret now the decision of that night in Rome? Was I a true prophetess?"

"But we have lost so many years," said Mr. Carlisle.

"Yes, lost for time, but gained for eternity."

When Mrs. Lee returned, she greeted the guest with surprise, as well as pleasure; but both these emotions were lost in a still greater joy when Mr. Carlisle, drawing Assunta towards him, said:

"Mrs. Lee, this is my Christmas gift—a precious treasure, is it not, to be entrusted to one so undeserving?"

"Indeed it is a precious treasure," echoed Mary enthusiastically; "but, Mr. Carlisle, there is not a man in the world in whose possession I would like to see it so well as in yours."

"Bless you, Mrs. Lee, for your kind words! *Petite*, perhaps your taste is not so much in fault after all."

"And, Mary," said Assunta archly, "he may yet recover his good looks, you know."

"Yes," said Mr. Carlisle, "love and happiness are said to be great beautifiers. I have no objection to trying the experiment."

One bright morning, soon after Easter, there was a nuptial Mass at the cathedral, celebrated by Father Percival, and after the ceremony and a quiet breakfast, Mr. and Mrs. Carlisle drove in their private carriage to the beautiful country residence which was to be their future home.

Just at sunset, as they entered the long avenue which with many windings led towards the house, Mr. Carlisle said:

"My darling, we are at home. I have waited, like Jacob, almost seven years for my Rachel. I cannot say, as he did, that the days have seemed *few*, though I believe my love has been no less."

"And suppose," replied Assunta, with the happy confidence of a loving wife—"suppose your Rachel should turn out a Lia after all?"

"In that case," said her husband coolly, "I should insist that the description of that much-injured lady had done her great injustice. And I should consider myself a lucky fellow to have been cheated into the mistake, and be ready to wager my Lia against all the Rachels in the world. And now, my precious wife, welcome home!"

Ten years later. It is not always a pleasure to look in upon loved friends after a lapse of ten years. Sickness, sorrow, death, or disgrace may each do a mighty work in even fewer years, and, at the best, time itself brings about marked changes. But a glance at Carlisle Hall, on this tenth anniversary of that happy wedding-day,

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will only show that same happiness ripened into maturity. In a marriage like that of Severn and Assunta Carlisle, whatever life might bring of joy or sorrow would come to both alike, and nothing could divide them. Even death itself would but *seem* to part them, for their union was *in God.* In Assunta the added dignity of wifehood and motherhood had taken nothing from the charm of earlier years; and, if the beauty of the young girl had faded somewhat, the ever-growing grace and purity of soul more than supplied its want, even in her husband's eyes. And Mr. Carlisle? Noble by nature, and possessing the finest qualities of mind and heart, his soul was now developed to the full stature of its manhood. He was a proud man still, but with a pride which S. Paul might have commended. He was so proud that he was never ashamed to kneel beside the poorest villager in the little church. In his pride he gloried in Jesus Christ, and him crucified. The beautiful church itself had been erected as a thank-offering, by Mr. Carlisle and his wife, in the factory village two miles from their home; and for some years Father Percival had been parish priest of the Church of the Assumption. And Carlisle Hall resounded with the merry voices of three children at the end of those ten years: Severn, the pride of his mother's heart; Augustine, Father Percival's godchild and special favorite, already destined for the priesthood by the wishes of the senior trio; and the baby, her father's darling, to whom he would give the name of Mary, and no other, "to show," he said, "how he had progressed in Mariolatry since his first lesson in Sienna."

Father Percival had been the only guest at this anniversary-dinner, except, indeed, the children, who must appear on this occasion, at no matter how great a risk of noise and accident. They had now returned to the nursery, but the others still lingered at the table.

"Father Augustine," said Assunta—for she had learned to follow the little ones in their name for the priest they loved so well—"I received a letter yesterday from dear old Father Joseph. He is just as happy in our marriage to-day as he was when he first heard of it, and he blesses it, and us, and the children so sweetly and kindly. How much I should like to see him again!"

"I suppose," said Father Percival, "he looks upon the marriage as a striking illustration of the wonderful ways and goodness of God, as it surely is. S. Ignatius ought to send Father Dupont here, to see for himself the result of his direction, and, I must add, of your generosity and faithfulness, Mrs. Carlisle."

"I am so sorry, Severn," said Assunta after a pause in the conversation, "that Clara would not come to us to-day. I think a glimpse of quiet country life might be a pleasant change for her."

"I fear," replied her husband sadly, "that poor Clara has much to suffer yet. It is my opinion that Sinclair has no intention of returning from Europe at all. But who could have made her believe, in those sunshiny days, that she would ever live to be a deserted wife? *Petite*, the subject is a very painful one. I am going to change it for one of which I am never weary. Augustine, it is not the custom, I believe, for a man to toast his wife on such an occasion, but I am going to be an exception to the rule

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to-day. Lord Lytton has in that grand work of his, *My Novel*, two types of women—the one who exalts, and the one who consoles. He probably had never seen the combination of the two types in one person. I now propose—and, my darling, you must drink and not blush—'Assunta Carlisle: blessed be the woman who both exalts and consoles!' And let me add that a happy man was I—unworthy—when, ten years ago, that woman became my wife."

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## MATTER.

v.

ALTHOUGH continuous matter cannot be proved to exist, yet its existence, as every one knows, is still very commonly believed, even by philosophers, on the ground that it was believed for centuries by all great men, and has never been conclusively refuted. From some hints which we have given in our previous article about the difficulties of this ancient doctrine, the intelligent reader may have already satisfied himself that material continuity is not merely "a philosophical mystery," as Goudin confesses, but a metaphysical absurdity. As, however, this last conclusion, owing to its paramount importance in metaphysics and in natural philosophy, deserves a more explicit and complete demonstration than we have yet given, we propose to develop in the present article a series of arguments, drawn from different sources, to show *the absolute and intrinsic impossibility of continuous matter*. The prejudices of our infancy may at first resist the demonstration, but it is to be hoped that they will finally yield to reason.

*First argument.*—We know, and it is conceded by the advocates of continuous matter, that a *finite* being cannot involve in its composition an *infinite* multitude of distinct terms; for evidently the infinite cannot be the constituent of the finite. Now, we have shown in our preceding article that, if there were a piece of continuous matter, it should involve in its continuous constitution an infinite multitude of distinct terms, every one of which should have its own distinct existence independently of the others. Therefore continuous matter cannot exist.

*Second argument.*—A primitive substance cannot absolutely be made up of other substances. But if there were any continuous matter, a primitive substance would be made up of other substances. Therefore no continuous matter can exist. The major of this syllogism is quite evident; for a primitive substance, if made up of other substances, would be primitive and non-primitive at the same time. The minor can be easily proved. For it is plain that continuous matter, if any such existed, would necessarily consist of continuous parts, substantially distinct from one another, and therefore having their own distinct matter and their own

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distinct substantial act, and ranking as distinct, complete, and separable substances, as we have shown in our last article. Now, assuming that either of these parts is a primitive substance, it is evident that the primitive substance would be made up of other substances; for such a part, being continuous, is itself made up of other parts, which are likewise distinct and complete substances, as we have just remarked. And since a continuum cannot be resolved into any but continuous parts, the conclusion cannot be avoided that the primitive material substance would always be made up of other substances. To elude this argument, the advocates of continuous matter are compelled to deny that there is any *primitive* material substance mathematically continuous. But, even so, their position is not improved. For if there is no primitive material substance mathematically continuous, the combination of such primitive substances will never give rise to continuous matter, it being obvious that all the elementary constituents of continuum must be continuous, as all philosophers agree. Whence we again conclude that no continuous matter is possible.

*Third argument.*—No continuum can be made up of unextended constituents, as we have just observed, and as our opponents not only concede, but also demonstrate most irrefragably in their own treatises. Now, continuous matter, if any such existed, would be made up of unextended constituents—that is, of mere mathematical points. Therefore continuous matter would be a formal contradiction. The minor of our syllogism is proved thus. All the points which can be designated within the dimensions of the continuum are *immediately* united with one another, and therefore no room is to be found between any two consecutive points; which shows that in the constitution of the continuum we would have nothing but mere points. For let there be a continuous plane and a continuous sphere. The sphere, if perfect, cannot touch the plane, except in a single indivisible point, as is proved in geometry; nevertheless, the sphere may move along the plane, and, always touching the plane in a single point, may measure a linear extension of matter, which, accordingly, would contain nothing but mathematical points immediately following one another. In other terms, the extended matter would be made up of indivisible points; and since all admit that this is impossible, it follows that continuous matter is impossible. Against this argument the objection is made that it proves too much; as it would prove the impossibility of measuring space by continuous movement. But this objection has no good foundation, as we shall show after concluding the series of our arguments.

*Fourth argument.*—All the points that can be designated in a material continuum would necessarily touch one another in such a manner as to form a continuous extension; hence their contact would necessarily be *extensive*. But an *extensive* contact of indivisible points is intrinsically impossible. Therefore material continuity is intrinsically impossible. The major of this syllogism is a mere corollary from the definition of continuum; for, if there be no contact, the continuum will be broken, and if the contact be not extensive—that is, such as to allow each point to extend beyond its neighbor—no continuous extension will result. The minor of our

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syllogism can be proved as follows:

The contact of a point with a point is the contact of an indivisible with another indivisible; and, since the indivisible has no parts, such a contact cannot be partial, but must needs be total. Accordingly, the second point, by its contact with the first, will be *totally* in the first; the third, by its contact with the second, will be *totally* in the second, and consequently in the first; the fourth, by its contact with the third, will be *totally* in the third, and consequently in the second and in the first, and so on. Therefore all the points which are in mathematical contact will necessarily correspond to the same point in space. Now, to be all in the same point, and to form a continuous extension, are contradictories. And thus it is manifest that material continuity is a mere contradiction.

Some will say that the contact is indeed made in the points, but that the parts, which touch one another in a common point, are quite distinct. But this appeal to the parts of the continuum, though much insisted upon by many ancient philosophers, is of no avail against our argument. For the existence of these parts cannot be assumed, without presupposing the continuity of matter. Such parts are, in fact, assumed to be continuous; and therefore, before we admit their existence, we must inquire whether and how they can have intrinsic extension and continuity. And dividing these parts into other parts, and these again into others without end, of all these parts of parts the same question must be asked—that is, whether and how they can have intrinsic extension and continuity. Hence one of two things will follow: either we shall never find the intrinsic reason of material continuity, or we shall find it only after having exhausted an infinite division—that is, after having reached, if possible, a term incapable of further division, viz., a mathematical point. But in the mathematical point it is impossible to find the intrinsic reason of material continuity, as we have just shown. And therefore the material continuity of the parts has no formal reason of its constitution, or, in other terms, the parts themselves are intrinsically impossible.

Moreover, the very distinction made by our opponents between the points of contact and the parts which touch one another in those points, is altogether irrational. For *a parte rei*—that is, considering the continuum as it is in itself—there is no foundation for the said distinction, it being evident that in a homogeneous continuum no place is to be found where we cannot mark out a point. Hence it is irrational to limit the designability of the points in order to make room for the parts. In other words, the parts themselves cannot be conceived as continuous without supposing that all the neighboring points which can be designated in them form by their contact a continuous extension, which we have proved to be inadmissible. The aforesaid distinction is therefore one of the subterfuges resorted to by the advocates of material continuity, to evade the unanswerable difficulties arising from their sentence; for it is true indeed, as Goudin remarks, that material continuity is "a philosophic mystery, against which reason objects more than it can answer," though not because in this question "reason proves more than it can understand," but because continuous matter is shown to be an absolute impossibility.

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*Fifth argument.*—It is a known metaphysical principle that "nothing can possibly become actual, except by the intervention of an act"—*Impossibile est aliquid fieri in actu nisi per aliquem actum* (S. Thomas *passim*). But no act can be imagined by which matter would become actually continuous. Therefore no actually continuous matter can possibly exist. The minor of our syllogism is proved thus. Acts are either substantial or accidental; hence if any act could be conceived as giving actual continuity to matter, such an act would be either substantial or accidental—that is, it would give to its matter either its first being or a mere mode of being. Now, neither the substantial nor the accidental act can make matter actually continuous. For, first, no substantial act can give to its matter a being for which the matter has no disposition. But actuable matter has no disposition for actual continuity, for where there are no distinct terms requiring continuation, there is no disposition to actual continuity, as is evident; and it is not less evident that the matter which is to be actuated by a substantial act involves no distinct terms, and does not even connote them, but merely implies the privation of the act giving it its first being, which act is one, not many, and gives one being, not many, and consequently is incapable of constituting a number of actual terms actually distinct, as would be required for actual continuity. To say the contrary would be to deny one of the most fundamental and universal principles of metaphysics, viz., *Actus est qui distinguit*, which means that there cannot be distinct terms where there are no distinct acts.

Moreover, continuity presupposes quantity; hence, if the substantial act gives actual continuity to its matter, it must be conceded that a certain quantity exists potentially in the actuable matter, and is reduced to act by the first actuation of matter. This quantity would therefore rank among the essentials of the substance, and could not possibly be considered as an accident; for the immediate result of the first actuation of a term by its substantial act is not a mere accident, but the very actuality of the essence of which that act and that term are the principles. Whence it follows that so long as quantity remains an accident, it is impossible to make it arise from the substantial act; and, accordingly, no substantial act can make matter actually continuous.

That actual continuity cannot arise from any accidental act is no less evident. For the only accidental act which could be supposed to play a part in the constitution of a material continuum would be some actual composition. But as composition without components is impossible, and the components of continuous matter, before such a composition, are not continuous (since we must now consider continuity as a result of the composition), our continuous matter would be made up of components destitute of continuous extension—that is, of mere mathematical points. But, as this is avowedly impossible, it follows that it is as impossible to admit that matter becomes actually continuous by the reception of an accidental act.

*Sixth argument.*—In a philosophico-mathematical work published in England a few years ago,* from

* *The Elements of Molecular Mechanics.* By Joseph Bayma, S.J., Professor of Philosophy, Stonyhurst College. London and Cambridge: Macmillan and Co. 1866.

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which we have already borrowed some plain arguments concerning other questions on matter, the impossibility of continuous matter is proved by the following argument: "A compound which has no first components is a sheer impossibility. Continuous matter, if admitted, would be a compound which has no first components. Therefore continuous matter is a sheer impossibility. In this argument the first proposition is self-evident; for the components are the material constituents of the compound; and therefore a compound which has no first components is a thing which is constituted without its first constituents, or a pure contradiction. The second proposition also is undeniable. And, first, there can be no doubt that continuous matter would be a *compound;* for continuous matter would be extended, and would have, accordingly, parts distinct from parts; which is the exclusive property of compounds. Now, that this compound would be *without first components*, can be proved as follows: If continuous matter has any first components, these components will either be extended or unextended. If they are supposed to be *extended*, then they are by no means the *first* components; since it is clear that in this case they have distinct parts, and therefore are themselves made up of other components. If they are supposed to be *unextended*, then they are by no means the *components* of continuum; since all know and admit that no continuum can be made up of unextended points. And, indeed, unextended points have no parts, and therefore cannot touch one another partially; whence it follows that either they touch each other totally, or they do not touch at all. If they do not touch at all, they do not make a continuum, as is evident. If they touch totally, the one will occupy exactly the same place which is occupied by the other, and no material extension will arise. And for this reason geometrical writers consider that a mathematical line cannot be conceived as made up of points, but only as the track of a single point in motion. We see, then, that a material continuum is a compound, of which the first components cannot be extended, and cannot be unextended. And since it is impossible to think of a third sort of first components which would be neither extended nor unextended, we must needs conclude that continuous matter is a compound which has no first components. And therefore continuous matter is a mere absurdity" (p. 30).

This argument is, in our opinion, altogether unanswerable. Those philosophers, in fact, who still venture to fight in favor of continuous matter, have never been able to solve it. When we urge them to declare whether they hold the first components of continuous matter to be extended or unextended, they constantly ignore and elude the question. They simply answer that the components of material substance are "the matter" and "the form." But if the matter which lies under the form has no distinct parts, it is evident that the substance cannot be continuous. The composition of matter and form does not, therefore, entail continuity, unless the matter which is under the form has its own material composition of parts; and it is with reference to the composition of these parts of matter, not to the composition of matter and form, that we inquire whether the first components of continuous matter

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be extended or unextended. To ignore the gist of the argument is, on the part of our opponents, an implicit confession of their inability to cope with it.

*Seventh argument.*—Material substance, as consisting of act and potency, like everything else in creation, is both active and passive, its activity and passivity being essentially confined, as we have already explained,* to the production and the reception of local movement. Hence, so long as material substance preserves its essential constitution, it is impossible to admit that matter is incapable of receiving movement from natural causes. But continuous matter would be incapable of receiving movement from natural causes. Therefore it is impossible to admit continuous matter. To prove the minor of this syllogism, let there be two little globes of continuous matter, and let them act on one another. Since no finite velocity can be communicated by an immediate contact of matter with matter, as shown in a preceding article, it follows that the velocity must be communicated by virtual contact in accordance with the law of the inverse squared distances. Hence, since some points of the two globes are nearer to one another, and others are farther, different points must acquire different velocities. Now, one and the same piece of matter cannot move onward with different velocities, as is evident; it will therefore be unable to move so long as such different velocities are not reduced to a mean one, which shall be common to the whole mass. Such a reduction of unequal velocities to a mean one would meet with no difficulty, if the globes in question were made up of *free* and *independent* points of matter; for in such a case the globes would be compressed, and each point of matter would act and react according to known mechanical laws, and thus soon equalize their respective velocities. But in the case of material continuity the reduction of different velocities to a mean one is by no means possible. For "in a piece of continuous matter," to quote again from the above-mentioned work of molecular mechanics, "any point which can be designated is so *invariably* united with the other points that no impact and no mutual reaction are conceivable; the obvious consequence of which is that no work can be done within the continuous particle in order to equalize the unequal velocities impressed from without. Moreover, in our case the reduction ought to be rigorously instantaneous; which is another impossibility. In fact, if distinct points of a continuous piece of matter were for any short duration of time animated by different velocities, the continuum would evidently undergo immediate and unavoidable resolution; which is against the hypothesis. Since, then, the said reduction cannot be made instantaneously, as we have proved above, nor, indeed, in any other way, and, on the other hand, our continuous particle cannot move onward before the different velocities are reduced to one of mean intensity, it is quite evident that the same continuous particle will never be capable of moving, whatever be the conditions of the impact. And since what is true of one particle on account of its supposed continuity is true also of each of the other particles equally continuous, we must conclude that bodies made up of particles materially continuous are totally incapa-

* The Catholic World, August, 1874, p. 581.

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ble of receiving any communication of motion." *

This argument, though seemingly proving only the non-existence of continuous matter in nature, proves in fact, also, the impossibility of its existence. For, if a substance could be created possessing intrinsic extension and continuity, that substance would essentially differ from the existing matter, and would therefore be anything but matter. Hence not even in this supposition would continuous matter exist.

*Eighth argument.*—The inertia of matter, and its property of acting in a sphere, might furnish us with a new argument against material continuity. But we prefer to conclude with a mathematical demonstration drawn from the weight of matter. The weight of a mass of matter depends on the number of material terms to which the action of gravity is applied, and it increases exactly in the same ratio as the number of the elementary terms contained in the mass. This being the case, let us assume that there is somewhere an atom of continuous matter. The action of gravity will find in it an infinite multitude of points of application; for it is of the nature of continuum to supply matter for an endless division. Hence if we call $g$ the action of gravity on the unit of mass in the unit of time, the action of the same gravity on any of those infinite points of application will be

$$g \rho \, dx \, dy \, dz,$$

$\rho$ being the density of the mass, and $dx$, $dy$, $dz$ the three dimensions of an infinitesimal portion of it.

Now, since we know that gravity in the unit of time imparts a finite velocity to every point of matter in the atom, we must admit that the action exerted on the infinitesimal mass $\rho \, dx \, dy \, dz$ has a finite value; and therefore, since the volume $dx \, dy \, dz$ is an infinitesimal of the third degree, the density $\rho$ must be an infinite of the third order. But a continuous mass whose elements have an infinite density has itself an infinite density; hence, if its volume has finite dimensions, the mass itself (which is the product of the volume into the density) is necessarily infinite, and will have *an infinite weight.* Hence the assumption of continuous matter leads to an absurdity. The assumption is therefore to be rejected as evidently false.

We will put an end to the series of our proofs by pointing out the intrinsic and radical reason why matter cannot be continuous. The matter which is under the form is *a potency* in the same order of reality in which its form is *an act.* Now, the only property of a potency is to be liable to receive some determinations of a certain kind; and the property of a potency whose form is an active principle of local *motion* must consist in its being liable to receive a determination to local *movement.* Hence, as the matter receives its first being by a form of a spherical character, and becomes the real central point from which the actions of the substance proceed, so also the same matter, when already actuated by its essential form, receives any accidental determination to local movement; and, inasmuch as it is liable to local movement, it is in potency to extend through space—that is, to describe in space a continuous line; and when it actually moves, it actually traces a continuous line—that is, it extends from place to place, continuously indeed, but successively; whence it is manifest

* *The Elements of Molecular Mechanics*, pp. 28, 29.

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that its extension is nothing but *Actus existentis in potentia ut in potentia*, as Aristotle would say, viz., an actual passage from one potential state to another. Such is the only extension of which matter is capable. Such an extension is always *in fieri*, never *in facto esse;* always dynamical, never statical; always potential and successive, never formal or simultaneous. We can, therefore, ascribe to matter *potential* continuity, just as we ascribe to its active principle a *virtual* continuity; for the passivity of the matter and the activity of the form correspond to one another as properties of one and the same essence; and whatever can be predicated actively or virtually of a substance on account of its form can be predicated passively or potentially of the same substance on account of its matter.

These remarks form a complement to our fifth argument, where we proved that no substantial and no accidental act could make matter *actually* continuous. For, since matter cannot receive any accidental act, except the determination to local movement, and since this movement, although continuous, is essentially successive, it follows that by such a determination no actual and permanent continuity can arise, but a mere continuation of local changes. Thus matter, according to its potential nature, has only a potential extension; or, in other terms, it is not in itself actually continuous, but is simply ready to extend through space by continuous movement.

The preceding proofs seem quite sufficient, and more than sufficient, to uproot the prejudice in favor of material continuity; we must, however, defend them from the attacks of our opponents, that no reasonable doubt may remain as to the cogency of our demonstration.

*First objection.*—The globe and the plane, of which we have spoken in our third argument, though destitute of proportional parts suitable for a statical contact, become proportionate to one another, says Goudin, by the very movement of the one upon the other; and thus our third argument would fall to the ground. For a successive contact partakes of the nature of successive beings. Hence, as time, although having no present, except an indivisible instant, becomes, through its flowing, extended into continuous parts, so also the contact of the globe with the plane, although limited to an indivisible point, can nevertheless, by its flowing, become extended so as to correspond to the extended parts of the plane. For, according to mathematicians, a point, though indivisible when at rest, can by moving describe a divisible line.

To this we answer that a globe and a plane cannot by the movement of the one on the other acquire proportionate parts. For, although it is true that a successive contact partakes of the nature of the successive being which we call movement, it is plain that it does not partake of the nature of matter. In fact, the material plane is not supposed to become continuous through the movement of the globe, but is hypothetically assumed to be continuous before the movement, and even before the existence, of the said globe. The continuous movement is, of course, proportionate to a continuous plane; but it is evident that it cannot originate any proportion between the plane and the globe; because this would be against the essence of both. No part of the plane can be spherical,

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and no part of the globe can be plane; hence, whatever may be the movement of the one upon the other, they will never touch one another, except in a single point.

That time, although having no present, except an indivisible point, becomes extended by flowing on, is perfectly true; but this proves nothing. For, in the same manner as the act of flowing, by which time flows, has nothing actual but a single indivisible instant, so also the act of flowing, by which the contact of the globe with the plane flows, has no actuality but in an indivisible point of space; and as an indivisible instant by its flowing draws a line of time without ever becoming extended in itself, so also an indivisible point by its flowing draws a line in space without ever becoming extended in itself; and as the instant of time never becomes proportionate to any finite length of time, so also the point of contact never becomes proportionate to any finite line in space.

That a line, therefore, arises from the flowing of a point in the same manner as time from the flowing of an instant, is a plain truth, and there was no need of Goudin's argumentation to make it acceptable. To defeat our argument, he should have proved that the *actual* flowing of an instant takes up a length of time. If this could have been proved, it would have been easy to conclude that the flowing contact also extends through a length of space. But the author did not attempt to show that an instant of time flows through finite lengths of time. It is evident, on the contrary, that an instant flows through mere instants immediately following one another. And thus the objection has no weight.

*Second objection.*—If a material continuum is impossible, all continuum is impossible, and thus we are constrained to deny the continuity of both space and time. For space and time—as, for instance, a cubic foot and an hour—include within their respective limits an infinite multitude of indivisible points, or indivisible instants, just as would continuous matter include within its limits an infinite multitude of material points; for it is clear that space and time cannot be made up of anything but points and instants. Hence, if, in spite of this, we admit continuous space and continuous time, we implicitly avow that our first argument against continuous matter is far from conclusive.

We reply that there is no parity between the continuity of space and time and the continuity of matter; and that the impossibility of the latter does not show the impossibility of the former. The continuity of space and of time is intimately connected with the continuity of local movement. Movement, though *formally* continuous, or rather owing to its formal continuity, is necessarily successive, so that we can never find one part of the movement coexisting with another part of the same movement; and consequently there is no danger of finding in such a movement any *actual* multitude, whilst we should necessarily find it in continuous matter. Time also, as being nothing else than the actuality or duration of movement, is entirely successive; and consequently no two parts of time can ever be found together; which again prevents the danger of an *actual* multitude of coexisting instants. As to space, we observe that its continuity is by no means formal, but only virtual, and that space as such has no parts into which it can be divided, whatever

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our imagination may suggest to the contrary. We indeed consider space as a continuous extension, but such an extension and continuity is the property of the movement extending through space, not of space itself. Space is a region *through which movement can extend in a continuous manner;* hence the space measured, or mensurable, is styled *continuous* from the continuity of the movement made, or possible. We likewise consider the parts of the extension of the movement made or possible as so many *parts of the space measured or mensurable.* And thus space is called *continuous, extended,* and *divisible into parts,* merely because the movement by which space is, or can be, measured is continuous, extended, and divisible into successive parts; but space, as such, has of itself no *formal* continuity, no *formal* extension, and no *formal* divisibility, since space, as such, is nothing else than the virtuality, or extrinsic terminability, of divine immensity, as we may have occasion hereafter to show.

Hence neither space, nor time, nor movement is made up by composition of points or of instants; but time and movement owe their continuous extension to the flowing of a single instant and of a single point, whilst space, which is only virtually continuous, owes its denomination of continuous to the possibility of continuous movement through it. But if there were any continuous matter, its formal extension would arise from *actual, simultaneous,* and *indivisible* points constituting a *formal infinite multitude* within the limits of its extension. Hence there is no parity between continuous matter and continuous space or time; and the impossibility of the former does not prove the impossibility of the latter.

*Third objection.* — Accelerated movement is a movement the velocity of which increases by continuous infinitesimal degrees—that is, by indivisible momenta of motion. It is therefore possible for a quantity of movement to arise from the accumulation of indivisibles. Why, then, should not the quantity of matter arise in a like manner from the accumulation of indivisible points? That which causes the acceleration of movement is, in fact, continuous action—that is, a series of real, distinct, and innumerable instantaneous actions, by which the movement is made to increase by distinct infinitesimal degrees; which would show that it is not impossible to make a continuum by means of indivisibles.

We reply, first, that there is no degree of velocity which can be styled indivisible; for however small may be the acceleration of the movement, it may become smaller and smaller without end, as we shall presently explain.

But, waiving this, we reply, secondly, that intensive and extensive quantity are of a very different nature, and, even if it were true that intensive quantity can arise from an accumulation of indivisibles, the same would not be the case with extension. The degrees of intensity never unite by way of composition; for all intensity belongs to some *form* or act, whilst all composition of parts regards the *material* constituents of things. Hence movement, though increasing or decreasing, by continuous degrees, is not *composed* of them; whereas the continuum of matter, if any such existed, should be *composed* of its indivisible elements. In movement the increased velo-

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city is not a multitude of distinct acts, but a single act, equivalent to all the acts which we may distinguish under the name of degrees of velocity. Hence such degrees are only virtually distinct, and do not constitute a formal multitude; whence it follows that there is no absurdity in the notion of accelerated or retarded movement. But with a material continuum the case is entirely different; for such a continuum would be an extensive, not an intensive, quantity, and would have parts not only mentally or virtually, but entitatively and formally, distinct, and making an actual infinite multitude within the limits of a finite bulk.

As to the continuous action which causes the acceleration of movement, it is not true that it consists of a sum of distinct instantaneous actions. The action may be considered either *in fieri* or *in facto esse*. The action *in fieri* is the exertion of the agent, and the action *in facto esse* is the determination received by the patient. Now, the exertion of the agent is successive; for its continuity is the continuity of time, and is therefore *continuation* rather than *continuity*. Hence nothing exists of the action *in fieri*, except an instantaneous exertion corresponding to the moment of time which unites the past with the future. All the past exertions have ceased to be *in fieri*, and all the future exertions have still to be made. Accordingly, continuous action is not made up of other actual actions, and, though passing through different degrees of intensity, is not an actual multitude.

On the other hand, if we consider the action *in facto esse*—that is, the determination as received in the patient—we shall find that, although such a determination is the result of a continued exertion, and exhibits its totality under the form of velocity, nevertheless this result consists of intensity, not of continuity, and therefore contains no formal multitude, but is, as we have said, a simple act equivalent to many. Hence accelerated movement is one movement, and not many, and a great velocity is one velocity, and not a formal multitude of lesser velocities. In a word, there is not the least resemblance between continuous acceleration and continuous matter.

Although the preceding answer sufficiently shows the flimsiness of the objection, we may yet observe that actions having an infinitesimal duration are indeed infinitesimal, but are not *true indivisibles*. For the expression of an accelerating action, in dynamics, contains three variable functions—that is, first, the *intensity* of the action at the unit of distance in the unit of time; secondly, its *duration*; thirdly, the *distance* from the agent to the patient. Hence, in the case of an action of infinitesimal duration, there still remain two variables, viz., the *intensity* of the power, and the *distance* from the patient; and their variation causes a variation of the action in its infinitesimal duration. Thus it is manifest that actions of infinitesimal duration can have a greater or a less intensity, and therefore are not *true indivisibles* of intensity. If, for instance, two agents by their constant and continuous action produce in the same length of time different effects, it is evident that their actions have different intensities in every infinitesimal instant of time; hence such infinitesimal actions, though bearing no comparison with finite quantities, bear comparison with one another, and form definite geometric ratios.



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*Fourth objection.*—If the contact of one indivisible with another cannot engender a continuum, we must deny the existence of time and of local motion. For time is engendered by the flowing of an instant towards the instant immediately following, and movement is engendered by the flowing of a point in space towards the point immediately following. If, then, indivisibles cannot, by their contact, give rise to continuous extension, neither time nor local motion will acquire continuous extension.

Our answer to this objection is that time and movement are not engendered by a formal contact of a real instant with the instant following, or of a real point with the point following. Duration is not a sum of indivisible instants formally touching one another, nor is the length of space a sum of indivisible points touching one another. We may have points *in space*, but not points *of space;* and in like manner we have instants *in succession*, not instants *of succession*, though in common language we usually confound the latter with the former. Yet, when we talk of a point of space, our meaning is not that space is made up of points, but simply that a point of matter existing in space marks out its own ubication, thus lending to the space occupied the name of *point.* Hence no movement in space can be conceived to extend by successive contacts of points, or by the flowing of a point towards other points immediately following; for these *points immediately following* exist only in our imagination. Nor does a flowing point engender a line of space, but only a line of movement; and even this latter is not properly *engendered*, but merely *marked out* in space; for all possible lines are already virtually contained in space, and therefore they need no engendering, but simply marking out by continuous motion.

The same is to be said of the origin of time. Time is not a formal sum of instants touching one another. The instant just past is no more, hence it cannot touch the instant which is now; and the instant which is to follow is not yet, hence it cannot be touched by the instant which is now. Accordingly, as the movement of a single point marks out a continuous line in absolute space, so also the flowing of a single instant extends a line in absolute duration. For, as S. Thomas teaches, in the whole length of time there is but a single instant *in re*, though this same instant becomes virtually manifold *in ratione prioris et posterioris* by shifting from "before" to "after." And in the same manner, in the whole length of a line measured in space by continuous movement, there is but a single point *in re* actually shifting its ubication from "here" to "there," and thus becoming virtually manifold in its successive positions. And for this reason both movement and time are always and essentially developing (*in fieri*), and never exist as developed (*in facto esse*); since of the former nothing is actual but a point, and of the latter nothing is actual but an instant.

It is scarcely necessary to repeat that, if there were any continuous matter, its parts would all be actual and simultaneous. Its continuous extension would therefore be properly engendered by the contact of indivisible points, not by the shifting of a point from one end of its dimensions to another. This sufficiently shows that from the continuity of movement and of

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time nothing can be concluded in favor of continuous matter.

*Fifth objection.*—Between two given points in space infinite other points can be placed. Now, what is possible can be conceived to be done; and thus we can conceive an infinite multitude between the two points. Accordingly, an infinite multitude can be contained within limits; and if so, continuous matter is not impossible, and our first argument has no weight.

We answer that, although an infinite multitude of points can be placed between any two given points, yet nothing can be inferred therefrom in favor of continuous matter. For those innumerable points either will touch one another or not. If they do not touch, they will not make a continuum; and if they touch, they will, as we have shown, entirely coincide, instead of forming a continuous extension. It is plain, therefore, that the distance between the two given points cannot be filled *continuously*, even by an infinite multitude of other points. And therefore the objection has no force.

Nor is it true that by the creation of an infinite multitude of points between two given points such a multitude would be an infinity *within limits*. For the two given points are limits, or rather terms, of a local relation, but they are no limits of the multitude, or discrete quantity, which can be placed between them; for, without altering the position of those two points, we can increase without end the number of the intervening points. As volume is not a limit of density, so the distance of two points is not the limit of the multitude that can be condensed between them.

*Sixth objection.*—All the arguments above given against the continuity of matter are grounded on a false supposition; for they all take for granted that *a continuum must be made up of parts*—an assumption which can be shown to be false. For, first, in the geometric continuum there are no actual parts; for such a continuum is not made up by composition, but is created, such as it is, all in one piece. Whence it must be inferred that the primitive elements of matter, though exempt, as primitive, from composition of parts, and really simple, may yet possess extension. Secondly, who can deny that God has the power to create a solid body as perfectly continuous as a geometric volume? Such a body, though divisible into any number of parts, would not be a compound; for its parts would be merely possible, not actual; and therefore it would be simple, and yet continuous. Thirdly, those who deny the possibility of continuous matter admit a vacuum existing between simple points of matter. Such a vacuum is a continuous extension intercepted between real terms, and is nothing else than the possibility of real extension. But the real extension, which is possible between real terms, is not, of course, a series of points touching one another, for such a series, as all admit, is impossible. It is, therefore, an extension really continuous, not made up of parts, but only divisible into parts. Hence matter may be continuous and simple at the same time. *

This objection tends to establish the possibility of *simple-extended* matter. Yet that simplicity and material extension exclude one an-

* Tongiorgi, *Cosmol.*, n. 53.

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other is an evident truth; in other terms, material continuity, without composition of parts, is utterly inconceivable. If, therefore, we persist in taking for granted that a material continuum must be made up of actual parts, we do not make a gratuitous supposition.

The three reasons adduced in the objection are far from satisfactory. The first makes an unlawful transition from the geometric extension of volumes to the physical extention of masses. Such a transition, we say, is unlawful; for the geometrical extension is only *virtually* continuous, and therefore involves no actual multitude of parts; whereas the physical extension of the mass of matter would be *formally* and *materially* continuous, thus involving a formal multitude of actual parts perfectly distinct from one another, though united to form one continuous piece. The geometric extension is measured by three linear dimensions, and has no density. Now, a geometric line is nothing else than the trace of the movement of a point; and accordingly its continuity arises from the continuity of the movement itself, which alone is *formally* continuous; for the space measured by such a movement has no formal continuity of its own, as we have already explained, but is styled "continuous" only inasmuch as it is the region of continuous movement. There is no doubt, therefore, that geometric extension is merely virtual in its continuity; and for this reason it is not made up of parts of its own, but simply corresponds to the parts of the movement by which it can be measured. Material extension, on the contrary, would be densely filled with actual matter, and therefore would be made up of actual parts perfectly distinct, though not separated. To apply, as the objection does, to material extension, what geometry teaches of the extension of volumes, is therefore a mere paralogism. It amounts to saying: *Vacuum is free from composition; therefore the matter also which would fill it is free from composition.*

We may add that even geometric extension, if real, involves composition. For, evidently, we cannot conceive a geometric cube without its eight vertices, nor can we pretend that a figure requiring eight distinct points as the terms of its dimensions is free from composition. Now, if an empty geometric volume cannot be simple, what shall we say of a volume full of matter? Wherever there is real extension, there are real dimensions, of which the beginning, and the end, and all the intermediate terms are really distinct from one another. Hence in a material extension there should be as many distinct material terms as there are geometric points within its limits. And if this is *simplicity*, we may well ask what is *composition*?

The second reason adduced in the objection is a mere *petitio principii*. For he who says that God can create "a solid body as perfectly continuous as a geometric volume" assumes that such a continuous body involves no contradiction; he therefore begs the question. On the other hand, to affirm that God can create a solid body as perfectly continuous as a geometric volume, is to affirm that God can create a body of infinite density—that is, an infinite mass within finite dimensions. For the mass of a body of matter is the product of its volume into its density; hence, if its volume be finite, and its density infinite, the mass will be

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infinite. Now, a body materially continuous implies infinite density; for it excludes porosity, and it supplies matter for an endless division. Hence a continuous mass of matter filling a finite volume would be *an infinite mass contained within limits*. We think we are not presuming too much when we say that God cannot create such a metaphysical monstrosity.

"Such a body," says the objection, "though divisible into any number of parts, would not be a compound." This is evidently false; for all that is divisible into parts has parts, and therefore composition. Nor is it true that the parts of a continuous body "would be merely possible, not actual"; for if such parts are not actual, how can the body be actual? No actual continuum can exist without actual parts. The divisibility of continuum is not the possibility of actual parts, but the possibility of their actual separation.

The third reason is based on our admission of a vacuum between material points. Such a vacuum, it is objected, is a continuous (virtual) extension, founding the possibility of some other (formal) extension. This we concede; but when it is argued that this other extension which is possible between the material terms is the extension of continuous matter, we deny the consequence. It is only continuous local movement, not continuous matter, that can formally extend from term to term, as we have proved. When two real points of matter have a distinct ubication in space, the interval between them cannot be estimated otherwise than by the extent of the movement which can be made from one point to the other. We cannot perceive the distance between two terms, except by drawing, at least mentally, a line from the one to the other; and for this reason, as we have remarked elsewhere, the relation of distance is conceived by us as a quantity measured by movement, not by matter, and representing the extension of continuous movement, not of continuous matter. Hence a vacuum intercepted between real points is a *real*, though only *virtual*, extension; and that other *real* and *formal* extension, which is possible between the same real points, is the extension of local movement. Our opponent concedes that "the real extension possible between real terms is not a series of points touching one another; for such a series, as all admit, is impossible." Now, this suffices to show that the real extension possible between such real terms is not the extension of continuous matter; for such an extension, as we have abundantly proved, would be made up of nothing but of a series of points touching one another.

Nothing, perhaps, more evidently shows the unquestionable solidity of the thesis we have undertaken to defend than the necessity felt by our opponents of admitting in matter *an extended simplicity* and a *simplicity divisible into parts*, as witnessed by this last objection, which we have transcribed from a grave and learned professor of philosophy. *Extended and simple matter* is such an absurdity as few would admit to be a corollary of their own theories; yet it cannot be escaped by those who consider the *first* elements of matter as endowed with bulk. For physical simplicity is an essential attribute of all primitive beings; and, if primitive elements are nevertheless supposed to be intrinsically extend-

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ed, it is plain that their simplicity will be an extended simplicity.

The main reason why some philosophers still cling to material continuity is their fear of *actio in distans*. We have already shown that such a fear, though very common, cannot be justified. We grant that, owing to popular prejudice and an incorrect notion of things, many are apt to dread action at a distance as a dangerous shoal; but when they resort to an "extended and divisible simplicity," they steer their ship directly against the reefs.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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## CHRISTMAS IN THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

FEW are the hearts that do not feel the benign and joyful influence of Christmas. It is the one feast that neither the all-destroying zeal of the Reformation nor the cold indifferentism of the present age has dared to abolish or desecrate. To how many is it the sole remaining word that reminds them of the sacred name of Christ! There *was* a time when Christmas was but one of the many holydays that with each succeeding month recalled to Christian hearts some great event in the life of their divine Master; but heresy has swept away one by one those sacred days of repose and prayer. Even in Catholic countries the church has found it necessary to reduce the number of Days of Obligation, so cold have grown both faith and devotion.

Wealth and material prosperity—these are the sole ends for which a heartless world would have us exert all our energies, and it would fain clog with the sordid love of gain all the higher aspirations of the soul.

But we are forgetting that this is Christmas time—a time for innocent pleasure, and not for moralizing; so, leaving the present age, with all its faults, we will ask our readers to transport themselves with us, in imagination, some six centuries back, and witness how was celebrated in those Ages of Faith the holy night of the Nativity of our Lord.

The period selected is about the middle of the XIIIth century. Religion was then in the fullest splendor of its power. It was the light of civilization, the custodian of all learning. Every art had combined to render its outward expression worthy of the great and holy mysteries it taught. Gothic architecture had at this date attained its highest perfection; painting and sculpture were almost exclusively devoted to the decoration of God's temples; poetry and music were united to render attractive the sublime and rarely-interrupted Offices of the church. The liturgical works of the period are mines of poetic and musical riches that for the most part lie hidden and uncared for in their musty tomes.

Some will doubtless smile when we speak of the Latin poetry of the

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middle ages, and certainly those who seek in it the polished and classical verses of a Horace or a Virgil will be disappointed. They will, however, find that, despite their somewhat strange Latinity, these productions of a so-called barbarous age contain a depth of feeling, a strength and freshness of expression, quite unknown to the pagan poets, and were as appropriate to those grand old cathedrals under whose roofs they were to resound as were the classic odes and songs to the luxurious banquet-halls of Rome or the effeminate villas of Naples. In fact, to adequately judge of the poetry contained in the Offices of the mediæval period, we must place ourselves amid the surroundings in which they were performed; we must *not* view it from the stand-point of the present age, with its entirely different ideas of both religious life and religious art.

It will be, then, in an old French cathedral that we shall ask our readers to spend this Christmas night; for the office, or rather religious drama, at which we intend to make them assist, is taken from a Roman-French missal of the XIIIth century.

The night has closed in. Within the city walls the tortuous and narrow streets are nearly deserted; but lights gleam from many a diamond pane, for inside joyous circles are gathered around the glowing logs that brightly sparkle in the ample chimneys. Old stories are repeated by venerable grandfathers to merry grandchildren, who in return sing with silvery voices quaint old carols. Suddenly a well-known sound fills the air; from the high cathedral towers burst forth the joyous chimes that herald the approach of Christ's natal hour. The notes that ring out so clearly in the cold December air are those of the familiar Christmas hymn, *Christe Redemptor omnium.** Soon a hurrying throng begin to fill the streets, all wending their way towards the same point, through narrow and winding streets. By gabled house and arched doorway, by mullioned window and jutting tower, they press forward until they reach the central square, where rises, in all its splendor, the old cathedral church.

Beautiful and imposing at all times is a Gothic cathedral, but never more so than when the trembling light of a winter moon throws around it a soft halo, just enough to make its grand proportions visible amid the surrounding gloom, while leaving all the finer details wrapt in sombre mystery. Doubly lofty appear tower and spire, and strangely weird each fantastic gargoyle, as a stray moonbeam falls athwart its uncouth countenance.

Let us follow the crowd, and enter beneath the richly-sculptured doorway. Dim is the light within, only just sufficient to find your way among the throng that now begins to fill every part of the vast edifice. The numerous assemblage of priests and choristers are singing the Office of Matins, the grand old melodies of S. Gregory resounding beneath the vaulted roof with that wonderful effect that makes them, when sung by choir and congregation, the most truly religious music that exists. As the last solemn notes of the *Te Deum* die out, a white-robed chorister-boy representing an angel advances into the centre of the choir, and in sweet, clear accents chants the words of the angelic message, "Nolite timere: ecce enim

* In olden times it was the custom to ring on the chimes the hymns of the church, not the worldly or vulgar airs now too often heard.

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evangelizo vobis gaudium magnum, quod erit omni populo, quia natus est vobis hodie Salvator mundi, in civitate David. Et hoc vobis signum: Invenietis infantem pannis involutum, et positum in præsepio"—"Fear not: for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, that shall be to all the people: for this day is born to you a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord, in the city of David. And this shall be a sign unto you: You shall find the infant wrapped in swaddling-clothes, and laid in a manger."

Then from the high triforium-gallery seven pure young voices ring out, as if from heaven, the words sung by the angel-host on the first Christmas night: "Gloria in excelsis Deo, et in terra pax hominibus bonæ voluntatis." These familiar words that herald the pious representation of the holy scenes whose reality centuries ago hallowed this night in the mountains of Judæa, are listened to by the vast congregation with rapt and devout attention. In their simple and earnest faith the assistants feel themselves transported back to the days of Herod and to the village of Bethlehem, as they behold emerging from the western porch, and slowly advancing up the nave, a train of shepherds with staves in their hands, singing, as they proceed in search of their new-born King, the following hymn. Both words and music are full of beauty, and the cadence is well suited to a Christmas carol:

| | |
|---|---|
| Pax in terris nunciatur,<br>In excelsis gloria. | Peace on earth is announced, and in heaven glory. |
| Terra cœlo fœderatur,<br>Mediante gratia.<br>Mediatur homo Deus<br>Descendit in propria,<br>Ut ascendat homo reus<br>Ad amissa gaudia.<br>Eia! Eia! | Earth is reconciled through divine grace.<br>The Mediator God-Man descends amongst his own, that guilty man may ascend to lost joys. |
| Transeamus, videamus<br>Verbum hoc quod factum est | Let us go over, let us see this word that is come to pass. |
| Transeamus, ut sciamus<br>Quod annunciatum est. | Let us go over, that we may learn what has been announced. |
| In Judea puer vagit,<br>Puer salus populi, | In Judæa an infant cries<br>An Infant, the salvation of his people, |
| Quo bellandum se præsagit<br>Vetus hostis sæculi. | By whom the ancient enemy of the world foresees he must be warred upon. |
| Accedamus, accedamus<br>Ad præsepe Domini, | Let us approach, let us approach the cradle of our Lord, |
| Et dicamus:<br>Laus fecundæ Virgini. | And let us sing: Praise to the fruitful Virgin. |

A crib has been arranged at the extreme end of the choir, containing the figure of the divine Infant and our Blessed Lady. It is surrounded by women, to whom naturally is given the charge of watching over the Virgin Mother and her new-born Babe. Towards this crib the shepherds wend their way, passing beneath the carved rood-screen through the open portals of the choir. Two priests advance to meet them, and greet them with the following versicle: "Quem quæritis in præsepio, pastores, dicite?"—"Whom seek ye in this manger, shepherds, tell us?"

They reply: "Salvatorem Christum Dominum infantem pannis involutum secundum sermonem angelicum"—"Christ our Lord and Saviour, an infant wrapped in swaddling-clothes, according to the word of the angel."

The women around the crib now draw back the curtains that have, until this moment, kept it concealed from view, and, showing to the shepherds the divine Infant reclining in the manger, sing these words: "Adest hic parvulus cum matre sua de quo dudum vaticinando Isaïas dixerat propheta: Ecce virgo concipiet et pariet filium: euntes dicite quod natus est"—"Here is the little Child and his Mother of whom of old Isaias prophesied: Behold,

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a Virgin shall conceive and bring forth a son; go forth and announce that he is born." The shepherds salute the Virgin and Child, and sing the following charming little carol in honor of the Virgin Mother:

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|---|---|
| Salve Virgo singularis; | Hail, O Virgin incomparable! remaining a Virgin, thou hast |
| Virgo manens, Deum paris, | |
| Ante sæcla generatum | brought forth the Son |
| Corde patris; | of God, begotten of his Father before all ages. |
| Adoremus nunc creatum | Now we adore him, formed of the flesh of his Mother. |
| Carne matris. | |
| Nos, Maria, tua prece | O Mary! purify us from all stain of sin; our destined course on earth so dispose, that thy Son may grant us to enjoy his blessed vision. |
| A peccati purga fece; | |
| Nostri cursum incolatus | |
| Sic dispone, | |
| Ut det sua frui natus | |
| Visione. | |

After this hymn they fall on their knees and adore the divine Babe; then, turning towards the choir, they with joyful accents exclaim, "Alleluia, Alleluia. Jam vere scimus Christum natum in terris, de quo canite omnes cum prophetis dicentes"—"Now we truly know that Christ is born on earth, let all sing of him with the prophet." Answering to this invitation, the choir intone the prophetic words of the introit of the midnight Mass: "The Lord has said to me, Thou art my Son; this day I have begotten Thee."

The priests and assistants advance slowly in procession to the foot of the altar, and the solemn celebration of High Mass commences.

The lessons conveyed by this beautiful and symbolic representation are happily continued when the reality of the divine mysteries has taken its place. The priests who represented the shepherds, quitting the crib where they were the first to do homage to the Child-God, proceed to occupy the most exalted places in the choir, and to take the leading parts in the chants that accompany that Holy Sacrifice in which the same Child-God once more descends on earth.

Among the many impressive ceremonies of the Catholic Church, there is none more touching than the celebration of the midnight Mass. Whether it be in a vast cathedral or in a modest village church, it never fails to bring home to the heart, in a wonderful manner, the realization of the two great mysteries of the Incarnation and the Eucharist, awakening in the soul a lively devotion towards them. If such be the effect of the sacred rite on men who have only just quit the bustle and turmoil of life, as they enter the church, what must it have been on minds prepared by so graphic a representation of those very mysteries that the Mass not only commemorates, but actually reproduces in a manner far more perfect, if less perceptible to the outward senses.

How conspicuous, then, was the wisdom of the church in encouraging the performance of these pious dramas—not only as affording an innocent pleasure to the spectators, but as a preparation for the better understanding of the sacred mysteries that were commemorated in each succeeding feast; for on the popular mind how far more powerful than the most eloquent sermon is the effect of any ceremony that appeals directly to the senses!

At the termination of the Mass the officiating priest, turning towards the shepherds, intones the following anthem: "Quam vidistis, pastores? dicite, annunciate nobis in terris quid apparuit"—"Tell us, O shepherds, whom you have seen? Announce to us who has appeared on earth." To which they reply: "Natum vidimus et

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choros angelorum collandantes Dominum. Alleluia, alleluia "—"We have seen the Lord, who is born on earth, and the choirs of angels praising him."

The office of Lauds, which terminates the night-office, then commences. The shepherds, still occupying the places of honor, but divided in two choirs, sing the poetic paraphrase which on all solemn feasts in those days took the place of the Benedicamus and Deo Gratias. After which they all unite in chanting the following antiphon, which forms a fitting termination to the ceremonies of the night: "Ecce completa sunt omnia quæ dicta sunt per angelum de Virgine Maria "—"Behold, all things are accomplished that were announced by the angel concerning the Virgin Mary."

Such were the pious festivities that six hundred years ago filled with joy and devotion many a vast congregation in cathedral and church throughout France on Christmas night. We have described them as far as they can be gathered from the Office-books of the period; but how many beautiful details, handed down by tradition and introduced from time to time, must necessarily have escaped us at this distant period! We venture to hope, however, that we have succeeded in giving our readers at least a slight idea of the deep religious feeling, and at the same time poetic beauty, that characterized these sacred dramas of the middle ages.

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## THE CIVILIZATION OF ANCIENT IRELAND.*

THE greatest difficulty experienced by students of Irish history, whether foreigners or to the manner born, arises out of the crudeness of the mass of fables and myths, contradictions and harsh criticisms, which confuse and disfigure many histories of the country. Unfortunately, native Irish historians and annalists have been wont to indulge much too freely in exaggeration and romance, substituting the airy creations of the poets for authenticated facts, and dogmatically putting forward the most minute details of remote, and therefore necessarily indistinct, actions in a manner to overtax our credulity and weaken our faith even in well-established authorities. English writers, on the contrary, from Giraldus Cambrensis downward, have erred on the other side. Always ignorant of the Gaelic tongue, and generally of the customs, laws, and religion of the people whose history they assumed to chronicle, they invariably attempted to conceal their defective knowledge by ignoring the claims of the Irish to a distinctive and high order of civilization, not only before the advent of the Anglo-Normans, but anterior to the introduction of Christianity. The

* *On the Manners and Customs of the Ancient Irish:* A series of Lectures delivered by the late Eugene O'Curry, M.R.I.A., Professor of Irish History and Archæology in the Catholic University of dixes, etc., by W. K. Sullivan, Ph.D., Secretary of Ireland, etc. Edited, with an Introduction, Appen- the Royal Irish Academy, Professor of Chemistry to the Catholic University, etc. 3 vols. London: Williams & Norgate. (New York: Sold by The Catholic Publication Society.)

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want of adaptability of the English mind to historial composition, even in relation to domestic matters, may account for much of this unfair method of treating those of a subjugated nation. National and, of late centuries, sectarian animosity has been, however, the leading motive of the British historiographers, with one exception, for falsifying the records of the past, no matter to what country they belong. To have acknowledged that S. Patrick preached the Gospel to a race possessing considerable social refinement and mental culture; that, under Providence, an entire people were converted to Christianity without any material change in their civil polity or disruption of their general domestic relations; and that, even in his lifetime, he had the happiness to see his work completed, and to feel that he would leave behind him a native priesthood, whose piety and learning were for ages afterwards to edify and astonish Europe, was to concede the glory and the wisdom of the church in introducing and perpetuating the faith of her divine Founder at that early period of her existence.

With the Irish historians, who fully admitted this great central fact in the annals of their country, it was different. They knew the language, laws, and habits of their countrymen, but the circumstances by which they were surrounded rendered it impossible for them to consult freely the original records then existing, or to compare and collate them with that scrutiny and care with which documents of such antiquity ought to be regarded. Thus, Dr. Keating wrote his work in the recesses of the Galtee Mountains, while hiding from the "Priest-hunters" of James I.; and the Abbé McGeoghegan composed his while in Paris, a fugitive from William of Orange's penal laws, where at best he could only consult second-hand authorities. As for Moore, though illustrious as a poet, his knowledge of his native country was of the most meagre and inaccurate description, and his ignorance of its language and antiquities, as he subsequently confessed, is apparent in every page of his book.

At the time of the Norman invasion, and for two or three centuries afterwards, the number of Irish MSS. in Ireland, including histories, annals, genealogies, poems, topographical and otherwise, historical tales, and legends, was immense. Many of them, fortunately, are still extant, bearing date from the Xth, XIth, and XIIth centuries; but the greater portion are either destroyed or hidden in inaccessible places. As the civil wars progressed, and the ancient nobility were slaughtered or driven into exile, the cultivation of native literature gradually ceased, and consequently many of the most valuable national records were ruined or lost, so that their titles only remain to us; while others, escaping the general spoliation, became scattered among the libraries of the Continent, or found their way into careless or hostile hands. At the present day several are in the British Museum; the Bodleian Library, Oxford; in Paris and Brussels; St. Gall, in Switzerland; and St. Isidore's, in Rome. One hundred and forty are yet preserved in the library of Trinity College, Dublin; while many of the most valuable are the property of the Royal Irish Academy and of private collectors.

The decline of learning in Ireland, like so many of her other calamities, can be dated from the

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period of the "Reformation," as its revival may be said to have been contemporary with the uprising of the people, which led to the partial emancipation of the Catholics, less than half a century ago. Then it was that the Irish, breathing something like the air of freedom, began in earnest to gather up the broken threads of their ancient history, and to demonstrate to the world that, though long enslaved and silenced, the spirit of true nationality was as indestructible in their hearts as was the faith for which they had so long and heroically suffered. In 1826 appeared O'Conor's translation of the first part of the *Annals of the Four Masters;* some years after Dr. Petrie published his masterly work on the *Round Towers*, and in 1851 Dr. O'Donovan issued the entire *Annals*, the great vertebræ of Irish chronology, in seven large volumes, containing more than four thousand pages; the text in Irish characters, the translation and copious, critical notes in English. Late in the next year a commission of Irish scholars was appointed by the government to collect, transcribe, translate, and publish the *Ancient Laws and Institutes of Ireland*, which, after a great deal of labor and expense, has now been accomplished. The first volume of this most valuable work appeared under the title of *Senchus Mor*, in 1865, the second four years later, and the third, we learn, has recently been issued from the press in Dublin. Meanwhile, the Celtic and the Archæological Societies, separately and combined, for many years past have been publishing several valuable detached works on Ireland, which have attracted much attention in literary circles in Europe, and quickened at home the popular desire for productions of a similar character. In 1867 Dr. Todd's *Wars of the Gaedhil with the Gaill*, a translation of all the original documents extant bearing on the wars of the Danes and other Norsemen in Ireland during the two centuries preceding the battle of Clontarf, A.D. 1014, was added to the collection of historical records.

But the merit of elevating the study of Irish history to the dignity of a profession belongs to the Catholic University of Ireland; thus constituting a claim on the affections of the Irish people in every clime which will long remain among the foremost of its many distinctions. At its foundation a chair of Irish History and Archæology was established, and the late Eugene O'Curry, of all men then living the most fitted for the position, was selected to fill it. In 1855–56 Prof. O'Curry delivered before the students a course of twenty-one lectures, afterwards published at the expense of the University under the title of *Lectures on the MS. Materials of Ancient Irish History*. This work, including a valuable appendix, embraces six hundred and sixty pages, and contains a full and most interesting account of all known documents relating to Irish history. These lectures were followed by a series *On the Manners and Customs of the Ancient Irish*, delivered during the years 1857–62, and recently published in two handsome volumes, with an introduction and explanatory notes by the editor, W. K. Sullivan, in an additional volume of six hundred and forty-four pages. The value of O'Curry's last work, as well as of the very profound introduction by Prof. Sullivan, can hardly be over-estimated. In them are contained a complete, vivid, and harmonious series of pictures of the laws, religion, terri-

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torial and class divisions, literature, art, social habits, weapons, dress, and ornaments of the people of ancient Ireland from the remotest times to the Xth or XIth century. The style of O'Curry in presenting these instructive historical tableaux is clear, concise, and sufficiently varied to attract the attention of the least diligent student; while any of his statements which may appear to savor of an over-fondness for the things of antiquity, or undue reverence for the past, find an efficient corrective in the critical and exhaustive commentaries of the editor, who, in addition to being a distinguished chemist, is evidently an excellent philologist and ethnologist; as familiar with the genius of the continental languages and antiquities as he is with those of his own country.

With the results of the labor of two such men before him, the student of Irish history, though unacquainted with Gaelic, and beyond the reach of the original documents, has now no excuse for not becoming as familiar with Gaelic historical and archæological lore as with those of the other races of the Old World. He will be rewarded, also, in his studies, by the contemplation of a system of civilization without a parallel in the records of any other nation of which we have a knowledge; equally removed from the elaborate, artificial life of the Greeks and the oligarchical paganism of Rome, as it was from the rude barbarism of the Northmen and the refined sensuality of the East.

Before the commencement of our era the history of the various tribes who are said by tradition to have visited Ireland as colonists or invaders is, of course, obscure, and can be traced only through the legend-tales of the poets and story-tellers of more recent but still very remote times. There is no doubt, however, that about the middle of the first Christian century the island was peopled by two distinct and to some extent hostile tribes; one described as a tall, red or golden haired, blue-eyed, and fair-complexioned people; the other dark and small of stature—evidently the subject race. About this time a revolution, or rather a series of revolts, by those known by the name of the *Aithech Tuatha*, or rent-paying tribes (the *Atticotti* of continental writers), broke out, and resulted in the temporary success of the servile race and the annihilation of the greater part of the nobility. The aristocracy, however, regained their power after some years of violent and varying struggle, and to prevent the recurrence of such bloody scenes, as well as to disunite their enemies, they redistributed them throughout the island, while at the same time they built a number of duns, or forts within easy supporting distance of each other, the better to consolidate their authority and ensure the protection of their families.

The leader of the restored nobles was Tuathal, "the Legitimate," who, having been declared King of Ireland, reorganized the government, founded the Irish Pentarchy, established great national and provincial fairs, and enacted the greater part, at least, of the body of laws known as the *Senchas Mor*. He was in fact the first able soldier, as well as law-giver, of whom we have any definite and well-authenticated account in Gaelic history. As the country at that time, and for centuries after, was essentially agricultural, we naturally find that the laws of Tuathal and his successors are

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mainly devoted to agrarian matters; the divisions, rights, and duties of the various classes of occupants of the soil being set forth with a minuteness and exactness rarely to be found in modern codes. Politically, the island was divided into five subordinate kingdoms, nearly corresponding with the present four provinces, except that the fifth, which was called Meath, embraced not only that county, but Westmeath and a portion of the surrounding territory. Here were situated Tara, the principal palace of the *Ard-Rig*, or supreme monarch, and the mensal land set apart for his use. Sometimes the *Ard-Rig* was also King of Meath, but generally, as in the cases of Con "of the Hundred Battles," Nial, "of the Nine Hostages," and Brian, "Boru," he was the head of some of the great northern or southern septs. In theory the sovereignty was elective, and by the law of Tanistry the king's successor was designated during his lifetime; but in practice, when the crown did not descend hereditarily, it was most frequently the prize of successful warfare. The same may also be said of the provincial kings. There appears to have been no such thing known in that age as a Salic law for the exclusion of women from a participation in the affairs of government; for we find numerous instances of kingdoms being swayed and armies led into action by the gentler sex, notably the celebrated Meave, the Queen of Connaught, and the darling heroine of Irish fiction.

The provincial kingdoms were divided into *Mor Tuaths*, each of which comprised several *Tuaths*, and these again were sub-divided into *Baile Biatachs Cacthramhadhs*, or quarters; *Seisreachs*, or ploughlands; and *Baile-boes*, or cow-lands, each of the latter containing about sixty acres. According to a poem of the VIth or VIIth century, there were in Ireland at that epoch 184 Tuaths; 5,520 Baile Biatachs; 22,080 Quarters; 66,240 Ploughlands; and 132,480 Ballyboes—equal to about 7,948,000 acres. The lowest rank in the nobility was that of *Flath*, or lord of a *Tuath*; the highest in the commons were the *Bo-aires*, or farmers who, though they held lands from the *Flath*, were freemen, entitled to all the rights and privileges of witnesses, jurors, bails, and local courts. Next beneath them were the *saer* and *daer Ceiles*, or free and base tenants. As there were no towns or villages of any importance, the rules of the agrarian laws were applied to all classes, and hence skilled workmen, such as goldsmiths, blacksmiths, dyers, and other mechanics, were, equally with the smaller tenant farmers, called free *Ceiles*, holding by contract from the *Flaths*, and paying in labor or kind a determined equivalent. The base *Ceiles* were of two kinds—one who held lands by uncertain tenure, or as tenants at will; and the other, who performed personal service as mercenary soldiers or laborers upon the mensal lands of the lord. "Though the free *Ceiles* were all freemen," says Sullivan, "and consequently possessed some political rights, it is evident that the extent of those rights differed. In some cases they must have been confined to bearing arms and obtaining a share of the common land. All *Ceiles*, whether free or base, had certain definite rights in the territory, such as the right to have a habitation and the usufruct of the land; but besides these were several other classes, who possessed either very

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few rights, or occupied so low a position in the social scale as to have been practically in a state of complete servitude; these were the *Bothachs*, *Sencleithes*, and *Fuidirs*." The *saer* or free *Bothachs* were simply occupiers of cabins, and the *daer Bothachs* were menials; while the *Sencleithes* included all sorts of poor dependents, generally the descendants of strangers, mercenaries, or prisoners of war. The *Fuidirs*, to whom S. Patrick in his captivity belonged, were absolutely serfs attached to the land, and in some respects the property of the chief. It was only a *Flath*, however, who was entitled to retain those belonging to the three servile classes; and where the condition grew out of mutual compact, it could be ended by either at any time. Prisoners of war, malefactors, and non-paying debtors, similar to peons, were of course excluded from this privilege. Those various classes and sub-divisions did not constitute perpetual castes; on the contrary, a member of the lowest order, through lapse of time, undisturbed possession, and the accumulation of property, could ascend, not only to the highest place in the commons, but enter the charmed circle of aristocracy itself.

It must not be supposed, however, that the entire ownership of the soil was vested in the *Mor-Flaths*, or great chiefs; in fact, they only owned their proper estate and the mensal lands attached to their office, upon which were employed their *Ceiles* and *Fuidirs*, who tilled the farms and paid rent by supplying their masters' tables, and by other tributes. In like manner the subordinate *Flaths* and *Airés* held their own proper lands in fee, paying their superior a tax, or *Bes-Tigi*, in acknowledgment of his authority, and exacting labor and service in turn from their *Bothachs*, *Sencleithes*, and base *Fuidirs*. The remainder of the land belonged to the freemen of the *Tuath* in common, subject only to the dominion of the chief, though on certain conditions the usufruct could be devised or alienated. "In process of time," says Sullivan, "estates were carved out of this public land, as appanages of offices, as rewards for public services, or by lapsing into prescription. The holders of such estates were the *Aires*, and as such were in an especial manner the *Céiles* of the *Rig*. The king, with the consent of his council, might, however, grant a portion of it as allodium at once. It is probable that Magh Aié, now the plains of Boyle, in Roscommon, was public land." Around the duns or fortified residences of the chiefs their retainers and menials built their wattled huts for the sake of convenience and protection, and thus were formed the nuclei of so many towns and villages still marked on the map of Ireland, of the names of which *Dun* forms a part; just as in later times the early Irish Christians crowded round the churches and monasteries, and, thus forming new communities, took the names of their patrons with the prefix *Kil*, derived from *Cill*, church. Another class of subjects, artisans, farmers, and teachers, were to be found in the neighborhood of the courts of law and permanent places for elections, who, forming corporations or guilds, gradually laid the foundation of boroughs and privileged towns, under the management of *Brugfers*, or magistrates.

There were several degrees of rank among these officials. Some, whose duty was confined to the regulation of copartnerships in

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farms and the fixing of metes and bounds; others who held courts in their own houses, entertained guests, and presided over the election of the chiefs and their *Tanistes*. This class belong to the *Airé* rank, and every freeman had the right to vote at the assembly of the *Tuath*, and appear as a witness, juror, or bail in court. The *Brughfer* of a province held six different courts, and superintended the choice of the provincial king and his successor. On these occasions the voters were all of the *Flath* rank, and were supposed to represent their clans or *Finés*. This term, though literally meaning a house or family, was in law used in three different senses: first, as applied to all relations by consanguinity to the seventeenth degree, who were entitled to inherit property, as well as being liable for fines and mulcts; secondly, to the lord and his dependents; and, thirdly, to all the inhabitants of a *Tuath*, no matter of what condition. So, also, the word *Cland*, or clan, which, in its restricted meaning, was applied only to the nobles and their immediate families, was in its territorial application interpreted to signify all the people of the same district, who usually assumed the surname of the chief, though no relationship existed between him and them. There is therefore no more reason to suppose that an O'Brien or a Murphy of to-day is descended from the victor of Clontarf or the traitor of Ferns, than that his ancestors were *Fuidirs* under either of those kings. In fact, family names were only generally introduced into Ireland in the XIth century.

With few exceptions, the punishment of crime under the ancient laws of the country was by fine, so that jails and penitentiaries were unknown. This fine, or *eric*, was paid by the criminal, or by his *Finé* or clan, to the party aggrieved or his representative, and upon failure thereof the culprit was reduced to the condition of a *Fuidir*. The servile classes, who had no goods, could not, of course, be fined or further degraded; but their lords were compelled to respond in damages, and in case of injury done to his defenceless tenants the landlord was entitled to compensation. In the *Senchus Mor*, "every nice offence bears its comment," according to the enormity of the crime and the rank of plaintiff and defendant; so, in one sense at least, every man in Erinn may be said to have had his price. The courts in which those *erics* were levied seemed to have been organized on a very just plan, and their procedure exhibits marked germs of our present jury system—or trial by a certain number of neighbors and equals.

Minor causes were tried in the courts of the *Tuaths* or *Aires*, but greater ones were determined at the provincial assemblies, which appear to have exercised both legislative and judicial functions. The absence of cities or stationary places of barter was supplied by the institution of vast provincial fairs, held at stated times and in central localities. The most famous of these were that of *Tailté* in Meath, *Ailech* in Derry, and *Carman* at Wexford. The latter, which took place in August of every third year, was the most extensive, as well as the most ancient; its origin lying far back in the mythical ages, and its discontinuance dating so late as the XIth century. For some strange reason these great national fairs were invariably held in pagan cemeteries, and in ante-Christian

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times were always commenced with games and funeral ceremonies, closing with horse-racing, martial and athletic sports. According to the ancient chronicle, there were three markets at each fair, viz.:

"A market for food and clothes; a market for live-stock, cows and horses, etc.; a market of foreigners and exiles, selling gold and silver, etc. The professors of every art, both the noble arts and the base arts, and non-professionals, were there, selling and exhibiting their compositions and their professional works to kings, and rewards were given for every work of art that was just or lawful to be sold or exhibited or listened to."

The most important business of the assembly, however, consisted of the making of new laws and the revision of old ones for the province for the three succeeding years; and, as the *Rig* and his officers were always in attendance, the hearing and decision of serious causes on appeal from the inferior courts. In the presence of the sovereign and his court the greatest order and decorum were enjoined, and whoever was found to disturb the public peace by violence or fraud was summarily condemned to death; the offence being in some sort adjudged treason, and not condonable by *eric* fine. The time not devoted to law-making, trials, and traffic was occupied in amusement and various sorts of pastimes; and if the ancient people of Erinn had as much relish for fun and frolic as their descendants, we can well imagine what mirth, sociability and interchange of opinions must have prevailed among such a light-hearted multitude, whose only opportunity for enjoyment and mutual recognition occurred every third year. An old poem, "which," says O'Curry, "I believe to have been contemporary with the last celebration of the feast, if not of even a more ancient date," thus enumerates the different classes of persons who attended on such occasions, and the intellectual wares they brought with them for the delectation of the gathering:

"Trumpets, *Cruits*,* wide-mouthed horns,
*Cusigs Timpanists*, without weariness,
Poets and petty rhymesters;

"Fenian tales of Find†—an untiring entertainment—
Destructions, cattle-preys, courtships,
Inscribed tablets and books of trees,‡
Satires and sharp-edged runes;

"Proverbs, maxims, royal precepts,
And the youthful instruction of Fithal;
Occult poetry, topographical etymologies,
The precepts of Cairpri and of Cormac;

"The Feasts, and the great Feast of Teamar;
Fairs, with the fair of Emania,
Annals there are verified,
Every division into which Erin was divided."

The Feast of *Teamair*, or Tara, here alluded to as having constituted one of the subjects of the recitations at *Carman*, was also triennial, but of a different nature, and involving much higher occupations than those of the provincial fairs or feasts. It was an assembly of the subordinate kings and the nobles for elective, legislative, and judicial purposes; but, though nominally held every three years, was in reality celebrated as often as a new king was to be crowned, a general public law to be promulgated, or when some extraordinary occasion demanded the presence of the chiefs and *Rigs* before the supreme monarch. Again, many years are known to have elapsed without an assembly or *Feis*, owing to the existence of internal dissensions or foreign invasions. This assembly is said to have owed its origin to

* Harps.
† Otherwise known as Finn McCoul, General of the Militia of Ireland A.D 283.
‡ Oghams.



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*Tuathal* the Legitimate, and it is certain that it only ceased to be held when Tara was abandoned as a royal residence in the VIIth century. The court of the *Ard-Rig* on such occasions was not only attended by the provincial magnates and, in pagan times, by the chief Druids, but by their followers, poets, doctors, and historians, with their respective household guards. It was a knowledge of this custom, doubtless, that led S. Patrick to select the hill of Tara as the place, and the assembly of the *Feis* as the fitting occasion, upon which to disclose to the darkened minds of the whole people the splendid truths of Christianity.

The palace and adjoining houses of ancient Tara, judging by the extensive traces of their foundations yet remaining, must have been built on a very large scale; but as they were constructed entirely of wood, the buildings proper have long since disappeared. Still, we have accounts, more or less authentic, that collectively they were able to afford shelter and accommodation to many thousands of visitors, and that the barracks alone allowed quarters for twenty-four thousand soldiers. Of the style of architecture of the king's house we have no description, save that it was rectangular, and that its principal room or hall, which was used for deliberations as well as for feasts, was profusely ornamented with carvings in gold, silver, and bronze. Before the introduction of Christianity all buildings were of wood, some square or rectangular, others oval or round. Those of the higher classes were made of solid logs, but the smaller farmers and laborers dwelt in huts made of interlaced wattles or twigs, the interstices closed by mortar made with wet earth and straw. Stone structures were unknown before S. Patrick's time; for, though lime was used as a wash for the interior and exterior of houses, its employment as a cement dates from the Christian ages. Hence there are no pagan ruins to be found in the country. The Round Towers, now proven beyond doubt to have been church belfries, are the most ancient stone memorials existing. It may be also remembered that the Druids had no such places of worship as temples or covered sanctuaries, and whatever rites they performed must have been celebrated in the open air. Indeed, our knowledge of those mysterious people and of their equally occult religious system is merely of a negative character; for, as O'Curry says:

"We only know that they worshipped idols from such examples as that of the idol gods taken into the Druid's bed, so as to influence his visions, as described in Cormac's *Glossary*, and that of the invocation of the idols in the case of the *Teinm Laeghdha;* and we know that in certain ceremonies they made use of the yew-tree, the quicken or roan-tree, and of the black-thorn, as in the instance of the ordeal or test of a woman's character by means of fire made of these sacred woods. That the people of ancient Erinn were idolaters is certain, for they certainly adored the great idol called *Crom Cruagh*, in the plain called *Magh Slecht*, as I showed on a former occasion. But it is remarkable that we find no mention of any connection between this idol and the Druids, or any other class of priests or special idol-servers. We have only the record of the people, generally, assembling at times to do honor to the idol creation. As little, unfortunately, do we know of the organization of the order of the Druids, if they were indeed an order. They certainly were not connected as such with the orders of learned men or profession of teachers, such as before explained. The Druids were often, however, engaged in teaching, as has been seen; and it would appear that kings and chiefs, as well as learned men, were also frequently Druids, though how or why I am not in a position to explain with cer-

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tainty at present. . . . I have refrained from suggesting any theory of my own on the subject. This negative conclusion, nevertheless, I will venture to draw from the whole: that, notwithstanding the singularly positive assertions of many of our own as well as of English writers upon the subject, there is no ground whatever for believing the Druids to have been the priests of any special positive worship; none whatever for imputing to them human sacrifices; none whatever for believing that the early people of Erinn adored the sun, moon, or stars, nor that they worshipped fire; and still less foundation for the ridiculous inventions of modern times (inventions of pure ignorance), concerning honors paid to brown bulls, red cows, or any other cows, or any of the lower animals."

Next in rank and social importance, if not the equals or superiors of the Druids, were the *Ollamhs*, or doctors, the *Files*, or poets, and the *Brehons*, or judges. In the earliest ages these three classes were all included under the term *Fileadh*, poets, who not only professed philosophy, such as it then was, but recorded history and chronology in verse, and expounded the laws so preserved, in the various local courts and tribunals. A tendency, however, to mystify and confuse the statutes of Tuathal and his successors, led to the expulsion of the children of song from the forum, while the offices about the sovereign, when grave matters were to be considered, fell to the lot of the philosophers. This latter class had also an especial charge of educational matters, and usually superintended personally the training of the children of the *Rigs* and chiefs. The *Ard-Rig*, the provincial kings, and the *Flaths* had their own philosophers, poets, and judges, with their special duties assigned them. Of the first, besides making and preserving regular records, "they were bound by the same laws," says O'Curry, "to make themselves perfect masters of that history in all its details, and to teach it to the people by public recitals, as well as to be legal referees upon all subjects in dispute concerning history and the genealogies." No person could be a *Brehon* without first becoming an *Ollamh*, and twelve years' study was required for that honor. But the poets, like their tribe in every land and age, were the nobly honored and the most privileged of any order in the government. They flattered kings and satirized them with impunity, charmed the masses with the melody of their songs and the fertility of their imagination; but, while they were generally on the side of popular liberty in their verses, they were always to be found at the tables of the nobles, where good cheer and rich largesses awaited them. However, as their poems were the only vehicles through which the history, traditions, and even laws of the nation could possibly have been transmitted to us, we owe them too much to blame their amiable weaknesses. Like the teacher, when the *File* travelled about the country he was accompanied by his pupils, and every hospitality was shown to him and them, partly from love of his calling, and not seldom through dread of his satires. Many instances are recorded in popular tales of the dire effects of the poet's wrath, of which sickness, loss of property and reputation, were among the least.

In connection with the courts we find two classes of paid advocates, one the *Ebe*, attorney, and the other the *Aighne*, or counsellor. When it is remembered that slander and libel were offences severely punished in the Brehon courts by *eric* fine, we can admire the grim humor which discriminated against the attorneys, who, as the wise law-givers of old

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argued, being professional libellers of other men, had no right to exact a fine when their own characters were assailed.

The custom of fosterage, about which so much unfavorable comment has been made by modern ill-informed writers, is fully and clearly explained by O'Curry, who classes it as a part of the educational system of the country, and not, as some erroneously suppose, the partial desertion of children by their parents. In Lecture XVII. he asserts:

"We have ample proof that this fosterage was not a mere indiscriminate custom among all classes of the people, nor in any case one merely confined to the bare physical nurture and rearing of the child, which in early infancy was committed to the care of a nurse and her husband; but that the fosterhood was generally that of a whole family or tribe, and that in very many cases it became a bond of friendship and alliance between two or more tribes, and even provinces. In those cases the fosterers were not of the common class, poor people glad to perform their nursing for mere pay, and whose care extended to physical rearing only. On the contrary, it is even a question, and one not easily settled, whether the term nursing, in the modern acceptation of the word, should be applied at all to the old Gaelic fosterage, and whether the term pupilage would not be more appropriate. . . . The old Gaelic fosterage extended to the training and education, not only of children up to the age of fourteen, but sometimes of youths up to that of seventeen years."

One of the chief duties of the foster-father was the military training of the young chieftains. This consisted principally of the management of the horse, either in pairs for the chariot or singly for riding, the use of the casting spear and sling, and the sword exercise. Of strategy the ancient Irish soldiers had no idea, and very little of tactics; so that their battles were hand-to-hand combats, and therefore bloody and generally decisive. Their weapons of bronze or iron, many fine specimens of which we examined years ago in the museum of the Royal Irish Academy, still exhibit evidences of high finish and excellent temper. We do not find any mention of cavalry in the accounts handed down to us of the various battles fought in the earlier centuries, and very slight allusions to defensive armor. Ornaments of gold and other precious metals, such as crowns, collars, torque rings, and shield-bosses, were worn in great profusion and variety, not only by nobles and generals, but by ordinary officers; in fact, so gorgeous are the poets' descriptions of the decorations of their favorite heroes that we might be inclined to accuse them of gross exaggeration had we not also been shown some magnificent antiques of this description, in a perfect state of preservation, by the gentlemen of the academy during several visits made to that depository of Irish antiquities. Some of these valuable decorations are made of native ore, but by far the greater number were manufactured out of the spoils of war—the plunder wrested from the adjacent islands and the coast of France by the numerous expeditions that were fitted out in Ireland in the three or four centuries preceding S. Patrick's mission.

The dress of the higher classes was, it seems, equally magnificent, and each rank was distinguished, not only by the peculiar shape of its garments, but by the number of colors allowed to be worn. Thus, servants had one color; farmers, two; officers, three; women, four; chiefs, five; *ollamhs* and *files*, six; kings and queens, seven; and, according to the ancient records, bi-

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shops of the Christian Church were afterwards allowed to use all these combined. Red, brown, and crimson, with their shades and compounds, were the colors generally used; green, yellow, blue, and black sometimes, but not frequently. Prof. Sullivan, in that part of his introduction treating of the various dye-stuffs used in ancient Ireland, takes occasion to dissipate some popular errors with regard to national colors. He says:

"Garments dyed yellow with saffron are constantly spoken of by modern writers as characteristic of the Irish. There is no evidence, however, that saffron was at all known by the ancient Irish, and *Lenas* or *Inars* of a yellow color are only mentioned two or three times in the principal tales. From what has been shown in the *Lectures* and in this *Introduction* about the color of the ancient Irish dress, it will be evident that there was no national as distinguished from clan color for the *Lena;* a saffron-dyed one, if at all used in ancient times, would be peculiar to a single clan."

The *Lena* here spoken of was an inner garment which hung down to the knees like a modern kilt, usually made of linen, and sometimes interwoven with threads of gold. In addition to this were worn a shirt, or *Leine;* a cloak (*Brat*); an *Inar*, or jacket; *Triubhas*, or trowsers; a *Bor*, or conical hat; and *Cuarans*, or shoes made of raw-hide. The costume of the women differed little from that of the men, except that they discarded the *triubhas*, and wore their *lenas* and *leines* longer. "They were, however," says Sullivan, "distinguished from the men by wearing a veil, which covered the head. This veil was the *Caille*, which formed an essential part of the legal contents of a lady's workbag. In a passage from the laws, quoted in the *Lectures*, it is called 'a veil of one color'; as if variegated ones were sometimes used. . . . The white linen cloth still worn by nuns represents exactly both the Irish *Caille* and the German *Hulla*." In many other respects, besides the matter of dress, women were placed on a footing nearly equal to that of men in those remote times; and if their liberal and respectful treatment may be considered one of the tests of civilization, the old Gaels were in refinement far in advance of any other race in pagan Europe, and indeed of many of our own times. We find women not only taking part in public affairs as rulers and generals, but as Druidesses, judges, poets, and teachers. At Tara and the great provincial fairs a separate portion of the grounds was assigned them, so that they could observe the games and enjoy the amusements without interruption; while in the homes of the *Rigs* and chiefs the best rooms, and sometimes an entire building, called *Grianan*, or sunny house, was exclusively reserved for their use. Most of the principal places in the country, such as the locations of the great fairs and the sites of royal palaces, were named in their honor, as well as the mountains and rivers and other objects in nature suggestive of symmetry, beauty, and elegance. We also read in the *Senchus Mor* several very minute and stringent laws protecting their rights of person and property, assigning their dowry before marriage and their separate ownership of property afterwards. They were, in fact, to a great extent pecuniarily independent of their husbands; and though polygamy was tolerated and divorce allowed in pagan times, they were so hedged in by restrictions and conditions that it is more than probable little advan-

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tage was taken of the latitude thus afforded both parties.

Being almost exclusively an agricultural people, with very little commerce with the outward world, the food of the ancient Irish was confined to the natural productions of the soil, flesh-meat, milk, and fish. Wheat, spelt-wheat, barley, and oats were produced in abundance, while cattle were so plentiful and so general an article of traffic that in the absence of coin they formed the currency of the country, and in them fines were paid and taxes levied. Butter, milk, and cheese were luxuries, but vegetables, such as leeks, onions, and water-cresses, were to be found growing in the garden of the lowest *Fuidir*. Beer, likewise, appears to have been the popular drink. Imported wine and native mead, distilled from honey, were considered the aristocratic beverages of the period. That large quantities of the latter were consumed at the triennial feasts there can be no doubt, judging from the tales of the poets; and it was on occasions when it was circling round the board that the *Cruits* (harps), *Timpans*, or violins, and *Cruiscach*, or pipes, the three principal musical instruments of the Gaels, came into play. The poets, too, were there to sing their songs of love and war, and the historians to recite the traditions of the tribes of Erinn. It is not positively known whether the pagan Irish had a written language or alphabet. O'Curry is disposed to believe they had, while Sullivan is of opinion that letters and writing were introduced with Christianity, and that previous to S. Patrick's time all teaching in the ancient schools was oral, and the genealogies and histories were committed to memory and transmitted from father to son. They both, however, agree that there was a system of writing known only to the initiated, now called *Ogham*, which was inscribed on prepared wood, and engraved on monuments and tombstones, many of which latter, though still well preserved, are illegible to the best antiquarian scholars. The ancient Gaels, like their descendants, had a special reverence for their dead, and indulged in protracted wakes, as well as extensive funerals. In pagan days their funeral ceremonies were most elaborate, but in Christian times these gave way to the solemn offices of the church. Each person was buried according to his rank while living; the corpse was deposited deep in the ground, and a cairn or mound of earth and stone was erected over the grave to mark the spot. We have no reason to suppose that they had even the faintest notion of a future life or of the immortality of the soul, their mythology limiting the supernatural to celebrated *Tuatha da Danians*, real personages, who had left the surface to inhabit the bowels of the earth, and to fairies, the "good people" of the modern peasantry.

Those, then, were the people, computed to have been about three millions in number in his time, to whom S. Patrick preached the New Law, and whose complete conversion and subsequent undying attachment to Catholicity have puzzled as well as confounded the enemies of the church. Though pagans, they were neither barbarous nor over-superstitious, and their ready appreciation and acceptance of God's mysterious and elaborate Word is the best proof that their hearts were pure and their minds active and comprehensive.

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## ROBESPIERRE.

THE father of the great revolutionary demagogue was an advocate at Arras, a peaceful citizen, who had nothing about him in character or manners to suggest that he was to be the parent of the monster known to history as the tiger-man. Nay, so little of ferocity was there about the worthy advocate that, when his wife died, he nearly went melancholy-mad for grief, and in his despair left his native town, and took to wandering about France, then beyond it to Germany and England, where he finally died. There are, it is true, some ill-natured local chronicles extant which pretend that it was not so much grief as debt that drove the disconsolate widower into exile; and this harsh and unpoetic version is supported by the fact of his having, by his flight, abandoned to loneliness and utter destitution the three little children, two boys and a girl, whom the wife he so bitterly lamented had left to his paternal care. Maximilien Marie Isidore, the eldest of the three, was born on the 6th of April, 1760. The solitary position and the poverty of the deserted children attracted the compassion of some kind persons of the town, and notably that of the *curé* of the parish, who sent Maximilien to school, where soon, by dint of hard work and intelligence, the boy shot ahead of all his class fellows, and justified the predictions of friends that he would make a name for himself in whatever trade or calling he embraced. The Bishop of Arras, Mgr. de Conzié, was also interested in the little fellow; his industry and desolate poverty making a claim on the prelate's paternal notice. He used his influence with the abbot of the famous Abbey of Waast to grant Maximilien one of the abbatial *bourses* at the College of Louis le Grand, in Paris. The very first steps in life of the future persecutor of priests and religion were thus guided by the hand of the church, his poverty enriched, his orphanhood fathered, by her charity. The Abbé Proyart, then president of Louis le Grand, continued to the poor provincial student the fostering kindness of those worthy ecclesiastics who had placed him under his charge. Maximilien was also at this time largely assisted and most kindly befriended by the Abbé de la Roche, a canon of Notre Dame, who, all through the period of the young man's studies in Paris, kept watch over him, and showed him the most sincere and delicate affection. When at the age of nineteen, Maximilien left the college, the Abbé de la Roche used his influence to secure the vacant *bourse* for the younger brother, Augustin Robespierre, and succeeded. Maximilien was called to the bar very soon after leaving Paris, and began at once to excite attention by his talent as a speaker. The first mention we find of his forensic success is in 1783, when he was engaged in a case against the corporation of St. Omer, a small town near Arras, in behalf of a gentleman who had erected a lightning-conductor on his house, and been

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prosecuted on account of it, and condemned by the corporation. He appealed to the higher court of Arras. Robespierre pleaded his cause, and won a triumphant reversal of the first verdict. We find a note of this incident in the *Memoires de Bachaumont:* "The cause about the *paratonnerre* has been before our court three days, and has been pleaded by M. de Robespierre, a young lawyer of extraordinary merit; he has displayed in this affair—which was, in fact, the cause of art and science against prejudice—a degree of eloquence and sagacity that gives the highest idea of his talents. He had a complete triumph; on the 31st day of May the court reversed the sentence, and permitted M. de Boisvale to re-erect his *paratonnerre.*" Robespierre was just three-and-twenty at this date. He is styled *de* Robespierre by the writer, and had assumed the *particule noble* at a much earlier date; he is entered at college with it, and at the bar, and was elected to the States-General as *de* Robespierre. The pretentious prefix cost him dear, as we shall see; it afforded a poisoned shaft to Camille Desmoulins long after the Regenerator of the people had erased the feudal particle from his signature. But these were sunny days, when he might use it with impunity, and even to some advantage. The young advocate was courted and admired, and made welcome in clubs and drawing-rooms; he wrote essays and won prizes from learned societies, thus establishing a literary as well as legal reputation. He even aspired to be a poet, and addressed sonnets to ladies of fashion at Arras, which gained him the smiles of the Ariadnes and Arachnes that he sang to, and caused him to be rallied as a squire of dames. This time of merry dalliance, however, soon came to an end, and graver ambitions began to open out before Robespierre. He was elected member of the States-General. M. Dumont, the distinguished journalist, gives a lively description of the figure made by the "avocat, de Robespierre," in one of the earliest sittings of that Assembly: "The clergy, for the purpose of surprising the Tiers Etat into a union of the orders, sent a deputation to invite the Tiers to a conference on the distresses of the poor. The Tiers saw through the design, and, not willing to acknowledge the clergy as a separate body, yet afraid to reject so charitable and popular a proposition, knew not what answer to make, when one of the deputies, after concurring in the description of the miseries of the people, rose and addressed the ecclesiastical deputation: 'Go tell your colleagues that, if they are so anxious to relieve the people, they should hasten to unite themselves in this hall with the friends of the people. Tell them no longer to retard our proceedings and the public good by contumacious delays, or to try to carry their point by such stratagems as this. Rather let them, as ministers of religion, as worthy servants of their Master, renounce the splendor which surrounds them, the luxury which insults the poor. Dismiss those insolent lackeys who attend you; sell your gaudy equipages, and convert those odious superfluities into food for the poor.' At this speech, which interpreted so well the passions of the moment, there arose, not applause—that would have appeared like a bravado—but a confused murmur of approbation much more flattering. Every one asked who was the speaker. He

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was not known, but in a few minutes his name passed from mouth to mouth; it was one which afterwards made all France tremble—it was *Robespierre !*"

One is at a loss which to admire most in this brilliant *sortie*, the skill and power of the speaker in playing on the passions of his hearers, or the dastardly ingratitude which led him to use the eloquence he owed in so large a measure to the clergy for the purpose of stigmatizing his best benefactors. The first time Robespierre's voice was raised in the tribune it was to vituperate the men to whom he owed his education, almost, it may be said, his existence. The reward of this treachery was not delayed; he electrified his audience, and henceforth became known to fame, though not yet to infamy. It is only just to Robespierre to admit that when he entered on his public life, his character was unstained by any of the vices which it developed later; he was in private life held to be virtuous, and suspected of no vice beyond the honorable one of ambition. Probably he would have lived and died amongst his fellow-citizens without earning a worse reputation than the rest of them, if this latent ambition had not led him to seek to rise above them, and if his ability had not seconded the aspiration. Even in his demagogic career he kept his reputation for integrity, and gained the surname of the Incorruptible. Incorruptible by money he certainly was, while the instinct of either cowardice or sagacity induced him to disavow all personal ambition. Power was what he thirsted for; wealth and pageant he despised. These principles, aided by his fiery talent as any orator and his shrewd knowledge of the times, soon lifted him above all competitors, and made him a kind of uncrowned monarch long before he became so in reality as dictator of the republic. It is interesting to note the various decrees he passed while reigning in the National Assembly. One of the first was the turning of the Church of S. Geneviève into a Pantheon for the ashes of great men, and the inauguration of the paganized Christian temple by the entombing of Mirabeau's remains there. Then we see him ardent in endeavoring to carry the abolition of capital punishment —an instance of that strange paradox so common to Frenchmen, who shrink with morbid sentimentality from inflicting death on the vilest malefactor by the hand of justice, while so ready to shed the blood of innocent men without remorse, nay, with exultation, the moment their passions are roused.

The flight of the royal family to Varennes wrought a sudden and decisive change in the state of public affairs. Robespierre was just then at the summit of his reputation as an orator, admired as the most prominent figure in Mme. Roland's coterie, which numbered all the cleverest men of the new school, though the gifted and ill-starred centre of the group seems, even in the days of their closest friendship, to have resented Robespierre's stubborn independence, which contrasted disagreeably with the unqualified adulation of his fellow-devotees.

The abortive attempt of the unfortunate Louis to fly from a position which had become unbearable had set the match to the train which Robespierre and his Jacobin faction had so long been preparing. The question, hitherto whispered in ambiguous words, was now spoken boldly aloud: What was to be done with the king? Lafayette was

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for keeping him a prisoner in the Tuileries, he, meanwhile, acting as a sort of military viceroy; the Orleanist faction had another solution to offer; the Jacobins and the Girondists another. There was a stormy sitting at the Assembly. Brissot proposed that the people should like one man rally round the republican flag, and sign a petition for the abolition of the king. There arose in answer to this daring proposition a tempest of applause, terror, anger, and loyal indignation. The Assembly rejected it, and voted for maintaining the king. Robespierre rushed out of the hall, tearing his hair and crying out, "My friends, we are lost! The king is saved!" This was on the 15th of July. A meeting had been already called of the Jacobin Club for the 17th on the Champs de Mars for the purpose of expressing the national will. The club, on hearing the vote of the Assembly, kept up a farce of respect by issuing a counter-order. But the sovereign people were hampered by no such mock scruples; they, in the person of Brissot, drew up a fresh petition, and invited all classes of their fellow-citizens to attend at the appointed day on the Champs de Mars, where the altar of fatherland would be erected, and where all patriots could sign the petition towards the freedom of the country. A tragi-comic incident marked the proceedings at an early hour. Two men were found hid under the "altar," and detected in the act of boring a hole in it with a gimlet; they were forthwith dragged out and massacred on the spot, though the only evidence of guilt brought against them at the time, or afterwards, was that one of them had a wooden leg, and the other a basket of provisions. The mob were like dry powder that only wanted a spark to make it ignite, destroying and self-destructive. The wildest inferences were drawn from the discovery of the two unlucky eavesdroppers: they were laying a mine to blow up the patriots assembled round the altar of fatherland; the absence of all appliances for this terrible purpose proved nothing; some cried out that they were spies in the king's pay; others that they were secreted there as dupes to be murdered by Lafayette's creatures as a pretext for beginning the massacres that followed. We even find Mme. Roland repeating some absurd notions of this kind; but nothing is too monstrous or too preposterous for prejudice to swallow. However, let the motives of the two men have been what they may, their murder was undoubtedly the signal for that onslaught of the troops which completely destroyed Lafayette's tottering popularity, and compelled him to leave Paris for a command on the frontier. The real odium of the unpremeditated blood-shedding fell, like every mistake of the time, on the king. On the 5th of February, 1792, Robespierre was named Public Accuser, and from this event dates the explosion of personal rivalry between him and Brissot. He never could forgive the latter having been chosen to draw up that famous petition of the Champs de Mars, and for keeping the ascendency which this fact gave him in the Assembly and in the Jacobin Club. But Robespierre did not long retain the subordinate position of Public Accuser; he hated the bondage of having to attend at fixed hours, and some months after his nomination he resigned and started a newspaper called the *Défenseur*. Blood and terror were hence-

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forth the watchwords of the journalist-patriot. He effected a sham reconciliation with Brissot and all other enemies, and the Judas kiss of hate and treachery went round.

Roland was named minister at this crisis; a clever and honest man, moderate, and, above all, the husband of Mme. Roland, his nomination was hailed with joy by all. Robespierre alone was furious at seeing the mediocre provincial farmer placed over his head. His jealous vengeance against Mme. Roland dated from this elevation of her husband. The success of his journal consoled him, meanwhile, for the delay of larger triumphs, while it procured him competence and independence, which were all he required. He lodged with a man named Duplay, a carpenter, who had a wife and two daughters. One of the latter became branded in connection with the name of her father's tenant. Robespierre vindicated his surname of Incorruptible all through the period of his popular power, inasmuch as he was inaccessible to the temptation of money or any of the softer bribes which sometimes beguile hard, ambitious men into acts of mercy or passing tenderness.

In August, 1792, he suspended his labors as a journalist, and henceforth devoted his undivided energies and his whole time to the political events which were thickening around him. The last number of the *Défenseur* contains an inflammatory appeal which is too significant of the man and the times to be omitted. It was decided that a convention should be elected to choose a new form of national government. The issue depended almost entirely on the character and principles of the members who should compose it. Robespierre determined at any and every cost to be one of the elected. It was his supreme opportunity; if he missed it, his career as a popular leader was broken, and he must sink back into the ranks of obscure mediocrities who had shot up from the mass of agitators like rockets, burning bright and fierce for a moment, and then subsiding in darkness. He had that instinct of genius which enables a man to read the temper of his time, and to this sanguinary temper he passionately addressed himself in the closing number of his paper:

"You must *prepare* the success of this convention by the regeneration of the spirit of the people. Let us awake—all, all arise, all arm, and the enemies of liberty will hide themselves in darkness. Let the tocsin of Paris be re-echoed in all the departments. Let the people learn at once to reason and to fight. You are now at war with all your oppressors, and you will have no peace till you have punished them. Far be from you that pusillanimous weakness or that cowardly indulgence which the tyrants so long satiated with the blood of the people now invoke when their own hour is come! Impunity has produced all their crimes and all your sufferings. Let them fall under the sword of the law. Clemency towards them would be real barbarity—an outrage on injured humanity." This manifesto revealed the true aim and policy of Robespierre, and just gave the touch that was necessary to set the wheel revolving. Danton cried amen to it, and all the faction shouted amen in chorus. "We must dare, and dare again, and dare to the bitter end!" said Danton, and the word acted like a trumpet-call to the bloodhounds of the revolution. The prisons of

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Paris were at this moment gorged with aristocrats awaiting their trial. The people shouted, Try them! The tocsin sounded, the prison-doors were surrounded. Mock courts of justice were set up in the court-yards. Quickly, one by one, the prisoners are called out, questions are rapidly put and answered; the jury decides: "Let the prisoner be enlarged!" The *gendarmes* seize him; they open the gate and "enlarge" him. He falls forward on a mass of glittering pikes and bayonets, and dies, cut to pieces. Soon the number of the butchered is so great that the amateur executioners have to pause and clear the space by piling up the corpses to one side before they resume their work. Every prison presents the same scene. At La Force a remnant of the Swiss Guard is called out. "They clasp each other spasmodically, gray veterans crying, 'Mercy, gentlemen, mercy!' But there is no mercy! They prepare to die like brave men. One of them steps forward. He had on a blue frock-coat. He was about thirty. His stature was above the common, his look noble and martial. 'I go first,' he said, 'since it must be so. Adieu!' Then, dashing his hat behind him, 'Which way?' cried he to the brigands. 'Show it me.' They open the folding gate. He is announced to the multitude. He stands a moment motionless, then plunges forth among the pikes, and dies of a thousand wounds." * The fair and saintly Princesse de Lamballe fell, butchered by the same pikes; her head paraded through the streets, her remains profaned by the most unheard-of indignities. As it always happens in these storms of human souls, there were tones of a divine harmony to be heard striking through the hideous din. Old M. de Sombreuil is dragged out to die. His daughter, a tender girl in the first blush of maidenhood, rushes out, fearless and bold, clinging to him, and appeals to the tigers about to shed his blood: "O good friends! he is my father! He is no aristocrat! We hate aristocrats; tell me how I can prove it to you?" They fill a bowl full of the hot blood of an aristocrat just slain, and present it to her, saying: "Drink this, and we will believe thee and spare thy father."

She drinks the loathsome draught, and clasps her father amidst the *Vivats* of the mob. Alas! it was only a respite that the brave deed had gained for the beloved old man. He died by those same blood-stained hands before the year was out. At the abbey a picture of rest and calm is to be seen: "Towards *seven* on Sunday night, we saw two men enter, their hands bloody, and armed with sabres. A turnkey with a torch lighted them; he points to the bed of the unfortunate Swiss, Reding. Reding was dying. One of the men paused; but the other said: *Allons donc!* (come along!) and lifted the dying man, and carried him on his back out to the street. He was massacred there. We looked at one another in silence; we clasped each other's hands; we gazed on the pavement of our prison, on which lay the moonlight, checkered with shadows. . . . At *three in the morning* we heard them breaking in one of the prison-doors. We thought they were coming to kill us. . . . The Abbé Lenfant and the Abbé de Chapt-Rastignac appeared in the pulpit of the chapel, which was our prison. They had got in by a

* Félempesi, *La Vérité toute Entière*, p. 173.

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door from the stairs. They said to us that our end was at hand; that we must compose ourselves and receive their last blessing. An electric movement, not to be described, threw us all on our knees, and we received it. These two white-haired old men blessing us from their place above, death hovering over our heads—the moment is never to be forgotten."* Half an hour later the two priests were dragged out and massacred, those whom they had strengthened with their last words to meet a like fate listening to their cries.

The massacres began on the 2d and lasted till the 6th, when Robespierre and Danton were elected to that legislative body called the Deputation of Paris, composed of twenty-four members, the first name on the list being Robespierre, the last Philippe Egalité. It was on this ocasion that the future regicide adopted the surname of Egalité, he being compelled to choose some appellation not obnoxious to the people.

The great struggle now began between the Jacobins and the Girondists, or virtually between the leaders of the two factions, the old rivals, Robespierre and Brissot. All the ultra-republicans, who were represented by the Deputation of Paris, grouped themselves on the top benches of the convention to the left of the president, and were called the Mountain—a name henceforth identified with its prophet, Robespierre. The question still was, What was to be done with the king? The Jacobins were for killing him, the Girondists for putting him aside. The wretched weakness, vacillation, and cowardliness of the Girondists make them objects of contempt, without exciting in us the kind of horrified awe inspired by the monstrous feats of those Titanic fiends, the Jacobins. By what fatality is it in France that the honest-meaning party is always the cowardly one that dares not assert itself, but bows down, cowed by the cynical audacity of the anarchists? The Girondists might have turned the scales, even at this crisis, if they had had the courage of their consciences; but they were cowards. Their policy was to run with the hare and cry with the hounds, and it met with the fate it deserved. But we must not anticipate. The Mountain, on the other hand, did not lack the courage of its creed; it out-heroded Herod in its fury against the king and all appertaining to the old order which he represented. Roman history was its Bible, and the examples there recorded were for ever on its lips. All citizens were heroes, Cincinnatuses, Catos, Ciceros, etc.; all sovereigns were Neros and Caligulas. The Girondists turned these fine texts against their rivals by accusing them of plotting to set up a triumvirate, to be composed of Robespierre, Marat, and Danton. This was only three weeks after the orgy of blood which ushered in the reign of Robespierre and of Terror. Danton mounted the tribune, and made an eloquent defence of Robespierre, who never spoke impromptu when he could avoid it. Marat then rose—for the first time in the convention—and was hooted down; but he persisted, and made them listen while he exposed his revolting doctrines of wholesale murder and anarchical rule.

So the days passed, in boisterous invective, idle perorations, and savage threats of one party against another. The Girondists, however, were worsted in the fight, and the

* Jourgniac, *Thirty-eight Hours in the Abbaye*

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strength of the position remained with Robespierre and his more bloody and unscrupulous faction, who had from the starting traced out his plan, and adhered to it without flinching. The king was foredoomed to the scaffold, but some semblance of legality should accompany the decree. So strong was the Jacobin influence at this crisis that those who did not share the murderous design were terrified into seeming to do so, and, while looking with horror at the regicide in preparation, were cowed into silent acquiescence. M. Thiers, in his *History of the Revolution*, says: "Many of the deputies who had come down with the intention of voting for the king were frightened at the fury of the people, and, though much touched by the fate of Louis XVI., they were terrified at the consequences of an acquittal. This fear was greatly increased at the sight of the Assembly and of the scene it presented. That scene, dark and terrible, had shaken the hearts of all, and changed the resolution of Lecointre of Versailles, whose personal bravery cannot be doubted, and who had not ceased to return to the galleries the menacing gestures with which they were intimidating the Assembly. Even he, when it came to the point, hesitated, and dropped from his mouth the terrible and unexpected word, 'death.' Vergniaud, who had appeared most deeply touched by the fate of the king, and who had declared that 'nothing could ever induce him to condemn the unhappy prince'—Vergniaud, at the sight of that tumultuous scene, pronounced the sentence of death." It must truly have been an appalling spectacle, the like of which the civilized world had never before beheld. Mercier, in his *Sketches of the Revolution*, gives us an animated and glowing picture of the court during the trial: "The famous sitting which decided the fate of Louis lasted seventy-two hours. One would naturally suppose that the Assembly was a scene of meditation, silence, and a sort of religious terror. Not at all. The end of the hall was transformed into a kind of opera-box, where ladies in *negligé* were eating ices and oranges, drinking *liqueurs*, and receiving the compliments and salutations of comers and goers. The *huissiers* (bailiffs) on the side of the Mountain acted the part of the openers of the opera-boxes. They were employed every instant in turning the key in the doors of the side galleries, and gallantly escorting the mistresses of the Duke of Orleans, caparisoned with tri-colcolored ribbons. Although every mark of applause or disapprobation was forbidden, nevertheless, on the side of the Mountain, the Duchess Dowager,* the amazon of the Jacobin bands, made long 'ha-a-has!' when she heard the word 'death' strongly twang in her ears.

"The lofty galleries, destined for the people during the days which preceded this famous trial, were never empty of strangers and people of every class, who there drank wine and brandy as if it had been a tavern. Bets were open at all the neighboring coffee-houses. Listlessness, impatience, fatigue, were marked on almost every countenance. Each deputy mounted the tribune in his turn, and every one was asking when his turn came. Some deputy came, I know not who, sick, and in his morning-gown and night-cap. This phantom

* Mme. de Montasson, second wife by a morganatic marriage of the late Duke of Orleans, Egalité's father.

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caused a great deal of diversion in the Assembly. The countenances of those who went to the tribune, rendered more funereal from the pale gleams of the lights, when in a slow and sepulchral voice they pronounced the word 'death!'—all these physiognomies which succeeded one another, their tones, their different keys; d'Orleans hissing and groaning when he voted the death of his relative; some calculating if they should have time to dine before they gave their vote; women with pins pricking cards to count the votes; deputies who had fallen asleep and were waked up in order to vote; Manuel, the secretary, sliding away a few votes, in order to save the unhappy king, and on the point of being put to death in the corridors for his infidelity—these sights can never be described as they passed. It is impossible to picture what they were, nor will history be able to reach them."

Amongst the timid Girondists who dared not vote for acquittal, and shrank from decreeing the king to death, many hit upon a half-measure, which was that of coupling their vote for death with conditions that practically negatived it. This cowardly transaction is said to have given rise to some trickery in the counting of the votes, which enabled the scrutineers to make the majority of *one* voice by which the sentence of death was carried. It was this sham proceeding which prompted Sièyes to say when recording his vote, "Death—without palaver!"

Robespierre's figure stands out with vivid and terrible brilliancy against the background of this picture. He dismissed the question of the king's innocence or guilt—that had, he knew right well, nothing whatever to do with the issue—and proceeded to demand his death on the grounds of urgent political expediency. "The death of the king was not a question of law, but of state policy, which, without quibbling about his guilt or innocence, required his death; the life of one man, if ever so innocent, must be sacrificed to preserve the lives of millions." There was honesty at any rate in this plain speaking, and so it was better than the odious hypocrisy displayed by the other actors in the tragic farce. On Robespierre's descending from the tribune, his brother Augustin, rose and demanded in the name of the people "that Louis Capet shall be brought to the bar, to declare his original accomplices, to hear sentence of death pronounced on him, and to be forthwith conducted to execution." Wild confusion covered this extravagant motion, but no notice was taken of it. The 21st of January was near at hand; even the Mountain could afford to wait so long.

On the 10th of March, the Revolutionary Tribunal was decreed. A month later there broke out a violent altercation between Robespierre and some of the Girondists in the Convention; numbers clamored for the "expulsion of the twenty-two" obstreperous Girondists; they were arraigned before the bar where the king whom they so basely betrayed had lately stood; the trial lasted four days; even that tribunal, used to dispense with all proof of guilt in its victims, could not decide on condemning twenty-two men at one fell swoop without some shadow of reason, and there was none to be found. But Robespierre was not going to lose his opportunity for a quibble; impatient of the delay, he drew up a decree that

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"whenever any trial should have lasted three days, the tribunal might declare itself satisfied with the guilt of the prisoners, might stop the defence, close the discussions, and send the accused to death!" This abominable document was read and inscribed on the register of the tribunal the same evening, the Girondists were at once condemned, and sent to the scaffold next morning.

TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH.

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## THE BETTER CHRISTMAS.

"'Tis not the feast that changes with the ever-changing times,
But these that lightly vote away the glories of the past—
The joys that dream-like haunt me with the merry matin chimes
I loved so in my boyhood, and shall doat on to the last.

"There still is much of laughter, and a measure of old cheer:
The ivy wreaths, if scanty, are as verdant as of yore:
And still the same kind greeting for the universal ear:
But, to me, for all their wishing, 'tis a 'merry' feast no more!"

I said: and came an answer from the stars to which I sighed—
Those stars that lit the vigil of the favor'd shepherd band.
And 'twas as if again the heavens open'd deep and wide,
And the carol of the angel-choir new-flooded all the land

"Good tidings still we bring to all who still have ears to hear;
To all who love His coming—the elect that cannot cease;
And louder rings our anthem, to these watchers, year by year,
Its earnest of the perfect joy—the everlasting peace.

"Art thou, then, of these watchers, if thou canst not read the sign?
The world was at its darkest when the blessed Day-star * shone—
Again 'tis blacker to her beam: and thou must needs repine,
And sicken, so near sunrise, for the moonlight that is gone!"

* "Until the day dawn and the day-star arise in your hearts."—2 S. Peter i. 19.

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## ENGLISH AND SCOTCH SCENES.

THE home life of England has ever been a favorite topic with American writers. The first thing that strikes an American travelling through England is the age of everything he sees, the roots by which every existing institution, custom, or pleasure is intimately connected with its real. tangible prototype in the past. He sees, too, how the people live a thoroughly characteristic life—that which consists in identification with everything that is national. No one is so unadaptive as the pure-bred Briton, and it has truly been said that an Englishman carries his country with him wherever he goes. You never see an Englishman to advantage except at home; but, once enthroned amid his local surroundings, there is a sturdy native dignity in him which none can help admiring. He is no politician in the mercenary, personal, business-like sense of the word, but he takes a pride in following the course of his country's progress, in bearing a hand in all reforms, in exercising his right of censure—or, as some foreigners plainly call it, "grumbling"—and especially in watching closely over the well-being of his own county and neighborhood. By this minute division of labor every county becomes, as it were, a self-governed little nation, jealous and tenacious of its rights, keenly alive to its interests, intensely vigorous, and occasionally aggressive. Political and social life are closely intermingled, and personal disinterestedness is almost everywhere the rule. The varied traditions of different neighborhoods and the strong individuality shown by the different sections of the country, contribute a picturesque element to modern life, and often make the most inherently prosaic actions take on a mask of romance.

Elections to Parliament afford a multiplicity of such scenes, and form one of the greatest periodical excitements that stir up country towns. The candidate is generally one of the sons of some family well known in the county, or sometimes the chief proprietor of the neighborhood, if he be still under fifty. The county constituencies almost always return a member of this class; the commercial representatives come from the great manufacturing towns, where they have slowly toiled to make their fortunes, and risen, by earnest application to business, from the rank of a vestryman to that of lord mayor. The country town in which the hustings and polling-booths are erected is as animated as it would have been at a great fair of the middle ages or an extraordinary sale of wool, which in Gloucestershire, Warwickshire, and Worcestershire was a great article of trade in the XIVth century. Everything in the shape of bunting, evergreens, allegorical pictures, flaming posters, and unlimited ale has been done by both sides to enhance their popularity with the electors and non-electors. Indeed, the latter are quite as important as the former, for from their ranks are recruited the bands



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of music and the array of stalwart supporters, ready to fight, if required, and to shout at the top of their lungs, so as to bewilder the voters and claim or surprise their votes. The canvassing that goes before an English election is neither a pleasant nor a creditable thing to dwell on; when subjected to the analysis of uncompromising morality, it resolves itself into deliberate and organized "humbug"; for it includes every species of flattery under the sun, not to speak of direct bribery. Very funny incidents sometimes occur to break the monotony of the usual routine. For instance, in canvassing a large seaport town, the Liberal candidate bethinks himself of his yacht—a gem in every way—and organizes a large party, to which are invited the voting citizens and their wives and daughters. A splendid luncheon is provided, and each dame and damsel goes home with the conviction that her smiles have won the heart of the candidate, and that he has sworn them by a tacit but flattering contract to further his claims with their all-powerful husbands and fathers. "*Honi soit qui mal y pense.*" The latter are as proud of the expectant M.P.'s notice of the female members of their households as the ladies themselves, and the issue is trembling in the balance, when an announcement goes forth that the Conservative candidate has had his drag and four horses sent down from London, and proposes parading the young ladies and the more fearless married women on the roof of this ultra-fashionable vehicle. The invitations are of course more limited than those for the yacht, but promises of repeating them, until all the free electors' families have been included, cheer up the spirits of those not asked the first day. The Liberal pits his yacht against his rival's drag, and invites the maids and matrons to another sail. Apparently, Neptune does not intend to vote for him, for a slight breeze arises, and the waves roll more than landsmen find pleasant. The cabin fills rapidly, and faces once rosy and saucy, turn pale and shrunken; the return against wind and tide is a wretched journey. The poor candidate, in despair, tries to become nurse and doctor, as well as consoler; but he, too, feels his cheeks blanch, not at the lurching of the vessel, but at the fear of the effect of this accident upon the votes which he was already reckoning up so confidently. As the forlorn party lands, the drag sweeps by, drawn by its four fiery horses, the whip cracking, the smart grooms grinning at the windows (in these carriages, made like a mail-coach, the servants sit *inside* and the master drives, while his guests are packed on the outside seats at the top), the women huddling under cloaks and umbrellas, but all giggling with delight at the adventure, neither damped nor dismayed by water that cannot drown them, and wind that cannot make them sea-sick. The next day those who have recovered from their marine excursion are invited to try the drag, and the Liberal candidate's chances fall as visibly as the barometer did yesterday. When the great day comes, the drag has done its work, and the Conservative is returned by a triumphant majority.

To return to our country town in its holiday attire. No great arts are resorted to here; the common kind of canvassing will do for these quiet, agricultural people, and the only day that is worth mentioning is that of the election itself. The

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festive look of the place does not portend any very desperate contest, although there is a free display of the two opposite colors—blue (Conservative) and yellow (Liberal). The rivals come down from their neighboring seats in gay carriages full of the ladies of their families, wearing their respective colors. The horses and postilions wear bunches of blue or yellow ribbon; even the whip has its conspicuous knot of color. Brass bands clash forth a whole host of discords; the hired partisans good-humoredly shout for one or the other party; an air of great good-will prevails. The whole thing looks more like the welcoming home of a bride than a serious political gathering. The candidates ascend the hustings, or platform for speeches, and cordially shake hands with one another. They think it fun to be opposed to each other in public, whereas in private they are friends, companions, and neighbors; they have had the same training, the same education, the same associations, the same local interests, and the question that will decide their election will more likely be their reputation as farmers and their popularity as landlords than their political opinions as to the affairs of the nation at large. Talking of bribery and undue influence in elections, there is a law yet in force (though, of course, its effect is merely nominal) which forbids any peer to be present at an election. His presence is, by a legal fiction, supposed to hamper the freedom of the voters, and the law thus provides against the appearance of coercion or intimidation. The candidates for the counties are almost invariably the sons, brothers, or nephews of peers; but, however near the relationship, no member of the House of Lords is allowed to infringe on this rule. A contested election, one in which party spirit runs high and the passions of the people are artfully fanned and excited on both sides, is a scene worth witnessing once; but the excitement is of too rough a sort to make one wish for a second edition of it. A foreigner once said that the two best sights which England had to offer to a stranger were an Oxford "commemoration" and a contested election. The latter seldom takes place in the peaceful neighborhoods of the midland counties, and the only other species of elections, as distinguished from the festive one which we have just sketched, is, as a remnant of old-time indifferentism, a curiosity in its way. There are no longer what were called "rotten boroughs" and "pocket boroughs," the former representing what had once been a populous town or large village, now reduced to half a dozen ruinous tenements and an old, disused parish church, but still retaining the right to return one or more members to Parliament; the second being a village still worthy of the name, but from time immemorial voting strictly in accordance with the wishes of the "lord of the manor," whether peer or commoner. These were also called "close boroughs." The Reform Bill of 1830 did away with all such transparent abuses, but family influence, exerted in a milder form, still remains an important element in all agricultural counties; and it sometimes happens that for a whole generation, no one will think it worth his while to oppose a candidate whose good working qualities are recognized by friend and foe, and whose personal popularity, joined with his powerful connec-

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tions, makes his success almost absolutely certain. Such was the case in the election at O——, for which the same member has run unopposed for at least a quarter of a century. The nomination was made by the high sheriff and the magistrates of the county, assembled in the town-hall. This is a portion of a ruined castle or abbey, the Norman windows of which still assert their identity, though they have been shamefully mutilated and forced to conform to the ugly, shallow openings called windows in our days. The inside showed no signs of beauty. It was a huge barn, with grim-looking benches or pews at one end, towering amphitheatre-wise one above the other. Public business of all kinds was transacted there. The decoration of the hall is somewhat peculiar, consisting of nothing but horse-shoes. From time immemorial the custom of the county has been that every peer setting foot within the little town should put up a horse-shoe in this hall, or give an equivalent in money, which is spent by authority of the town council in buying a horse-shoe in his name. There is some dispute as to when and how the custom originated. The common belief is that Queen Elizabeth, passing through O——, stopped to get one of her horses shod, and, in perpetual memory of her royal visit, gave the town the privilege of exacting the tribute of a horse-shoe from every peer setting foot within the county. By an anachronism, which at any rate does honor to O——'s public spirit, there are horse-shoes bearing dates far more remote than the XVIth century, and some one has actually put the Conqueror himself under contribution, and unblushingly labelled a very antique shoe with his mighty name and the eventful date, 1066. During the last three hundred years genuine historical horse-shoes have abounded; some plain as the real thing, some gold or silvered, some painted with heraldic devices, some immense as children's hoops, some minute as the shoe of a Shetland pony. Whether the thousand-year-old superstition of the connection between luck and a horse-shoe, and the belief in the power of the latter against witches, has anything to do with the custom, we do not know for certain, but it is not unlikely.

In this remarkable town-hall were assembled the electors and magistrates one November morning. All the prominent country "gentlemen" and many farmers and tradesmen were present, besides a few ladies, come to see the proceedings. The member who had been re-elected every time that an election took place for the previous twenty years was the brother of one of the great land-owners of the neighborhood, and a Conservative. No one thought of opposing him. His friends and constituents mostly appeared in riding-boots, some in "pink."* One young magistrate got up and proposed him formally to the electors in a girlish, awkward speech; another seconded him in a still briefer address, and the question was asked: "Has any one any objections to make or any candidate to oppose?" A squeaky voice at the end of the hall propounded a query in this form:

"Would the honorable member vote for universal suffrage and cry down church rates?"

*The technical term for a scarlet coat (worn by fox-hunters) when it has seen service, and the tails have become *pink* through exposure to the weather.

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A laugh ran through the crowd, and an impatient movement stirred the knot of magistrates. Year after year some wag of this kind mounted the Radical hobby, and rode it in this unoffending fashion at the steady-going "churchman" and loyal upholder of the constitution who represented the county in Parliament. The uneasy movement continues, and horses are heard neighing and pawing outside. Men in red coats take out their watches and put on long faces. It is nearly twelve o'clock, and the business of the nation is delaying the "meet." The hounds are waiting not far off, and candidate, sheriff, magistrates, and electors are all alike anxious to be off. The hall is soon cleared and the election quietly over—a very secondary matter in the consideration of those who have been kept from kennel and field for two long hours. They rush out with all the zest of school-boys let loose to play, and the hunt that day has twice its ordinary success, or at least its members think so, because the beloved sport has been intermitted, and requires extra enthusiasm as a peace-offering at their hands. So with redoubled vigor the search after foxes goes on, and not till long after sundown will the candidate, magistrates, and constituents return to their homes.

Very different are those elections whose surroundings remind us rather of a clan gathering to the standard of their chief than a modern constituency crowding to the polling-booths. The mere description of these election scenes through Great Britain and Ireland would form an interesting chapter in contemporaneous history. The political differences need not even be alluded to; the contrast of outer circumstances is suggestive enough. In an agricultural neighborhood, such as that round the town of O——, a certain kind of torpidity exists among the prosperous and contented farmers. Not a hundred miles from the palace of the people at Westminster the interest in politics is subordinate to that excited by a cattle-show or the prospect of a drought; in a word, there is so little local change called for which could be beneficial to the county that the passive but deep-rooted clinging to old traditions, which is so characteristic of the genuine Englishman, is in this case rather a matter of course than a virtue or a meritorious turning away from temptation.

Life is hard to the masses in a city. Sharp ills require sharp remedies, say the demagogues; and straightway the voters adopt the extremest doctrine they can find, and fancy it a panacea for all ills. An English paper recently defined this kind of voter as the man "who has just learned sufficient to be sure that there can only be one side to a question." The Irish elections, proverbial for their storminess, are of another nature; appealing to our sympathy by the wild earnestness of the voters, and governed by feelings which, though often misdirected, are yet noble in their origin. Religion and patriotism are the prime movers of the passions of Irish constituents; they often look upon their exercise of the franchise as a protest against tyranny and a confession of faith. And indeed the "tyranny" is no mere political scarecrow to them. It is very tangible; it strikes home to them, for its immediate result may be eviction and starvation. The wild, humorous individuality of the people of the western baro-

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nies of Ireland redeems much that is reprehensible from vulgarity in the faction fight—a not infrequent concomitant of the election. There is a rough romance left in these fights, making them the direct counterparts of the sudden encounters between the clans of the various kings of Celtic history; and what is best and most palliative is this: that sordid considerations are almost wholly absent from the voters' minds. If men must fight, let them do it for anything rather than money; and, to do these electors justice, we will say that there is less bribery in all the Irish country districts put together than in one English manufacturing town. You will say there is intimidation instead; but, even that is better than bribery, for it is less degrading to a human being to barter away his vote, in view of the threats of his landlord to turn his wife and children out of doors, than to sell it for money. But there are other elections to speak of—those in the Highlands of Scotland.

Education is more universal among the humbler classes in Scotland than in either of the sister countries, and by nature the Scotchman is more reflective than the Englishman or Irishman. There is less of collective life in his country; the land is poor and barren, the northern parts are broken up by lochs and treacherous estuaries, and many counties include rocky islands among the billows of the Atlantic. In Inverness-shire the elector is far removed from all common external influence. He thinks slowly and seriously, working out his own problems, answering his own questions by the aid of his strong native sense. He and many of his fellow-voters are shepherds or "keepers." They inhabit an isolated cottage in some remote glen—a cottage that is only approached by some faint sheep-track. Australia or the Territories of the United States are hardly less solitary; but, on the other hand, the Scottish Highlands, if solitary, are not barbarous. In newly-settled countries, where the population is only gradually fusing into a national *people*, there is lawlessness to contend with; the school and the church are yet open to the attack of ruffianly bands, and dependent on a few respectable though equally rough settlers to stop the brigandage of their unruly neighbors. An old country, however sparsely peopled, has the past to guide it; its hermit settlers are the heirs, not the founders, of a state and a history. So it is with ancient Scottish shires, and thus you will find their electors sober, silent, reflective men, conscious of their dignity as clansmen of the old families whose names are in the records of Scotland from the VIIIth and IXth centuries; and perfectly aware of their personal, political value as present electors to the joint Parliament of a great empire. In England there were serfs, but in Scotland (and in Ireland also) there were *clansmen*—not slaves, but sons by adoption; freemen with the right to bear arms; protected, not owned, by the great chiefs of the North. They were used to a certain degree of power and responsibility, and their descendants were not intoxicated by a sudden rise to independence, as were the corresponding classes in England when the franchise was extended to them.

To continue our description of the local surroundings of the Inverness-shire voters—men removed from the ordinary circumstances which make most elections pretty much the same dull, time-worn, vulgar-

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ized sight—we quote from a recent article in an English publication: "The nearest neighbors on one side are beyond a great mountain-range, while for miles upon miles on the other there stretch the unpeopled solitudes of a deer-forest. The nearest carriage-road is eight miles off, and that is travelled only three days in the week by a mail-cart that carries passengers. The church and school are at twice the distance; so the children must trust to the parents for their education, and the father can only occasionally join in the Sunday gossip, in the parish churchyard, that expands the ideas of some of his fellow-parishioners. His cottage is ten miles from the nearest hovel where they sell whiskey. His work is arduous; he is afoot among his sheep from the early morning until dusk. In the best of times and in the height of summer it is but seldom that a stray copy of the county paper finds its way to the head of the glen. He is thoughtful by nature, as you may see in his face, which has much the same puzzled expression of intelligence that you remark in the venerable rams of his flock. No doubt he thinks much, after a fashion of his own, as he goes 'daundering' about after his straggling sheep, or stretches himself to bask in the hot sunshine, while he leaves his collies (sheep-dogs) to look after his charge."

This is a very true picture. Of course, in such a situation, it is impossible for the Highland shepherd to follow the questions that affect the fate of ministries. He can know nothing of foreign affairs, probably never heard of the *Alabama*, and would be at sea on the subject of the Franco-Prussian war. Mr. Gladstone's financial schemes are not only puzzles but *terra incognita* to his mind. He knows nothing of the extension of the suffrage in counties, and even local rates are indifferent to him, as the only one that concerns him is the dog-tax—*concerns* him, but does not *affect* him; for his master pays the tax, and he himself is more or less exempted from extra trouble, according to the number of sheep-dogs for which that master chooses to pay. His interest in the man who represents him in Parliament is therefore either purely theoretical or, what happens oftener, purely personal. There are country gentlemen everywhere who, though no newspaper may blow the trumpet of their fame, are nevertheless known throughout a wide expanse as good men and true, kind yet just landlords, upright magistrates, and sound economists. Their names are household words; their memory is always associated with some generous deed; they are looked up to and honored in the county. They are generally scions of the old historical families of the land—of those families to which the Scotchman clings with a proud affection, and which have been perpetuated by the very institutions that some coiners of new political creeds find so deleterious to the human race. The shepherd probably turns his mind to some such man of whom nothing but good has ever been recorded, and willingly entrusts to his safe-keeping the interests of himself, his clan, and his country. Judging from the particular to the general, he concludes that, since this candidate has always been a kind master and a good landlord to his own folks, he is likely to be a conscientious law-maker and an earnest protector of the nation's liberties. Questions of detail may fairly be trusted to him; the main thing is

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that no widow or orphan has ever had any complaint to make of him.

This is the aspect on the voter's side. Let us see what it is on that of the candidate. There is no question here of bill-sticking, of distributing cockades, or of having bands of music and hired groups of partisans in your wake. Canvassing means "posting long distances in dog-carts, seeking relays at widely-separated inns, where the stable establishments are kept on a peace footing, except during the tourist season. In winter the roads are carried across formidable ferries, where, if you bribe the boatman to imprudence, your business being urgent, you are not unlikely to meet the fate of Lord Ullin's daughter." But this is not all; for when you have braved the floods, and arrive famished and half-frozen at some out-of-the-way hamlet whence the scattered cottages may be gained, there is yet the ordeal of the interviews before you. The Scottish hermit can hardly be expected to forego or shorten such a rare opportunity of contact with the outside world. He will tax your ingenuity with the shrewdest, perhaps politically inconvenient, questions; and never doing anything in a hurry himself, he will resent his visitor's seeming to be pressed for time. No hasty and transparent condescensions will do for him. He will not be satisfied, like the comfortable trader of the towns, with the candidate's kissing his youngest born and promising his eldest son a rocking-horse. Smiles and hand-shakings are cheap gifts; but he wants no gifts, only pledges. He wishes to be met as an intelligent being, a man who, if worth winning, must be worth convincing. He expects a straightforward, if short, explanation of your general opinions; and though the sense of his own dignity as a voter is great, he does not forget that political does not entail social equality. Grave and earnest, he will resent flippancy as an insult to his understanding; and a joke that would win over a dozen votes in a small commercial town will very probably lose you *his* vote, and his good opinion too.

But there are also other constituents to be called upon. The numerous islands on the east coast of Scotland afford a still larger field for the danger and romance of canvassing. The islanders are very sensitive, and feel terribly hurt at the insinuation that their home lies out of the world. If their votes are necessary, is the courtesy to ask for them superfluous? They lead hazardous, daring lives themselves, and do not understand how any man can shrink from the danger that may be incurred in nearing their rocky island. If he does, what is he worth? they will argue; for the natural man readily judges of his fellow-man's mental qualities by his physical endurance. Then (we quote again the graphic sketch above referred to), "that island canvass means chartering some crank little screw, beating out into the fogs among the swells and the breakers, taking flying shots at low reefs of inhabited rock, enveloped in mists and unprovided with lighthouses. Landing-places are almost as scarce as light-towers, and you may have to bob about under the 'lee of the land' in impatient expectation of establishing communications with it. When you do get to shore, you must be hospitably *fêted* by the minister and the schoolmaster, the doctor and the principal tacksmen, until what with sea-squeamishness and the strong

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spirits, it becomes simply heroic to preserve the charm of your manners. Moreover, you had better not make your visit at all than cut it uncivilly short. Our friend the shepherd may have made up his mind to support you; but you may rely upon it that he will promise nothing until you have set yourself down for a solemn 'crack' with him." The day of the election itself is a suitable ending to this romantic episode in the life of an ordinary, drudging M.P. When a Highlander sets about a thing, he never gives in before it is accomplished. Honor binds him to redeem a promise, whether made to another or to himself; pride compels him to prove himself superior to circumstances, almost to nature herself; and he doggedly goes on his way, undeterred by any wayside temptation to turn into smoother and pleasanter paths. So the voters "climb over mountains and plod over snow-fields, wade mountain streams, navigate lochs in crank cobles, and cross raging estuaries in rickety, flat-bottomed ferry-boats; so that, should the winds and the weather interfere too seriously with the exercise of the electors' political rights, the polling of a great Highland constituency may possibly have a gloomily dramatic finale." *

While we are on the subject of Scotland, we may mention the various occasions on which national gatherings draw together thousands of picturesquely-clad men and women. The games are the most characteristic of these meetings. They take place in various places, mostly during the months of August and September. They are generally held under the patronage and supervision of some great family of the neighborhood. Something of old clan feeling is revived. The men often march in in bodies, preceded by their pipers, and wearing their individual tartan, with distinctive badges. The villages for fifty miles around send their group of representatives and their athletes and champions in the games. Vehicles of primitive build with rough, wiry little ponies bring in their load of farmers and petty freeholders. The country-houses and shooting-boxes fill with guests from England; and in the neighborhood of Balmoral, to which we more particularly allude, there is of course the additional attraction of royal countenance and patronage. The queen and the royal family sometimes become the guests of their subjects on these occasions, and an almost German simplicity reigns for a few days among those to whom etiquette must be so sore a chain. The princes wear the Highland dress, and the queen (that is, before her widowhood) something of tartan in her plain toilet. The national sports, such as throwing the hammer, lifting heavy weights and supporting them on the outstretched hand, etc., require both strength and dexterity, and the champions who contend in these games are generally "professionals." Sometimes, however, some village athlete ambitiously enters the lists against the trained champions, and occasionally bears off a prize. A competition of pipers is often a feature of the day, and these worthies make a brave appearance in their velvet jackets covered with a breast-plate of medals, severally won in various contests. The shrill, clarion-like tones of the bagpipes are not agreeable to the untrained ear, but to the Highlanders, whose national associations are proudly entwined

* *Saturday Review*, Feb. 21, 1874, art. "Highland Constituencies."

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with this wild, primitive music of the hills, they are naturally sweeter than the most sublime strains of the old masters. No one, even though not Highland-bred, can listen to the pipes, playing a pibroch among the echoes of the mountains, without feeling that the soul of the people is in it; that the spirits of "the Flood and the Fell" which Walter Scott so graphically introduces in his *Lay of the Last Minstrel* might have used just such tones for their fateful, wailing speech; and no one having more than common ties binding him to Scottish traditions and Scottish homes can think of the wild dirges or stirring war-calls of the pipes without sympathy and loving regret. Not quite so inspiring, however, is this music when the piper marches round a small dining-room, and plays the distinctive tune of the host's clan to the guests assembled over their wine and dessert. The narrow space makes the music harsh and grating, just as a confined room takes from the Tyrolese *jodel* all its romance, and turns the sounds into the caricature of a loud roulade. The games often last for three days, and a sort of encampment springs up by magic to supply the deficiencies of the crowded inns of the neighborhood. At the end of that time there is a ball given at one of the principal country-seats, and a torch-light dance for the people. The queen and the royal family accompany their host and hostess, and are content with a hasty dinner, served with a delightful relaxation from etiquette; for this is their holiday from political anxieties and social duties, and the more informal this assembly, the better it pleases them. The ball-room is not very large, and its simple decorations are in keeping with the character of the feast and the style of the lodge or cottage in which it is given. There are flowers in abundance, flags and evergreen garlands, Highland badges and emblems, and stags' heads with branching antlers—the trophies of the host's skill in stalking the red deer. Outside the house is a wide space, destined for the torch-light dance. Great iron holders and pans lifted on rude tripods contain the torches and the resinous fluid which, when set on fire, burns steadily for many hours. To and fro flit the kilted Highlanders, with their jewelled dirks or daggers, and their hairy sporrans decorated with silver plates the size of large coins. The champions of the games are there, the rival pipers, the mountain shepherds, the gillies or game-keepers, all the household servants and those of the guests; the women wearing tartan ribbons of different clans, and Scotch flowers, blue-bell, heather or bog-myrtle, in their caps or bodices. The pipes strike up the music of the sword-dance; a noted dancer comes forward, and lays two naked swords of ordinary length on the ground, crossing them at right angles. Within the four narrow spaces between the points of this cross he then begins a series of marvellous steps, leaping high in the air, shuffling, crossing his feet, and invariably alighting in the right spot, within a few inches of the swords, always in these four interstices, but never touching nor even grazing the blades. If he were to touch one ever so lightly, and but for an instant, his reputation would be gone. Another succeeds him, and so on, till all the famous dancers have exhibited their skill. No novice appears; they take care never to dance in public till they are

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perfect in this feat. Scotch reels for the most part take up the rest of the night, and are danced by four people, two men and two women, the former standing back to back, and their partners opposite. Various figures follow each other, the figure eight being the most frequent. This is managed by the four dancers locking arms and giving a swing round, then passing on to the next person; arms are locked again, and another turn given, and so on till the four have changed places, and in doing so have described the figure eight. Of course, in this dance, it is the men who show to most advantage, as they perform a series of regular steps, snapping their fingers meanwhile, and, as soon as they get excited and enter into the spirit of the national dance, uttering a peculiar sort of cry. The women mostly walk and jump through their evolutions. The less characteristic dancing in the ball-room, but in which reels are also mingled with quadrille and waltz, ceases about two o'clock in the morning, and the musicians are at liberty to join the fun outside. The Highlanders sometimes take possession of the deserted ball-room, and continue their own revels there till daybreak, when the torches flicker out and the spell is broken. Another national dance is the strathspey, which we never had the good fortune to see performed.

In winter curling is the favorite game; it is played on the ice with heavy round stones, about eight or nine inches in diameter, and three to three and a half inches thick. These stones are neither rolled nor thrown at the line and mark, but propelled, by the strength of wrist of the player, along the surface of the ice, and aimed to displace the stones already set up by the opposite side. Whichever side, at the end of the game, has most stones near the line which serves as a mark, is declared by the umpire to be the winner. Miniature curling-boards are very common in Scotch country-houses, with stones two or three inches in diameter; it is an amusing game on a rainy day, and, though so small, no little skill is required to guide these stones aright.

The same house to which we have taken the reader to be present at the torch-light dance is a very pretty specimen of Scotch hunting-lodges. Built at various times, it consists of several cottages, once detached, but now irregularly connected by picturesque galleries, verandas, and staircases. One part has much the appearance of a Swiss *châlet;* another that of a river-side villa on the Thames, with its glass doors opening on to a lawn, and its rustic porch smothered in climbing roses. Though so straggling, it is a very comfortable house. Nothing is wanting—billiard-room, smoking-room, boudoir, and innumerable pigeon holes for guests—a charming house for persons of sporting tastes; the halls carpeted with deer-skins, and the walls hung with antlers, bearing each the date of the death of the stag to which they belonged; equally charming to the delicate London beauty wearied with her social triumphs, for here she finds the thousand elegances of a *rococo* drawing-room, the luxurious arm-chairs, the rare china, the velvet screen hung with miniatures, and little gilt brackets, each supporting a tiny cup or a porcelain shepherdess—in a word, every pretty refinement of the latest fashion. The neighborhood is famous for stalking—that is, following the red deer through moor and forest alone, with your rifle and your slight bag containing

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some biscuits and a pocket-flask. You may have to trudge over miles and miles of heather, watching every turn of the breeze, lest it betray your whereabouts to your beautiful victim; making immense *détours* to reach him from some convenient cover; creeping along on all fours, or even flat on the ground; often taking a long, cold bath in the mountain burn (stream), wading through it, or waiting in it, so as not to let him scent your trail. If for no other reason, this sport is superior to any because it demands solitude; though it is hard to discover why one should not be privileged to take a twelve hours' walk or saunter without the pretext of the rifle slung at one's back, and also without incurring the charge of eccentricity. A forest in Scotland is treeless; the term is applied to a wide expanse of mountain, covered knee-deep with heather, and perhaps here and there with a few stunted bushes or clumps of graceful birches. Here the red deer feeds in herds, and you sometimes come across six or seven of these "monarchs of the glen." The sportsman, however, seldom pursues or kills more than one in a day. A moor is much the same in appearance as a forest, but that term is reserved for those tracts of heather-land where the grouse and the black-cock abide. These are often rented to Englishmen, the forests seldom; so that the Southron, if he have a taste for deer-stalking, generally depends for his chance of indulging it on the hospitality of some Scottish friend.

This neighborhood is full of romantic glens and hollows where mountain streams gurgle through narrow channels of rock, where tiny waterfalls splash under bridges mossy with old age, and where real forests of pine and birch and rowan, or mountain ash, make a variegated network across the blue horizon. In one little gorge tradition says that a hunted partisan of Charles Edward took refuge after the fatal battle of Culloden, in 1745, and lived there concealed for several weeks. The particular place where he hid was under a projecting ledge or table of rock, overhanging the brown, foaming waters of the mimic torrent, which, though not large in volume, might yet have strength enough to dash you in pieces, if you fell into the narrow bed bristling with sharp, rocky points and irregular boulders, round which the water boils and hisses, as if chafing at its imprisonment. The rocks incline their jagged sides so far forward over the stream as almost to meet in an arch above it, and the chasm can be easily, almost safely, leaped. Indeed, the rift is invisible from the road, which passes within a few yards of it. Its sides are fringed with heather, and are undistinguishable, except when one is standing close upon them.

The North of England, with its mountains and its lakes, its solitary tarns (pools or smaller lakes) and its becks, has a family likeness to Scotch scenery. Its people, too, are akin to the Lowland Scotch in their taciturnity, their hardy, physical nature, and their language; yet to those who know both well the difference is very perceptible In olden times Lancashire and Yorkshire, lying to the west of the Lake country, were emphatically the land of the church, one vast net-work of beautiful abbeys with their immense possessions. Even after the Reformation these two counties remained the stronghold of Catholicity, and to this day they contain more Catholics (exclusive of the large modern

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towns and their population) than any other part of England. The favorite sport of Lancashire is otter-hunting.

A certain breed of hounds, having very long bodies and short legs, is kept for the purpose; the streams abound in otters, and the hunt is very exciting. The gentlemen wear preternaturally thick boots, covering even the thighs, as they often have to wade in after the otter, whose teeth are so sharp that they can take off a hound's leg at one bite. These animals dive dexterously under the banks, and generally lead the hunt a pretty chase; but, never having seen this sport ourselves, it is difficult to describe it graphically. The dialect of this part of the country is almost as much a language as Provençal; the people have their own literature, and one of their poets (a humorous one) has been styled, *par excellence*, the "Lancashire Poet." Lancashire people are desperately clannish, quite despise the southern English, and obstinately adhere to their own customs, as something immeasurably more dignified than the finical fashions of the Southron. The gentlemen all talk the dialect when speaking with their farmers, game-keepers, or servants, and speak it with genuine gusto too. A Lancashire kitchen is a heart-warming sight; it is emphatically *the* room of a farm, an inn, or any middle-class dwelling. The fire blazes in the depths of a cavernous chimney, with settles on each side, on which two men can sit abreast, while from the low roof hang endless strings of fine onions and dozens of hams and flitches of bacon. At another part of the ceiling is fixed an immense rack, over which hangs the oatmeal cake in large sheets, of which any one is at liberty to break off a piece for his supper unrebuked and without question of repayment. Hospitality is a cardinal virtue here, but it is not that voluble, fussy hospitality which worries its recipient and makes him feel the obligation; you are welcome to go in and sit down, eat and drink, warm and dry yourself at the hearth, and go out again, without being assailed by impertinent questions or bored by long domestic revelations. A Lancashire host respects your mind while he refreshes your body, and silently makes you at home. Those kitchens of the north are the very type of comfort, with their vast corner-cupboards, their cleanliness—you might literally eat off the brick floors; they are always paved with brick—their long oat-cake racks and tempting meat, all home-cured, hung from the ceiling. The temptation may be too great for you some night, if you happen to return to your lodgings, very hungry, at the late hour of twelve—that is dissipation in Lancashire—for you may wander in, and see no harm in hunting in the cupboard for eggs and flour, and in slicing off whatever will conveniently detach itself from a hanging flitch, in order to flavor some appetizing sauce of which you possess the secret. Perhaps the midnight raid ends fatally, and you stumble over the pots and pans, or find the embers hardly hot enough to cook the sauce, or give it up at last in despair, with a ridiculous foreboding of what the landlady will say to-morrow morning when she contemplates the ragged appearance of the best flitch! Let us hope that you will honestly own your delinquencies, and not affirm that "it must have been the mice, ma'am!" It will be the easier as

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you happen to know the house well, and its inmates long ago agreed to overlook your little eccentricities with regard to sauces!

Among the principal country festivities which draw large parties to the neighboring houses in many parts of England, are the local cattle-shows. The breeding of cattle is a topic of almost as universal interest in England as fox-hunting, especially among country gentlemen. The secret of this apparent interest lies rather in the intense pride with which they naturally regard everything connected with their homes, than in downright personal liking for fat oxen and prize pigs. Not even the farmers who exhibit the cattle can outmatch the ladies of the neighborhood in their solicitude for the honor of the county, and, besides this, the gentlemen themselves sometimes enter the lists, and exhibit some choice specimen, thus giving their households special reasons for pride and anxiety. Most of the houses fill with guests for the occasion, and, despite the lateness of the season (the shows are generally late in the autumn, the one to which we refer taking place in November), the weather is usually propitious. Let us take a peep in at the window of yonder large Tudor house, with its cedars, sentinel-like, guarding the approaches to the hall-door, and an old gabled, ivied ruin overlooking the gay mosaic of the *parterre*. There is plenty of water here—ponds where huge old beeches droop over the banks and moor-fowl *swish* through the rushes on the margin, and ponds fringed with late roses, and lifting up in their midst islands with rustic arbors and a wilderness of creeping plants. Within the house is the usual amount of family portraits and antique carved furniture, with a more than ordinary display of hot-house flowers. A little earlier in the season you would find in the drawing-room two immense marble vases, in each of which blossoms a queenly azalea, snowy or ruddy, as the case may be. On the tables lie islands of moss, relieving and framing three or four star-shaped, blood-red cactus-blooms. Round the high chimney-piece, where a wood-fire burns merrily (a luxury in England), is assembled a family party, neither stiff nor yet free, and picturesque, if nothing else; for the girls are dressed in the square-cut bodices and pale-hued, brocaded overskirts of a more picturesque age. Perhaps they are discussing art matters or weaving personal romances. . . . No, for here, as elsewhere, you cannot take the bit in your mouth; it is the only penalty of decorous country life in old England. They are talking of to-morrow's agricultural fair, the annual cattle show, which takes place in the country town. There is a large party in the house for it; it is the event of the week. Most country ladies pretend to be, and some are, poultry fanciers; so there is an additional department allotted to the prize poultry. The carriages draw up in a wide field near the tents and sheds, where a view of the race-course can be had. The men circulate among the cattle; the "judges" sit in a tribune provided for them. It is difficult to get up any enthusiasm about this kind of thing; but the adjuncts are quite as enjoyable as are most out-door pleasures that you cannot enjoy alone. The last day of the fair closes with a dinner, when the prize beasts and their owners are commented upon and the general political situation discussed. One of the farmers is a born orator; at

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least he delights in the sound of his own flowery periods. He quotes Shakespeare and Tennyson, and feels sure he has made a hit. As all professions are represented, there is room for all kinds of toasts, and under the veil of sociability the opportunities for speaking home-truths are not neglected. Around the hall are galleries that serve for spectators, both male and female, and from this point many a ludicrous incident is revealed to you that escapes the "grave and reverend seigniors" below. This is what a spectator once saw: The dinner takes place once a year, and it is impossible to have nothing but trained waiters. Many of the gentlemen on this occasion brought their own servants with them; but even this was not sufficient, and the supplementary waiters were "legion." The dinner was not as orderly as it might be. There was a great deal of hurrying and skurrying, orders angrily given and awkwardly executed, wine liberally spilt before reaching its destination, etc. Suddenly some one gave an order from the far end of the hall, and an unlucky bumpkin, eager to show his agility, made a dart forward, but came to an abrupt stand-still in the middle of a lake of soup that spread warm and moist about his feet. In his haste he had stepped into the soup-tureen, which another waiter, in clumsy hurry, had momentarily deposited in this conspicuous place. The braying of the band, whose conductor was naturally not a little exhilarated by the copious "refreshment" distributed during the day, drowned these "asides"; but we cannot help thinking that the position of a spectator, alive to these incidents behind the scenes, was preferable to that of the unhappy actors and speakers, nailed for four or five hours to the table, and condemned to drink the execrable wine usually furnished on such occasions.

With this we will close this somewhat lengthy sketch of some of the incidents of rural life in the old mother-country—a subject so dear to Washington Irving, so attractive to Longfellow, and so heart-stirring to many who, on this side of the Atlantic, have not yet lost in the turmoil of business or the hurry of politics the fond, poetic remembrance of the land of their forefathers. It is a restful picture; the soul grows young again in the contemplation of that healthy, even placid home-life, diversified by so many local interests, and disturbed by so few dangerous excitements. In such an atmosphere it is no wonder if scholars, poets, and gentlemen develop quietly, as the fruit ripens on the sunny garden wall; nor is it strange to find these men, so accomplished and so learned, filling the unobtrusive and secluded walks of life, as well as the councils of the nation, the cabinet, the bar, and the Parliament. Happy is the nation that attains to a green old age; happy the country that keeps all that is poetic in the past, without relinquishing the practical and the useful in the present. It is a good thing to be able to look back proudly on a long line of doughty forefathers, but better still to be able to look forward as proudly to a goodly line of worthy descendants.

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# THE FUTURE OF THE RUSSIAN CHURCH.

BY THE REV. CÆSARIUS TONDINI, BARNABITE.

## I.

"How much happier is Russia than are many Catholic countries!"

It is thus that a German author, of the Baltic provinces, a Protestant, and a subject of the czar, broke in upon the concert of complaints on the condition of the Russians to which we had for a long period been habituated. It is true that Augustus Wilhelm Hupel wrote towards the close of the last century; but the state of things which drew from him this cry of admiration continues even at this present time. Let us add that a considerable number of writers, especially Protestants, share the sentiments of Hupel; in fact, a certain government not long ago ranged itself on the side of this author's opinions, and undertook to procure for its subjects, whether they would or not, the same happiness as that which the Russian people enjoy. This fact is a more than sufficient inducement for us conscientiously to study the cause of this happiness—a study to which the following pages will be devoted.

Happily, the writer of the Baltic provinces expresses himself with remarkable precision. "The monarch," says Hupel, in speaking of the synod which governs the Russian Church—"the monarch himself selects the members of this ecclesiastical tribunal, and can also summarily dismiss those who do not please him. It follows, therefore, that the members of the synod entirely depend upon the will of the czar. Not only can they do nothing of which he does not approve, but, by virtue of this arrangement, *it is the czar himself who is the real head of the church of his empire.* Of what lofty wisdom, then, is not this institution a proof! How much happier is Russia than are many Catholic countries!" * It is evident, therefore, that the object of admiration and envy is the concentration of civil and religious power in the sovereign's hands; the synod of St. Petersburg being the institution which secures and perpetuates the concentration of this double power.

The czar to whom Russia is indebted for the synod is Peter I., surnamed the Great (1689–1725), than whom few sovereigns have been the object of more enthusiastic admiration. The things which he undertook and in which he succeeded, for promoting the civilization of Russia, are truly surprising, his laws being, in our opinion, the most splendid monument he has created in his own memory. Frequently, in glancing through the *Complete Collection of the Laws of the Russian Empire*, † while taking into account the number, the variety, and extent of the subjects embraced by the genius of Peter, the circumstances under which he had to work, and the thankless elements which he

* "Welch eine höchst weise Einrichtung! Wie glücklich ist Russland vor vielen Römisch-Katholischen Ländern!"—*Hupel*, "Die kirkliche Statistik von Rüssland," in the *Nordische Miscellanien*, part xi., Riga, 1786, p. 88.

† First Series, vols. iii–vii.

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contrived to manage, we have experienced sincere admiration; but, side by side with his great qualities, in what ignoble and monstrous vices did he not indulge! If we were to quote certain judgments passed by his contemporaries, it would be easy to understand the disgust with which the *History of Peter the Great*, by Voltaire, fills every sincere and virtuous man. Great qualities do not excuse great vices, especially in the case of Peter, who on many occasions proved by his conduct that he was capable of self-restraint, had he only chosen to exercise it. This czar, whose leading characteristics were a spirit of determination and an energetic will, can neither be excused for his debauches nor his cruelties. The reforms originated by him naturally bear the impress of the despotic character of their author. In the present day it is openly said, even in Russia, that Peter acted, "as if there were no possible limits to his power, setting himself determinedly to gain his end, without in the least troubling himself about the nature of the means."* We may add that the religious convictions of the czar were, to say the least, an enigma. And this is the man who gave to the Russian Church the organization which she retains to this day.

Unhappily for the people, when a man rises from among them and accomplishes unheard-of undertakings, the prestige of his name eclipses the light in which justice would regard his actions. If flattery erects to him its altars, and if religious or political passions find it to their interest to exalt him, this man, though in his grave, continues no less to exercise a powerful influence; and all his qualities, even his bad ones, receive a species of consecration. A century and a half have elapsed since the death of Peter the Great, and yet it may be said with truth that he still rules Russia. It is no common thing to find a series of sovereigns, all of whom draw their inspiration from the same idea; and yet all the czars, with the single exception of Peter II., who only reigned three years (1727–1730), perpetuated, with regard to the Russian Church, the idea of the originator of the synod.

That the czars, however, should have made it their rule to walk in the footsteps of Peter, and that in their ukases they should recall his memory with enthusiastic eulogies, it is easy to conceive; and also that Protestants, especially those of Germany, should never weary in their praises of his religious reforms; these praises being, in the first place, the payment of a debt of gratitude to the czar, and, in the second, an homage rendered to the Protestant side of the reforms themselves. But the most painful part of the matter is that Peter and his successors should have found, in that very church which they were oppressing, not only docile instruments of their will, but also the warmest encouragements to prosecute their work. Theophanes Prokopovitch, Bishop of Pskoff, of whom we will speak further, wrote treatises to prove that "the czars have received from on high the power to govern the church; only it is not permitted that they should officiate in it."†

* See Pékarski, *Learning and Literature in Russia under Peter the Great.* (In Russian) St. Petersburg, 1862. Vol. ii., pp. 469-481.

† Amongst the various writings in which Prokopovitch develops this thought might be noticed one which has for its title *An Historical Disquisition on the quality of pontiffs or high-priests of idol-worship possessed by the Roman emperors, both pagan and Christian: for what reason, and in what sense they possessed it, and whether, in the Christian law, Christian sovereigns can be called Bishops and Pontiffs, and in what sense.* St. Petersburg, 1721. See *Pékarski, op. cit.*, vol ii., p. 519.



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Plato Levchin, Metropolitan of Moscow, while he was still tutor to the Czarowitz Paul, afterwards Paul I., prepared for his use a catechism which has been held in great esteem by Protestants. In the epistle dedicatory he thus addresses his pupil: "I bear in mind a saying of your highness—saying worthy of eternal remembrance. We were one day reading this passage in the Gospel: *Take heed that you say not among yourselves: We have Abraham for our father* (S. Matt. iii. 9); when, upon my remarking that the Jews vainly gloried in having Abraham for their father, whose faith and works they failed to imitate, your highness deigned to reply: 'And I also should glory in vain that I descend from the great Peter, did I not intend to imitate his works.' That these and other similarly excellent dispositions of your highness may increase with your years, behold this is what the church of God, prostrate before the altar, supplicates, and will never cease to supplicate, of the divine mercy, from the profoundest depths of her heart." *

There is nothing surprising in the fact that lessons such as these, explained and developed in the body of the catechism, should have borne their fruit. The pupil of Plato, having become czar, was the first who introduced into official edicts the title of Head of the Church † for himself and his successors, and more emphatically than perhaps any one of the others he established as a principle the supremacy of the czar over the church.‡

We forbear to quote other examples. If it be true that nations never stop short at a theory, the same thing is true also of sovereigns; and, when Nicholas I. acted as every one knows he did act, he was but carrying out the doctrine accepted and *taught* in the Russian Church. As for the people, it would have been indeed surprising had they not shared in the doctrine of the church, and still more so had they attempted any opposition to it. In fact, as might be supposed, there was no lack of writers who set themselves to make the people appreciate the advantages of every description which they enjoyed under the religious autocracy of the czars.

This state of things could not, however, last indefinitely; and it was the Emperor Nicholas himself who, by some of his measures, contributed to hasten its end. At the commencement of his reign it was desired to exclude the foreign element from teaching, and to substitute for it the national only. Professors were lacking; and, to form these, the government thought it well to send out young men at its own expense to learn in the *German* universities that which they would subsequently have to teach the Russians. Besides, for many years past Russia has entered into active and frequent relations with the rest of Europe; the regulations which bound Russians, if not to the glebe, at least to the soil of their country, have been relaxed; travelling has been facilitated; travellers have been able with less difficulty to penetrate into the country, and its own inhabitants to go abroad and observe what is passing in the rest of the world.

* Mgr. Plato, *Orthodox Doctrine; or, Christian Theology Abridged.* (In Russian) St. Petersburg, 1st ed., 1765; 2d ed., 1780.

† See "The Act of Succession to the Throne of Russia," April 5, 1797, *Compl. Coll.*, Vol. xxiv. (17,910).

‡ See the Ukases of the 3d Nov., 1798 (18,734), and of the 11th Dec., 1800 (19,684). See also on this subject our book: *The Popes of Rome and the Popes of the Oriental Church.* London: Longmans, 1871, pp. 78-81.

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And what has resulted from all this? Many things; and, first of all, the following: "The future propagators of learning and civilization," says the Père Gagarin, in a remarkable pamphlet,* "were sent to Berlin, where they lost no time in becoming fervent disciples of the Hegelian ideas. It was in vain that serious warnings reached St. Petersburg of the fatal direction these young men were pursuing. For reasons which perhaps some future day may explain the warnings were wholly unheeded; and in a short time the chairs of the principal universities were filled by these dangerous enthusiasts, whose newly-imported ideas made rapid progress. School-masters, professors, journalists, the writers who had been formed in the universities, successively became the apostles of the doctrines which they had adopted. Neither censures, nor the watchfulness of the custom-house, nor the active surveillance of an ubiquitous and anxious police, availed to put a stop to the propagation of revolutionary notions, protected as they were by eccentric formulas, unintelligible to all who were not in the secret of the sect. It was not until 1848 that the eyes of the government began to be opened; but it had no efficacious remedy at hand. It multiplied regulations, of which the object was to hinder the diffusion of modern science and ideas; but was destitute of salutary principles to offer as a substitute for the unhealthy teaching of which it now recognized the dangers. The system of national education, which had so miserably failed, had been based upon 'orthodoxy,' autocracy, and nationality, and was now resulting in the triumph of German ideas, in the atheism of Feuerbach, and in radicalism and communism of the most unbridled description."

That we may not unjustly charge the Emperor Nicholas with being *solely* responsible for these results, it must also be said that other Russians, who had at any rate travelled at their own expense, and foreigners who had come to settle in Russia, assisted in propagating the same doctrines. If books are not printed without some reasonable hope that they will be read, and if the number of publications in which certain ideas are particularly developed proves the favor with which they are received, it would be only too easy to make a statistical statement of alarming significance, showing the favor with which the most revolutionary doctrines are received by the Russians. Books printed in the Russian language are evidently addressed to Russians only, this language not having hitherto acquired a place in that part of education which is called the study of modern languages; and we can prove the existence of numerous publications in the Russian language, appearing some in London, some in Berlin, some at Leipsic, some at Geneva, and elsewhere also, in which the most communistic doctrines find their apology. Amongst others we may notice the publication at Zurich of a periodical review entitled *V'pered!* (Forward!), which wars against all belief in the supernatural and against every kind of authority. It matters little that the writings of which we speak themselves penetrate with difficulty into Russia; it is not to be supposed that the fact of having, when abroad, read this review or anything similar closes to Russians

* *La Russie sera-t-elle Catholique?* Par le Père J. Gagarin, S.J. Paris: Douniol, 1856.

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the return to their country. The book remains outside; but its teaching enters with them.

Let us now return to the consideration of the Russian Church. The radical ideas of which we have been speaking are plainly incompatible with the religious autocracy of the czars; and nevertheless Russia offers us the spectacle of men imbued with these ideas, and even manifesting them openly without, who suddenly recover their orthodoxy as soon as they recross the frontier of their country.

Under pain of deserving the reproach of cowardly hypocrisy, these Russians cannot support the existing state of things, liberty of conscience being too intimately allied with their principles. The reader will judge whether it is not wholly immoral that men who have ceased to believe in anything should, in order to escape legal consequences, present themselves in the "orthodox" churches for confession and communion! . . . Now, as far as we are aware, none of the pains and penalties against those who, being born of "orthodox" parents, fail to practise the state religion, or to fulfil their duty of annual confession and communion, have hitherto been abolished; still less are the penalties abolished to which all are liable who propagate doctrines contrary to those of the official church.

But the Russian atheists and rationalists of every shade of opinion are not the only persons who have a supreme interest in requiring, together with liberty of conscience, the abolition of the penalties to which they would be liable if the same rigor were observed towards them as towards those Russians who have become Catholics. For the czars, not satisfied with calling themselves and with being the head of the "orthodox" church, have also arrogated to themselves the right of direction with regard to all the religious sects of the empire.

When Paul I. declared that "the supreme authority, confided to the autocrat by God, extends also over the ecclesiastical state, and that the clergy are bound to obey the czar *as the head chosen by God himself* in all things, *religious* as well as civil,"* he was not addressing himself to the "orthodox" but to the Catholic subjects of the empire. It is in employing similar language, and by virtue of the same general principle, that the czars have defined the position of Protestants, Armenians, Jews, and Mahometans. However accommodating one may suppose the Russian subjects belonging to these different religions to be, we cannot understand why, at least in heart, they do not protest against the strange pretension that in religious matters they are bound to obey the "orthodox" czars. Neither can we suppose that, if they hold their errors in good faith, and believe themselves in possession of "religious truth," they do not experience some desire to communicate their treasure to others, and do not suffer in obeying the articles of the penal code which forbid their so doing.† What can be, upon this subject, the sentiments of the ten millions of Russians belonging to the various sects formed in the bosom of the Russian Church itself, their name itself indicates; they are called collectively *Raskolniks*—that is to say, *schismatics*. Thus we need not say what must be the

* See the *Ukases*, Nos. 18,734 and 19,684.

† In the eastern provinces of the Russian Empire the Mahometans carry on an active propagandism at the expense of orthodoxy.

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thoughts and desires of the Catholic subjects of the czar. There remain only the "orthodox"; but it is they who form the majority of the Russian subjects. It would be too much to expect to find in them the partisans of a more extended liberty of conscience than that which is permitted by the Code. "The dominant religion of the empire," says the Code, "is the orthodox. Liberty of worship is awarded not only to the members of other Christian confessions, but also to Jews, Mahometans, and pagans. . . . *The dominant church alone has the right to make proselytes.*"* We will not stop to consider the motives which induce the "orthodox" Russians to oppose themselves to a more extended liberty of conscience,† but will rather proceed to examine whether, apart from what we have here said, it be not urgent, even in the interests of orthodoxy itself, that some changes should be introduced into the present organization of the Russian Church. We may be able to show that, by a singular disposition of Providence, the interests of the orthodox *faith* are intimately allied to those of the Catholic Church in Russia.

II.

If we are to believe Russian theologians, the Russian Church, with its czar, realizes in a certain measure the ideal of a church sustained by a powerful sovereign, which to many persons is the most desirable state of things possible. We may call to mind the saying of the Count de Maistre on the Holy Roman Empire, which was neither holy, nor Roman, nor an empire; in fact, the testimony of history leaves us in doubt as to whether this institution has served more to protect or to afflict the Catholic Church. Prosperity or reverses, it is true, alike turn to the advantage of those dear to God; but scarcely will any one take upon himself to maintain that, because reverses are useful to the church, they must be purposely procured for her. And therefore, whatever may be, for a longer or shorter time, the probable advantages of this institution, it is best, if we mistake not, to leave its revival to the providence of God. But if such is the teaching of history with regard to an emperor, guardian of the faith and protector of the Catholic Church, history condemns with a far more powerful eloquence the strange protection with which the czars have overshadowed their communion. In the *Spiritual Regulation* may be seen the passage in which Peter the Great is designated the "guardian of orthodoxy and of all things relating to good order in the holy church."* The successors of Peter continued to declare themselves invested with the same mission, and this passage of the *Spiritual Regulation* was also inserted in the Russian Code.†

To be the guardian of orthodoxy, and of all which concerns good order in the holy church, is in fact the *first duty* of a Christian monarch. We will examine briefly the manner

* *Code of the Laws of the Russian Empire*, vol. xiv. "Statute for the Prevention and Extirpation of Offences against the Faith," Arts. 92 and 97. Ed. 1857, pp. 18, 19.

† To mention only the *Panslavists*, whose formula is well known: "Orthodoxy and nationality are synonymous." If all Russians thought the same, the Catholics might spare themselves the trouble of any further controversy.

* *Réglement ecclésiastique de Pierre le Grand, etc.*, part i., p 16. Paris: Library of the Bibliographical Society, 75 Rue de Bac, 1874.

† "The emperor, as a Christian sovereign, is the supreme defender and protector of the dogmas of the dominant faith, the guardian of orthodoxy and of all that concerns good order in the holy church."—*Code of the Laws of the Russian Empire*; Fundam. Laws, art. 42, ed. 1857, p. 10.

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in which the czars have acquitted themselves of this duty.

Any reader who, without being repelled by the subject and form of the *Spiritual Regulation*, would impose upon himself the trouble of perusing them, text and notes, to the end, would have no difficulty in understanding with what good reason Protestants can and must look upon Peter as one of themselves. The Protestant tendencies of the *Spiritual Regulation* are evident. The reader will also observe the precautions, all in favor of the Protestants, there taken for the preaching of the divine Word. The priests, the monks, and the bishops of the Orthodox Church, treated as they were by Peter, were made to appear simply contemptible. In the same way, the favor publicly shown by him to the Protestants of Germany, the importance he accorded to them, and the boundless confidence he placed in their co-operation with him for the civilization of Russia, and finally the ridicule he cast upon holy things in his infamous orgies—all this can hardly be reconciled with the idea of the fulfilment of his first duty as a Christian prince.

In the notes to the *Spiritual Regulation* we may also perceive, in more places than one, the manner in which Catherine II. understood and exercised her mission as *Head of the Greek Church;* for thus she entitled herself in writing to Voltaire. No sincerely orthodox Russian could read the correspondence of Catherine with Voltaire without blushing. If Protestants may fairly claim Peter I. as their own, unbelievers have a full right to do the same with regard to Catherine, and glory in it, as in fact they do. In various passages of these letters (which we have perused) she ridicules not only the ceremonies but also the *sacraments* of her church. If to this we add the favor shown by her to the infidel philosophers of the *Encyclopédie*, the free access which their productions found at St. Petersburg, the atmosphere of impiety with which she surrounded herself, and the state of her own morals, so plainly indicative of an unbelieving soul, our estimate will not appear exaggerated. It would in truth have been miraculous if, under such tutelage, orthodoxy could have retained its hold upon the minds of those who knew how to read, write, and think; and thus the unbelief that prevails among the higher classes in Russia is the heritage of Catherine II. If, on the other hand, she showed herself zealous for the maintenance of faith among the lower orders, it was because she predicted the same results from their unbelief as she did from any desire they might evince for knowledge. "It is not for Russians," she wrote to the Governor of Moscow, "that I am founding schools; it is for Europe, where we must not lose ground in public opinion. From the day that our peasants shall have a desire for instruction, neither you nor I will remain in our places."

Under the successors of Catherine II. Russian orthodoxy underwent various phases, according to the degree of orthodoxy professed by the czars and the vicissitudes of their interior and exterior policy. Paul I. was so convinced that he was the real head of the church that he one day proposed to say Mass.* On the other hand, it is

* We have it from an authentic source that the emperor had had made for himself, for this purpose, a set of (sacerdotal) vestments of sky-blue velvet, and was so bent upon carrying out his intention that his principal favorite, Count Rostoptchin, only succeeded in dissuading him by reminding him that he had been twice married, and was therefore,

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certain that he contemplated the reunion of the Russian with the Catholic Church.* This monarch, however, was incapable of commanding respect, or of helping a return to the faith, either by his intelligence or his moral qualities; and thus incredulity continued its ravages in Russia.

In the life of Alexander I. a period is distinguishable in which the czar had an evident leaning towards Protestantism; and his historians do not fail to remark the influence obtained over him by the Protestant, Mme. de Krudener. If we are not mistaken, those who so actively busied themselves in founding a Bible society in Russia had no intention of favoring orthodoxy.

It was also under the reign of the same czar that appeared the first edition (1823) of the catechism of Mgr. Philaret, destined to take the place of that by Mgr. Plato, then used for religious instruction in the schools. Now, in 1823 Mgr. Philaret was far from being so orthodox in his writings as he subsequently became; and the first edition of his catechism differs materially from the later ones. "The Emperor Alexander," writes an author well deserving of confidence, "was an orthodox Christian, *not in the sense of his church*, but in that of the rigorous conformity of his belief to the fundamental doctrine of all Christian churches; which is the redemption of mankind by the death of Jesus Christ, by means of faith."* What a stone to cast at a czar, the guardian of orthodoxy! Notwithstanding all this, Alexander, towards the close of his life, must have had continuous relations with Pope Pius VII.; some affirm even that he died a Catholic. †

As we have seen, it was at the commencement of the reign of the Emperor Nicholas that, at the expense of the government, the Russian youth were sent for education to the University of Berlin. Then came the formidable revulsion of orthodoxy, which, announced by the revision of the catechism of Mgr. Philaret, manifested itself by the sanguinary "conversions" in Lithuania, in 1839. The tidings were received in Europe by a general cry of indignation; and the remembrance has not yet faded away. ‡ By a strange coincidence Nicholas, to whom is due the glory of having completed the gigantic undertaking vainly attempted by all

according to the canons of the church, disqualified for offering the Holy Sacrifice.

* Father Gruber, General of the Jesuits, who was in great favor with Paul, presented to the czar a project for reunion. By command of the czar the Archimandrite Eugenius (Volkhovichinoff), afterwards Metropolitan of Kieff, published in 1800 an answer to this project, in the form of a canonical dissertation, *On the Authority of the Pope.* See *The Russian Clergy*, by Père Gagarin, S.J., pp. 118, 119.

It appears that this affair was under consideration for several years, and even in the reign of Catherine II. And in fact Hupel, in a note of the manuscript in which we found the opening passage of this essay, mentions the rumor sj read by the newspapers that a complete (*pellige*) reunion of the Russian with the Catholic Church was about to be accomplished, and attributed these same rumors to the ex-Jesuits. Hupel wrote in 1785. See *ob. cit.* p. 83, note.

* Schnitzler (J. L.), *Histoire intime de la Russie sous les Empereurs Alexandre et Nicolas*, Paris, Renouard, 1847, vol. i, note xiii.; *Dispositions religieuses de l'Empereur Alexandre*, p. 463, note xi.; *La Sainte Alliance et Mme. de Krudener.* See also a writing by the Protestant pastor, Empaytaz, *Notice sur Alexandre, Empereur de Russie.* Geneva, 1828.

† We have endeavored to elucidate this point of history, without having arrived at any definite result; we have some reason to believe that all which was known of the last days of the Emperor Alexander has not been made public. The notes which we had collected upon this subject would here be out of place.

‡ It was in consequence of this event that, not long afterwards, appeared the two works, respectively entitled *Persécutions et souffrances de l'Eglise Catholique en Russie.* Par un ancien Conseiller d'Etat en Russie (le Comte Arsène d'Harrer) Paris: Gaume, 1842; and *Vicissitudes de l'Eglise Catholique des deux rites en Pologne et en Russie.* Par le P. Theiner, prêtre de l'Oratoire. The French edition of this last work appeared in 1842, preceded by a remarkable introduction from the pen of Count de Montalembert. Paris: Sagnier and Bray.

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his predecessors, of the codification of all the Russian laws, had desired that in the Code the following article should be inserted: "The dominant church alone possesses the right of leading those who do not belong to her to embrace her faith. This faith, however, is produced by divine grace in the soul, by instruction, by gentleness, and especially by good examples. Therefore is it that the dominant church does not allow herself to make use of any coercive means, how small soever, to convert to orthodoxy those who follow other confessions and other beliefs, and, after the example and the preaching of the apostles, she in no wise threatens those who will not be converted from their belief to hers." All this is to be found in the Russian Code of 1832, of 1842, and of 1857, and continues to have the force of law *at this present time!* * We will say nothing here of the reign of the present emperor, but will merely observe that the powerful reaction which took place almost immediately after the death of Nicholas, and which compelled the government to enter upon the way of reforms, was the inevitable consequence of that emperor's conduct. It is only just that the historians of Alexander II., in passing judgment upon his hesitations and self-contradictions in religious affairs, should bear in mind the difficulty of the part bequeathed to him by Nicholas.

But neither the ten millions of *Raskolniks* which Russia can count at this day, nor yet the numerous unbelievers and rationalists of every shade which she contains, protest as eloquently against the protection afforded by the czars to orthodoxy and the church as the impotence to which the czars have reduced that church itself for exercising any influence over the enlightened classes. All who have written upon Russia agree in acknowledging and deploring the degradation of the orthodox clergy. *

Lest we should trust ourselves, with regard to a point so delicate for us, to any exaggerated or inexact accounts, we have been careful to be guided in our statements by writers offering every security, not only for competence and impartiality, but also for their sympathy with the orthodox clergy. The author of *La Tolérance et le schisme Religieux en Russie*, known under the name of Schédo-Ferroti, appears to us to unite all these qualities in a high degree. "Having," he writes, "in the capacity of an old engineering officer, traversed Russia in all directions, taking, on foot and with the circumferentor in my hand, journeys of four and five hundred kilometres; and travelling in this way for the space of six months at a time, stopping at every village which I happened to find on my way, I habitually addressed myself to the priest for any information I desired to obtain, and, early taking into consideration the moral and political importance of these men, I set myself to study them with particular attention. . . . I do not exaggerate in saying that I have made the acquaintance of many more than two hundred Russian priests. I may say that I met with

* Statute for the prevention and extirpation of offences against the faith, *Code*, etc., vol. xiv., ed. 1857, art. 97, p. 19.

* See *Description of the Country Clergy in Russia* (Paris, Franck, 1858); *The Russian Clergy* (in Russian). Berlin, 1859; *Of the Organisation of the Ecclesiastical Schools in Russia* (in Russian), Leipsic, Wagner, 1863; *Of the Orthodox Clergy, Black and White, in Russia* (in Russian), Leipsic, Wagner, 1866; the Père Gagarin on *The Russian Clergy* (London, Burns & Oates, 1872); Eckardt, *Modern Russia* (London, 1870), etc., etc.

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specimens of all the varieties, from the young priest but yesterday arrived in the parish to the old man bowed down beneath a load of moral and physical sufferings; from the priest of the regiment to the ascetic fanatic; from the ex-professor of the seminary, nominated to the cure of some rich church in the capital, where he parades his rhetoric and complacently displays his erudition, to the humble village priest scarcely able to decipher his Breviary." *

This is enough, as to the competence of M. Schédo-Ferroti; and with regard to his impartiality on the point we are considering, it appears in every page, as will be proved by our quotations. For the rest, the author is a Protestant, and argues warmly in favor of religious liberty for every worship and for every sect.

With regard to his sympathy for the orthodox clergy, it would be difficult to find a more devoted advocate. "It is," he writes, "with satisfaction that I can say that I always found better than I had expected, better than I had any right to expect, considering the situation and the social position in which he found himself, the man whom I had set myself to study." †

Let us add, moreover, that M. Schédo-Ferroti is by no means tender towards the Catholic clergy, over whom, according to him, the orthodox Russian clergy have the advantage in not being "tainted with hypocrisy." ‡ This is an additional reason for our choice of this author.

We will now see what he says respecting the social influence of the Russian "popes," quoting only a few lines: "Oppressed and disregarded by his superiors, the pope loses three-fourths of his means of action, for he sees himself cast off by the upper class, tolerated by the middle class, and turned into ridicule by the common people. . . . Judging from appearances, and noticing that everywhere, even in the receptions given by dignitaries of the church, the pope occupies the *lowest* place, the masses have contracted the habit of never assigning him any other." *

Such are the Russian clergy who are in contact with the people—the clergy whose office it is to instruct the Russians in orthodoxy, and to maintain them in it. Now, this was not by any means the social position of the clergy when Peter I. instituted the synod. On the contrary, the *Spiritual Regulation* shows us this czar, alarmed at the excessive influence which the clergy at that time possessed, painting in sombre colors the dangers resulting therefrom to the country, and finding therein his best pretext for establishing the synod. It is the institutions of the czars which have created for the clergy the melancholy situation in which they find themselves at the present day, which have deprived them of all moral influence, and have reduced them to be "cast off by the higher orders, scarcely tolerated by the middle classes, and turned into ridicule by the common people." That which retains these classes, notwithstanding the contempt in which they hold their popes, in an outward profession of orthodoxy, is the *Penal Code.* Can it be believed

* Schédo-Ferroti, *La Tolérance et le Schisme Religieux en Russie.* Berlin: Behr, 1863, pp. 292, 293.

† *Id., ib.*, p. 293

‡ The reader will find in the *Réglement Ecclésiastique*, just brought out in Paris, the passage to which we allude (p. 192, note).

* *Schédo-Ferroti (op. cit.*, pp 328 and 318).

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that, without the injunctions enforced by this Code, the people would confess to priests whom they so utterly despise?

To resume: There are historical facts still living in the memory of the Russian people which show them their czars making small account, personally, of orthodoxy, at the very time when, by laws of great severity, they compel its observance by the people. They see the higher ranks sceptical or unbelieving, revolutionary ideas in favor with a great number of their fellow-countrymen; the *Raskolniks*, who in the time of Peter the Great were scarcely sufficient to form themselves into sects, now so powerful by their numbers and their political importance that they have already forced the government and the synod into making some considerable concessions; they see the clergy reduced, thanks to the institutions of Peter, which have been continued and completed by his successors, to mere agents of the police, tools in the hands of power, and forming a caste so despised that rarely is a pope admitted further than the antechamber of any house belonging to a member of the upper classes, and powerless to exercise any influence whatever, even upon the lower orders; this is a true portrait of the Russian Church of to-day—the Russian Church such as the czars have made it. *

And to-morrow?

This to-morrow, now drawing near, will still more clearly reveal what the czars have made of orthodoxy and of the church of which they call themselves the guardians. The day must soon come when, by the intrinsic force of things, the regulations of which we have been speaking will disappear from the Russian Code, and when nothing will force the Russians any longer to keep up any relations with a clergy whom they scorn, nor to practise the religion of which they are the teachers and representatives. That will be the day to which Catherine II. looked forward with so much dread—the day when the Russian people will "know how to read and write, and will feel a desire for instruction." What will happen then in Russia has been shown to us, on a small scale, in what has taken place before our eyes in more than one Catholic country, where the clergy, strong in the support of the laws, lived without anxiety about the future, until political revolutions, coming suddenly to change the relations between church and state, placed them without any preparation face to face with unbelief. We say, however, *on a small scale*, for if the Catholic clergy could not foresee the first outbreak of unbelief, they required but a little space of time in which to moderate or check its progress. Neither in Spain nor Italy can unbelief boast of having greatly diminished the number of Catholics; one might say rather that the new legislation has but served to open an easy way out to those who were such only in name, and has thus delivered the church from them. Information obtained from undoubtedly authentic sources proves that the churches are no less filled by the faithful, and the sacraments no less frequented, than before. This is a state of things, which it will be difficult to find in

* During the last few years endeavors have been made to raise the *status* of the Russian clergy, and although it remains fundamentally the same, the government has given proof of no less good will than intelligence in its endeavors. In fact, terrible reprisals are in store for the upper classes whenever the people shall have lost all faith.

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Russia; and we will mention the reason why.

And in the first place, if it is just to acknowledge that, in some provinces of the countries we have just named, abuses may have crept in among the clergy, still they were neither so serious nor so general as people have been pleased to represent them. Their principal source was to be found in the too great number of ecclesiastics, of whom some had entered holy orders without a true vocation. But, precisely by reason of the large number of priests, there are very many good ones to be found, and enough of these to suffice amply for the needs of the faithful. Their virtues, which contrast with the manner of life habitual to the apostles of irreligion, thus formed a first entrenchment against unbelief.

Will it be the same in Russia?

We are far from wishing to disparage the Russian clergy. Their defects neither destroy nor excuse any which may be met with among Catholic priests; we will even admit that the great majority of the Russian popes lead exemplary lives. But is it known what is the gain to unbelief, in Russia, from even a very small minority of bad popes? In Russia each parish has only just so many priests as are absolutely necessary to carry on the worship; and with scarcely any exceptions, especially in the country, no parish has more than one priest. If, then, this priest lose the faith, unbelief will have free course in his parish. The reader would here perhaps remind us of the monks, who are still numerous in Russia, and ask whether these could not come to the assistance of the secular clergy. Any Russian would smile, were such a question put to him; but we will confine ourselves to remarking, in the first place, that the monks who have received holy orders (*hiero-moines*) are very rare, and, secondly, that never would any Russian parish desire the intervention of a monk. Stations, retreats, spiritual exercises, general communions, all these expressions do not, so far as we know, possess even any equivalents in the Russian language to this day, unless, indeed, in the Catholic books in that tongue which the government of St. Petersburg has recently caused to be printed, in order, it might seem, that more prayers might ascend to heaven in the Russian language, and fewer in Polish. In any case, the interference of monks in the management of parishes would be a far bolder innovation even than the "correction" of the liturgical books, which gained for Russia the ten millions of sectaries she can reckon at the present day. And this comparison reminds us that on the self-same day whereon orthodoxy shall lose the support of the Penal Code, the Russian popes will not only have to defend it against unbelief, but also against the various Russian sects, some of which surpass in their diabolical superstitions and abominable mysteries all that has been related of the Gnostics and Manicheans. And, moreover, it must not be forgotten that the Russian popes, however exemplary they may be, and however full of zeal for orthodoxy, are married priests. Thus one quality is wanting to them, of which the prestige is far from being superfluous.

We will not ask how it happens that the Russian clergy, if truly virtuous, are "cast off by the higher classes, barely tolerated by the middle class, and turned into ridicule by the lower orders of the people," when goodness and virtue

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rarely, if ever, fail to give their possessor an ascendency, especially over the masses, which is independent of either rank or learning. At the same time, we do not intend to place any reliance on the statements we find in Russian writings on this subject; the falsehoods and exaggerations which are so frequent, even in Catholic countries, with regard to priests, make it a duty to receive with mistrust the accusations of the Russians against their clergy. But, we repeat, the Russian clergy who are in contact with the people are married, and this fact deprives them of a quality which is far from being unnecessary.

Here we may perhaps be reminded of the Protestant ministers, especially the Anglican, "so respectable," we are assured, "so surrounded with confidence and esteem, and at the same time a married clergy."

We have made it our rule to avoid all recrimination, and therefore accept on trust all that we are told of the excellence of the Protestant ministers; but we ask, in our turn, how is it possible to establish a parallel between their mission and that of the "orthodox" clergy? Protestantism, of whatever form, recognizes no other judge than individual reason, on many questions touching upon morals, while, on the other hand, the "orthodox" church possesses an authority which decides upon them in the sense least favorable to natural inclinations. It is only some few forms of Protestantism that impose any particular mode of worship; whereas the orthodox communion does not on this point allow freedom of choice to its members. Protestantism has banished expiatory works; the orthodox church requires prolonged fasts and abstinences. Protestantism sends us to God for the humble confession of our sins, but the orthodox church commands that they should be confessed to a priest, in order to obtain, by this painful act of humiliation, the pardon of God. If Protestantism points to Jesus Christ as our model, it nevertheless circumscribes the sphere in which we are allowed to imitate him; while the orthodox church fixes no limit to the imitation of our divine Example. Virginity, poverty, and obedience are for Protestantism that which the cross was to the Gentiles—"foolishness"; but the orthodox church recognizes in them the counsels of perfection bequeathed by Christ himself to those who desire most closely to resemble him.

We will not pursue the parallel further.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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## THE LEAP FOR LIFE.

AN EPISODE IN THE CAREER OF PRES. MACMAHON.

I.

In Algeria, with Bugeaud,
Harassed by a crafty foe,
Were the French, in eighteen hundred thirty-one;
Swarthy Arabs prowled about
Camp and outpost and redoubt
Crouching here and crawling there,
Lurking, gliding everywhere,
Tiger-hearted, under stars and under sun,
Seeking by some stealthy chance
Vengeance on the troops of France—
Vengeance fierce and fell, to sate
Savage rage and savage hate
For the deeds of desolation harshly done.

II.

On a rugged plateau,
Forty miles from headquarters of Marshal Bugeaud,
Lay an outpost, besieged by the merciless foe.
Day by day close and closer the Arab lines drew
Round the hard-beset French.

To dash out and flash through,
Like a wind-driven flame, they would dare, though a host
Hot from Hades stood there. But abandon the post?
Nay, they dare not do that; they were soldiers of France,
And dishonor should stain neither sabre nor lance;
They could bravely meet death, though like Hydra it came
Horror-headed and dire, but no shadow of shame
For a trust left to perish when danger drew nigh
Should e'er dim the flag waving free to the sky.
But soon came a terror more dread to the soul
Than war's wild thunder-crash when its battle-clouds roll,
And the heavens are shrouded from light, while a glare,
As of hell, breaks in hot, lurid streams on the air!

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It was Famine, grim-visaged and gaunt,
To the camp most appalling of foes—
Slow to strike, slow to kill, but full sure
As the swift headsman's deadliest blows.
O'er the ramparts it sullenly strode,
Glided darkly by tent and by wall,
Spreading awe wheresoever it went,
And the gloom of dismay over all;
Blighting valor that ne'er in war's red front had quailed,
Blanching cheeks that no tempest of strife e'er had paled.

III.

Then a council was held, and the commandant said
Direst peril was near; they must summon swift aid
From the Marshal, or all would be lost ere the sun
Of to-morrow went down in the west. Was there one
Who, to save the command and the honor of France,
Would ride forth with despatches? He ceased, and a glance
At the bronzed faces near showed that spirits to dare
Any desperate deed under heaven were there.
But the first to arise and respond was a youth
Whose brow bore nature's signet of courage and truth,
In whose eye valor shone calm and clear as a star
When the winds are at rest and the clouds fade afar.
Who was he that stood forth with such resolute air?
Young Lieutenant MacMahon, bold, free, *débonnaire*,
Never knight looked more gallant with shield and with spear,
Never war-nurtured chieftain less conscious of fear.
In his mien was the heroic flash of the Gaul,
With the fire of the Celt giving grandeur to all;
And he said, head erect, face with ardor aglow,
"I will ride with despatches to Marshal Bugeaud!"

IV.

It is night, and a stillness profound
Folds the camp; Arabs stealthily creep
Here and there in the moonlight beyond,
With ears eagerly bent for a sound
From the garrison, watchful and weak;
O'er the tents welcome night-breezes sweep,
Bringing balm unto brow and to cheek
Of men scorched by a pitiless sun
To a hue almost swarthy and deep
As the hue of the foe they would shun.

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V.

Stretching dimly afar,
Between slopes that are rugged and bare,
Half obscure under moonbeam and star,
Half revealed in the soft, misty air,
Runs a rude, broken way that will lead
Gallant rider and sure-footed steed
Westward forth to the camp of Bugeaud,
Forty miles over high land and low;
But the steed must be trusty and fleet,
And the bridle-hand steady and keen
That shall guide him by rock and ravine,
Where each stride of the galloping feet
Must span dangers that slumber unseen;
And beyond, scarce a league to the west,
Yawns a treacherous chasm, dark and deep,
Where death lurks like a serpent asleep,
And the rider must ride at his best,
And his steed take the terrible leap
Like a winged creature cleaving the air,
Else a grim, ghastly corpse shall be there,
With perchance a steed stark on its breast,
And the moon shall look down with a stare
Where they lie in perpetual rest.

VI.

Now the silence is broken by neigh and by champ
And the clatter of hoofs, and away from the camp
Rides MacMahon, as gallant, as light, and as free
As the bridegroom who goes to his marriage may be.
With prance and with gallop and gay caracole
His swift steed bounds along, as if spurning control;
But the bridle-hand guides him unerring and true,
And each stroke of the hoofs is thew answering thew.
Through the moonlight they go, fading slowly from sight,
Till both rider and steed sink away in the night.
But they go not unheard, and they speed not unseen;
Dark eyes furtively watch, flashing fiercely and keen
From dim ambush around; then like spectres arise
White-robed figures that follow; the rider descries
Them on slope and in hollow, and knows they pursue.
But he fears not their craft or the deeds they may do,
For his brave steed is eager and strong, and the pace
Growing faster and faster each stride of the chase.
Now the slopes right and left seem alive with the foe
Gliding ghost-like along, but still stealthy and low,

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As wild creatures that crouch in a jungle; they think
To entrap him when back from the terrible brink
Of the chasm he returns, for his steed cannot leap
The dread gulf, and the rider will halt when its steep
Ragged walls ope before him, with death lying deep
In the darkness below; they will seize him, and take
From his heart, by fell torture of fagot and stake,
Every secret it holds; then his life-blood may flow,
But he never shall ride to the camp of Bugeaud.

VII.

Still unflinching and free through the moonlight he goes,
And each pulse with the hot flush of eagerness glows.
Now a glance at the path where his gallant steed flies,
Now a gleam at the weird, spectral forms that arise
On the dim, rugged slopes, then still onward and on,
Till he nears the abyss, and its gaping jaws yawn
On his sight; but the rider well knows it is there,
And his speed is soon cautiously checked to prepare
For the desperate leap; he must now put to proof
The true mettle beneath, for the slip of a hoof
Or a swerve on the brink will dash both into doom,
Where the sad stars shall watch o'er a cavernous tomb.
Girth and bridle and stirrup are felt, to be sure
That no flaw shall bring peril—and all is secure;
Then with eyes fixed before, and brow bent to the wind,
And one thought of the foe and his comrades behind,
And a low, earnest prayer that all heaven must heed,
He slacks bridle, plies spur, and gives head to his steed.
With a bound it responds, ears set back, nostrils wide,
And the rush of a thunder-bred storm in its stride!
Now the brink! now the leap! they are over! Hurrah!
Horse and rider are safe, and dash wildly away;
Not a slip, not a flinch, swift and sure as the flight
Of an eagle in mid-air they sweep through the night,
While the baffled foe glare in bewildered amaze
At the fast-flying prey speeding far from their gaze;
And the soft stars grow dim in the dawn's early glow
When MacMahon rides into the camp of Bugeaud.

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# THE YEAR OF OUR LORD 1874.

A GENERAL glance at the movements of the past year will scarcely prove encouraging, even to the most devout believer in the glory and the destiny of the golden century drawing so rapidly to its close. Our own nation, which—with steam, electricity, railroads, the newspaper as it stands to-day in all its power and pride (*vide* the current number of the New York *Herald*), and other great material developments of the age—may consider itself at will as either the mightiest product or the *enfant gâté* of the century, has not too great matter for self-congratulation. Our national year, that dawned on disaster, has struggled through a painful life only to close in gloom, with perhaps a faint though uncertain glimmer afar off of better times to come. The "Christian" statesmen who have had the country and its management all to themselves these many years past have left behind them a bitter legacy. The great scandals—for even scandals in these days have a greatness of their own—which at length broke up the ranks of the "Christian" statesmen were sufficiently touched upon last year, and are only called to mind here as tending in great measure to explain the year of national distress we have just passed through.

All through the winter months the poverty and misery of the masses in New York and other of our chief cities were unexampled in our history; nor was the revival of business during the spring, summer, and fall seasons of such a nature as to warrant the hope of being able to stave off a similar calamity in the early months of the coming year. The real cause of the distress is known to all—the general stagnation of business in 1873, resulting chiefly from the panic of the previous year, which in turn resulted from the corruption in high places of the national, State, and municipal guardians of the public trusts. Public confidence was shattered; business was at a standstill, the masses consequently idle, while a general reduction in the rate of wages begot strikes among such as were not idle. In this connection it may be well to call to mind what was generally observed at the time: the significant absence of the Irish and Catholic body from the seditious meetings; yet on that body fell the burden of the distress. What the disciples of the "Christian" school of statesmen, who gave cause for the sedition by their corruption and dishonesty, would be pleased to term their "foreign" faith, "foreign" education, obedience to the trained body-guard, the priesthood, of a "foreign" potentate, the Pope, alone prevented their falling in with the ranks of sedition. Yet the preaching and practice of the "foreign" faith, we are constanly assured, is the greatest danger to the republic.

The trials of the severe season, however, brought out into startling prominence one great fact: the willingness and resources of the public to encounter an unexpected demand of this kind. New York, for instance, was overrun with public charities and associations for the relief of the poor, the unfortunate, the maimed, the halt, the blind, the fatherless children, helpless women, and so forth. In short, there was scarcely a department of human misery which had not its corresponding asylum, aided in most instances by the State, erected often and paid solely by the State, as well as a variety of others set on foot and kept a-going by private philanthropy or charity. Money from public and private resources had been pouring into these asylums for long years past, without any startling demand being made upon them in return. Now was the time to prove the utility of those institutions, of which we were so justly proud. What was their actual condition? They were for the greater part found practically with exchequers already exhausted, without anything like adequate results being shown. An inquiry as to where all the money had gone succeeded in tracing considerable sums as far as the pockets of the directors, their wives, families, and friends generally, after which all traces myste-



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riously disappeared. The good old maxim that "charity begins at home" would seem to have impressed itself as a necessary truth on the minds of the dispensers of our public charities, and it seems to have been carried out severely to the letter. One consolation was afforded the public, however. For some time past its conscience had been offended by the granting of certain sums—small enough indeed, in comparison with the necessities of the cases—out of the public funds to those social offences known as "sectarian" charities—sectarian charities!—and these sums, such as they were, had within the year been very judiciously and properly withdrawn, in accordance with the spirit of the Constitution, as expounded by the men from whose ranks sprang the Christians of the *Crédit Mobilier* school. It was no small satisfaction to see, in the time of trial, that the public was justified in withdrawing from such institutions the State appropriations, on the ground that they were not distributed as in purely State asylums. How the "sectarian" charities contrasted with the others in the administration and distribution of their funds may be left to the records of the year to tell, as unfolded in the columns of the daily press. Whether a general remodelling of our public institutions, in view of the flagrant mismanagement exhibited last year, be not desirable, is left to the consideration of those most concerned in the matter—the public themselves. As they stand they are an eyesore to honest men, a standing breach of public confidence, and a gross violation of the public contract, to say nothing of what they may be in the eye of a heaven that seems to be getting farther and farther remote from the earth, whereon God once was pleased to walk with the father of mankind.

Our class of statesmen found an easy solution of what Mr. Disraeli esteemed the most difficult problem of politics—the feeding of a people by the government—by an increase of money; and an increase of money is the simplest thing in the world, when money is only so much paper stamped by the government with promise to pay at no very precise date. All that the government had to do in order to ease matters was to draw an unlimited number of I O U's on itself—itself being practically bankrupt for the time being, but relying on the prospect of something eventually "turning up" to its advantage.

The sad conflicts in Arkansas and Louisiana, the hostility between black and white, come in the same order. In this case, in Louisiana at least, the President and his advisers did not show themselves as well as in the quashing of the bill for inflation of the currency. While the party that had recourse to an absolute revolution in the State and in the face of the nation cannot but be condemned, inasmuch as the approaching elections might have peacefully served their purposes to the same end, much more is the government to be condemned which in the first instance gave its sanction and support to a great and standing wrong. Fortunately, but little blood was spilt; yet one drop in such cases is an indication of the neighborhood of a deluge. All hope for the dispersion of this impending deluge rests now chiefly with the party which was returned to power at the November elections.

If the year leaves us with so much to lament, so many vexed problems to solve, so many rocks ahead in our national course, and with only a half-confidence in the crew who are in charge of the ship of state to guide it over the unrevealed dangers of unknown seas, what shall be said of Europe, with its divided nationalities, ambitions, and policies, and only danger as a unit?

The general arming of the nations that began almost half a century ago, but was hurried into feverish activity since the Franco-German war, may now be said to be completed. Russia within half a dozen years will, if peace so far favors her, have three millions of soldiers in the field; France almost as many; Germany, by the enrolment of the Landsturm, has made itself a nation of soldiers; Austria, Italy, and the rest all follow in due order. All Europe is at this moment armed to the teeth, solely to preserve peace. One is irresistibly reminded of an old verse about a strong man armed keeping his house.

A set of fanatics assembled in London to sympathize with the Prussian government in its "struggle" with its Catholic subjects—that is to say, with the wholesale imprisonment of the Catholic bishops and clergy, the suppression of Catholic religious societies, the fining of Catholic ladies for presenting addresses of condolence to the imprisoned ecclesiastics. The meeting of sympathy called forth a very remarkable letter of gratitude

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from the German emperor, and occasioned a general jubilee on the part of the German official press. So far, so good. In the meanwhile a French bishop, thinking, probably, that it is hard for a man whose sole crime consists in the fact of his being a Catholic bishop to be imprisoned for that offence, ventures to deliver a mild opinion on the matter in a pastoral to his flock. Straightway comes out a Prussian official paper with an editorial that for solemnity and massiveness might have been written by the Emperor himself, warning, not the French bishop, but all France, that if it cannot restrain itself from that shocking habit it has acquired of using intemperate language against a neighboring and unusually friendly power, Germany, painful as the task may be to its feelings of humanity, will positively be compelled to take its own measures for its own defence. France immediately takes the hint, eats the leek with all becoming meekness, and a circular couched in the language of the Academy is despatched to the bishops generally, the plain English of which would be to hold their tongues on all German matters, unless, of course, they have something pleasant to say. That may be a very easy task for the bishops, but there still remain those *bêtes-noirs* of offending governments, the gentlemen of the press; and gentlemen of the press, in France as everywhere else, are unhappily distinguished not so much, perhaps, for having opinions of their own, as for giving vent to those opinions, and setting them down in indelible ink. M. Veuillot, the editor of *L'Univers*, is just one of these unfortunate beings. M. Veuillot has a rather strong way of putting things when it pleases him, and M. Veuillot is hardly the man to take a diplomatic hint. The sad duty becomes incumbent on his government, therefore, to give M. Veuillot and his paper a vacation of a couple of months. The vacation was called suspension. It was duly explained that the German government had had nothing whatever to do with the matter, though, strange to say, the French government had never thought of suspending M. Veuillot for hammering away at itself.

Belgium and Italy were threatened in like manner for allowing their subjects freedom of opinion in so important a matter. Even England was warned, but the warning had small effect.

It was whispered, though the correspondence never came to light, that at one period during the past year some sharply-worded notes passed between the German government and our own. What the cause of the sharply-worded notes may have been remains a diplomatic secret. The only thing significant about the matter is that the whisper took shape about a month after the arrest and imprisonment of Archbishop Ledochowski, who had the immortal honor of being the first of the German bishops to surrender the liberty of his person for his faith in this strife. That imprisonment called forth an unanimous condemnation from the American press—not the sectarian press of any creed—that did it honor, and led one to hope that such a thing as principle still existed on the earth, and that genuine homespun American love of liberty was not a meaningless thing.

To the charge of necessary disloyalty to the ecclesiastical laws of Prussia, Catholics will perforce plead guilty—the same Catholics who before the passing of those laws never dreamed of or were accused of disloyalty to the state. Those laws are an insult to the age and to all time. There is not a line of them that does not betray the steel of the executioner, red almost with the blood of his victim. The spirit of Brennus is abroad. The scales of justice show a sadly uneven balance; but the sword of the barbarian tossed in ends all disputes and argument.

Our modern Brennus has struck his blows so rapidly and truly that the world still stares at him in dazed wonder. Success has waited on his footsteps, and men who worship success are not yet sufficiently masters of themselves to measure that success aright. They are afraid to question the actions of a man who seems to strike with the inerrancy of fate. Prince Bismarck had certainly the world on his side; and if the world begins now to fall away from him and recoil, to recover its senses a little, and to question the right and wrong of his actions, he has none but himself to blame.

The signs of the past year tell us that the recoil is beginning to set in. The elections early in the year went against the government. The Catholics gained a large majority on their former number even in Prussia itself. Alsace-Lorraine returned its members simply to protest against annexation, while the socialists were strengthened also. The government still holds a strong majority, it is

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true; but the falling away from its standard within four years of its mightiest triumphs was so significant of what was likely to ensue should the government persevere in its policy, that the first thing taken into consideration immediately after the elections was the restricting of the franchise to such voters as it was felt would return a safe and sure majority for the government. Next to this came measures for the restriction of the liberty of the press, which by the efforts of the Catholic party were defeated.

The obvious question will force itself on the mind: Why should a government so strong and mighty, so beloved of the people, as we are always assured, tremble at the popular voice and at the criticism of a newspaper? The answer is easy. The army bill followed. The government required a peace-effective voted once for all of four hundred and one thousand men. That army was to stand, and, once the bill was passed, parliament was to have no further voice in the matter, whether in regard to payment of the bills or in regulating the number of men. That was to pass completely out of its hands.

For once even the "blustering majority" did not save the government. The terrible danger of the scheme was obvious. The mere presence of so tremendous a standing army was a standing menace not only to the country and its liberties, but to its neighbors. It did not breathe the spirit of peace and rest in the government, and of proper regard for a country already worn and disturbed by three harassing wars occurring in quick succession; while the taking out of the hands of the Houses the control over so large an item of the public funds as was embraced in the bill, was a blow at their privileges to which not even faith in absolutism could blind them. A storm was at once raised. The government staked its existence on the measure. Marshal Moltke rose up in the House, and made a speech in defence of it that will be remembered. He spoke of the alarm caused by Germany to its neighbors. He told them that what they had gained in a few months it would take them fifty years to keep and secure. It was necessary that, though they might not draw the sword, their hand should be for ever on the hilt. He assured them that, after all, wars undertaken and carried through by regular armies were the swiftest and therefore the cheapest. An important consideration that last. As a final argument the veteran told them that "a standing army was a necessity of the times, and he could not but ask the House to devote the figure of four hundred and one thousand rank-and-file as a peace-footing once for all." A peace-footing! But even the marshal's seductive eloquence could not move them.

Prince Bismarck fell sick and retired to Varzin. The Emperor's birthday came round, and the generals of his empire came to congratulate him. He assured them that he would dissolve parliament rather than alter the bill. But his imperial majesty forgot that there were more kingdoms than Prussia concerned in his measures now, and that the dissolution that once before served the King of Prussia sufficiently well might, in the disturbed state of affairs, prove a dangerous experiment to the Emperor of Germany. Finally, as is known, somewhat better counsels prevailed, and a compromise was effected, which limited the figure to three hundred and eighty-five thousand men for seven years. This was a severe check to the government, while it was a lesson to the people to distrust rulers who, in the light of their own schemes, considered the empire as a mere instrument, forgetting wholly that they were for the empire, not the empire for them.

There are many matters in the internal history of Germany during the past year that deserve to be dwelt upon particularly and at length, but a few of which only can be glanced at here. The desire to expand and strengthen itself abroad is natural, and it is strange that the government organs should be so anxious to disavow so praiseworthy an object, provided the motives that urge it are good. It is strange, at the same time, to see how it continues its repressive emigration laws; how anxious so mighty an empire is to keep all its children at home, where they may be serviceable in the Landsturm; and how anxious those children are to get away and come out to us here, leaving behind them and surrendering for ever all the glory and the promise of the newly-founded empire. It is strange, also, to note to what little tricks so great a government can descend in its self-imposed conflict with its Catholic subjects; as, for instance, the forged Papal decree respecting the future election of the Sovereign Pontiff that found its way into the col-

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umns of the Cologne *Gazette* at so opportune a moment as the eve of the German elections. Simultaneously with its appearance we were reminded of the significant declaration of Prince Bismarck in the German parliament, June 9, 1873: "If the message is brought to us that a new Pope has been elected, we shall certainly be entitled to investigate whether he has been duly, properly, and legitimately elected"; that is to say, whether the veto of the head of the Holy Roman Empire—who of course is the Emperor William—and of the other powers possessing a veto whom the German government might influence, has been exercised. "Only if we are satisfied on these heads will he be able to claim in Germany the rights belonging to a Roman Pope."

Out of consideration for Prince Bismarck we pass over those fierce parliamentary storms where his keen opponents, Von Windthorst and Von Mallinkrodt, twitted the Chancellor himself with having been actually guilty of the disloyalty to Prussia and the German soil which he falsely attributed to the Catholics. The prince, amid thunders of applause, charged them with malicious lying; but the charge, though momentarily effective, was not a happy one, as the disclosures of Gen. Della Marmora subsequently showed. Italy was threatened in consequence of Della Marmora's indiscretion, but the threat proved ineffectual. The general said his say, and the lie was stamped on its author. Prince Bismarck's popularity was on the wane, if not in Germany itself, certainly in a very large circle outside of Germany where he had hitherto been worshipped as one who with some justice described himself as "the best-hated man in Europe." Then, fortunately for himself, as fortunately as a scene in a drama, came the *Deus ex machinâ* in the pistol of Kullmann to relieve him from his momentary misfortunes. Prince Bismarck was not the man to miss so fine an opportunity of turning to account the insane attempt of the son of a madman on his life, and we were flooded with the time-honored taunts of means to ends because a man of notoriously bad and violent character, who happened to have been present at some Catholic meetings, committed the wicked and utterly unjustifiable act of firing a pistol at the Chancellor. There are some two hundred million Catholics in the world; there are in Germany fourteen or fifteen, in Prussia alone eight millions, of the same creed. Of all these millions one man, of wicked antecedents and insane descent, is found to commit an act abhorrent to the Catholic conscience all the world over, and at once the universal conscience of that mighty multitude is with a benignant generosity centred in the person of this wretch, who, whether, as many believed, a dupe of the government tools or a dupe of his own disordered intellect, was equally a wretch. Why not turn the argument the other way? Why not wonder at the sublime patience of the people who see the sacred persons of their bishops and priests dragged from the altar-steps, stripped of their goods, and buried in fortresses, for the crime of violating laws that were made to be violated, without moving a hand to prevent such constant outrages, because the teachings of those disloyal priests and bishops, of that arch-foe to German nationality, the Pope, never cease to forbid armed resistance to the most oppressive laws that were ever framed? Two or three officials have been sent alone among a vast multitude of Catholics to drag before their very eyes the priest whose Mass they have just attended, from the altar of Christ to a prison—for what possible purpose but to provoke bloodshed and insurrection? Happily, the people were still by the efforts of the clergy restrained from putting themselves at the mercy of a government that knows no mercy; but who shall say how long that patience will endure? And this is the government whose sole aim is the unity and consolidation of Germany and the happiness of every section of its people!

As the Von Arnim case is still pending, it is useless to conjecture what the documents may contain whose possession prompted Prince Bismarck to arrest and confine in a common prison the man who next after himself stood the foremost in the German nation. The arrest to the world at large showed more forcibly than anything that has yet taken place to what lengths the chief of the Prussian government can go; how easily he can trample under foot every tradition of civilization and every feeling of humanity to crush a foe or sweep from his path a possible danger to himself. It is probable that the documents turn chiefly on his foreign policy, and would stamp in indelible characters that policy, which it needs no

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writing to tell us threatens not only the church, but the peace of Europe, and, through Europe, of the world, perhaps for centuries to come. Such disclosures would in the eyes of outraged Germany and Europe necessitate his deprivation of a power he has so fatally abused.

France struggles on still without a government; that is to say, without a government of which six weeks of existence could be safely predicated. The changes in the ministry have been changes of men rather than of measures. The various parties are still at daggers-drawn and rather on the increase than otherwise. The Count of Chambord seems for the present to have retired from the contest—a wise and patriotic example, which if all could follow, the country might be allowed breathing time and some fair chance of arriving at a sound judgment as to what was the exact government it wanted—a problem which the French nation has seemed incapable of solving since the first Revolution. The Bonapartists have profited by the withdrawal of the Count, and displayed an earnestness, boldness, and activity which have been crowned with some success, but marked by the disregard of the nation and its submergence in the family name and fame that seem the chief characteristics of "the Napoleonic idea." The coming of age of the son of the late emperor was marked by a theatrical display and oracular speeches worthy of the Second Empire at its zenith. There have been the usual "scenes" in the French Assembly. The "intervals of ten minutes" and "intervals of a quarter of an hour" have been alarmingly frequent, and after some sittings the air bristled with challenges from warlike deputies, which afforded excellent material for the illustrated journals; but, on the whole, few more dangerous weapons than the peaceful pocket-handkerchief were drawn, and the pocket-handkerchief, as all public orators know, is a vast relief in trying moments. M. Thiers has preferred the Apennines to the tribune, and has happily spoken more in Italy than in the Chambers. M. Gambetta, for a man of his calibre, has been singularly well behaved on the whole, and we have not had so many of those journeys to the disaffected districts of which at one time he threatened to be so fond. Sad to say, it is the soldier-president who has thus far kept the disorderly parties from flying at each other's throats by the sheer force of the army, on which he silently leans all the while. France is practically in the hands of a military dictator. She is happy in her dictator—that is all. Marshal MacMahon, on succeeding M. Thiers, promised to answer for order, and he has kept his word. More than that, he has, wisely for France, however sad it may be to say so, made the Assembly keep its word and abide by the *septennate* which it conferred on him. He has used his vast power with a singular discretion, a patriotism unexampled almost in the face of opportunities that would turn the head of many a greater man, and an honest single-mindedness that has clearly nothing else than the good of the whole country in view. The last symbol of a now ineffectual protection, and indeed for a long time an insincere one, of the Holy Father, has been withdrawn in the *Orénoque*. It is better so. It is better, perhaps, since matters have been pushed so far, that the Holy Father stand absolutely alone, powerless and defenceless, in the eyes of earth and heaven. The power of God alone can now restore to him what is his by right. To-day among all the European governments there is none so poor as to do him reverence. England has recently withdrawn even its shadow of a diplomatic representative, which possibly marks the beginning of the "little more energy in foreign policy and little less in domestic legislation" that Mr. Disraeli advised while still in opposition.

In all other respects except politics France has every reason to be congratulated. The earnest turning of the people's heart to God, the desertion of whom called down such terrible punishments, seems in no degree to diminish. The seasons have been propitious, and the vintage of 1874 has been of unexampled excellence and productiveness. The exports of the year were marvellously increased, and God's blessings would seem to be raining down again on this sorely-tried land and people. All that is needed is a good and firm government, of which, however, as yet, there seems no immediate prospect. France is as open as ever to surprises; and it is absolutely impossible to forecast its political future.

England has experienced a peaceful revolution similar to our own, and one almost as astonishing in its suddenness, though, as in our case, there were not wanting indications of the change in par-

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ties which has taken place, as will be found duly noted by those who care to look at THE CATHOLIC WORLD'S review for 1873. On January 22 Mr. Gladstone issued his memorable "prolix narrative," announcing, to the surprise of all men, the immediate dissolution of Parliament. The sudden and, under the circumstances, unexampled action of the premier looked remarkably like a desire to take time by the forelock, and by the suddenness of the attack shatter and utterly discomfit the slowly-gathering forces of the opposition. If such were the real intention, it was miserably miscalculated and singularly ill-advised. The country was as much outraged as shocked, and showed its appreciation of Mr. Gladstone's skill at a *coup* by returning a very handsome Conservative majority, so that Mr. Disraeli, happy man! found himself, to his own surprise, no less than Mr. Gladstone's, within three weeks of the dissolution, at the head of a strong government and party, with his old rival deep in the shade. The result of the English elections may prove a lesson to popular leaders for the future not to presume too much on their popularity, not to jeopardize a powerful party, and throw an empire into sudden confusion by what looks too much like a freak that it is hoped may win by "a fluke."

The most significant lesson of the elections, perhaps, was the instantaneous triumph of the Home Rule party in Ireland, while as yet it was to all appearance in its infancy, and almost beneath the rational notice of the English press. It had only provoked derision and calumny. We were constantly told that it had no hold on the heart of the people, that it claimed no men of note, that the nobility and gentry held aloof from it, and so forth.

The "wild adherents" of the "wild folly" have taught even the London *Times* to respect them; and much reason had they to be pledged to their wild folly, if the words of a man whose opinion is certainly of some value on the subject have any weight: "Ireland at this moment is governed by laws of coercion and stringent severity that do not exist in any other quarter of the globe." Those words were spoken on the 4th of February, 1874. The speaker was Mr. Disraeli, the present Prime Minister of England. The laws that provoked the observation of so eminent an English statesman still prevail in Ireland. The appeal for amnesty for the unfortunate remnant of the Irish political prisoners has, since those words were spoken, been refused by Mr. Disraeli. And yet the Irish calendars for this year, as for many a year past, were the cleanest in the world and the freest from crime of all kinds. Such is the nation governed at this moment by laws such as Mr. Disraeli has described. The result of such government can scarcely recommend its dispensers to the nation governed, and yet their appeal for control of their own affairs, which the English Parliament confessedly does not understand, and, if it did understand, has, as it acknowledges, too much business on its hands properly to attend to, is a wild folly!

The chief piece of English legislation during the year has been what was embodied in "the bill to put down ritualism"—that is to say, the regulation of divine worship as understood in the church established by act of Parliament. Ritualism, or the "Romanizing tendency," as it is strangely termed, in the Anglican Church, has been put down, as far as an act of Parliament can put it down. Our ritualists on this side were put down also, for their bishops followed that authority in their church known as the British Parliament, composed respectively of Anglicans, Dissenters, Jews, Quakers, and other sects, with, worst of all, a strong contingent of Roman Catholics. That hydra-head of the Anglican Church regulated for it to a nicety, pronounced upon its devotions, practices, sacraments, vestments, ornaments, postures of the body, bendings of the knee, elevations of the hands, prostrations, crossings, and so forth, as calmly and in as business-like a fashion as though it were sitting on an income tax; and the church that we are so solemnly assured by learned men like Bishop Coxe, if it dates not exactly from the Ist, certainly dates from somewhere in the neighborhood of the IVth, century, with a subsequent lamentable gap up to the XVIth, when the Apostle Henry and others of that ilk came to renovate and restore it to its pristine purity, bowed meekly to the infallible decision of the business-like assembly of Jews, infidels, Quakers, Dissenters, Anglicans, and Roman Catholics. What would S. Peter and S. Paul think of it all?

Something far more serious than this, and of far deeper import to the nation,

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was the long and persistent strike of the agricultural laborers, which was carried on on a most extensive scale, and with a union that was not thought to exist in the successor of the Saxon hind. Once the ball of disaffection is set rolling, it is very hard to say where it will stop. It is clear that the unions have at last permeated the entire body of the English laboring-classes. The trades-unions are too often cousins-german to the secret societies. The mass of the English agricultural classes, in common with the vast majority of the English laboring-classes and artisans, have no religion at all. The disaffection with the present order of things in England, though less pronounced than in most modern European nations, has been long gathering, is rapidly spreading, and is beyond all doubt of a nature to excite considerable alarm. Loss of religion, it is needless to say, leaves the minds and hearts of men open to all evil, and it would be beyond stupidity to shut one's eyes to the very plain fact that the spirit of evil and of general disaffection is particularly active all the world over just at present. Banish religion, banish the guiding hand of God from your objective laws and from the heart and sight of your people, and the people will look on the powers that be, of whatsoever nature, as oppressors, on the rich as despoilers of the poor, on the employers as their tyrants.

A most important movement, and one that we welcome with all our hearts, is the bold step taken at last by the English hierarchy in founding a Catholic university in England. The want has long been felt in that country of a centre of Catholic intellect, culture, and thought, to vie with those seats of learning which the piety of their Catholic forefathers had left as priceless heirlooms to their Catholic children, but which, with all holy places and all holy things, had by the national apostasy become perverted from the purpose of their pious founders, and fallen by a too easy lapse from centres of false faith to centres of no faith at all. In England and Ireland, as with us, the means of providing higher education for students desirous of attaining it have been hitherto necessarily and lamentably deficient. The Catholic University in Ireland and this later one in England give promise that, with proper encouragement from the wealthy and intelligent laity, this long-felt want will be at length adequately supplied. These are days when the Catholic laity, to whom now all positions, or at least very important ones, are fairly open, are in duty bound to take their stand as becomes loyal children of a mother universally assailed. The laity can penetrate where the clergy have no voice. They are, as S. Peter called them, and as they have so signally proved themselves in Germany, "a kingly priesthood." But to take a stand similar to that taken by the noble German phalanx, that "thundering legion" in the service of the pagan empire, they must be equal to their adversaries in culture, refinement, and address, all which come more by education than from nature. Many a great mind has retired within a narrow circle for which it was certainly not born, and its efforts rendered half nugatory by lack of that early association and training which a great university, an intellectual focus of the brightest minds in the galaxy of letters, is intended to and does supply. We look, then, with as much hope as expectancy to this step on the part of the English hierarchy, who have saved their children from the allurements of a satanic culture by supplying them with men of recognized intellectual standing and acknowledged faith in Christ and in his church. Our only hope is that in our own country we soon may rival them.

Some mention will probably be looked for here of the controversy, as it is called, which has sprung up in consequence of a recent pamphlet written by Mr. Gladstone; but there is little need of such mention, inasmuch as Mr. Gladstone seems to have been sufficiently answered by the very men whom his pamphlet was intended chiefly to affect—the Protestants of England. Whether so intended or not, it was beyond all doubt an attempt altogether unworthy the high character of the distinguished author to rouse the rancor of the English Protestants against their Catholic fellow-subjects. Could we altogether rid ourselves of the respect with which Mr. Gladstone, take him all in all, has hitherto inspired us, as a man whose heart was as large and loyal as his intellect, and that intellect inspired with reverence for God and holy things, his latest exploit could only be described as a vulgar "No Popery" appeal to the worst classes and most degraded passions of English society, delivered in bad taste and worse faith, and, to crown

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the list of offences, as a political mistake, which has already failed in its object of establishing him, as Earl Russell once was, and as men of the Newdegate and Whalley type would be, as the English "No Popery" champion and leader, while it effectually alienates from him once for all a large and influential body of supporters on whom he has often counted, and on whom there was no reason to believe that a genuine change of front on his part might not have led him to count again. That his pamphlet is all this is true; that Mr. Gladstone intended it to be all this there is too much reason to believe, but of that he himself alone can tell. If the leader of the English Liberal party is pleased to be patted on the back by the men in Germany who patted on the back the orators of Exeter Hall who met to sympathize with the German persecution of Germans whose only crime was their Catholic faith, and whose only stain was and is their readiness to sacrifice life, lands, and liberty in defence of that faith, he is welcome to his ill-earned applause and doubtful honor.

The space already given to the important topics touched upon leaves little room for comment on others. And indeed the story, as far as the Catholic Church and general politics are concerned, is much the same all the world over. Austria has followed in the wake of Prussia, though its ecclesiastical laws do not seem to have been carried out with the brutal thoroughness of its neighbor. Italy continues in its downward course. The state of its finances is appalling, and yet it plies whip and spur with reckless speed into chaos. Brigandage, in the south chiefly, grows worse and worse. Civil marriage there, as in Prussia, is the law established. A new phase of the secret societies crops out from time to time. It has tried the scheme of popular election of the *curés* as did Switzerland and Germany, with a like result in all cases—an absurd *fiasco*. It has made great strides in the way of popular education, with the result pictured by the special correspondent of the London *Times*: "The property that is taken from some of the Capuchin convents in Tuscany, and sold at auction, is bought back at the auction by 'pious benefactors,' who recall the scattered fraternity to their deserted and desecrated homes, and restore monachism on conditions more favorable than those on which it stood before its suppression. The central government and the municipalities in Italy strain every nerve to supply the people with a free and good education, but their schools have to strive hard to withstand the competition which is raised against them by the Scolopii in Florence, the Barnabites in Milan, and the Ignorantins in Turin. . . . There are now Waldensian, Methodist, and other evangelical churches and schools in Rome, as in other Italian cities, but their success is not very encouraging, even in the opinion of their candid promoters." And we may add, for the benefit of the ardent but foolish supporters of the Van Meter and such like schemes, a further extract from the same correspondent: "Attempts to allow the people to elect their parish priests without the permission of, and even in direct opposition to, the bishop of the diocese have been made in some Mantuan rural districts and elsewhere, but hitherto with no extensive or decisive results; and the Gavazzi, Passaglia, Andrea, and others, who would have ventured on a reforming movement within the church itself, have met with no support whatever, either on the part of the government authorities or of public opinion."

The celebration of the twenty-eighth anniversary of the elevation of our Holy Father, Pope Pius IX., to the chair of Peter, was general throughout Christendom, but desecrated in Rome by the infamous action of the usurping government in clearing the streets of the crowds who were peacefully returning from the *Te Deum* in S. Peter's. Violent arrests were made on no pretext whatever, some of the persons arrested being English and American Protestant ladies. On the evening following, and with the connivance of the present Roman authorities, a hideous crowd assembled at midnight to howl cries of hate and blasphemy under the windows of the Sovereign Pontiff. Not religion alone, but common humanity, seems to have been banished from Rome by the entrance of Victor Emanuel. Our constant prayer should be that the great Pontiff, whose conspicuous virtues, and sufferings so patiently borne for Christ's sake, may be preserved to his children long to witness with his own eyes the end of the blasphemy, violence, and imposture which now beset him on all sides.

Switzerland has almost out-Prussiaed

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Prussia in its assault on the Catholic Church. So much for the freedom of the typical republic! It has changed its constitution into despotism, driving away the Catholic voters from the polls by intimidation and violence. Even Loyson has felt himself compelled to cry out against its excesses, and resigned his curacy at Geneva. The constitution which it has now adopted, it rejected only two years since. It completely subjects religion to the state, and renders it impossible for a Catholic priest to remain in his native country and practise the duties of his office. Civil marriage here again is the order of the day. Marriages, it used to be said, were made in heaven. Their birthplace has been transferred to the office and celestial presence of his eminence the town-clerk.

In Spain the struggle has assumed a fiercer and more determined character than ever. Castelar, who is already and very deservedly forgotten, was president at the opening of the year. His success in that *rôle* was what might have been expected, and what has fully justified the opinion held of him throughout in these pages. He was defeated on reading his message to the Cortes in January—a message of despair. General Pavia cleared the Cortes and took possession with his troops. The movement was so well planned that no rising took place. Indeed, it was hard to say for what or for whom a rising should have been made. There was no government; almost all the prominent men had been tried in turn and failed, and the last was the least capable of all. Serrano came to the front again; the whole movement was probably his. Cartagena, which had so long held out against a bombardment by sea and land, was taken soon after, and there remained no foe in the field but Don Carlos, who had profited by the diversion at Cartagena. Bilbao was seriously threatened by the Carlist forces, and would have proved, if taken, an important prize to them. Serrano hastened to its relief with all the available forces of the country, and, aided by Marshal Concha, succeeded in raising the siege without inflicting any material loss on the enemy. Marshal Concha he left to prosecute the campaign, and for the first time since their last rising the Carlists found themselves sore beset. A bullet at Estella, however, ended the checkered career of the most dangerous opponent they had yet encountered, and victory after victory of more or less importance has, with an occasional reverse, continued to crown their arms. More than once have we been assured of their annihilation, only to see them appear with renewed strength, and add another victory to their crown. Through the influence of Germany the European powers with the exception of Russia, have recognized a republic which does not exist, and does not promise to exist, in Spain. At one time Prussia threatened to interfere immediately, and may at any time renew the attempt. The reason for this interference is obvious. A Prussianized Spain would serve as a double-barrelled gun, covering at once Rome and France. Whereas the success of Don Carlos is the success of a Catholic sovereign and a Bourbon; consequently a friend to France, whatever may be the government in that country. Russia's refusal to join in its schemes was, however, a little too significant to ignore, and love, which was never at fever-point between what are now the rival powers in Europe, was not increased by this rebuff. In the meanwhile Spain is suffering terribly in blood, in commerce, in everything that makes the life of a nation, by this prolonged struggle, which it was our hope to see concluded ere this by the victory of the only man who can promise the Spaniards a safe and vigorous government, and who has proved himself possessed of all the qualities of king, general, and, as far as we are able to judge, truly Christian leader—Don Carlos.

In Mexico, Brazil, Venezuela, and other of the South American states, the struggle between church and state in Europe has been repeated, even to the seizure of property, the expulsion of priests and nuns, the imprisonment of bishops and priests. One little republic alone, that of Equador, has set a noble example to the world of loyalty to the Catholic faith and to the Apostolic See by devoting a large sum out of the public funds to the aid of the Holy Father. The secret societies have seemingly as strong a hold in South America as in Italy, and the boldness with which they act is manifested by the severity of the sentences passed on the Bishops of Olinda and Para, the Archbishops of Caracas and Venezuela, and the aged Bishop of Merida. Those are still Catholic states, and it is to be hoped that

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all true Catholics there will exert themselves and use the lawful power that is in their hands to put a stop to the scenes of outrage and brutal violence that are constantly on the increase.

It is time that civilized governments, or those that claim the title, should unite to put a stop to the horrible periodical massacres of Christians in China, of which the details reach us from time to time, particularly during the past year. It is a shame upon all nations that peaceful women should be outraged and brutally cut to pieces, as are the Catholic nuns in that country. The European powers and our own could, if they chose, put a stop to this infamous practice—for practice it is. And our own government might well take the initiative in the matter. We welcome the Chinese into this country. They come in swarms; they find home and labor, and reward for their labor. They live among us, and leave us, unmolested to the last. Their very idolatry is allowed; and yet at almost stated intervals their countrymen rise up and horribly mutilate and murder our dearest and best.

Of actual wars during the year there have been happily few. The defeat of the Ashantees, and the burning of their capital city by the British forces, adds, it is to be presumed, a new lustre to the glories of England. The Dutch retaliated for their defeat of the year previous in Acheen by in turn defeating the Achinese. Russia is securing its footsteps as it advances into Asia. An invasion of Formosa by the Japanese, who are becoming more and more amenable to European customs, ended strangely by a payment of indemnity on the part of China and the departure safe home of the Japanese. The usual chronic revolutions might be recorded of one or more of the South American states, but beyond this there is nothing very sanguinary to record.

An event that will long be memorable, and which excited very general interest outside, was the departure for the first time of a body of pilgrims from this country to Lourdes and Rome, under the guidance of the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Fort Wayne and the Rev. P. F. Dealy, S.J. They were received with special marks of affection by the Holy Father, who declared that in this country he was more Pope than in any other.

An event that excited extraordinary commotion and a general display of a strange splenetic hate on the part of the English press was the quiet conversion to the Catholic faith of the Marquis of Ripon, who, in addition to his hereditary title and established character as an English statesman, added that of Grand Master of the Freemasons in England. Among other conversions was that of the Queen Dowager of Bavaria.

We are not in the position to compare the statistics of the past year's capital crimes or suicides with those of former years; but whether they be greater or less, they are alarmingly great. Suicide and murder were startlingly frequent during the year; and as far as passing glances at the reports in the newspapers would justify an opinion, they seem in most cases to have resulted from wicked and immoral lives. For a time masked burglary threatened to become the fashionable crime of the year. A speedier sentence and a more honest dispensing of the law than often prevails would more materially, perhaps, than any other means tend to diminish the long annual list of offences against life and property. Education, to be sure, is a great thing, and there will be an opportunity in the coming year of seeing how the new law of compulsory education for all children will work in the State of New York. The question is too large a one to enter into here. As has been shown over and over again, compulsory education with us means practically a compulsory Protestant education; for Protestantism, if not actually taught, is done so at least negatively, for many of the class-books teem with Protestantism from cover to cover. That, however, is a matter within the power of remedy to a great extent. The compulsory education of Prussia that is so much extolled allowed the Catholic priest and the Protestant minister to teach their respective religions at stated hours, in opposite corners of the schools, even though they had Sunday-schools as well. But our only safeguard is our own schools for our own children, and it is gratifying to note the zeal with which both clergy and laity have combined during the past year to establish Catholic schools all over the country. That is the first thing to be done. Let us first have our own schools, and then we may fairly see about the management of our own moneys.

Only a few of the distinguished dead

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who have gone out with the year can be mentioned. The church in the United States has lost five venerable servants and pioneers of faith, in Bishops Melcher of Green Bay, O'Gorman, of Omaha, Whelan of Wheeling, McFarland of Hartford, and Bacon of Portland. The College of Cardinals has lost three of its members: Cardinal Barnabo, the great Prefect of the Propaganda, to whom the church in this country is greatly indebted; Cardinals Falcinelli and Tarquini. The Christian Brothers lost their venerable superior, Brother Philippe, whose funeral was attended by the chief notabilities of Paris, together with a vast crowd of people of all ranks and conditions in life, so much so that as the white flag was the suspicious color just then, and as that flag has the misfortune under its present holder of being connected with religion, the keen-scented gentry of the press discovered in this last tribute to a man who had spent his life in doing good a Chambordist demonstration. The death of Mgr. de Merode was a great loss to the Holy Father, as well as to a multitude of friends. An interesting comparison might be made between the purposes to which he devoted his vast wealth and those of a man still more wealthy who died within the year—the Baron Mayer de Rothschild. His admiring chronicler in the leading English journal informs us that the baron, who, in addition to his other admirable qualities, was a silent member in the English Parliament, spared no expense to erect in his own palace a museum "adorned with all that is beautiful." "He applied himself systematically to breeding racehorses," in compensation for which exceptional virtue the same glowing chronicler assures us that "when he won, a year ago, the Dudley, the Oaks, and the St. Leger, all the world felt that a piece of good and useful work had been performed." Well, well! Did not our own Sumner leave life this very year amid general regret, sighing only that his book was not completed? Had that been finished, he would not have cared. And, thinking thus, went out one who is a part of our history, and whose name, though it did not fulfil all its earlier promise, was great among us. Ex-President Fillmore died almost unnoticed. Certain news of the death of Dr. Livingstone in 1873 arrived during the year. Art has lost Kaulbach, who devoted his undoubted genius to attacking the church, and Foley. One of the men of a century died in Guizot. Merivale and Michelet are lost to history, Shirley Brooks to light literature. Strauss, the infidel, perhaps, has learnt at last the truth of an awkward verse in S. James. Not only Germany, but the Catholic cause all the world over, has sustained a sad and in a sense irreparable loss in the great and chivalrous leader of the Catholic centre in the German parliament, Herr von Mallinkrodt, whom divine Providence was pleased to call away in the height of a career of great usefulness to the church and to society. He was a foe whom Prince Bismarck dreaded and had reason to dread—one of those men whom no weak point escapes, no side issue can divert, no opponent cow. Adam Black and the monstrosity known as the Siamese Twins died during the year.

And now the glance at the outline of the general year and some of its chief incidents is completed. With every succeeding year we look forward with more anxiety than confidence into the future. There are terrible forces, long concealed, nearer the social surface than they ever were before, and they come up now, as a consequence probably, just when the general bond that ought to hold the human family together is at the loosest; when men are ready to burst all bounds and call everything in question; and when the lights of the age can only tell man that he is nothing more than a fortuitous cohesion of irresponsible atoms, begotten of void only to fall back into it. The only bond that can bind the human family together is "the one law, one faith, one baptism," preached nineteen centuries ago in Judæa by the lips of the Son of God. And it is just that faith that is now being as fiercely assailed as it ever has been within the Christian era. There is not merely an arming of material forces going on silently. There is a clash of faith, of intellect, of moral principles, of all that guides and constitutes the inner and the greater life of man; and of the double collision, the material and the spiritual, that seems to hang over us and make heavy with foreboding the air of all the world. Though supernatural faith may not doubt as to the issue, human weakness cannot but tremble and grow faint at the prospect.

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## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

ORIENTAL AND LINGUISTIC STUDIES. Second Series. By W. D. Whitney, Professor of Sanscrit and Comparative Philology in Yale College. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. 1874.

Yale College well deserves the name of university in common with its great rival, Harvard. The advance it has made within the last twenty-five years is something really remarkable, and, to the great honor of its governing body, this advance has kept pace in linguistic studies with the improvement in the departments of mathematics and physics. One of the functions of a university is the production of really learned and solid books for the instruction of readers generally, as well as students in particular branches. The volume before us is a specimen of this class. Whatever we may think of some of Prof. Whitney's theories and opinions, we must acknowledge the evidence of study, labor, and great care to present the results of learning and thought on important and interesting subjects, which his works exhibit.

The contents of the present volume are somewhat varied and miscellaneous. One of the topics treated of, which deserves special attention, is the spelling and pronunciation of the English language. The variations of spelling are not so numerous and important as are those of pronunciation, but in this latter respect our language is certainly in a state which is most unsatisfactory and vexatious, and becoming every day worse. We are not an advocate of any revolutionary project in regard to phonetic spelling, but we do most earnestly desire a fixed and uniform standard, and still more a rule of uniformity in pronunciation. Mr. Whitney's researches into this subject are extremely curious, valuable, and often amusing, and he shows a very peculiar and ingenious facility of describing and expressing the various oddities and extravagances of individual or provincial usage. The question at once suggests itself whether there are any practicable means of fixing a standard of spelling and pronunciation. If it were question of a language spoken by one nation only, we can see very easily that an academy might be established which should settle all these matters by authority. An Englishman might assert the right of England to determine all usages in respect to the English language, and the corresponding obligation of all English-speaking peoples to conform to an authoritative standard furnished by an academy in England. Americans might not be satisfied with this. The further question arises, therefore, whether it be possible that English and American scholars should do something concurrently in this direction.

Mr. Whitney has given in some other papers, with a condensed but clear exposition, historical and philosophical views of India and China which will probably have more interest to the great body of readers than any other portions of his volume. In respect to one very important aspect of these topics, the missionary aspect, he shows impartiality and manifest effort to conform his statements and judgments to historical facts and a real rather than a fanciful standard. There is no attempt to claim for Protestant missions greater success than they have had, and a very fair tribute of praise is given to the celebrated Catholic missionaries who have labored in that arduous field. Yet, like other Protestants, Mr. Whitney shows himself not well informed about the practical results at which Catholic missionaries aim, and which, in so far as that is possible, they accomplish, in making their converts solidly pious and virtuous Christians.

Among the other topics treated of in this volume, the most important are Müller's *Chips from a German Workshop*, Cox's *Aryan Mythology*, and the "Lunar Zodiac of India, Arabia, and China." We have not examined these and previous essays of the learned author, in which the formation of languages and mythologies is treated of, with sufficient attention to be enabled to understand clearly his fundamental theory of the origin and history

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of religion. We therefore abstain from any attempt at a critical judgment; and, in regard to Mr. Whitney's own special department of *Sanscrit*, very few critics can safely venture on that ground. Thorough and solid studies in these recondite branches of knowledge must lead to results advantageous to religion as well as to merely human science. We rejoice, therefore, in the noble and in many respects successful efforts of Mr. Whitney and his associates to promote the cause of high education in this country. We trust that their example may be emulated by those who have the principal charge of the higher education of our Catholic youth. The English bishops have already inaugurated the University College of Kensington with a faculty worthy of Oxford or Cambridge. When will the first steps be taken for a similar institution among ourselves?

THE KING'S HIGHWAY; OR, THE CATHOLIC CHURCH THE WAY OF SALVATION, AS REVEALED IN THE HOLY SCRIPTURES. By the Rev. Augustine F. Hewit, of the Congregation of S. Paul. New York: The Catholic Publication Society. 1874.

This work of Rev. Father Hewit supplies a want we have often felt in instructing converts to the church. There are many sincere persons looking for light, and dissatisfied with the religious sect in which they were born, who have no idea of the church, nor the office it holds in the plan of redemption. The denomination to which they belong has never been of any use to them, and has, in fact, disclaimed all power to guide or help them. It requires often some time to overcome their prejudice against any kind of instrumentality between their souls and God. They believe in the Sacred Scriptures, which they have never deeply studied, but which they hold to be the oracles of divine truth. In their opposition to the Catholic faith they have been fighting against the only thing which can fill up the desire of their hearts, and bring into blessed harmony all they know of God and all they seek from his hands. To such this book will be as a messenger from heaven. It will remove their doubts, and from the inspired writings will prove to them the error of Protestant theories, and show how Christ our Redeemer is only to be found in his church, "which is his body," which "he filleth all in all." Written in the clear, graceful, and forcible style which distinguishes all the works of the author, it brings forth an argument which no honest mind can resist. It points out "the King's highway," so plainly that "the wayfaring man, though a fool, cannot fail to find it." The first chapters are devoted to a refutation of the false theories of Calvinism and Lutheranism. By the plain language of the Bible they are shown to be opposed to the divine Word, contradictory of each other, and hostile to the very nature and attributes of God. The true doctrine of redemption is then set forth from the Scriptures, with the office of faith and the prerequisites of justification. The whole system of salvation, as the mercy of Jesus Christ has revealed it, arises in its beauty and fulness before the eyes of the sincere, and the Catholic Church opens its door to the weary and heavy-laden, that they may enter in to praise God and find rest to their souls. We have nowhere seen a more clear and effective demonstration of our divine religion from the Scriptures. We have only to pray that it may have a large circulation among the honest inquirers after truth in this day of darkness and infidelity. Protestants of the old class profess a great reverence for the Bible, which is to them a kind of rule of faith. The diligent reading of this work will convince them that they cannot follow the Scriptures and remain where they are; that Catholics alone can understand and obey the written Word of God. Neither can they abide in the creed of their fathers amid the errors and disorganizing influences of this day. They must go forward and keep the truth they have already received by embracing all to which it leads, or lose what they have in the misery of doubt and unbelief. The day of grace for dogmatic Protestants is well-nigh gone.

We have only to add the earnest wish that Catholics generally would read this book and profit by the instruction it contains. There are very many among us who might lead others to the truth, if they were better informed as to the grounds of their faith, and the points of controversy which separate the conflicting Christian sects from the church. Idleness and ignorance will be a fearful burden to bear before the Judge of all. The talent hidden in the ground will be demanded with interest, and the unprofit-

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able servant will have to answer for light unimproved and grace unfruitful. The souls we could have saved will rise up against us in the day of our greatest need. "Unto whomsoever much is given, of him much shall be required."

T. S. P.

THREE ESSAYS ON RELIGION. By John Stuart Mill. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1874.

What John Stuart Mill was, and what his life was, our readers have been already informed in a review of his *Autobiography*. The prince of modern English sophists and sceptics, he was as miserable and hopeless in life and death as the victim of an atheistical education might be expected to be; as miserable as a man outwardly prosperous, enjoying the resources of a cultivated mind, and exempted by the moral force of his character from the consequences of gross crimes, could well become. These three *Essays* are essays of the unhappy sceptic to reduce his readers to the same miserable condition. Their scope is to overturn, not revealed religion alone, but all theism; to destroy the belief in God; and to substitute the most dreary atheism, fatalism, and nihilism for the glorious, elevating, consoling faith of the Christian, and the imperfect but yet, in itself, ennobling philosophy of the higher class of rationalists. It is a very bad sign for our age, and a worse omen for the future, that men can profess atheism without incurring public odium and disgrace, and that respectable publishers find it for their interest to flood the market with the deadly literature which is worse than that of France during the age of Bayle and Voltaire. A large class of booksellers may always be found, not scrupulous or over-sensitive in their consciences about right and wrong in morals, when money is to be made. We suppose, however, that those of them who expect to make fortunes and transmit them to their children would like to have the good order of society continue. What can such gentlemen be thinking of when they help to lay the train under the foundations of order and social morality? We know of a man who helped to run his own bank, in which he had many thousands of dollars invested, by demanding specie for a hundred-dollar bill during a panic. Old John Bunyan tells of a certain person living in the town of Mansoul whose name was Mr. Penny wise-pound-foolish. Every one who helps on the spread of atheism, materialism, impiety in any shape, even if he makes money or fame by it, is helping to run his own bank. Moreover, he is helping to train the generation of those who will cut the throats of the whole class he belongs to. We are just now very wisely, though somewhat tardily, bringing the odious Mormon criminals to justice, by a kind of blind Christian instinct which still survives in our public opinion. What is the consistency or use of this, if we are going to look on apathetically and see the next generation all over our country turned into atheists? Practical atheism is worse than the most hideous and revolting form of Mormonism. Why mend a broken spar when mutineers are scuttling the ship from stem to stern? Would it not be well for those conductors of the press who have some principles and some belief in them, for the clergy, and for all who have access in some form to the ear of a portion of the public, to be a little more alive to the danger from the spread of atheism, and a little more active in counteracting it?

Pardon, gentlemen, for disturbing your nap. You are very drowsy, but is it not time for you to wake up?

EAGLE AND DOVE. From the French of Mademoiselle Fleuriot, by Emily Bowles. New York: P. O. Shea. 1874.

This is a story of Breton life and of the events of the siege and the Commune of Paris. It is superior to the common run of stories in artistic merit, its characters and scenes have a peculiar and romantic interest, and its religious and moral tone is up to the highest mark.

THE WORKS OF AURELIUS AUGUSTINE, Etc. Vol. XI. Tractates on the Gospel of S. John, Vol. II.; Vol. XII. Anti-Pelagian works, Vol. II. Edinburgh: J. & J. Clark. 1874. (New York: Sold by The Catholic Publication Society.)

Two more volumes of the splendid edition of S. Augustine's works are here presented, and deserve a warm welcome It is difficult to see how they will serve the cause of the Church of England, but that is the affair of the editors, not ours. Of course they are mighty weapons for High-Churchmen against their Low and

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Broad Church antagonists. But they tell equally against these same High-Churchmen in favor of the Catholic Church. The treatise against Vincentius Victor, in Vol. XII., is crowded with denunciations of the Donatists, who are the prototypes of Anglicans, except in one respect, viz., that the former had valid orders.

RHYMES AND JINGLES. (Illustrated.) By Mary Mapes Dodge, author of *Hans Brinker*, etc. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. 1875.

This is a very pretty book for a Christmas present. The rhymes are nice, and such as will please, amuse, sometimes instruct the little folk of the nursery. The illustrations are numerous and well executed, some funny, some remarkably beautiful. Any little boy or girl who has not already been surfeited with toys and books may be made happy by such a gift. Merry little people, a merry Christmas to you!

LIBRARY OF THE SACRED HEART. Baltimore: J. Murphy & Co. 1874.

This is something towards supplying a great need among Catholic publications. There are numerous and beautiful series of books issued by the sectarian press, but comparatively few by Catholic publishers. Any one who has had to procure Catholic libraries knows this want. Such series are great aids in supplying Sunday-school or household libraries. We welcome the above, and trust it will be followed by others of the same kind. Much credit is due to the publishers for their selection and the neat appearance of the volumes. The selection comprises six small and choice spiritual works. *God our Father* and the *Happiness of Heaven*, by the same author, have been noticed with high praise in our columns. The others also are standard works. We recommend this "Library of the Sacred Heart," and hope it will be appreciated. It is contained in a neat and tasteful box, appropriately ornamented with pious emblems of the Sacred Heart.

BRIC-A-BRAC SERIES—No. IV.: PERSONAL REMINISCENCES BY BARHAM, HARNESS, AND HODDER. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. 1874.

This is quite up to the mark of the foregoing volumes, and full of very agreeable anecdotes, criticisms, and literary chit chat.

ANNOUNCEMENT.—We shall begin, next month the publication of a new serial story, entitled *Are you my Wife?* by the author of *Paris before the War*, *Number Thirteen*, *A Daughter of S. Dominic*, *Pius VI.*, etc., etc.

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THE

# CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. XX., No. 119.—FEBRUARY, 1875.

## CHURCH AUTHORITY AND PERSONAL RESPONSIBILITY:

A LETTER FROM AUBREY DE VERE TO SARA COLERIDGE ON THE CATHOLIC PHILOSOPHY OF THE "RULE OF FAITH," CONSIDERED ESPECIALLY WITH REFERENCE TO THE TRANSCENDENTAL SYSTEM OF S. T. COLERIDGE.*

A LETTER to me, printed in the *Memoir of Sara Coleridge*, and dated October 19, 1851, contains the following passage: "Viewing the Romish system as you do, my dear friend, I cannot regret that you think, as you do, of the compatibility of my father's scheme of philosophy therewith, assured, as I feel, that he had done that Papal system too much justice to believe in it as a divine institution" (vol. ii. p. 401). From my youth I had been an ardent student of Coleridge's philosophy, to the illustration of which his daughter, indifferent to her own literary fame, so faithfully devoted her great powers. That philosophy had largely inspired F. D. Maurice's remarkable work, *The Kingdom of Christ;* and I believed firmly that it was, at least as compared with the empirical philosophy of the last century, in harmony with Catholic teaching, rightly understood; and that the objections made against that teaching were such as a transcendentalist must regard as proceeding, not from any intuitions or ideas of the "reason," but from the cavils of that notional understanding called by Coleridge "the faculty judging according to sense." I have lately found a letter written by me to my lamented friend less than a fortnight after her letter quoted above, and about a fortnight before I made my submission to the Catholic Church. It may interest

* NOTE FROM THE AUTHOR.

CURRAGH CHASE, ADARE,
IRELAND, Nov. 24, 1874.

REV. AND DEAR SIR: The public has taken recently such deserved interest in the *Memoir and Letters of Sara Coleridge* that it has struck me that the last of the letters which I wrote to her before making my submission to the Catholic Church, in which I stated fully my reasons for taking that step, might be of use to many enquirers.

Readers of Sara Coleridge's *Letters* have often asked me, "But where is your part of the correspondence?" They may perhaps be glad to read at least one of those letters, to which many of hers were replies.

That letter I send you, with some preliminary remarks, this day, by book-post. It is quite at your service, if you think it worth publishing in THE CATHOLIC WORLD. . . .

I remain very truly yours,
AUBREY DE VERE.

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some of those who have read Sara Coleridge's letters, and who are enquirers as to the method proper for reaching solid conclusions in the domain of truth not scientific and discovered by man, but religious, and revealed to him.

It was my object to show that the Catholic "rule of faith" does not oppose, but alone adequately vindicates, some great principles with which it has been contrasted, *e.g.*, personal action, the dependence of individual souls on divine grace, religious freedom, zeal for truth, the interior character of genuine piety, and the value of "internal evidences." That "rule" has been stigmatized as a bondage. This is the illusion of those who, regarding the church from without, and under the influence of modern and national traditions, see but a part of her system, and have not compared it with other parts. The Catholic law of belief I endeavored to set forth as the only one consistent with a sound philosophy when treating of things supernatural, and as such beyond the method of induction and experiment, while it is also both primitive and Scriptural. I wished to show that it is the only means by which we can possess the revealed truth with certainty and at once in its fulness and its purity; and to illustrate it as not alone our gate of access to truth "spiritually discerned," but the nurse and the profectress of our whole spiritual life, with all its redeemed affections; as opposed, not to personal action and responsibility, or to a will free and strong, because loyal, but to an unintelligent pride and to a feeble self-will, the slave of individual caprice; as the antagonist, not of what is transcendent and supernatural in religion, but of a religious philosophy in which the philosophy exalts itself against the religion, "running after" revelation to "*take somewhat of it*," but not inheriting its blessing.

Twenty-three years have passed since my letter was written; and year after year has deepened in me the convictions which it expresses, or rather which it indicates in a fragmentary way, and possibly not with a technical accuracy. In the church I have found an ever-deepening peace, a freedom ever widening, a genuine and a fruitful method for theological thought, and a truth which brightens more and more into the perfect day. External to her fold, it is but too probable that I should long since have drifted into unbelief, though a reluctant and perhaps unconscious unbelief.

After some preliminary matter, referring to our earlier discussions, the letter continues as follows:

Divine faith is a theological virtue, the gift of God, which raises the spirit to believe and confess, with a knowledge absolutely *certain*, though obscure in kind, the *whole truth which God has revealed to man*. Such is the *description* which Roman Catholic writers give of a grace which cannot be *defined*. The knowledge of faith is as certain as that of mathematics, but wholly different in kind, including a moral and spiritual power, affecting (if it be *living* faith) the mind and will at once, as light and heat are united in the sunbeam, and containing, like the sunbeam, many other secret properties also. It far transcends the certainty of any one of our senses, each of which may deceive us. It is also essentially different from that intellectual vision which belongs to the kingdom of glory, not of grace or of nature. Its nearest analogon is human faith, through which we

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believe that we are the children of our reputed parents, and on which, and not on demonstration, the basis of human life is laid. But it differs essentially also from human faith. It is supernatural, not natural. It is certain, not uncertain. In its application to supernatural objects it is wholly independent of imagination or enthusiasm; and it brings us into *real* intercourse with objective truth. False religions rest on that which simulates divine faith, and *may*, even among Christians, so fill its place that the difference is not discernible to human eyes—a mixture of human faith with aspiration, imagination, and the other natural faculties. True religion carries with it the special faculty by which it is capable of being realized, and thus makes a revelation which they but seemed to make. But this faculty is not a natural one awakened, but a supernatural one bestowed, its ordinary antecedents being the corresponding moral virtues of humility and purity, and the exercise of *human* faith and other devout affections, themselves stimulated by a different and inferior kind of grace, bestowed on the whole family even of unregenerate man. Besides the antecedent conditions for receiving, other conditions are necessary for the realization and right application of the divine and illuminating grace. These conditions are not arbitrary, but spring from the necessities of our whole nature, both individual and corporate. They are ordinarily the individual co-operation of will, mind, and heart, and an attitude of willing submission to God, or the prophet *through* whom the objects of faith are propounded to us by him. This prophet was the Messiah himself while he walked on earth, and was the Apostolic College from the day of Pentecost. He continues to address us, in a manner equally distinct, through that church in whom, as catholic and yet one, the unity of the Apostolic College (one in union with Peter) still abides. That church is the body of Christ; and we are introduced at once into it and him through baptism. The visible rite corresponds with the invisible grace bestowed through it, just as the church itself is at once the spiritual kingdom of peace, and the visible "mountain of the Lord's house" elevated to the summit of the mountains, and as man himself, consists of soul and body.

That church, inheriting a belief which it never invented or discovered, confesses Christ, and confesses also that she is Christ's representative on earth. She challenges individual faith, and proposes to it the one object of dogmatic belief. That one object is the *whole* Christian faith, as it has hitherto been, or ever may be, authentically *defined*. Whether it be believed *implicitly*, as by the peasant, or *explicitly*, as by the doctor, makes no difference whatever, relatively to *faith*, though it may affect edification, which needs a due proportion between our intellectual and moral gifts. In each case alike (1) the *whole* faith is held; (2) is held *bonâ fide, as revealed by God;* (3) is held wholly by supernatural *faith;* (4) affords thus a basis for the supernatural life of hope and charity. "Fundamentals," as distinguished from "non-essentials," there are none, *i.e.*, objectively. All Christian truths are in each other by implication, as Adam's race was in the first parent. They are yet more transcendently in each other, for each

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contains all. To receive one by divine faith is to receive all. To deny one, when competently proposed to us by the authority which speaks in God's name, is to deny all, unless circumstances beyond our will have deceived our mind respecting that authority or its message. The whole objective faith will probably never be recognized, till in the kingdom of glory it flashes upon us in its unity. In the kingdom of grace (*in via*, not *in patria*) it is defined in proportion to the moral and intellectual needs of the church. It is defined, not as a science, but from necessity, and to meet the gainsaying of heresy. The endeavor of the church is to *preserve* the treasure confided to her. *It* cannot increase, but the *knowledge* of it must. Subjectively, the knowledge is progressive as man is progressive; but objectively it is unchanging as God is eternal. The whole, defined and undefined, is essential and one. The whole is needed for the race, that the race may retain Christ, its head. The knowledge of the whole is needed by each according to his circumstances. The entire belief of the entire truth, *implicitly*, is necessary for each individual. Ordinarily, and except in the case of involuntary error, that entire belief of the whole is realized through a submission (*absolute* but *free*, filial, and necessitated by all our Christian sympathies and spiritual affections, as well as by obedience) to her who is God's representative, visible, on earth.

The existence of that visible church is wholly irrespective of our needing an expositor of dogmatic faith. Its character is determined (1) by the character of God, whom it images alike in his unity and his plurality; (2) by the character of Christianity, which is communicated to the *race*, and to the individual *in and with* the body, so that *nothing* that he holds can be held *singly*, except what is perishable; and (3) by the character of man, who graduates in a certain order, and who, as a mixed being, is taught after a fashion that ever exalts the meek and raises the moral faculties above the intellectual in endless elevation, however high the latter may ascend. But among its other functions, the visible church has that of presenting to the infused habit of faith what otherwise it would seek for in vain, *i.e.*, a dogmatic *authority* which, in act, it can rise to, cleave to, and live by. If Christ reigned visibly on earth, he would need no such representative. If Christ, as the Eternal Reason, *inspired* each man, as well as enlightening him, he need never have assumed flesh. If the Holy Ghost *inspired* each man as he did the prophets and apostles (instead of communicating to him the grace of faith, planting him in the church, feeding him with the Lord's body, quickening his devout affections, etc.), then there would be no need for the church, as a dogmatic authority, nor for the *Holy Scriptures*. If the Bible were a plain book; if the nature of truth were such that it could be divided into fundamental and non-essential; if one doctrine could be believed, while another, involved in it, is denied, then, perhaps, private judgment might extract from the Bible as much as an individual requires. Again, if supernatural faith were not requisite, but human faith, founded on *evidence*, and generating *opinion*, sufficed, then private judgment, availing itself of all *human* helps suggested by prudence, could

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build up on the Bible, on philosophy, on ecclesiastical traditions, and on the public opinion of the day, a certain scheme of thought on sacred subjects, round which the affections would cluster, to which devout associations would cling, which the understanding might formalize, imagination brighten, enthusiasm exult in, prudence recommend. But these are all suppositions, not realities. Private "inspiration" is known to be a fallacy. "Reason" cannot make reasonable men agree; and every one who has any portion in reason knows that what is disputed for ages is disputable, and that what is not truth to all cannot be truth absolute and certain, on the ground of reason, to any one. Uncertain opinion cannot be supernatural faith. Spiritual discernment cannot lead us to the finer appreciation of doctrine while we remain ignorant as to whether it be a particular doctrine or the opposite doctrine that challenges our faith.

But, on the other hand, if an authority speaks in God's name, it *may* be really commissioned by him. If so commissioned, it *may* be believed by us. If believed, all parts of its message are equally certain. This hypothesis obviously *admits* of an objective faith certain throughout, and only for that reason certain at all. If a revelation were to be *founded on faith, this would afford faith a sphere.* I speak of it now as but an hypothesis. I claim for it that it is *reasonable.*

It is objected that *such* belief could be but an amiable and useful credulity at best, since it would not be founded on insight and spiritual discernment. It is thus that Hindoos and Mahometans believe; and their belief would be worthless, but that by God's mercy some fragments of truth and some gleams of reason are mixed up with their systems. The objection wholly overlooks the fact that *ex hypothesi* the prophet and her message are believed, not with a *human* faith, but with a *divine* faith. Faith is inclusively the gift of spiritual discernment, though it is also much more. What faith receives *must* be spiritually discerned. It can discern in no other way.

But, it is objected, the plain fact is that multitudes do *not* spiritually discern or appreciate what they thus receive. No doubt. Nothing is more possible than that they should receive with only a human faith what yet is divinely addressed to a divine faith. They have, then, opportunities which they have not yet used. Multitudes of Roman Catholics have doubtless, like multitudes of Protestants, opinion only, not certainty, while the sensation of certainty is in both cases illusory, and proceeds from positiveness of temper or sluggishness of mind.* To possess the means of realizing and maintaining faith *compels* no man to have faith; otherwise, like intuitions irrespective of the will, it would merit nothing and include no probation. Faith and the guide of faith are both offered to the Catholic; but he must co-operate with grace, as with Providence, to profit by either.

But how, it is asked, can we by such a process have a spiritual dis-

* This statement is ambiguous. There are doubtless many persons, who have been brought up Catholics, who have never formally renounced the Catholic profession, and who are ready to declare their belief of many Catholic doctrines, but who doubt or disbelieve some one or more articles of faith, and have ceased to give unreserved allegiance to the authority of the church. Such persons have lost faith, and are not really Catholics, though they may call themselves by the name, and still enjoy some of the rights of members of the church. But every baptized member of the church has, at least, the habit of faith, if he has not destroyed it by a contrary act, *i.e.*, by a formal sin against faith.—Ed. C. W.

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cernment of the doctrine by which we are challenged? Are we not in the position, after all, of Hindoos? I answer, Christianity resembles many false religions in this respect: that it comes to us on what claims to be authority, and challenges our submission; but it differs from them in this all-important respect: that others are false, and it is true. It being true, the human mind, which, so far as it retains the divine image, is in sympathy with truth, has a *moral* appreciation of its truth, and, when illuminated by faith, has a *spiritual* discernment of it. No one who, after years of wandering in erroneous paths, comes at last to contemplate the doctrine of the Trinity from a new point of view, and accepts it on what he trusts is a spiritual discernment of it, can doubt that he could equally have discerned its truth years before had he been led by the church to the same point of view, and gifted from above with that light which removes the sensuous film. He could not indeed, on the authority of the church, spiritually receive or hold, with genuine faith, something in itself false and absurd. But then *part of the hypothesis* is that the church can propound no doctrinal error. Neither could the definition *give* faith. But then it does not profess to do so; it but *shapes* and *directs* faith. As little could the authority of the church give faith. It makes no such profession; it but *challenges* faith. It is the *inseparable condition* of faith: God is its *source*. The human mind, co-operating with grace, receives faith, and at the same time is confronted with a distinct, palpable object of faith. So touched, it becomes the mirror of truth; and its belief is exclusively a *personal* and *internal* act, though performed with the instrumentality, not only of an outward agency, but of a *specific* external agency, *i.e.*, the church. The same Divine Spirit acts at once externally and internally—externally in the church, which it commissions, instructs, and keeps one; internally in the individual mind, which it kindles, illuminates, attracts, and (dissolving the tyranny of self-love) lifts up into freedom and power. The Holy Spirit, then, is at once the root of faith in the individual, and of unity in the church. This doctrine may be objected to as *ideal;* but surely not as *carnal*. Assuredly it is Scriptural.

But, it is rejoined, "supposing that the divine message may be spiritually discerned *when* it is devoutly accepted, and thus accepted *as a whole*, when it would otherwise be accepted but in part (and then, perhaps, with but a partial faith), still how are we to know that the authority is divine? If no belief, however sound, is faith, unless it (1st) believes, and (2d) *truly believes*, that it rests on *divine testimony* and listens to God himself, how is this prophet to be recognized? The world abounds in claimants to infallibility, though the Christian world has but one. The apostles indeed claimed it; but then they wrought miracles, and the miracles proved the authority." I answer that miracles *proved* nothing by way of *scientific demonstration;* but that they *witnessed* to the supernatural character of the teacher and the doctrine. If the divine message could be *proved* to the reason, it would rest on science, not on faith, and the whole Christian scheme would be reversed, belief becoming a necessary and *natural* act. Miracles *challenged* faith, but could only be received by faith, since they might always be referred to

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imposture or evil spirits, both classes of agency abounding in the time of Simon Magus as now. It is begging the question to assume that miracles do not take place now; but, even conceding thus much, the church has still at least as high credentials as the apostles had. Their miracles constituted but evidence; and evidence which creates opinion can but *challenge* faith, not extort it. In place of that evidence we have now the "notes of the church": its apostolicity, its catholicity, its unity, its sanctity, its heroic history, its wonderful promulgation, its martyrs, its doctors, its schoolmen; communities moulded by it; races united by it; sciences and arts first nourished by it; civilization and freedom produced by it, and, amid all the changes of the world, the same great doctrines and sacraments retained by it. We can hardly doubt that the one stupendous *fact* of the church is as strong an *appeal* to the faith of a man (and our Lord himself did but *appeal* to faith) as that made by an apostle at Athens, when, rising up in a mixed multitude of disputatious Greeks, Eastern sorcerers, Roman conjurers, and Jewish refugees, he assured them that he had been sent by the unknown God to preach what to the Greeks was foolishness: that One who was crucified had also worked miracles and risen from the dead, . . . that his kingdom, and not the Roman, was to crown the world; and that all this was the fulfilment of Jewish prophecy, though the Jewish nation disowned that kingdom, and had slain its Head. He spoke of glories to come: the church speaks of triumphs that have been. He suggested an experiment: the church has tried and proved it. He was accused of blasphemy, superstition, atheism, insubordination; so is she. He must have confessed that inspiration was not given to him alone, but to the Apostolic College; and he could have brought no immediate and scientific proof that he and his scattered brethren agreed in the same doctrine, even as to "essentials." The church's practical unity of doctrine is a matter of notoriety, and is accounted for by the imputation of tyranny, formalism, etc. It is an understatement to affirm that, *on the Roman Catholic hypothesis*, that church *challenges* faith with the aid of as strong evidential witness as an apostle possessed. But the *quantum* of evidence is not the question. The greatest amount of it cannot *give* faith, the least may *elicit* it; and at what periods the world requires most evidence we know not. The important fact is that the church which claims for its centre the *apostolic* see, does challenge faith just as an apostle did, or as the whole apostolic college did; that she is apostolic, not merely by having the succession, but by using the authority, and by acting just as she *must* act if, as she affirms, the whole college, in union with Peter, *lived on* in her. She too claims all and gives all. She too says, "Through me you may exercise divine faith when you receive, 'by *hearing*,' the message of God; for I am his apostle. What I saw and heard, what I handled and tasted, that, as a sure witness, I report. It was I who cast my nets on the Galilean shore when I was called. I heard that question, 'But whom say *ye* that *I* am?' I knelt on the Mount of Transfiguration when the suppressed glory broke forth and the law and the prophets were irradiated. I joined in

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that Last Supper. I stood beside his cross, and received his mother as my mother. I reached forth my hand, and put my fingers into the print of the nails. I received the charge, saw the ascension, felt the Pentecostal tongues, delivered my message, sealed it with my blood, and still stand up, delivering it for ever, and sealing it with my blood and with his." This is the claim the church makes, and the same was made by the apostle. Both alike are subject to the rejoinder, "High claims do not prove themselves; and the competitors for infallibility are many." Both alike answer: "If my message be false, you could not *really* and vitally believe in me, even though you would. If my message be true, you *may* believe in me, but I cannot compel you to do so." It is not more wonderful that there should be rival priesthoods than rival creeds. There are many false *because* there is one true. Authority has commonly been claimed even by spurious religions, because the instinct of the human race, which is reason, perceived that if God vouchsafed a revelation to man, it would be both given and sustained through man, and not merely through a book.

From the above statements thus much at least is clear: (1) that the Protestant controversy with Rome does *not* respect the *ultimate source of belief*, which, by the admission of both sides, is to be referred to the Holy Spirit alone; but does respect this question, viz., whether, since an external agency is admitted to be in every case *instrumentally* but *absolutely* necessary for faith, that aid be not given to us by God, and given in the form of one, specific instrument, not any one that comes to hand—something easily known by outward marks which plainly solicit attention, not a proteus that changes almost as the individual mind changes. The question is whether the something external confessedly essential be the church of God and temple of the Spirit, speaking intelligibly and with authority, in the majesty of its visible unity; or be whatever sect or teacher may represent to plastic minds the public opinion of the place and time.

And (2) it is equally plain that Rome, in denouncing the principle of private judgment (except so far as, in *abnormal* circumstances, we are reduced to it, or something like it, while testing the claims of authority), is in no degree disparaging *individual intuition*, but simply *stating the conditions, external* as well as *internal*, under which it can be effectually and permanently realized. To see with another's eyes, not one's own, is an absurd aspiration which could not have made itself good for the greater part of the Christian era, over the greater part of the Christian world. But a man may use his own eyes, though together with them he uses a telescope, and his own ears, though he listens to the voice of a prophet instead of his own voice, or his domineering neighbor's.

The Roman Catholic doctrine of authority does not assume that we cannot, even without that authority, have *some* insight into divine things. We can see the moon without a telescope, though not the stars of a nebula. But in theology *partial* gleams of intelligence are not sufficient for even their own permanence. Implicitly or explicitly, we must hold the whole to hold a part. Truth is a vast globe which we may touch with a finger, but cannot clasp in both hands. It eludes us, and we possess it but by being

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possessed by it. We must be drawn into the gravitation of its sphere and made one with it. We are thus united with it if in union with the church, to which it is given. We then *see* it all around us, as we see the world we live in—not by glimpses and through mists, as we see a remote star. This is the Catholic's faith. Everything confirms everything in his world. "One day telleth another, and one night certifieth another." "Sea calleth unto sea." The firmament above his head "declares" the glory of God, and the chambers of the deep his statutes. A Catholic indeed has his varying moods, and his "dry moods," and his eager questionings on points not revealed; but his *faith* does not rise and fall with his temperament. The *foundation*, at least, of his spiritual being, is a rock.

Neither does the Roman Catholic doctrine deny that a man *might* conceivably, though not practically, without the aid of authority, grasp the *whole* of theology as far as it has been yet defined. But it declares that such knowledge, if thus acquired, would not be the knowledge possessed by faith, but by opinion; that it would rest partly on science, partly on mere human faith, partly on enthusiasm (so far as the *sensitive* appreciation of it went); and that, not being divine faith, it could not perform the genuine functions of faith. The intellectual region might feast with Dives, while the spiritual starved with Lazarus. This is, in a greater or lesser degree, the case with many, both among those who profess the principle of private judgment and those who profess to obey authority. In the very region of faith opinion may simulate faith, just as presumption may simulate hope and benevolence simulate charity. The most mysterious part of our probation is this: that under all circumstances and in all things nature may mimic grace, and pretence ape virtue. We may seem to ourselves angels, and be nothing; even as Christ himself, and his church no less, *seem*, to the eye of sense, the opposite of what they are, when insight is lacking or the point of view is determined by prejudice or a false tradition.

The Roman Catholic theory does not deny the force of internal evidence. It but says that such evidence, being a matter of moral *feeling*, is to be inwardly appreciated rather than logically set forth, and that it is often most felt when most unconsciously. A parent's authority is not the less attested by the moral sense of the child and by his affections, though he does not consciously reflect on that part of its evidence; while yet he cannot be ignorant that all the *neighbors* believe that those who claim to be his parents are such in reality. Catholic teaching does not concede that, as argument, any evidence is *necessary* for those brought up in the true fold and gifted from childhood with faith, which is itself the evidence of things not seen. It does not believe that any gifts confined to a few can give a higher faith than is open to all "men of good-will." But it does believe that for simple and learned alike one external condition is necessary, viz., that the doctrine to be believed should be distinctly *proposed* by an authority believed (on supernatural faith) to speak in God's name; so that from first to last faith should be, not a credulity founded on fancy, on fear, or on self-love, but a "*theological* virtue" *believing in God, in all that he re-*

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*veals, as revealed by him*, and in nothing else. Evidences are not anything that can compel faith or be a substitute for it; but they have commonly a very important place, notwithstanding, in the divine economy. Their place is *among* the *motives* of faith. These *intellectual* motives are the character of Christ and of the faith; the character of the church and its propagation—in other words, internal and external evidence. The *moral* motives are such as the spiritual safety of Christian obedience, the peace and joy of believing, the dignity Christianity confers on human nature, etc.

One circumstance which the Protestant theory forgets is that *all* knowledge of divine things is not necessarily *faith*. Angelic knowledge and that of the triumphant church is vision, not faith, and differs from faith either in essence or in inseparable accidents. The knowledge we have of God through natural theology, however true, is not, therefore, identical with divine faith. Irrespectively of Christianity, a belief in God *precedes* speculations, and comes to children chiefly by faith in what they hear from their parents. They *could* not, indeed, believe their parents equally if their own minds were not in *harmony* with such a belief; but in their case, too, authority is commonly a *condition* of believing. By faith, says S. Paul, "we know that the worlds were made." That knowledge comes to us both *through* testimony and *by* intuitions. The "heavens declare the glory of God"; but they declare it, not prove it scientifically; and the Psalmist had the patriarchal tradition and Mosaic revelation, as well as his intuitions, and as their interpreter. Natural theology we accept by *human* faith concurring with natural lights and that lower degree of grace which compasses the whole world. Divine faith, S. Paul tells us, requires an outward organ, too, not for its promulgation only, but for its *certainty*. "He gave some apostles, some pastors, etc.," "that we be not driven about with every *wind of doctrine*." Could *this* effect have been realized if apostle had preached against apostle, and each prophet had said to his neighbor "I, too, am a prophet," and bear an opposite message? S. Paul says that the hierarchy is ordained not only for edification, but to make faith *certain*. It can only do that in its unity. Had certainty been unnecessary, or had reason been its organ, no hierarchy would have been elevated to constitute the *church representative*.

The Protestant theory (it may be so spoken of with reference to the great main points included in most forms of Protestantism) assumes that the one great characteristic of faith is its being a power of "spiritual discernment" or an intuition of spiritual truth. This is to put a part of the truth in place of the whole. This attribute of faith is asserted by the church also; but her conception of faith is founded on a *larger* appreciation of the Holy Scriptures and of man's compound nature.

Faith indeed *becomes* a spiritual *seeing;* but it *comes* "by hearing." Considered even exclusively as intuition, the "spiritual discernment" is wholly different in kind from moral or mathematical intuitions, as those two classes of intuition differ from each other. A spiritual intuition, analogous to that of reason (though more exalted), would be utterly unsuited to our needs while still laboring in our probation and toiling in the "body of this

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death." The intuition really vouchsafed to us by supernatural grace ever retains peculiar characteristics originally produced by the mode in which we receive it. Humility, submission, self-abnegation, constitute that mode; and these qualities are and remain as essential characteristics of true faith as spiritual discernment is. No otherwise than "as little children" is it possible for us to enter into the kingdom of heaven. We must enter the sheep-fold by the *door;* we cannot otherwise profit by it; for could we climb its walls, it would cease to be the sheep-fold to us, since we should not bear in our breasts the heart of the Lamb. *Opinion asserts; faith confesses.* Assertion includes self-assertion; confession confesses *another.* God only can rightly assert himself. Created beings are relative beings, and the condition of their true greatness is that they forget themselves in God. The very essence of pride, the sin of the fallen angels, whom but a single *voluntary evil thought* subverted, is self-assertion on the part of a relative being. In taking self as a practical *ground* of knowledge, it, in a certain sense, creates its Creator, and involves the principle that God himself may be but an idea. Pride is not only our strongest spiritual temptation, but is almost the natural *instinct* of reason, working *by itself*, on supernatural themes, and it remains *undetected by reason, just as water cannot be weighed in water.* The higher we soar, the more we need to be reminded of our infirmity; therefore the glorious intuitions of faith are, for our safety, given to us by the way of humility, and continued to us on condition of obedience. Not only faith, as a habit, is humble, but the peculiar species of knowledge which it conveys is such as to preserve that character; for that knowledge is *obscure*, although *certain.* We see, "as through a glass, darkly"; but we see steadily. Imaginative reason gets bright flashes by rubbing its own eyes, but they are transient. Faith, requiring docility as a habit in us, and involving obscurity as a condition of its knowledge, is a *perpetual* discipline of self-sacrifice. Christianity is the doctrine of a sacrifice; and through a spiritual act and habit of self-sacrifice alone can that doctrine be "spiritually discerned." Christian *knowledge* is thus the opposite of the rationalistic and of the Gnostic.

This estimate of faith is surely as Scriptural as it is philosophic. Thus only can we reconcile the statements of our Lord and of S. Paul. The most humble and child-like docility is constantly referred to by our Lord as an essential part of that faith which, on *condition of so beginning* and of *continuing such*, imparts to us as much spiritual discernment as is an earnest of the Blessed Vision. Such *docility must look like credulity.* Almost all the instances of it which met his highest praise did look like credulity, and would have been credulity had not grace inspired them, Providence directed them, and Truth itself rewarded them. What then? Which part of Christianity is not thus double-visaged? What part of it is not a scandal to them that "judge by appearances" and do not "judge righteous judgment"? If to all without faith the Master must *seem* an impostor, why should not the disciples *seem* enthusiasts? Were they who wished that the shadow of the apostles should fall on them, was she who touched the hem of Christ's garment, fanatics, because erring nature too can

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prompt her children to similar acts under an erring religion? Before such a philosophy (if philosophy can rest on such an *assumption*) the Gospel, as well as the church of the *orbis terrarum*, and the whole ancient church, must give way, and pure religion must be a discovery, not of the XVIth, but of the XIXth century. Credulity itself is but a subordinate and ill-grounded form of *human* faith, and is far from suppressing, though it misdirects, the nobler faculties of the *natural* man. Plato and Bacon had more of it than Epicurus and Hobbes. Docility (its analogon in the spiritual world) is the humbler element in faith. It is absolutely necessary, and is sometimes undistinguishable, in mere *outward* seeming, from its natural counterpart. Milk is as necessary for babes as meat for the mature. The mature never cease, in the kingdom of heaven, to be, *inclusively*, children; it is their very excellence that they unite the best characteristics of different ages, sexes, and conditions. Yet the children of the kingdom are not fed on mortal, but on immortal, milk; and that milk is meat in a less compact preparation. As an incredulous habit is not a mark of true wisdom, so an indocile habit is incompatible with an authentic faith, which cannot act except in obedience to an authentic authority. To the rationalist the indocile habit, far from being a fault, is a necessity; for his knowledge comes from within *only*, not from above and from within.

Now let us turn to history and fact. Had they no spiritual discernment of Christ who died for him? Yet did not the martyrs and the age of martyrs abound in what to Protestantism seem credulities? The church of the apostles, of the fathers, of the doctors, of the schoolmen, the church that built up Christendom, invariably recognized the principle of ecclesiastical obedience, docility, submission, as a part of faith, not as inconsistent with the intuition of faith—its moral element, as the other is its intellectual. It was the cement that kept the whole fabric together, though not the amphionic power that raised the living stones. Those who branded obedience as superstition were Arius, and Aërius, and Vigilantius, and the Albigensian heretics, not the fathers, the doctors, or the martyrs of the faith. The latter knew that the faith of him who lays hold of Christ, and of her who but touches "the hem of his garment," are in kind the same. They knew also, that, when *truth confronts us* and grace is offered, the spirit which is "offended" at little things is not edified by great. And how has it been ever since; how is it now with the mass of the world? How does faith come to *children and to the poor*, and to the busy and to the dull? *What makes the Bible divine to them?* What suggests the truths which they are to look for in the Bible? Authority, everywhere acting through such representatives of authority as remain in lands which decry it! If docility, obedience, a desire to believe, submission previous to insight, be not, under *Christian conditions*, characteristics of faith, merely because, under pagan conditions, they might be opposed to spiritual knowledge, then have most believers believed in vain; for error cannot be the foundation of truth. Discernment belongs, by universal confession, to faith, and baptism is the "sacrament of illumination"; but no proposition can be more *unreasonable* than that faith should begin with, or be identical with, an insight which, in a high

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degree of conscious development, obviously belongs to the few, and to them under very special circumstances.

Let us return to the philosophy of the "rule of faith."

No one would deny that the will, even more than the mind, is the seat of faith; but the Protestant theory does not efficiently and practically recognize this truth. Submission is in the will; discernment in the mind. The latter belongs to the man chiefly; the former to the child equally, and the *child living on in the Christian man.* The whole Catholic system is based on this fact. From it, for instance, follows, by inevitable consequence, the *true theory* of charity in reference to dogmatic error—that, namely, of "invincible ignorance." Protestants, and Protestants who repeat the Athanasian Creed, think this expression but an evasion. But "invincible ignorance" means *involuntary* ignorance *of the truth*, and is based on the known principle that heresy must be a sin of the will, because faith is a virtue, primarily belonging to the will, when it submits to grace. Now, granting that the internal agency of the Divine Spirit is that which clears the faculty of spiritual discernment and develops faith in the mind, still, assuredly, obedience is trained and faith is rooted in the will by the same Spirit addressing us through its outward organ, the church. "*Obedience* to the faith" is not a principle only, but a habit. Habits are impressed on us, not by precept only, but by providential circumstance and divine institutions, such as the civil power, parental rule, the weakness of infancy, the hindrances of knowledge, those necessities for social co-operation which train the sympathies.

Implicit faith in the Bible only might, for such as entertained it with absolute and childlike confidence, give rise to no small degree of moral deference, and does so with many Protestants, though not without a considerable alloy of error and of superstition. But a book, though divine, is a book still. It cannot speak, except with the inquirer for an interpreter. It cannot correct misinterpretations. It will often reveal what is sought, and hide what is not desired, but is needed. It will "find" those who find in it what they *brought* to it. It is plastic in hot and heedless hands. It may train the mental faculties, but it will not practically exercise a habit of submission. If a country, in place of possessing laws, with magistrates to enforce and judges to expound them, possessed nothing but statutes on parchment, and a vast legal literature for their exposition, statutes and comments being alike commended to the private judgment of individuals, would it be possible that subjects could be trained up with the habit or spirit of political obedience? Every man might be educated till he resembled a village attorney; but loyalty would be extinct. The statute-book would still assert the principle of obedience, as does the Bible in spiritual things; but the habit could not thus be formed. To bow exclusively to that which addresses us in abstract terms, and to bow when and how our judgment dictates—this alone is not in reality, though it may be in words, a discipline of humility. To obey God, *as represented by man*, is that at which pride revolts. The authority of the church in the household and kingdom of Christ is like that of the father in the family and the monarch in his realm. An

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authority thus objectively embodied has also a special power of working through the affections; and to train them to be the handmaids of faith is one of the special functions of the church. "My little children of whom I travail again," says S. Paul to his flock. What living church can be imagined as thus addressing her children? Surely none save that one which claims apostolic authority, and does not shrink from proclaiming that faith includes obedience as well as insight. This is not an idle theory. What men in the Roman Catholic Church have entertained the most filial and affectionate reverence for their mother? Her saints—those who had the most ardent love for their Lord, the deepest insight into his Gospel, and the keenest appreciation of its spiritual freedom—the S. Bernards, Thomas à Kempises, Francis de Saleses. To retain obedience as a principle, and yet cheat it of its object, an authentic and *real* authority, was the "Arch Mock" of the "Reformation."

A faith thus confirmed and steadied by authentic authority can alone permanently sustain the ardent and enthusiastic devotion of strong minds. Faith, or what seems faith, if resting exclusively on internal feeling and individual opinion, will vehemently, if but transiently, excite the light and the impulsive; but the graver mind will distrust it, even when visited by the more sanguine mood, from a painful sense that it has no power of discriminating between faith and illusion. It will be sure of its own perceptions and sensations; but it cannot contrive wholly to ignore those of its neighbor when they are opposite. It will remember that there are two causes of uncertainty, the first arising when our own premises admit of alternative conclusions, the second when, the conclusions being obvious, the premises are disputed and cannot be proved. It will remember that mathematical and moral intuitions, "though independent of evidence, are yet backed by a practically universal consent (the result of their being, in a large measure, intuitions independent of the will); and it may be disposed to say that if it happened that most people denied that the three angles of a triangle equaled two right angles, I could not indeed believe that they made three, but I might come to believe that I had wandered into a region in which impressions must always *seem* certain, but yet in which nothing could be authentically known." Men cannot exchange their *tastes;* but then they know that tastes are subjective; whereas revealed truth must be objective. Some such misgiving will chill faith commonly in large and steady minds, and thus the whole religious life is struck dead. Enthusiasm will commonly, under such circumstances, belong only to those minds which boil over before they have taken in much heat. A church which makes its censers of paper, not metal, cannot burn incense. A religion which, *in any form*, includes a "peradventure," has admitted the formula of nature and lost the "amen" of supernatural truth. It is reduced and transposed. Its raptures are but poetry, its dogma but science, its antiquity but pedantry, its forms but formality, its freedom but license, its authority but convention, its zeal but faction, its sobriety but sloth. It cannot admit of enthusiasm, as it cannot generate it in its nobler and more permanent forms, because it can neither balance nor direct it. Such a faith

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*must* install reason in the higher place. A church founded on nothing higher *must* serve, not rule. It will end by worshipping its bondage.

As in theology there is no possibility of separating dogma from dogma, so there is no possibility of separating the religious affections from a reverence for dogmas, if the mind be an inquiring one. What has been called "loyalty to our Lord," and contrasted with the "dogmatic spirit," is a sentiment which depends wholly on what we *believe* concerning him. But to believe him to be God and man involves an immense mass of profound doctrine which may be held *implicitly* by the many, but which the student must hold *explicitly*, or be in a condition of doubt. These subtle questions involve metaphysical speculations; and had we to settle them for ourselves, we must all of us have mastered philosophy before we had learned the lore of Christian love. But how many points are there of a different sort which yet must be certain, if our faith is to be certain—points which no man could settle for himself, and as to which no authority save one secure from error could give us rest! Such are the questions as to the mode of administering sacraments; what form of baptism is *valid*, and what is *invalid;* the canonicity of the Scriptures, which, if it depend on our individual estimate of historic evidence only, can rise no higher than the level of opinion, and therefore can never afford a basis for divine faith. No reasonable man can suppose that either directly or indirectly he can reach to intuitions on *these* points. He may say that they are not essential to him personally; but he cannot but suspect that they are essential to the integrity of that whole scheme of theology which, *as a whole*, is essential to him. A leak in the ship is not less dangerous because low down and out of sight; and the strength of a chain is the strength of its weakest link. When the principle of authority ceased to be held, as a revealed doctrine (the *complement* of that of personal spiritual discernment), the complete circle of faith was broken, and an element of doubt entered in. The process was unperceived because gradual, the *inherited* faith concealing long the ravages of innovating opinion. Human faith succeeded also to divine, and simulated it. Science, imagination, enthusiasm in its ever-varying forms, contributed their aid. Protestant churches can hardly now even conceive of an *authority* acting simply and humbly under divine *faith*. They can only imagine anathemas as proceeding from passion. But S. Paul and the early church, as well as the Roman Catholic, thought differently.

Another principle lost sight of practically on the Protestant theory of religious knowledge is that it is necessary to hold the Christian faith, not only (1st) *in its fulness*, and (2d) *with certainty*, but also (3d) *in its purity*. Now, whatever truths individual intuitions and studies may bring home to us (legitimately or accidentally), it is certain from experience that they will not exclude many errors, which apparently have the same sanction, and are entertained with the same confidence—nay, are so cherished that if but one be spoken against, the whole system of thought is felt to be endangered. But this confusion of truth and error introduces Babel into the heart of Jerusalem, and erects altars to false gods in

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the temple of the True. The soul espoused to Christ must exclude his rivals, and preserve ever the unrelaxed girdle of purity in spiritual things. Faith is not only the mother, but the *virgin* mother, of all perfect belief, devotion, and practice. Error, *in the region of faith*, is not only hostile but fatal to truth in its spiritual unity. We are assured that "the letter *kills*," not merely that it is void; and we know that a little poison may corrupt much food, while a little needful medicine may taste as bitter as poison. Now, that the Bible, by reason of its very excellency, abounds in passages obvious to individual misinterpretation, no candid reader of it or of history will deny. We need, therefore, something which will preserve us from such dangers, as well as from evils of deficiency. Animals are protected from many dangers by the constant presence of overpowering instincts. The soul requires equally the constant guidance of the Holy Spirit. Experience disproves the novel and enthusiastic notion that the Spirit is *thus* given—viz., as inspiration—to the individual in his isolation. He requires, therefore, the aid of the Spirit, both acting in his soul as vital heat, and also shedding light on him from the church, round whose head the Pentecostal flame ever plays. Within that church which teaches "with authority, and not as the scribes," a firmament is drawn between matters to be believed *de fide* and matters of opinion. Errors in theological opinion, recognized as opinion only, are not necessarily more hurtful than errors in science or politics. Let us now glance at the most ordinary form of objection.

So inveterate are traditional habits of thought that we recur to them after their fallaciousness has been ever so clearly pointed out A wheel of thought moves round in our head, and the old notions recur. What convert, for instance, has not been plagued, while approaching to Catholic convictions, by the reiteration of that thought constantly recurring to his mind, "Is it likely that all England should have been in error for three hundred years?" Though he cannot but feel the weight of the answer, "It is at least more likely than that all Christendom should have been far more deeply steeped in worse errors and corruptions, by their nature affecting individuals as well as the body corporate, for at least twelve hundred years." It is thus that in the question of the "rule of faith" we recur to the question, "Is it not obvious that the individual mind must lose all freedom and spontaneity, if obliged to measure its movements by an outward authority? Is not such obedience servile, not filial; carnal, not spiritual? Who could move freely, if *obliged* to walk always with another, though that other were his dearest friend?" Now, far from all this being obvious, it is obviously founded on a misconception of the hypothesis objected to. Why does the soul partake of a higher *freedom* as it advances in *submission* to God? How is it that, in the glorified state, perfect freedom exists without the possibility of falling? Because the Spirit that works in the redeemed and regenerate is the Spirit of God himself. Why is it no bondage that our two eyes must, if in a healthy condition, move together? Because the same law acts freely in both. Why is it that a hand that has ceased to obey the brain is called a *powerless* hand?

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Because its power proceeds from sympathy with the brain. Now, on the hypothesis of the "visible church," just such a sympathy, such a law, and such a Spirit *work equally and simultaneously in the individual and in the body.* To the church the Spirit is given indefectibly, to lead her into "all truth," even to the "end of the world." The individual may or may not co-operate with the Spirit; but if he does, he must needs, *ex hypothesi*, co-operate with the church, and he cannot feel as a bondage what is the law of his life, though the *less spiritual* part of him may often feel it as a salutary restraint. Rightly to serve is, in things divine, the only possible spiritual, as distinguished from merely natural, freedom. The real question, then, respects, not either the stringency of the law or its character as external law, but its being or not being divine—a rightful authority, not a usurpation.

The place of faith is not determined by controversial or even intellectual needs only. Its functions are innumerable. It is the bond between the race and God. It must affect the whole soul and be the health of every part. It is God's adamant diffused through every region of our being, as the rock on which the church is built extends, in its solidity, throughout and under the whole fabric. Our individual faith may be weak; but it is the nature of faith itself to be infinitely strong; and our faith must so come to us, and so stand towards us, as to *admit of* its own infinite increase, as well as of its permanence. It must enlighten the mind, erect the will, warm and chasten the heart, live in every affection, kneel in our humility, endure in our patience. It is an armor that covers us wholly, leaving *no spot* exposed to the flying shafts of an enemy, to whom one spot is as the whole body. Its shield is a mirror in which humanity beholds the whole of its being, individual and social, imaged after the stature of the renewed man. That image is no idol with brazen breast and feet of earth, but the likeness, everywhere glorious, of Him who took our whole nature, and in it was obedient to "his parents" and his country's law, as well as to his Father's will. Faith, in the Protestant acceptation of the word, is unable to discharge for us all these high offices. No Protestant community (and many have been tried) can point to its heroic triumphs, and say, "Behold its fruits." They have neither converted heathen nations nor retained as much of the faith as they started with on their new career.

The theory of the "Bible *interpreted* by private judgment" seems, then, to me to have been novel, rash, crude, not sincerely thought out when promulgated — the only position that could affect to justify the revolt from unity, but one not itself justified by the event. *My reason*, to which rationalism ever appeals, would not have antecedently assured me that a book would have formed even part of a revelation. *My reason* tells me that if the facts of Christianity be divine, its dogmatic truths divine, and the book which records the facts and announces the truths be divine, it is not *unreasonable* that the interpreter of that book should be divine. Such is the theory which Rome maintains, but which no one will say that Rome did more than *retain*, walking thus in the footsteps of the primitive church, and of the general councils. The pa-



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triarchal church had no Bible; the Hebrew church but an incomplete canon, added to from time to time. The Christian canon was not compiled for two centuries after Christ; Providence did not allow of its diffusion by printing for fourteen. The Christian world is still, for the most past, unable to read. *Most* Protestants have therefore ever been compelled to be guided by an authority which, without pretending to confer the spiritual gifts which Rome confers, is exposed to many of the same objections. All religious communities say practically, "Hear me." One only says, with the apostle, "Hear the church." One only delivers a distinct and consistent message. One only unites parental authority with maternal solicitude, fear with love, enthusiasm with steadfastness, permanence of faith with progress of defined knowledge, the doctrines with the ethical habits of the early church, the lore of the Fathers with the propagandism of the early missionaries and the courage of the martyrs. It is the church of Him who was singled from his brethren as were Judah, Shem, Seth, and made to be unity, that in his unity all might be one, in one Lord, one *faith*, and one baptism.

A. DE VERE.

NOVEMBER 2, 1851.

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Our readers will certainly be thankful to us for giving them the pleasure of perusing the foregoing letter, which is a document of great interest and value for several reasons. It is the work of an author whose prose is only inferior to his poetry. It is a record of the process of reasoning by which one of the many illustrious English converts was aided to make the transition from Anglicanism to the Catholic Church, given in his own language at a time when his thoughts and sentiments about the momentous change were fresh in his memory, and remarkably different from any similar production. The value of such a document, considered in the respect just mentioned, depends on its being given precisely as it was written at the time; and we have been, therefore, scrupulously careful not to change or modify a single sentence, or even a word, in the author's manuscript.

This letter is not, however, merely a psychological and literary curiosity. Though it is the argument, not of a Catholic theologian, but of a man of letters just recently converted to the faith, it is a remarkable presentation of some parts of Catholic doctrine, more particularly of the supernatural certainty of divine faith, and the essential difference of faith from human science or opinion, even when the object of the latter is natural or revealed theology. We think it important, however, to add a short explanation of our own as a safeguard of purely natural certitude. Sound Catholic philosophy establishes the certitude of knowledge received through the senses, the understanding, and the discursive or reasoning operation of the mind upon the concepts apprehended by both those faculties. Physical, metaphysical, and moral demonstration produce, therefore, true science, not mere opinion. The rational proof of the Catholic religion rests on these three, and is sufficient to produce a certain conviction. This is not, however, identical with divine faith. The act of faith is distinct from the merely rational assent of the mind. Yet these two acts may terminate on the same object. One may be

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convinced, for instance, of the spirituality of the soul, by a metaphysical demonstration, without believing in the divine revelation. If he afterward believes in the revelation, he will have also a divine faith in the spirituality of the soul. One may believe by divine faith that Christ made S. Peter the head of the church, and afterwards acquire an historical certainty of the same truth. We cannot be too careful to maintain the supernatural quality of faith and the superiority of its divine light to the natural light of reason; at the same time, we must be also careful not to weaken or diminish the certainty and the scope of natural knowledge.—Ed. C. W.

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## THE CHURCH IN F——.

Build up the church! Let its turrets rise,
With cross-crowned summits, to kiss the skies;
Hollow its centre, in nave and aisle,
From its walls let heaven-rapt faces smile.

Make its fair altars to glow with light,
Where priest and ministering acolyte
May kneel, with incense and book and bell,
The praises of God and his saints to swell.

Let the deep tones of the organ roll
With thunderous music, to stir the soul,
While spirits soar, as on wings of fire,
'Mid the holy chants of the surpliced choir.

But when the crowd has passed away,
And the lights burn low and the church is gray,
And in their solitude aisle and nave
Are still and stern as a martyr's grave,

All is not over of praise and prayer:
The mourner, shrinking from crowd and glare,
May kneel in the shadow, and veil her eyes
Before the Lord of the sacrifice.

The sacred Presence that throws its spell—
An ever-abiding miracle—
O'er the empty fane and the silent shrine,
Is there at all seasons—*the Host divine.*

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# ARE YOU MY WIFE?

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A SALON IN PARIS BEFORE THE WAR," "NUMBER THIRTEEN," "PIUS VI.," ETC.

## CHAPTER I.

### A FEW PAGES FROM CLIDE DE WINTON'S NOTE-BOOK.

It was not the reception I ought to have had; but that was my own fault. The old house was not in the habit of giving such a cold welcome to the eldest son who brought home his young bride. On the contrary, fireworks and bonfires, and bells ringing, and flags flying, and universal rejoicing both inside and outside the house, had been the traditionary mode of proceeding, on such occasions, since the Conquest, when it first owned a master of the name of De Winton. My earliest recollections of a distinct kind are of my father bringing home my step-mother to the old place, and of my peeping out from my nursery-window, and vaguely connecting the strange lady, who came in the midst of us heralded by such noise and splendor, with the story of the Queen of Sheba that my nurse read to me very often on Sundays out of a pictured story-book. This infantine delusion had long vanished before I quite lost the sense of childish bewilderment that accompanied the occasion. I was an odd child, I suppose; old-fashioned, but not at all precocious; and the dreamy impressions of childhood held their grasp on me longer than usual, probably from my having no children to play with and keep me from dwelling so long and so exclusively on the fancies of my own hazy little mind. I can recall vividly even now how I hated all the noise and fuss that followed the wedding; how I shrank from being dressed in my scarlet cashmere frock, and being sent for to the drawing-room, and introduced to strangers, by my stiff, stately step-mother, as "my son, Master Clide de Winton." There seemed no end to the strangers that came trooping in to shake hands with my father and to be introduced to his wife. And then the dinners that were given, and the noise of music afterwards, that used to wake me up in the nursery, and make me dream such noisy, confused dreams when I fell asleep again! How I detested it all! And when I expressed something of this to my nurse, and wondered why the house, that used to be so quiet when we had it to ourselves, had become so full of noise and strange people from the moment my new mamma came home, she found no better comfort than to tell me that that was always the way after a wedding, and that when I was grown up and married myself I should make just as much fuss, and a great deal more, because I should be younger, and my wife too. It may sound absurd, like so many other reminiscences of childhood that were once bitterly real to all of us; but this horoscopic view of life poisoned many an hour of those nursery-days to me. The fact that the dreaded ordeal was yet distant

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gave me no consolation. I leaped over the gulf that separated six years old from five-and-twenty, and saw myself miserable in the midst of a pandemonium of noise, and strange people, and dinners, and pianoforte-playing. I was no doubt a morbid little boy, and no doubt my nurse discovered this, and with the unconscious cruelty of her race took pleasure in playing upon my idle terrors. I know she used to terrify me by graphic descriptions of the wedding ceremonial from first to last; and the more I showed that I was terrified, the more eloquent and inventive—as I afterwards discovered—she grew. She had been three times through the performance herself, and thus was peculiarly qualified to speak of it. I remember once when she told me I would have to stand up before all the company at a long table and make a speech. I could bear it no longer, and I began to cry. This did not soften her; she only laughed at me for a silly little goose, and assured me that, when the time came, I would enjoy it all as much as I now enjoyed flying my kite and other juvenile amusements. I ran out of the nursery and away up to a garret where I sometimes hid myself when I expected to be sent for to the drawing-room, and flung myself on the floor, and literally bellowed with misery. I suppose I cried myself to sleep, for when I awoke I was still in the same place, tired and cold. I considered quietly what I might possibly do to avert the catastrophe that so appalled me in the distance. I could think only of one thing: that was to run away before the wedding-day arrived. I had heard stories about boys running away from school when they were very naughty or very unhappy; why should they not run away from home, if driven to extremities? This resolution soothed me. I crept down from my solitude a happier child than I had entered it.

If this account of myself sounds unnatural, I can only answer that it is true. If my step-mother had been a loving, motherly woman, she would probably have found out something of these sufferings, and have sought to modify them by moulding my character; but she was not a woman to win a child's confidence, even if she had tried; and she did not try to win mine. She found me shy, reserved, ungracious, and she left me so. She did her duty by me as far as she knew how. I was conveyed every day regularly from the nursery to the dining-room after dinner. I grew resigned to the daily punishment after a time, and in reply to the usual questions, "Had I been a good boy?" and "Would I like an apple?" I learned to answer boldly that I had and that I would, and to stand straight on both legs and without wriggling. My step-mother patted me on the cheek, and observed to my father that I was improving in my manners. She seldom went further than this in motherly caresses for the first two years after her marriage. Then my father died, and I can remember that she kissed me often, and was altogether more gentle in her manner towards me, and that I felt it, and liked the change, though I could in no way account for it. I was still miserably shy, and I retained the same intense dread of notoriety and fuss of every description. Perhaps it was this that partly decided her on sending me to Eton when I was barely old enough to be in the school-room. Other motives may have added weight to this one, but I shall say nothing of that now. If

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her object was to cure me of the painful timidity which still beset me, it was perhaps a justification for sending the fatherless and motherless boy away from the solitude and isolation of a gloomy home into the stir and life of a public school, where shyness, like so many other foolish weaknesses, is quickly rubbed off by contact with those intolerant pedagogues—companions of one's own age and rank. I was happy enough at Eton, in spite of the dreaded future that still loomed in the distance. I had forgotten the spectre of a possible wedding-breakfast and its accompanying horrors. I knew now that it was in my own hands to suffer or to avoid them. Meantime, my natural timidity still asserted itself in a way that was much deplored by my step-mother. I was an intelligent boy, and might have distinguished myself over my fellows, had I chosen; but the same morbid folly that had embittered my childhood now paralyzed my ambition, and prevented me trying for prizes in any department of study. Public speaking comes into play very much with candidates for honors at school, and the finest gold medal that was ever awarded for a Greek and Latin essay would not have tempted me, if I foresaw the necessity of reading the essay aloud before that redoubtable array of critics, my assembled masters and companions. I passed for an oddity, and so I was. My step-mother sighed over it in her calm, correct way; regretted I had not the honorable ambition to make a name for myself and conquer a position amongst my fellow-men, and so on. To this I modestly replied that I was satisfied with the name my fathers had transmitted to me, and which I hoped to carry honorably at least through life, if not proudly. Pride of birth was one of the earliest lessons she had endeavored to instil into my mind, and in this respect I did not prove as stubborn as in others. I remember saying, in reply to some remarks of hers as to the advisability of my distinguishing myself in some public career, "When a man has the good luck to be born a De Winton he is distinguished enough"; and I remember the smile of approval that accompanied her demure shake of the head.

I left Eton in course of time, and went to the university. The change from the now familiar world of school was accomplished with immense reluctance, and perhaps would never have been accomplished at all without the combined influence of my step-mother, my uncle, Admiral de Winton, and Sir Simon Harness, who was one of my guardians and my father's oldest friend. I soon grew to like my new life, and to make friends with a few of my new companions. I was still too shy to form friendships easily, or to be what is called popular. Everything however, went smoothly with me till I was a little over twenty, and then a circumstance occurred which woke up the old terrors, and showed too plainly that much of the puerile folly of childhood clung to me still. I am almost ashamed to write it at this lapse of time; but I shall have more grievous follies to confess by-and-by, so there is no use passing over this one. It arose out of a proposal to give a farewell dinner to a fellow who was one of our set and extremely popular. I chimed in heartily with the scheme the moment it was broached, but when one of my chums, out of pure mischief as I afterwards found out, suggested that we should one of us make a farewell speech, expressing

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the regret and so forth of the rest, and that I should be the speaker, I got savage, and was for not appearing at all at the dinner, unless they gave me a solemn promise that I should not be asked to open my lips, even to propose a toast. We were near quarrelling over it; the others were so amused at my anger and fright that they kept up the joke, and bullied me until I was in a downright passion. When it was over, and I had joined in the laugh against myself, my tormentor said, quite hap-hazard, and not with the least idea of rousing me again:

"I say, old boy, how will it be when you come of age? You'll be giving a grand blow-out at the Moat, of course, and we'll all drink to your health with three times three; but you will have to return thanks, you know, and address the tenantry, and that sort of thing. It will be awful fun to see you stammering and haw-hawing, and assuring us that the affecting occasion is really—aw—too much for you—aw—and so forth. When is it to be? About this time twelvemonth, eh?"

I don't know what I said to him. I think I felt he was too great a brute to be spoken to, except in a language which it would not do for a De Winton to use. But could this be true? Was I making a fool's paradise to myself, while every day hurried me on to this dismal catastrophe?

I feigned a sudden call home on family business that required my presence, and started by the six A.M. train next morning for the Moat.

My step-mother was surprised to meet me on coming down to breakfast—surprised, not startled. She was not a woman to be startled.

"Madam," I said, after greeting her ceremoniously, according to my step-filial habit, "have you any plan in view respecting the event of my majority?"

"You speak in enigmas, my dear Clide. Pray explain yourself," replied Mrs. de Winton; and went on washing her hands in that deliberate way of hers that always exasperated me. Perhaps it was this trick of perpetually washing her hands that made me think her so uncommonly like the picture of Lady Macbeth hanging over the library mantel-piece.

"To be explicit, then," I replied, "do you intend making a Coming of Age of it? Do you purpose setting the tenantry into fits making a fuss over me? In a word, do you purpose calling up the seven devils commonly called rejoicings and loyal demonstrations? Do you mean to do these things, madam?"

Whether she thought I had gone suddenly mad, or that, notwithstanding the early hour, I had been indulging too freely in convivial libations, I could not tell; but she decidedly thought I was laboring under some sort of cerebral inflammation. Suspending abruptly the ablutionary movement, she joined her hands coldly, and looking at me with a severe countenance, not devoid altogether of pity, "Clide, you surprise me," she said. "I hoped that you had sufficient respect for yourself and for your ancestors to understand . . ."

"Madam," I broke in, trembling with excitement, "I respect you and I respect my ancestors; but as to making a fool of myself for the gratification of their ante-diluvian crotchets, I won't do it. No; if every De Winton from the Flood down were to stalk out of his coffin and bully me, I won't."

"Won't what?" demanded my

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step-mother, looking now rather alarmed.

"I won't have those seven devils let loose over the place," I said defiantly; "and unless you pledge me your word of honor that there will not be anything of the sort, as sure as I'm a living De Winton I'll bolt from the country, and never set foot in it again!"

"You misapprehend our relative positions altogether, Clide," resumed Mrs. de Winton. "When the time of your majority has arrived, you will, by the very fact of its advent, be master to deal with it as you choose, quite independent of my wishes. I should hope, however, that by that time you will have conceived a better notion of your duty to society in your own person, and to the traditions of the illustrious race from whom it is your privilege to descend, than you seem to possess at present. It has been from time immemorial the custom in the family to celebrate with pomp and festive gatherings the majority of the heir. I am at a loss to understand why this venerable custom should inspire you with such irrational fury; why you should anticipate the welcome that awaits every De Winton on his coming of age otherwise than with a sense of grateful and honorable pride."

I had calmed down when I discovered that I was my own master in the matter. Otherwise I should not have listened so patiently to the end of her tirade. When it was over, I began to feel rather ashamed of myself. I had been making a storm in a butter-boat.

"If I have forgotten in the least degree the deference I owe you, madam," I observed, twisting my wide-awake to give myself what the French call a countenance, "I apologize for it."

"I trust you will learn to control yourself, in future, for your own sake," observed Mrs. de Winton, washing her hands again. "Be assured of one thing: I shall take no steps towards the celebration of the event, which is looked forward to by the tenantry with very different feelings from yours, without having your consent. I would not expose them or you to such an exhibition as that I have just witnessed. But you have twelve months to wait, and to improve, I hope, before your coming of age makes it necessary to remind you what that circumstance involves."

"If it involves a fuss, madam," I said emphatically, and waxing wroth again, "once more, I won't have it. I'd rather never come of age!" And having delivered myself of this decided opinion, I wished her good-morning.

I came of age in due time, and fearing that, in spite of my commands to the contrary, the tenantry might get up some insane rejoicings and caterwaulings, I feigned illness and waited in London till the anniversary was a week old.

That Rubicon was no sooner safely passed than the other, the fearful one that had been the nightmare of my childhood, threatened to overtake me. I had so constantly announced at school my determination never to marry that my views on that subject were known to all who knew me, and the reputation of a woman-hater preceded me amongst my own people. Still, the Moat being a fine old place, with a clear rent-roll of fifteen thousand pounds a year, and I being an only son and in all other respects what dowagers call an "eligible young man," the female mind of ——shire resented such a resolve on my part as premature

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and absurd, and set to work diligently to bring me to a better way of thinking. I pass over the history of that merciless campaign of match-making mothers and enterprising daughters. The very thought of it now is painful to me. Enough that I came out of it unscathed. After two years of comparative quiet—for I persistently refused to be lured to the sirens' caves in the neighborhood, and forced them to beard the lion in his den, which gave me no inconsiderable vantage-ground over the enemy—the fire slackened, and I was left in peace.

My step-mother did not attempt to coerce me; on the contrary, she commiserated my position, and more than once expressed her disapproval of the way in which, as she said, I was hunted down by all the marriageable womanhood of the county. She insisted on giving one ball when I came home, to introduce me to her own and my father's friends and such members of the family as I only knew by name or very slightly; but after that she subsided, and my life was as free from fuss as any life in this fussy world could be.

"Clide," observed Mrs. de Winton one morning, as we sipped our tea over the breakfast-table, "do you think it quite impossible you should ever marry?"

"Well," I said reflectively, "as far as a man can answer for himself, I should say quite impossible."

"But how far is that?" observed my step-mother with a sceptical smile. "You have not yet been put to the test. You have not yet come across the woman who could persuade you that marriage is the Elysium of man here below. Supposing—I merely put it in the light of a remote supposition—that you should come across her some day . . . ?"

"I should probably accept my fate as many a wiser man has done before me, and capitulate on reasonable terms—namely, that we should be executed at six o'clock in the morning, no wedding-dress, no bridemaids, no speechifying—no fuss, in fact, and nobody present but a beggar-woman and a policeman. Then, when we come home, no entertaining, giving and taking dinners, and that sort of fuss that comes like the farce after the tragedy. If I ever meet with a pretty girl willing to take me and the Moat on these conditions, then I will not answer for the consequences."

. . . . . .

One year after this conversation with my step-mother I met that pretty girl; the result was what I tacitly foretold it would be. I married her. It happened in this way: I was seized with a desire to travel, and, instead of beginning with the stereotyped grand tour, I determined to go first to America. I had a hunger for grand, wild scenery. The vast primeval forests of the far West, the awful grandeur of Niagara, drew me powerfully; so off I set, accompanied by a confidential servant named Stanton. Shyness went for something in the choice. I felt attracted towards the new young continent as by a sense of homelikeness and kindred. I was not disappointed. Everything I saw there was at once novel and familiar. I could converse with the people in my own language, and was thus spared the mortification of stuttering out my inquiries in dubious French or German, or trumpeting them through an interpreter, as must have been the case on the grand tour.

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Niagara appalled and fascinated me. Day after day I stood contemplating the torrents of foam that surged up to meet the great sheet of water that flung itself in a majestic arch of hard green crystal down into the boiling, creamy gulf. I gazed and gazed till sight was dim and sense was lost in a torpor of exquisite delight—neither trance nor vision, but a state that hovered between both. The thunder of the rushing waters, the sparkling of the prism that danced and flashed and faded with the changing lights, reflecting every tint in the sunset, until the cataract blazed before my dazzled eyes like a thousand rainbows melted into one, then fainted and died, leaving a uniform sheen of emerald in its place—all this was like some magnificent apotheosis that kept me spell-bound, fascinated, entranced. I had come intending to remain three days; but a week slipped away and found me still at Niagara. At last I determined to break the spell. I must tear myself from the spectacle before it overmastered my reason; for there were moments when, after standing for hours looking down into the seething abyss of foam, I felt as if an invisible chord were drawing me on and on, nearer and nearer, luring me in a dreamy way towards the water. Then I would rouse myself and rush away; but it would not do to go on playing with a danger that was sweet and potent as a magician's spell. I came out one morning to take my last look. It was just after sunrise. The falls had never looked so beautiful, the booming of the water had never sounded so solemn, the light had never evolved such a fairy tracery of jewelled glory on the silvery vapor and the green crystal. The effect was overpowering. For one moment it seemed to me that I heard the voice of Jehovah speaking in the roar of many waters; that I stood within the sanctuary, separated by an impenetrable and mysterious wall of thunder from the outer, visible world. A spontaneous and almost unconscious impulse made me uncover myself and stand bareheaded, as in the presence of the Unseen and Omnipresent. How long I stood thus I cannot say; I know that I was roused from my revery by a sound that struck in upon my dreamy deafness with strange and thrilling effect. It was the singing of a human voice; the words were inarticulate, but I knew the music well. It was a wild, weird Highland melody; the rhythm was barely distinguishable, as the notes rose and fell through the roar and boom of the waterfall, sounding nevertheless preternaturally clear and sweet, like the wail of a spirit or some sweet sea-bird's cry. What was it? Some Undine risen from the spray, and pouring out her lament to the wave? I dared not look round, so fearful was I to banish the songster. When the voice ceased, I turned my head and looked. Was I dreaming, or was it indeed a spirit that I beheld? I doubted at first. But as I kept my eyes steadily fixed on the figure, it moved towards me, and I knew that it was neither sprite nor shadow, but a woman, a young girl rather—for she seemed barely emerged from childhood to maidenhood—more beautiful than any picture I had ever seen or that my imagination had ever painted. She was small, below the middle height. Her hair fell in profuse ringlets or coils—it seemed an accidental arrangement—down her back; it was black and glossy as

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jet. Her eyes were lustrous and dark as a gazelle's; her complexion almost colorless. She was dressed in dark green, a loose, unconventional sort of garment that draped her something after the fashion of a Roman stola; her straw hat had either fallen off or she had taken it off, and held it dangling from her arm; her hands were clasped, and her eyes fixed on the fall, as it plunged from the rocky ledge down, down into the eternity of waters.

She had come within a few yards of me before she seemed conscious of my presence—of anything but the majestic spectacle that was riveting her whole soul through her eyes. She walked on like a somnambulist. A sudden dread seized me. Was she asleep, or was she experiencing in its uttermost degree the terrible attraction that I had felt more than once, and walking on unconsciously to death? I advanced a few steps, so as to stand in her path as she drew near. The effect was instantaneous. She started as if some one had struck her. I thought she would have fallen, and rushed to prevent it by stretching out my arm. The movement apparently recalled her to the sense of where she was. With a slight acknowledgment of my courtesy, she turned quickly away, and hurried on out of sight. I followed her, and it was with an unreasonable thrill of delight that I saw her enter the hotel where I was staying. Who was this siren, or how did one so young and so beautiful come to be alone in this lonely place? Before the day was over I met her again. Chance brought us together once more in the same spot. This time she was not alone. An elderly man, whom she addressed as uncle, accompanied her. He was not prepossessing in his appearance, and I doubt whether I should have overcome my natural shyness so far as to address him, if he had not himself broken the ice by asking me if I had ventured to walk under the fall, and whether the experience was worth the risk. I assured him that it amply compensated for any imaginary danger that might exist, and volunteered to accompany him if he decided on trying it. This brought us into communication, if not into sympathy. I did not like him, consequently he did not like me. We both felt this instinctively, no doubt; there was an opposing element of some sort between us that made friendship impossible, though it did not prevent that kind of superficial intimacy which is almost inevitable amongst people of the same country who find themselves thrown close together under the same roof in a foreign land. He was Scotch, as I knew at once by his name, Prendergast, and by his accent. He was a thin, medium-sized man, and could not have been more than forty, though his silver hair gave him a prematurely old look, which was perhaps increased by a settled expression of ill-temper about the mouth, arising, so his niece affectionately alleged, from chronic tooth-ache. He seemed indeed a martyr to that trying complaint, and wore his head tied up in a woollen comforter, which must have been miserably uncomfortable; for the days were hot and the nights as balmy as June. I fancied that his beautiful niece disliked him, or at least feared him considerably more than she loved him. I noticed how the merry, bright little creature started at the sound of his voice when he called to her sharply, and how she quailed when his cold,

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hard eye lighted on her in the midst of one of her childish peals of laughter, checking it as by a cold bath. It struck me even more than once that she cast a glance towards me, as if claiming my protection—against whom or what I could not imagine; but I was resolved to ascertain, and, if my assistance or sympathy could avail her, to let her have them at any cost. We happened to be alone on the third day after our first meeting. Isabel—so I heard Mr. Prendergast call her—was apparently as pleased at the opportunity as I was. She talked to me with the frank, artless *abandon* of a child; and, without in the least intending it, she told me enough of her antecedents and position to satisfy me that I was right in supposing her not very happy with her uncle. She told me he was her guardian, and had brought her up since she was quite a child, her parents having died when she was five years old. Her mother was his sister; her father's name was Cameron. He held a large tract of land in Canada, and had a great deal of money—"heaps of money," was her childish estimate of it—in banks and things in England; and she, being the only child, was heiress to all this wealth. Mr. Prendergast had had the management of it up to the present, and continued to treat her as an infant, though she was now of age, she said. He had by nature a tyrannical temper, and it was increased and rendered irritable and fierce by years of tooth-ache. He had been away in hot climates to seek relief for his exasperated nerves, and it was only on her account that he had returned to England of late. He had come out to America to look after her property, and also for the benefit of her health, which had required change and a long sea-voyage. I felt grateful to him for this at least, as the sacrifice had evidently been crowned with success. Miss Cameron looked the very picture of health, and she said the voyage had made her stronger than she had ever been in her life. It had, however, proved very disastrous to Mr. Prendergast, whose teeth had not given him a day's rest since they left England; "and of course this makes him very cross," his niece observed deprecatingly, with a little sigh.

After this conversation we became perfectly at ease with each other, and tacitly watched for opportunities of renewing it. I need not say that I relinquished my plan of leaving the falls, which day after day grew more beautiful, more irresistibly attractive, to me. A week passed in a dreamy state of blissfulness, and then a crisis came. Mr. Prendergast, who had been howling all night in the room next to me with the tooth-ache, set off after breakfast, in spite of his swelled face, with a party that were being taken to walk under the arch of the fall. He wound a quarter of a mile of Shetland shawls round his head, and, thus fortified, donned the leathern costume of the occasion, and down he went. Everything went well enough until he was emerging from the tremendous roar that had covered him in like a curtain, and was setting his foot on dry land above, when he was seized with a rush of blood to the head, and fell insensible to the ground. He was carried to his room, and lay there dangerously ill for several days. Isabel was not allowed to see him. The doctor enjoined absolute quiet as of the first necessity; no one entered the sick-room but the medical man and a nurse whom he sent for to the nearest town. This catastrophe naturally threw Miss Cameron

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and me a good deal together. We wandered out to admire the falls by sunrise; we were to be seen there again at sunset, when the clouds rolled in golden cascades over the western sky, and made a spectacle of rival glory above and beyond the everlasting glory of Niagara. What could come of all this but what came of it? We loved each other, and we confessed it. It was a wild act on my part. I knew nothing of Isabel's family and antecedents but what she had accidentally told me; but to a man in love, first love, what more was wanted? She bore a name that was ancient as my own. As to her fortune, I cared nothing for that. She told me it was already legally in her own power; that she was twenty-one. I believed this, since she said it, but it required a strong effort of faith to credit that beaming young face with more than seventeen years in this cold world. Those were blissful days while we walked arm-in-arm through the yellowing forest, and alongside the river beyond the falls, cooing our young loves to one another, as foolish and as tender as any two Babes in the Wood. But Mr. Prendergast was getting well now, and called Isabel constantly to his side, and sternly catechised her as to what she did when she left him. He was to be down-stairs to-morrow, and they were to leave Niagara in a few days, and sail for England by the next boat that left Quebec. She whispered this to me with white lips one morning, and then rushed upstairs to answer the call of the dragon, who was shouting to her from his open window. I waited till she came down again, and then drew her out into a favorite spot of ours at a little distance from the house.

"Isabel," I said, "does your uncle know that we love each other?"

"Oh! no, no; he would kill me if he knew it," she replied, speaking in a whisper, and looking up at me with an expression of terror and trust that nerved me to anything.

"What, then, are we to do? Shall I speak to him at once?" I asked.

"There is no use speaking to him; he will never let me marry you, Clide. Forgive me for making you unhappy," she said, clasping her hands on my arm, while the big tears ran down her face. "I never ought to have let you care for me. I never ought to have let myself love you, but I could not help it; I could not help it."

Her head fell on my shoulder, and the sobs shook the frail little figure that leaned against me with the artless confidence of a child.

"You *shall* marry me, darling," I cried; "no uncle that ever lived shall separate us. I swear it! We shall be married before we leave this. Trust to me to do everything; we will arrange it all before that old Turk knows or suspects anything. Promise only to trust to me entirely and to do as I ask you. Promise me, Isabel."

She promised, placing her hand confidingly in mine.

Next morning, soon after sunrise, while Mr. Prendergast was still asleep, we two stole out to the little church where a few stray worshippers sang their hymns to the music of the waterfall, and were married by the old clergyman of the place. My man, Stanton, and the sexton were the only witnesses. It was indeed a wedding after my own heart, all done as quietly as if marrying a wife were as much an every-day accident in life as taking a walk before breakfast. Isabel was, if possible, more delighted with the mode of proceeding than

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I was. I forget how she came to make the avowal, but I know it was quite spontaneous, that she hated the fuss and paraphernalia of a wedding in England as she hated a thunder-storm; and that if she had been given her choice, she would infinitely have preferred this quiet little marriage of ours to the most magnificent display that could have been got up for her in Scotland. We were as happy as two children as we walked home together. But then came the business of telling Mr. Prendergast. Isabel declared she would rather die than enter his presence now alone; he would read her rebellious act on her face, and he would kill her. He was capable of anything when he was roused. I was not going to risk my treasure within his reach. I sat down and wrote a respectful letter, informing him that I had become the husband of his niece, and requesting his forgiveness for what might seem a violation of good faith, but which his own conscience would, I felt sure, find an excuse for in my behalf. I stated my fortune and position more accurately than I had been able to do to Isabel, who put her hand to my mouth when I attempted to speak of settlements and so forth, saying she wanted to hear nothing about my money. I now begged of Mr. Prendergast to let me know what his wishes were concerning his niece's fortune, and pledged myself beforehand to conform to them, and prove by my conduct in this respect that money was the last consideration that had actuated me in marrying an heiress. In answer to this I received a curt line informing me that I had behaved like a scoundrel, and that, as a gentleman, Mr. Prendergast declined to meet me, and that I had better take myself off with my wife before chance threw me in his way again. Isabel was overjoyed at this unexpected issue. I was stung by the man's insolence and his unjust accusations, but, on the whole, it was the easiest way of getting rid of him and securing myself and Isabel from his brutal temper and ungovernable violence.

We left Niagara that day. I wrote to my step-mother, acquainting her that I was a married man, and announcing the day she might expect to see us at the Moat. I wrote for places in the next steamer, and we were fortunate enough to find two vacant ones at nearly the last moment in a splendid vessel that sailed from New York. It had occurred to me that before leaving America it would have been prudent and rational to make some inquiries concerning the landed property which my wife held in Canada; but as she did not propose this, I feared it might strike her unfavorably if I did, and suggest that her uncle's insulting insinuations were not as unfounded as I wished her to believe. I therefore abandoned the idea, and we left the United States without my asking a single question on the subject.

The voyage homeward was delightful. Isabel formed plans for the future that sounded like songs from Arcadia, and drew a picture of our life at the Moat that looked like a vision of the Elysian fields. We stopped a week in London to extemporize a trousseau and purchase some trinkets, and then I took my wife to her Welsh home. My step-mother gave her a gracious, if not a hearty, welcome. It was a very quiet home-coming; nothing, indeed, could have been tamer. There were no tenantry to meet us, no rejoicings either in the village or

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at the house. I thought this strange, though it was strictly in accordance with the desires I had always expressed on the subject to my step-mother. Isabel, however, was entirely satisfied, and confessed to me that she had been in a nervous flutter all the way home, fearing to find some horror in the shape of a deputation from the tenants or something awaiting us at our journey's end.

A few days after our arrival, when I came down to breakfast alone, my step-mother said to me, "Clide, it is time that you thought a little of business now. I think you told me that your wife's fortune is in her own right; this is very desirable to begin with, but of course it cannot remain so. Your rights as a husband must be properly protected."

"My wife's affection and my confidence in her are the only security I require on that, madam," I replied stiffly.

"The sentiment does honor to you both," observed Mrs. de Winton, with an undertone of sarcasm that did not escape me; "but you do not expect Admiral de Winton or Sir Simon Harness to be satisfied with such a sentimental guarantee."

"I understand you, and I respect your motives," was my cold rejoinder; "but as I am not responsible to any one but myself for the good or bad management of myself and my property, I do not recognize any one's right, trustee or relation, to interfere with me, and still less to interfere with my wife."

"Who talks of interfering with your wife? You tell me she is an heiress with forty thousand pounds in the Funds and an estate in Canada. Your father's widow and your late guardian and trustee have certainly a right to ask the whereabouts of the money and the land. Admitting that your wife be as devoted and as disinterested as you believe, is she entirely her own mistress? This tyrannical old uncle who has kept her in such bondage—how far did he or does he hold control over her fortune? For her sake as much as for your own you should put yourself in possession of these facts."

This view of the case had not occurred to me. I saw the justice of it, and frankly said so.

"Isabel will put no obstacle in the way of a just and prudent arrangement; I am quite sure of that," I said emphatically. "My only fear is that she should see in this horrid investigation a desire on my part to count my prize, and perhaps suspect me of having had a base, ulterior motive in marrying her; and rather than wrong myself or wound her by such a suspicion, I would sooner never see a penny of her money or an acre of her land."

"And does your wife share these sentiments? Is she quite as indifferent about the matter as you are?" inquired my step-mother.

"Every bit!" I answered vehemently.

"Did she tell you so?"

"Do you suppose I would ask her?"

"Ridiculous boy!" sneered my step-mother. "But taking for granted that just at present she does share your juvenile folly and poetical want of common sense, how long will it last, do you think? A bride in her honeymoon is a very different being from a wife of a few years' standing. She knows nothing of the value of money now; but when she finds herself the mother of a family, with daughters growing

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up to be married and portioned, she will awake to the value of it in a way that will astonish you. And when a few years hence she asks you for an account of her own splendid fortune, what answer will you make to her? You were too delicate to hurt her feelings by any inquiries about so insignificant a matter, so you left it to her uncle to see to it!"

"I said I was prepared to do what was necessary to protect her interests," I replied. "I will speak to her on the subject this afternoon. What am I to do next?"

"Write to Sir Simon Harness, and beg him to fix a day to come down here; and when he has done so, you will write to the family lawyer, and request him to be here to meet him. Of course you will write to Admiral de Winton, as your father's executor and your nearest relative now."

"What a confounded fuss it will be!" I exclaimed impatiently, and, kicking over a footstool, I started up and began to walk up and down the room. "I wish I had married a milkmaid!"

"Don't talk like a fool, Clide!" said my step-mother. "I do believe your pretended delicacy and fear of hurting Isabel's feelings are nothing but a cloak to cover your dread of a fuss!"

I was going to protest, but the door opened, and Isabel walked in.

She looked so beautiful in her pink cashmere drapery, breaking into the brown old wainscoted room like a sunbeam, that even my step-mother was surprised into an involuntary tribute of admiration; and when my wife, coming up to her in that pretty, kitten-like way that was so bewitching, stooped down to be kissed, my step-mother responded quite warmly, and actually put up her hand to caress the sunny face after she had kissed it.

I felt so proud of my lovely Isabel, and so grateful to my step-mother for this unfeigned recognition of her loveliness, that I was seized with a strong impulse to embrace them both on the spot. I restrained it, however, and we sat down to breakfast; my wife, as mistress of the house, presiding over the cups and saucers.

"Clide," began my step-mother (she prefaced every remark by my Christian name), as soon as Isabel had provided us respectively with tea and coffee, "what are we going to do to make Mrs. de Winton welcome amongst us? Now, don't answer me with your usual lazy outcry about fuss. My dear," she said, turning to Isabel, "you will have a great deal to do in the way of reforming him; and if you succeed, it will be little short of a miracle."

"Isabel will find out my vices soon enough, without your enlightening her beforehand," I protested. "It's not fair to take away a man's character without giving him a chance of redeeming it."

"Then begin and redeem it in time," said my step-mother. "Here is a good opportunity. Have some people down from London to put the house in order, and then give a series of proper entertainments to introduce your wife to her new family and friends."

"Oh! please . . ." cried Isabel, pursing up her rosebud of a mouth, and joining her hands with a delicious little pantomime of fright.

"What! are you as silly as himself? Or has he spoilt you already?"

"I was ready spoilt for him, dear Mrs. de Winton. I hate being introduced; and as to refurnishing anything, I wouldn't have it for the

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world. I adore old furniture!" declared Isabel.

"Old furniture is one thing, and shabby furniture is another," observed my step-mother, resuming the chronic rigidity of manner which Isabel's beauty and sweetness had thawed for a moment. "If Clide had done me the honor of confiding his intentions to me in time, I certainly would have taken upon myself to make the house decently clean to receive you. I had for some time past urged on him the necessity of getting new carpets and curtains; it was not surprising he shrank from the annoyance of a few days' hammering merely to make it habitable for *me*, but I fancied for his wife he might have undergone as much."

"I shall be delighted to hear the hammers going for a month, if Isabel likes it," I replied evasively.

"But I don't like it; I hate it, Clide!" exclaimed my wife passionately.

"Well, then, you sha'n't have it, my darling," I said. My step-mother sat back in her chair and washed her hands. She said nothing, but this was sufficiently suggestive.

"Have you announced your marriage to Sir Simon Harness?" she resumed after a pause.

"Not yet. I mean to write to him to-day."

"Who is Sir Simon Harness?" inquired Isabel.

"He was my father's particular friend and the trustee during my minority," I explained.

"You had better ask him to come down here for a few days to make your wife's acquaintance," suggested Mrs. de Winton.

"No, he sha'n't!" broke in the angel in pink. "I don't want to make his acquaintance. He's a mean, disagreeable old man. Trustees always are. I hate them!"

I thought this charmingly innocent and childlike, though, it must be confessed, she put more vehemence into her manner than the case warranted; but remembering the type of trustee on which she had built her opinion of the class, I could not resent her prejudice against my old friends. My step-mother took a less indulgent view of the *sortie*. Seeing me cast a smile of tender indulgence on the culprit, she looked at me very sternly.

"Do you mean to requite years of faithful kindness and interest in your concerns by such a gross breach of respect and common courtesy as not to invite Sir Simon Harness to your house on such an occasion as this?" she demanded.

"Isabel is mistress of her own house. I cannot insist upon her receiving any one against her will," I replied; "but when I have explained to her what kind of man Sir Simon is, I think she will consent to make his acquaintance."

Isabel peeped at me from behind the urn, and made a face indicative of anything but consent.

Luckily, my step-mother did not see the little by-play, and, taking her silence for acquiescence, she said, addressing me:

"And Admiral de Winton—of course you mean to ask him down?"

"Is that another trustee?" asked Isabel.

"Not exactly, though he often acted with Sir Simon in my affairs, being next of kin," I said. "He was my father's executor."

"Executor! Why, that's worse than a trustee! I won't have him come here, Clide! You're going to fill the house with horrid old men who will worry me to death. I know they will. But I won't submit to it!"



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She pushed away her cup with a sudden gesture that made the china rattle, and, flushing up scarlet, walked away from the table, and flung herself into a chair near the fire. If she had flung the tea-pot at my head, I could not have been more taken aback. It was impossible to deny that the burst of temper was very becoming to her complexion, but . . . I was conscious of a very distinct sense of disappointment. Yes, disappointment; there was no other word for it. As to my step-mother, she looked from me to my wife, and from my wife to me. Isabel, meantime, sat trembling and excited, her eyes sparkling, her face glowing like an angry rose.

"Dearest . . ." I began, "really . . ."

"Oh! don't," she shrieked, and burst into a torrent of tears.

Mrs. de Winton, prompted either by delicacy or by disgust, got up and left the room, leaving me to conjure as best I could the storm that had suddenly broken out in my conjugal paradise. I was utterly at a loss to understand Isabel. She said she was inconsolable at having vexed me, but to all my entreaties and arguments would answer nothing except that she was frightened at strangers, and above all at horrid old men; and that if I loved her, I was not to introduce her to anybody, but to let us live all our lives alone in the dear old Moat. She wanted no society but mine, and surely, if I loved her, I ought not to want any but hers! This was irresistible logic to my heart; but my reason, being less infatuated, perversely refused to abide by it. There was no use at this crisis in broaching prudential arrangements as an excuse for inviting down my two friends. Such an insinuation would only have added fuel to the fire. Yet the new aspect in which my heiress-wife was revealing herself made it clear that some such measures as my step-mother had suggested were absolutely necessary to protect Isabel against her own folly and deplorable ignorance of life.

. . . . . .

The storm of sobs and tears subsided by degrees. Isabel declared she was ready to make any sacrifice of her own feelings to mine; that if I liked to invite all the trustees in Lincoln's Inn and Chancery Lane down to the Moat, she would do her best to receive them properly, so that I should not be ashamed of my wife; but of course there was an end to her happiness. Arcadia was gone. All her dreams of romantic bliss had vanished into thin air. She was after all to be nothing more than a humdrum wife with a house to look after and guests to entertain.

"O Clide, Clide! is this what you promised me?" she cried, her voice still broken with sobs. "Is this my dream? or was it only a dream, nothing but the baseless fabric of a vision?"

She clasped her hands, and, throwing back her head, fixed her eyes on the ceiling, as if the vision were disappearing in that direction, and she were straining for a last glimpse of it.

I was so spell-bound by the extraordinary beauty that borrowed a new charm from her emotions and from the despairing tenderness of her voice and manner that I entirely lost sight of every other point in the picture. In fact, I lost my head. I was after all no more than a man, and the wisest of us is but a fool in the hands of a woman. What could I do but what I did do? Fall upon my knees and swear that she should have Arcadia back again,

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adjure her to build up a new vision, and, if she loved me, never to talk about baseless fabrics and such like again; and as to her sinking down into a humdrum wife, it was preposterous nonsense. She could never be anything but an archangel to me, and that . . . But why do I bear witness in this wanton way to my own folly? We made up our quarrel, as all such quarrels are intended to be made up. Isabel went to her room, and I went round to the stables. I had no fancy for meeting my step-mother just now, and I had a vague sense of something having gone wrong with me which a gallop over the downs would set right.

It was a cold February morning—bitterly cold, but bright and bracing, just the sort of day to enjoy a ride across country; so as soon as I was out of the park I set spurs to my horse and galloped away, taking flying leaps over everything, hurdle, and ditch, and brook, as if the hounds were ahead, and my life staked on being in at the death. After five miles of this going-in-for-the-Derby pace I drew rein at the foot of a hill, and walked my horse to the top. The hard riding had made him so hot that his flanks smoked like a steam-engine, and sent up clouds of vapor that enveloped me in a tepid bath; but I did not feel that the violent exercise had produced any effect on myself. I was not clear as to the nature of the effect I had expected, and still less could I analyze the cause that demanded it. Something was wrong somewhere. I looked about me vacantly, persistently, as men do when they feel they ought to look within themselves for the object of their search, and dare not.

I cast my eyes to the sky. It was as blue as liquid sapphire, and as cloudless. But it said nothing to me. The river winding round the foot of the wooded hill was ice-bound and silent as death. The trees stood up naked and grim against the blue, like skeleton giants, and whispered nothing. There was no rustle of leafy tongues. They were dead and gone down into the dumb sod. There was no ripple of tiny cascades; no buzzing of insects holding council in the grass that grew high and free on the hill-side; no song amongst the birds. Nothing spoke to me. Everything was dumb. Everything was cold. Everything was a disappointment. I began to whistle. The sound of my own voice echoed merrily through the wood, but it woke no responsive note from linnet or blackbird or robin. Silence everywhere.

"What can it mean?" I said aloud, the apostrophe not being addressed to the birds that could sing, and would not sing, but to my own perplexity concerning the scene at the breakfast-table. There was something out of all reason in the passionate energy Isabel had displayed. Excuse it as my heart and my vanity would on the ground of a jealous love that shrank from any intrusion on our solitude capable of distracting my thoughts from her, which she chiefly urged as her motive of dislike to my two friends' visit, I could not see it in a satisfactory light. Again, it was simply preposterous that a girl of one-and-twenty, who had seen even as little of the world as Isabel had, could be so morbidly shy as to cry herself into hysterics at the mere idea of being introduced to two old gentlemen in her own house. There was some motive in the background which it behooved me for my own peace of mind to discover.

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Removed from the magnetic influence of her beauty, and her distress, and her pretty, endearing ways, I was able to look back dispassionately at the morning's entertainment; and the more I looked at it, the less I liked it. The undisciplined outburst of temper which revealed to me the painful fact that Socrates was henceforth to be my model, and patience under an inevitable evil the sustained effort of my life, was in itself no small matter for regret. But this, though the most tangible of my cares, was not the one that chiefly possessed me. No; I could have signed away every penny of my wife's fortune on the spot to feel sure that it had been a genuine outbreak of mere temper; but it was borne in on me, not by circumstantial, but by strong internal evidence that she was actuated by *fear*. Fear of whom? Of what? What could her young life have done, or suffered, or known, that she should be afraid? Her uncle had been very tyrannical, and was now very much incensed with her on account of her marriage. But she had nothing to fear from him now. He might storm and fume, but she was out of his reach; he could not hurt her. Besides, she had not hinted at any fear of malice or vengeance on his part as a reason for shunning the society or acquaintance of other men. Who or what was she afraid of? "She hated fuss, and I promised her this and that and the other."

Nonsense! Two old friends of my father's sleeping a night or two in the house did not constitute a fuss. "She hated trustees; they were always . . ." Stop! No; I'm a fool and a brute to wrong the child by such a thought. Besides, I never hinted, even indirectly, at anything like inquiries and settlements. I avoided the subject scrupulously. No; there could be nothing in that.

The fact is, the dear child is in love with me, and wants to play at Romeo and Juliet for the rest of her life; and here am I, like a born idiot, making a mountain out of a mole-hill, instead of blessing my stars for my luck. This, by a natural train of thought, led me to picture her standing on the balcony by moonlight, and myself in the garden below looking up and worshipping.

"What a distracting Juliet she would have made!" I exclaimed aloud, carried away by my imagination. Then—I can't for the life of me tell why—but I remembered how she had looked a while ago with her hands clasped and her head thrown back, and how she had suddenly checked her passionate complaint to assume the rapt attitude, the *pose* of picturesque despair, and how very melodramatic the effect had been. If it had not been the purest nature, it would have been the most finished piece of acting that ever drew down the house to a Siddons or a Kemble. But it *was* pure nature. Then why do I start, and why does my heart begin to thump against my coat in this inexplicable way? Pshaw! Because I am a fool. I set spurs to my horse, and galloped home, whistling defiantly all the way.

My wife was watching for me, Juliet fashion, from the window of her turret chamber, and, as soon as she caught sight of my horse entering the park, flew down to meet me in the hall.

"Why did you stay away so long, Clide? Mrs. de Winton 'sent me her compliments to know if I wouldn't like to go and see the

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dairy'; but I didn't like. I was afraid it was just an excuse to get me all to herself and scold me. I knew I was naughty this morning, and you may scold me as much as you like; but I won't be scolded by anybody else." And nestling up to me in her childlike way, Isabel laid her cheek on my shoulder, and looked up at me with two eyes that would have melted a judge and won from any twelve men in England an unhesitating verdict of—innocent as a babe unborn. Linking her arm in mine, and whispering all the way as if we were a pair of lovers stealing a clandestine interview, she carried me off to her boudoir. Then, when we were safe in the room, she turned the key in the door, and began to skip and dance about like an emancipated kitten, giving me chase round the room, clapping hands and laughing and singing in frantic merriment. We kept up this impromptu game of puss-in-the-corner till she was fairly tired out and allowed herself to be taken prisoner and held in durance vile on my knee, while she panted for breath, and shook back her hair, that had slipped from its imprisoning pins, and fell in long, black ripples down her shoulders. Thinking the moment opportune, "Now, my darling," I said, "let us have a quiet little talk together. How are we to make it straight with the dowager? It won't do to have her suspect my dear little dove of not being as good and as sweet-tempered as I know her to be, and I'm afraid that silly pout at breakfast has put you in a false light with her."

Isabel said nothing for a moment, but went on shaking her curls.

"Do you wish me to go and beg her pardon?" she said at last. "I will, if you like, Clide."

"My angel! no. I doubt the wisdom of that," I replied, laughing at the *naïveté* of the proposal. "It would be better if we took some more practical means of pacifying her. Suppose we give in about asking down these two old friends of mine?"

"Very well. I will do anything you like, Clide," she answered indifferently, rolling a curl on her two fingers, and not looking up at me.

"The admiral is the jolliest old tar in the world," I continued, "and will never talk a word of politics or business, or anything you don't care about; and as to Sir Simon, my only fear is that you will fall in love with him, and some fine morning elope after him, or with him if he stays long enough. He's the most unmerciful lady-killer in the three kingdoms."

"Is he?"

This was said in a sort of absent way, as if she had been only listening with one ear to what I was saying; all her thoughts were intent on the curling operation, that was again recommenced and completed for the tenth time.

"Then shall I tell Mrs. de Winton that we will ask them both for Wednesday—till Saturday, say? If you like them, it s very easy to renew the invitation."

"Of course," assented Isabel, and began a fresh curl.

"How proud I shall be introducing my wife!" I said, pushing back the heavy veil of hair that partly hid her face from me.

She shook it down again, not roughly, but there was a touch of impatience in the movement that surprised me. I thought it best, however, not to seem to notice it. Suddenly she started from my knee, flew to the piano—I had ordered a Cottage Pleyel for her private use—

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and broke out into a gush of song that made the air literally thrill with melody. Passionate, tender, angry, and entreating by turns, her voice poured out the florid Italian music with the full-throated carol of a thrush. Singing was as natural to her as speaking. In fact, she appeared to find it an easier medium of emotion, whether of pain or pleasure, than speech; and when she was excited, her first impulse was to break out in thrills and cadences just as a bird might do. Once started, she could go on for ever. I sat a full hour this morning listening to her running through a *repertoire* of varied power and beauty. Schubert, Rossini, Beethoven, Verdi—she was at home in every school, and her rich soprano voice adapted itself to each as if that one had been her sole and special study. But while I sat there drinking in the intense delight, my mind divided between it and the beauty of her face, some sudden expression of the latter every now and then startled me. The wonderful mobility of her features reflected every changing emotion of the music with a responsive fidelity which it is impossible to describe. I suppose it was the absence of the artistic instinct in me, combined with a total ignorance of the emotional law of music, that made this appear to me unnatural, and filled me with a sudden and painful misgiving as to the genuine truthfulness of Isabel's nature. Was it possible to feign so perfectly, and to be at the same time thoroughly truthful?

But I was cut short in my perplexing reflections by the luncheon-bell, that sounded a vigorous carillon at the foot of the stairs leading up to my wife's boudoir. She shut the piano quickly, and, passing her arm through mine, marshalled me down to the dining-room, humming the "Valse de Venzano" all the way.

I observed casually during lunch that we had fixed on Wednesday to have Sir Simon and the admiral down to the Moat. Mrs. de Winton slowly elevated her eyebrows, but gave no articulate indication of surprise.

I did not look at Isabel while I made this announcement, but when, a moment after, I stole a glance at her, she was as pale as the table-cloth. Instantaneously I grew a shade paler. I felt I did. My heart stood still. What in the name of wonder was behind this dislike of hers to see these two men? There was a mystery somewhere. She was afraid of somebody or something. At any and every cost I must find it out.

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## RELIGION AND STATE IN OUR REPUBLIC.

THE great questions which concern the relation of the state to the church have already been partially treated of in this magazine. The vast importance of the subject, however, demands that we should return to it once more, and will serve as a sufficient excuse if we even repeat many things which have already been said in previous articles. The relation which the state ought to have to the church according to sound principles of philosophy, the relation which it is intended to have according to the principles of the Constitution of this republic, the relation which it ought to have according to the principles of the canon law and theology of the Catholic Church, and the bearing of these various questions severally toward each other, both in their theoretical and practical import, make up together a complex topic which is under a perpetual and ardent discussion, and which is felt by all parties to involve momentous issues. We have no unwillingness to express fully and unreservedly all our convictions and opinions upon any of the several parts of this question. It is undoubtedly much desired by many who are hostile to the Catholic religion or suspicious of it, on account of its bearing upon the science of politics, that competent persons should make such full explanations of the real and genuine principles by which all sound and thoroughly-instructed Catholics of the present time in our own country, as well as elsewhere, are and will be guided. We see no reason why their desire should not be gratified, but, on the contrary, every motive and reason worthy of having any weight with a sincere and courageous advocate of the Catholic cause, why the discussion should be brought as speedily and directly as possible upon the merits of the case fully exposed.

The leaders of the Catholic body, and, in due measure, the great body itself, are credited by many persons with certain views and intentions concerning the institutions, laws, and political destinies of this republic which necessarily cause them to regard the increase of our numbers and the extension of our influence in the nation with alarm. Such persons would like to know what we would really undertake to do with this republic, if we had the power to do what we pleased. We are willing to let them know precisely what our opinion about the matter is, and to use our best endeavors to explain what those principles of the Catholic Church are which must form the conviction of every one of her devoted and instructed members upon the right and just method of applying the divine law to the various conditions in which a state may exist; from that in which the church is at her lowest point of depression, to that in which she is at the summit of her influence. In our own case, as citizens of the United States, the manner in which Catholic principles require us to act, as voters, judges, legislators, with that degree of influence we now have, and in which the same

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principles would require us to act if we were equal or superior in number and influence to non-Catholics, if we were in the majority, or if we were practically the whole people, is a topic upon which we think it desirable that all should be enlightened, as well those who are members of the church as those who are aliens from her fold. Stated in an abstract form, the question is, What is the ideal Christian state when actualized in its perfection, and what is the difference between that state and the one which is the best practically in our real circumstances?

In discussing this theme we must beg the indulgence of our readers if we begin at a considerable apparent distance from the practical point we intend to come at eventually. We have to lay down some general principles about government, and to make some explanations about the American Constitution, before we can grapple with the main difficulty. In our opinion, many maxims usually taken for granted by speakers, writers, and by their blind followers, in treating of political constitutions, and specially of our own, are sheer assumptions which will not bear examination. Such are, that in general, the spiritual and temporal orders are in their nature and ought to be kept separate from each other, and are really separated in our own political constitution. Those sophistical maxims have been combated by Dr. Brownson so frequently and victoriously that we can scarcely hope to produce any new arguments or more lucid expositions to convince those whom he has not been able to satisfy. Sometimes, however, a sound from an unexpected quarter startles the attention which has remained sluggishly insensible to a louder and more continuous booming to which it has been accustomed for a long time. We trust, therefore, that the authority of a great foreign writer, who is a Protestant withal, and one of the most celebrated historians of the age, will claim some little deference from those who may refuse it to any one of ourselves. And we accordingly resort to Prof. Leo, of Halle, rather than to any Catholic author, for an exposition of the general relation of the state to the church, and of the particular form of that relationship in the United States.

In the introduction to his great work, *Lehrbuch der Universalgeschichte*, Leo develops with masterly force of reasoning the fundamental principle upon which his entire work is constructed, and which is, in truth, the architectonic law of the history of the human race. The history of mankind is the evolution in successive and progressive stages of the grand plan of God to conduct the human race to its prefixed supernatural end of beatitude in God through the incarnation of the Word. The organization of the various portions of the human race in distinct nations, with their laws, political institutions, and governments, is subordinated to this end, and therefore subordinated to that higher and more universal organization in which all are included, and which dominates over all—the church. The nations which have been broken off from the church which God established from the foundation of the world for all mankind, have been broken off through sin, revolt against God, defection from the movement of the human race on the line marked out by the Creator towards its end and destiny. Yet, even in this defection, they derive all their

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constitutive and organic principles and forces from their previous union with the divine society or church, and are formed by religious ideas which are merely perverted, corrupted, travestied imitations of the revealed dogmas which their forefathers had received. All true reform, restoration, renovation, and improvement must be effected by a return to unity, a reincorporation into the church, and a reflux of organic life from the centre into the chilled and deadened members.

"No religion can unfold itself among men, extend itself, or maintain its existence, without social relations existing between men themselves. Every religion presupposes a state originating together with itself or already previously formed; but it is equally true that no state is conceivable without a religion, for every state includes a system of moral conceptions, and is itself a system and manifestation of moral conceptions; and a system of moral conceptions without a religious force underlying it is something unthinkable."

Here we have the statement of the universal principle that the religious and political orders, the spiritual and the temporal, or, otherwise, church and state, are, like soul and body, though distinct, inseparable in living, organized humanity. The author then goes on to prove the truth of his assertion by the example of our own republic, apparently the most notable exception to his rule, and an instance sufficient to disprove to most men of modern habits of thought the universality of the rule as an organic principle of society.

"In appearance, some particular religion may leave the state free to shift for itself or make itself free from it, and some particular state act in the same way toward religion; but this is only in appearance, for when, for example, the North American state proclaims that the religious confession is a matter of indifference in respect to its existence, it proceeds on the assumption that there could not be any religious confession, except such an one as should *include in itself that which constitutes its own proper religious force.* Just suppose that a religion like that of the Assassins or Robber sects of the East should make its appearance in North America, and you would speedily see how the entire body politic would be violently agitated by efforts to cast out this foreign religious force, and to annihilate it within its own precinct. You would see then at once that the North American state, in spite of all its contrary assurances, has its own religion, and a state religion at that, as the collision of some of the North American states with the Mormons has already amply proved. This North American religion of state only avoids assuming the name and aspect of a religion or an ecclesiastical organization, and manifests itself rather altogether in the ethical institutions of the state as they are for the time being, and consequently permits a most extraordinary variety of religious doctrines and churches to exist alongside of the state, yet only under the tacit condition that they all acknowledge that which is the religious force of the state as their own. If, therefore, the North American state proclaims that religion is an indifferent matter, it proceeds from an absurd imagination that there cannot be any religion which does not include in itself that particular religious force which its own moral subsistence has need of. In point of fact, religion and the state form *one* ethical whole, precisely as in individual men the soul remains an inseparable whole, although we separately consider particular faces of its exterior surface as special faculties—understanding, will, etc. Religion and state are one single ethical whole, which, although divided into distinct members, and apparently separated in these, must always be united in one germinating point and a common vital root." *

A singular corroboration of the doctrine of Leo in its application to the United States is furnished by the following extract from the *New York Herald.* If it seem to any one singular that we

* *Lehrbuch der Universalgeschichte*, von Dr H. Leo, 3d edit., vol. i. pp. 13, 14.

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cite the *Herald* on such a question, it will cease to appear so when we explain our reason for doing it. This well-known paper is remarkable for a certain tact and sagacity in divining and expressing the instinctive dictates of American common-sense upon questions which concern practical, temporal interests. We cite it, therefore, in this instance, as a proof of the fact that the public sensibility is stirred by any practical collision of a foreign and hostile religious force with the latent religious force underlying our own legislation, just as Leo says it must be. Theories and phrases are disregarded; and the mouth-piece of popular opinion strikes at once, promptly and surely, upon the very head of the nail, and drives it home. It is very singular to see, in the extract we are about to cite, how the instinct of self-interest and self-preservation evolves by a short process the same conclusion which the philosopher establishes as the result of long study and thought. Here is the extract in full, with some passages marked in italics by our own hand, to which we wish to call special attention, as containing the nucleus of the whole matter, and agreeing almost verbally with the language we have quoted from Dr. Leo:

"BRIGHAM YOUNG AND POLYGAMY—WILL THE PROPHET TAKE SENSIBLE ADVICE?

"Judge Trumbull, United States senator from Illinois, has just had a conversation with Brigham Young in Salt Lake City, which, as reported, is of more than ordinary significance and importance. It seems that as the judge was taking leave of Young, the latter remarked that on returning to Congress he (the judge) might hear of some persons—obnoxious federal officials—being put out of the Territory, and, if done, he might be sure it would be for just and good reasons. Judge Trumbull replied by requesting Young, before he took any step of that kind, to make known his grievances to President Grant, remarking that the President was a just man, intending to do justice to all, but that he would not permit a violation of law to go unpunished, and adding that it would 'not be safe to molest public officers in the discharge of their duties.' The judge then asked Young if he promised obedience to the Constitution and the laws of the Union. The latter replied that he would adhere to the Union, but that there was 'one enactment of Congress which the Mormons would not obey,' namely, the one forbidding polygamy.

"Here, then, is the whole Mormon question in a nutshell—the positive declaration on the part of the Mormon leader that federal officers, sent to Utah, unless acceptable to himself, should be banished the Territory, and that there was at least one law of Congress he positively refuses to acknowledge or obey. Now, what is the plain duty of the national government in the face of these revolutionary averments? It is to see that the enactments of Congress are enforced *without respect to persons or religions*, and that the representatives of the federal government legally appointed for that purpose shall be upheld and protected, if it be necessary to employ the whole power of the nation. This Mormon matter demands decisive action on the part of the administration. President Grant has already declared his purpose of enforcing the laws impartially, even the most obnoxious, and there is no good reason why the Mormons should be exempted from the operations of this policy. The fact is, Brigham Young and his satellites have been treated with too much leniency and good-nature by the United States government ever since they settled upon the national domain, and whatever they have done for the improvement of the wilderness in which they settled they have done for their own benefit, and have reaped the rewards of their industry and frugality. Among the many other settlements that have sprung up in the great West and grown into populous cities and States since the Mormon hegira from Nauvoo, where can one be shown to have defied the United States government, and to have treated its laws and its public officials with the contempt and insolence the Mormons have? On the contrary, among the most loyal States in

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the Union, and among those which sent into the field the greatest armies during the struggle for our national existence, are States in which the earlier pioneers had to undergo as many perils, hardships, and privations in organizing their communities, in subduing the forests and the savage, and in implanting the seeds of civil and religious liberty and constitutional law, as ever the Mormons did in erecting their Salt Lake empire, and in establishing in the heart of the nation's public domain *a religious organization the corner-stone of which is a dogma abhorrent to modern civilization and in violation of all the received rules of decent social and domestic life and society.* Therefore the claims of these impertinent and rebellious Mormon squatters for immunity from the operations of the general laws of the country, on account of the service they have rendered in improving a barren waste, but more properly in making fortunes for themselves out of the Gentiles and the government, are idle and ridiculous. Greater hardships and more personal sacrifices, we repeat, have been undergone by settlers in other tracts of territory, now become great and prosperous States, respecting the laws and fighting for the national flag, than ever these Mormon adventurers encountered from the time when old Joe Smith went into the tablet business, after the manner of Moses, and founded the Mormon sect, up to the moment of the conversation Brigham Young held with Senator Trumbull, as related above. They have no claims for political sympathy, for immunity from legal responsibilities, nor for hardly the consideration paid to other religious communities; for the odor of their sanctity is foul, and *their moral practices are unlike those of all modern Christians.* We say, therefore, to Brigham Young and his deluded followers, that they had better accept the sensible advice of Judge Trumbull, consult with President Grant before they proceed to extremities, *accept the laws of Congress in regard to polygamy, as well as in regard to everything else they are required to, and either haul in their rebellious horns or prepare to pack up their baggage for a tramp to some distant country outside the boundaries of the United States.* * *You must obey the law, Prophet Brigham, or you must march. Uncle Sam has stood your nonsense long enough. He will tolerate it no longer.*"

What is it which is thus asserted by a paper always considered as advocating the most extreme modern notions respecting religious liberty? It is that there is something in our civilization, our received rules of morality, our lawful principles and acts of administration, intolerant of certain religious dogmas and tending to exclude them. This latent something is what Leo calls our state religion, the religious basis of our institutions and laws, of our whole political and social fabric.

The first point we wish to come at, in our evolution of the whole question under discussion, is, what is this religious basis or fundamental religious law, essentially and precisely? According to Leo and excellent authors of our own, it is the moral law, so far as that law governs political and social relations. Whatever is *contra bonos mores* is prohibited and excluded by it, and nothing more. But this is too general. We are obliged to ask what moral law, what standard or criterion of good or bad morals, is tacitly understood? To this we reply that, in our opinion, it is the Christian law, as embodied in the common and statute laws under which we have been living since the origin of our nation. If we ask, further, what fixes and determines this Christian law—that is, what criterion determines that which is really prescribed or forbidden by this law—we can assign nothing more definite and precise than the common and general conscience of the sovereign people, as this exercises its controlling power through legislative and judicial enactments and decisions. It is therefore not an unchangeable quantity, but variable and varying in the different laws of the distinct States, and in the different laws of separate

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epochs which are the result of the change for better or worse which takes place in the moral sense of the community. We cannot enumerate a definite number of moral canons forming our state religion in every part of the country during every period of its history. But we can, at any one time, designate a certain number of things required, permitted, or forbidden by our state code of morals, without respect to the doctrines of any particular religious body. Whatever religious doctrine professed by any set of men contradicts any part of this code, although it may be maintained and advocated theoretically with impunity so long as this can be allowed without immediate danger of inciting to an open violation of the laws, cannot be reduced to practice without bringing the offending parties within the coercive jurisdiction of the courts of justice. A Mahometan or a Mormon will be allowed to advocate in speech or writing the claims of Mahomet or Joe Smith as the great prophet of God, and to defend polygamy as a divine institution; but if he attempts to keep a harem, the law will condemn the act, and will punish it, at least to a certain extent, by inflicting legal disabilities on every one of his wives and children who is not regarded as legitimate by the statutes of the State where he lives. Any enthusiast may give himself out as an inspired prophet; but if he is directed by his fancied revelations to kill some one, to set up a kingdom for himself, or to undertake anything else against the laws, the laws will avenge themselves without regard to his liberty of conscience or his interior conviction that he is executing the commands of God. A very piquant and characteristic expression of this principle was once given by General Jackson. After the capture of the Indian chief Black Hawk and his adviser, the Prophet, an interview took place between the warlike president and these dusky potentates of the forest. The president demanded of the chief an account of the reasons and motives which had led him to make war on the United States. The crestfallen warrior laid all the blame on the Prophet, who was in turn subjected to the stern glance and imperious demand of the formidable old general. Quailing and abject beneath the superior moral force of the great white chief, the trembling Prophet excused himself by saying that he had been deceived by what he thought was the voice of the Great Spirit, but which was only the whispering of his own mind. Upon this the old general, gathering up all the dignity and force of his character into his brow and attitude, and raising his voice to a tone of thunder, turned upon the poor Prophet, and anathematized him with this terrible dogmatic decree: "If you ever again mistake the hallucinations of your disordered imagination for the inspirations of the Divine Spirit, by the Eternal! I will send you where it will be for ever impossible for you to repeat the mistake!" Our chief magistrate spoke according to the written and unwritten law of our constitutions and our traditions. There is a certain point beyond which the practical carrying out of opinions or beliefs, whatever claim they may make to be derived from a superhuman source, will be resisted by the entire coercive and penal force of the law. There are and must be certain inherent principles in our laws, whether these are vague or definite, variable or

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fixed, which determine this point of physical resistance to liberty of conscience or liberty of religion. These constitute our state religion, which claims for itself a legal infallibility, as exacting and unyielding as that of the Holy See, so far as outward submission and obedience are concerned.

We come now at our immediate question, namely, the attitude of the Catholic religion towards this state religion; and if we are able to designate and define this accurately, we are able by logical consequence to conclude precisely what degree of agreement or opposition is contained in the essence of Catholic and of American principles respectively to each other. We intend to meet this question fairly and squarely, without trying to twist either the one or the other set of principles, or to invent a medium of compromise between them. We take the Catholic principles as they are authoritatively promulgated by the supreme authority in the church, the Roman Pontiff, particularly as contained in the encyclical *Quanta Cura*, with its appended Syllabus, and as they are taught and explained by the most approved authors in canon law. These definitions and expositions alone have authority in the church, and these alone have any weight or significance in the minds of thinking men who are not members of the church, but are more or less positively hostile to her extension in our country. Private versions or modifications of Catholicity count for nothing, for they are merely the theories of individuals, and will have no influence over the real development of the church, in so far as they disagree by excess or defect with her authoritative teaching. For ourselves, we are purely and simply Catholic, and profess an unreserved allegiance to the church which takes precedence of, and gives the rule to, our allegiance to the state. If allegiance to the church demanded of us opposition to political principles adopted by our civil government, or disobedience to any laws which were impious and immoral, we should not hesitate to obey the church and God. We should either keep silence and avoid all discussion of the subject, or else speak out frankly in condemnation of our laws and institutions, if we believed them to be anti-Christian or, which is the same thing, anti-Catholic in their principles.

We do not try and judge Catholic principles and laws by the criterion of the American idea, as it is called, nor do we justify and vindicate these principles on the ground that they are in harmony with, or reconcilable to, the maxims and ideas upon which our political fabric is based. We aim at making an exposition of the case as it really is; and if we take a view of it favorable to our American political order, it is for the sake of justifying that order, and proving both to our own adherents and to our opponents that our duty to God does not require us to make war on it, so that all the arguments and motives for creating a conflict on the political arena may fall to the ground, and the battle-field be restricted to the fair, open ground of theological polemics.

What is it, then, which furnishes to a certain set of violent enemies of the Catholic Church in this country a pretext for making the issue between Catholic and Protestant principles a political one, and inclines a great number of the mass of the people to believe or suspect that this

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pretext is valid? The newspapers, publications, and speeches which have been giving utterance to the sentiments of those who dread and oppose the spread of our religion, ever since it began to show signs of vitality and growth in this country, furnish the answer. The pretext is that all Catholics who thoroughly understand and are loyal to the principles of their religion wish to change or overthrow the republic, and substitute for it a political order fundamentally different; and that, if they ever become strong enough, they will do what they can to carry out their design. Is there any truth in this pretext? We will express our own convictions on the matter as fully and clearly as possible, and leave them to exert what influence they may upon those really sincere and intelligent persons who may honor us with their attention.

In the first place, as to the republican form and constitution of our government. There is no doubt a difference of opinion among our clergy and intelligent laymen in regard to the abstract question what form of government is the most excellent and perfect. In regard to this subject, it is a part of our American liberty that we should be free to form and express our own opinions, and there is undoubtedly a diversity of opinions regarding it among non-Catholics, as well as among ourselves. It is certain that many of our bishops, clergy, and educated laymen have a very decided preference for the republican form of government, where it can be established under conditions favorable to order, stability, and success. And as to the mass of our people, they have suffered so much from tyranny and oppression that they are inclined to go to the extreme left rather than the extreme right in all questions of political authority and liberty. If we look at the question closely, we shall see that the difference of opinion which may exist in regard to the form of government among those who hold to the divine institution of the state, and the divine sanction to political authority and law, is really not concerning essentials. S. Thomas teaches that the best form of government is one which combines the monarchical, aristocratic, and democratic elements in just proportions. Bellarmine maintains that absolute monarchy is ideally the most perfect form of government, but that, considering the actual state of men, the mixed form is the best in practice. It is our opinion that very few men among the leading classes in the Catholic Church could be found, either in this country or in Europe, who would not agree with the second member of Cardinal Bellarmine's proposition. This is quite enough for the justification of the governmental order established by our constitutions and laws in our United States. We have the monarchical principle in our president, and governors, and the mayors of cities. We have the aristocratic in the legislators, judges, and magistrates. The existence of the democratic element need not be proved. The difference between our monarchy and aristocracy and those which are hereditary is only that ours is elective, and the difference between them and certain others which are elective is that our election is only for a certain term and by a popular vote. The Pope is an elective monarch. The governing aristocracy of Belgium is elective. The essential principle of the mixed government is simply a stable and legitimate order, under which the monarchy, aristocracy

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and democracy are created and sustained in the regular exercise of certain functions of government. Catholics are therefore bound by their own principles to recognize the political order in the country as lawful, and to give it their allegiance. Moreover, without any question, apart from singular and individual opinions which Catholics as well as Protestants may entertain, the Catholics of this country are agreed in the conviction that the republican institutions of the United States are the best and the only possible ones for our own country. They have no desire to subvert them, and there has never been any conspiracy against them, except in the malicious or deluded brains of fanatical anti-Catholic writers and speakers and of the crowd which they have duped. Genuine Catholics will never conspire against our government and laws, but will always be true and loyal American citizens. If the majority of the people or the whole people were to become Catholics, they would not use their power to subvert our American institutions, or substitute for them those of any European nation. On the contrary, nothing could happen which would secure the perpetuity of the republic and promote its political prosperity and glory with anything like the influence which the Catholic religion would exercise in producing such desirable results. The dangers we have to apprehend come from the sectarian divisions which waste and neutralize the religious sentiment and force of the country, from infidelity and radicalism, from vice and immorality, from secret societies, from public and private corruption and profligacy, from swindling and maladministration in high quarters, from principles akin to those of the conspirators of Europe, from detestable books like *Lothair*, atheistical magazines and unprincipled newspapers—evils for which the Catholic Church alone can furnish a remedy.

Another part of the subject is worthy of much more serious consideration, and requires far more elucidation in order to be presented in its true light. This relates, not to the outward form of the government, but to its inward spirit; to the scope and quality of the legislation, and not to the manner of designating the legislators or judges. All forms of government are lawful before the church, whether absolute monarchies or republics. It is evident that a republic may be governed in perfect accordance with Catholic principles, and that an empire may be governed in complete discordance with the same. A sensible man would not, therefore, be likely to consider the form of our government as the object which demands his particular solicitude in view of the progress of the Catholic religion. He would consider, rather, that the gist of the matter lay in the relation of Catholic principles to that which we have called, after Leo, the state religion. If we are correct in our preliminary statements, the Catholic religion always tends to infuse itself into the state in which it exists, and succeeds as soon as it has become the governing moral force which constitutes the soul of the body politic. Now, what is the relation of the Catholic religion to the actual state religion in our country, and, when they come strongly in contact, what degree of struggle will ensue between them, and what amount of change would be produced by the predominance of the Catholic force?

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In the first place, let us consider the case in reference to those things which the Catholic conscience positively enjoins or positively prohibits. In every case of this kind a Catholic must obey his conscience; and if he is subject to a civil law which requires him to violate it, he must die rather than submit. Formerly we have had to make this passive resistance to laws existing in the American colonies; and in some cases—as, for instance, in regard to certain oppressive laws passed in the State of Missouri, it has been necessary to resist some state laws. On the whole, however, we may say that our laws do not put the Catholic citizen into the alternative of incurring a penalty from either the human or the divine law. This part of the case can be therefore dismissed as not practical.

In the second place, we have to consider those things which are the rights and privileges of the Catholic conscience, but which do not concern its indispensable obligations. In regard to these things, a Catholic must obey the law, and he must refrain from all violent and seditious conduct. He must submit to the abridgment of his rights and liberties so long as he cannot obtain their free possession and use by lawful means. But, under our free institutions, it is the right of the Catholic citizen, by argument, influence, and voting, to secure as much as possible of his just religious liberty without prejudice to the natural or civil rights of others. Therefore, as a matter of course, whenever Catholics obtain sufficient power to command a majority of votes, they will, if they act on Catholic principles, demand and obtain all their rights and full equality before the law with other citizens. For instance, in regard to schools, prisons, hospitals, ships of war, fortresses, etc., they will secure the complete right of Catholics in these places to practise their religion and to be free from the interference of non-Catholic religious teachers appointed by the state.

But what would be the action of Catholics, if they should ever become the majority, in regard to requiring or prohibiting by law those things in which the Catholic conscience differs from the Protestant and non-Catholic standard of right and wrong? It is always necessary in such a case for all parties to exercise the greatest forbearance, moderation, and fairness toward one another, in order that these questions should have a peaceable solution. Therefore those violent and fanatical or selfish demagogues, both clerical and lay, who seek to exasperate the non-Catholic citizens of this country against their Catholic fellow-citizens, are the most dangerous enemies of the public peace. We appeal to all candid, impartial, intelligent American citizens to say who are they who seek to fan the embers of strife into a flame; are they Catholic leaders, or are they the chiefs and orators of a violent, sectarian, anti-Catholic party? Our Catholic citizens, if fairly treated, will always respect the rights of their fellow-citizens. They will never take part in despoiling churches, societies, colleges, or other institutions of their property or chartered privileges, as radicals and infidels most assuredly will, so far as they have any power. Catholics will not do anything of this sort, even in case they should in certain States become an overwhelming majority. They will never seek to tyrannize over their fellow-citizens, to establish their re-

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ligion by force, or to compel any one to do those things which are required only by the Catholic conscience. The difficulty lies chiefly in respect to those laws which forbid certain things as contrary to the divine law. The civil code consists chiefly of laws prohibiting crimes against the moral law, and annexing penalties to the commission of them. The law must therefore have some ethical standard of right and wrong, and must be based on some interpretation of the divine law, or, in a Christian state, of the Christian law. Now, if the interpretation of the Christian law of morals held by one large portion of the community differs from that of another large portion, what is to be done? This is the precise question which we are seeking to answer in reference to the Catholic and non-Catholic portions of the community in any State where the former should be in the preponderance. The case of divorce and marriage is one precisely in point, and the most important and practical of all others which could be mentioned. Let us suppose, then, that the reformation of the marriage code were to come up before a legislature in which the majority were Catholics, under the leadership of sound jurists who were also strictly conscientious in fulfilling their duty of obedience to the church. Would they make the canon law also civil law *in globo*, without regard to the opinions or wishes of the minority? We think not. In our view of the case, the right and the wise thing to do would be to bring the law back to the condition in which it was during the earlier and better period of our existence as a people, in so far as the assent of the whole people could be secured with a moral unanimity. As for the rest, it would be altogether in accordance with Catholic precedents and Catholic principles not to legislate at all, but to leave the church and the other religious bodies to exert their moral influence over their own members.*

If we suppose the entire people of the United States to become a Catholic people, we must suppose, as a matter of course, that the entire law of the Catholic Church, in so far as it is an ethical code, becomes *per se* the sovereign law of the collective people. This follows by a rigorous deduction from the principles we have laid down respecting the religion of the state. The religion of the state, as we have seen, is its body of ethical principles. This body of principles came by tradition from the Christian teaching which created European civilization. It is, in a vague and general sense, the Christian law. It is good so far as it goes, and in harmony with Catholic principles. But it is imperfect and liable to change, for the want of a competent tribunal to pronounce upon its true, genuine sense in disputed cases. This is seen in the instance of marriage, there being in courts and legislatures no right or power to decide from the New Testament or any other source what the divine or Christian law really prescribes. Let the collective conscience of the country become Catholic, and it at once, without changing the fundamental principle of our organic law, obtains an infallible and supreme interpretation of that law which raises it to the standard of ideal perfection. It becomes a perfect Christian republic,

* As a case in point, we may cite the law of the Pontifical States, which leaves the regulation of marriage among Jews to their own synagogue.



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passing under the control of a higher law in all that is comprised within the sphere of ethical obligation, but retaining political, civil, and individual liberty in all other respects, guarded by more powerful sanctions than it ever before possessed.

Do our fellow-citizens who are not Catholics think it possible that this will ever take place? We suppose not. Nor have Catholics any certain grounds for expecting it, whatever they may hope from the power and grace of Almighty God. There is no reason, therefore, for making a controversy about what the Catholic Church would do in the United States if the whole people were her docile children. The question of real importance relates to the action which Catholics ought to take, and probably will take, as one factor of greater or less power in the political community. Our aim in discussing topics of this kind is, first, to animate Catholics to a manly and honorable determination to secure their own equal rights, and to obey strictly their conscience in all their political and civil relations. It is, in the next place, to persuade our fellow-citizens that conscience and obedience to the teaching of the Catholic Church do not require or permit Catholics to make an aggressive party, to disturb the peace of the commonwealth, to subvert our laws or liberties, or to invade the rights of our fellow-citizens, and seek the opportunity of establishing the supremacy of the Catholic religion by violent and forcible means. We have no expectation of convincing, conciliating, or silencing the greater portion of our active opponents. We have not the slightest hope of seeing them desist from their utterly unfair and fallacious method of conducting the controversy between us. Their only chance of success lies in sophistry, artifice, appeals to prejudice, ignorance, and passion, and the evasion of all serious argument. We have, however, great hopes of gaining more and more the hearing, the attention, and the confidence of that vast body of thinking and reading Americans who, if not convinced of the divine origin of the Catholic religion, are certainly devoid of all respect for every form of fanatical sectarianism. They know well that these violent parties, however loud in the assertion of liberal sentiments, are invariably tyrannical when they have power; and we hope to convince them that the Catholic Church, while condemning a false liberalism, is ever the guardian angel of true right and liberty

All the foregoing portion of this article was written four years ago, and has been waiting until the present moment for a suitable occasion of publication. The controversy aroused by Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet in November of the last year has furnished a better occasion than we could have hoped for, and we have therefore offered this contribution to the discussion now going on. The statements we have made in regard to the essential relation between religion and the state with reference to our own republic are equally applicable to the European nations. They cover the whole ground of allegiance due from Catholics to an infallible authority, in respect to the domain of political ethics. This infallible authority is the proximate rule of faith in regard to what must be done or omitted in order to obey the law of God. It is the higher law, the objective rule, directing

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the subjective conscience, or practical judgment respecting right or wrong, in the individual. It is, of course, supreme; for it is an unerring promulgation of the divine law. The definition of the infallibility of the Pope has not made the slightest practical change in respect to his authority of defining and proclaiming this infallible Catholic rule of conscience. All Catholics, bishops included, even when assembled in general council, were always required to assent to and obey his judgments in matters of faith and morals, as final and without right of appeal. The assent of the church could never be wanting, since it was obligatory on every bishop, priest, and layman to give it at once, under pain of excommunication. If some were illogical enough to maintain that the infallibility of his judgments depended on this assent, the erroneous opinion which they held did not subject them to excommunication as formal heretics before the solemn definition of the Vatican Council had condemned and anathematized their error as a heresy. Yet the Roman Pontiff always exercised his infallible prerogative without hesitation, and was always obeyed, except by heretics and rebels. In respect to the promulgation of the divine law to the consciences of all men, the Pope has always been, by divine right, just what he now is —the supreme teacher and judge of the whole earth, as the Vicar of Christ. His power is spiritual, and its executive is the conscience of each individual. Infallibility is obeyed only by interior assent, which is a free act of volition not subject to any coercive force. It is utterly silly, therefore, to say that this submission is a surrender of freedom, or that obedience to a rule of conscience subsisting in an infallible tribunal interferes with allegiance to civil authority one whit more than obedience to any kind of rule whatever. In fact, what Prince Bismarck denounces and wishes to crush is the resistance of *subjective* conscience to the absolute mandates of the state, for which we have his own plain and express words. His doctrine is the very quintessence of the basest and most degrading slavishness—the slavishness of intelligence and conscience crouching abjectly before pure physical force—*la force prime le droit.*

Legislative and governing authority in the church is something quite distinct from infallibility. It proceeds from the power delegated by Jesus Christ to his Vicar to exercise spiritual jurisdiction over all bishops and all the members of their flocks, and in general over all the faithful. No direct temporal jurisdiction is joined with it by divine right. The direct temporal jurisdiction of the Pope in his kingdom is from human right, and his ancient jurisdiction as suzerain over sovereign princes was also a mere human right. The indirect jurisdiction which springs from the divine right is only an application of spiritual jurisdiction, varying in its exercise as the civil laws are more or less conformed to the divine law, and depending on the concurrence of the civil power. Suppose, for instance, that a bishop revolts against the Holy See. The Pope judges and deposes him. This act deprives him of spiritual rights and privileges. If he is to be violently expelled from his cathedral, his palace, and the possession of his revenues, the civil magistrate must do this in virtue of a civil law. If he were one of the

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prince-bishops of a former age, and were deprived of his principality, the civil law would deprive him. If he married, and incurred temporal penalties thereby, it would be through the civil law. The judgment which pronounces him guilty, deposed, excommunicated, invalidly married, and therefore liable to all the temporal penalties incurred under the civil code, is an act of spiritual jurisdiction. The temporal effect of this judgment is indirect, varies with the variation in civil jurisprudence, and depends on an executive clothed with a direct temporal and civil authority.

Nothing is more certain than that the church has always recognized the immediate derivation of the civil power in the state from God, its distinction from the spiritual power, and its sovereign independence in its own sphere of any direct temporal jurisdiction of the Pope. The statements made above show how the immutable rights of the Pope as Christ's Vicar in respect to indirect jurisdiction in temporal matters have a variable application in practice, according to the variation of times, laws, and circumstances. It is futile, therefore, to attribute to the Holy See or to Catholics in general, on account of the doctrine of Papal infallibility and supremacy, the intention of striving after a restoration of all that actual exercise of ecclesiastical power in political affairs which was formerly wielded by popes and bishops. Much more futile is it to suppose that a claim to revive ancient political rights derived purely from human laws and voluntary concessions is always kept in abeyance, and to be ever dreaded and guarded against by states.

Catholics ought to beware, nevertheless, of regarding the ancient constitution of Western Christendom under the headship of the Pope as something needing an apology, or as a state less perfect than the one which has supplanted it. We do not share in or sympathize with this view or with the political doctrines of those who hold it, however estimable they may be, in the slightest degree. Although convinced that the mediæval system has passed away for ever, and that the present and coming age needs a régime suited to its real condition, and not to one which is ideal only, we glory in the past which partly realized that Christian ideal.

France was *par excellence* the Christian nation, as even Duruy, advocate though he be of the principles of '89, proclaims with a Frenchman's just pride in the *Gesta Dei per Francos*. Her golden age was the period between Louis le Gros and Philippe le Bel. Her decadence and disasters began with the contest of the latter sovereign and the infamous Nogaret, precursor of the Cavours and Bismarcks, against Boniface VIII. Crecy, Poitiers, and Agincourt, the dismemberment of France, the conquests of Edward III. and Henry V., the apparition of Etienne Marcel, the father of Parisian revolutionists and communists, were in logical sequence from Philippe's rebellion, and the logical antecedents of the modern French Revolution and the disasters of 1870. In that olden time France was rescued only by the miraculous mission of Joan of Arc, a kind of living personification of the Catholic Church, in her three characters as virgin, warrior, and victim. So, at a later period, S. Pius V., that pontiff whom Lord Acton has so vilely calumniated, saved Europe from

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the Turkish invasion to which the recreant sovereigns had exposed it by basely abandoning the Crusades to despoil each other. It needs but small knowledge of history to see through the sophisms of second-class writers like Buckle and Draper, who seek to despoil the Catholic Church of her glory as the sole author and preserver of civilization in Western Christendom. The history of Europe from the fall of the Roman Empire to this moment is only the record of an effort of the popes to lead the nations in the path of true glory and happiness, and of the ever-recurring struggle of the civil power, of sophists, and of revolutionists to drag them aside into the path of degradation and misery, for their own base and selfish purposes. Faithless priests, unworthy heirs of noble names, men who have perverted the highest gifts of nature and grace, have, during this long, eventful course of time, been mixed up with the arrogant tyrants, cunning politicians, bold blasphemers, shameless sensualists, and their common herd of followers, in the war against the vicegerent of God and the spouse of Christ. What is now, has been in the time past, and will be until the curtain drops after the finished drama. There are similar actors on both sides now, and a similar struggle, to those recorded in the history of the past. We may expect a similar result. La Pucelle was falsely accused, unjustly condemned, suffered death by fire, and triumphed. The Catholic religion is La Pucelle. Abandoned, falsely accused, doomed to the flames, by an ungrateful world, recreant or cowardly adherents, and open enemies, it will be hailed in the age to come by all mankind as the saviour of the world.

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## RELEASE.

I SOMETIMES wish that hour were come
When, lying patient on my bed,
My soul should view her future home
With eager, trembling wings outspread
And earnest faith; that age and pain
Should pass at death's divine behest,
As the freed captive leaves his chain
When he has ceased to be the guest
Of prisons—on the dungeon floor
A burden dropped for evermore.

Eternal joy, eternal youth,
Await beyond that portal gray—
Which all must pass that hope for truth—
The lonely spirit freed from clay;
But suffering only bids us yearn
For that mysterious, strange release
Which through the grave, the funeral urn,
Brings such infinitude of peace.
Oh! in that dread, ecstatic hour
Uphold me, Saviour, with thy power.

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# THE VEIL WITHDRAWN.

TRANSLATED, BY PERMISSION, FROM THE FRENCH OF MME. CRAVEN, AUTHOR OF "A SISTER'S STORY," "FLEURANGE," ETC.

## XXXIV.

I PRETENDED to be very much surprised the next morning when Lando informed me Gilbert was obliged to take his departure the following day in order to join an English friend of his who was to accompany him to Egypt and had sent a despatch he should be at Malta by the end of the week.

I recollect nothing more concerning that morning except my depression, which only increased as the day advanced. Towards night this sadness assumed a new character, and became still deeper in consequence of a letter from Lorenzo, announcing his return the following day.

He had left Milan, and was now at Bologna. He was really there this time, and not pretending to be, as when he went to Sorrento to see Donna Faustina! Oh! what bitter thoughts, what feelings of indignation, were awakened by the perusal of this letter, at once devoid of affection and sincerity! He doubtless supposed a scandal published in so many newspapers, though only the initials of the persons concerned were given, had come to my knowledge, but he was in that sort of humor in which the wrongs one has to endure produce an irritation against those who have the most to suffer in consequence. It was evident he felt some regret for the past, but there was not a symptom of repentance; and though he did not say so directly, his letter seemed intended to warn me, as he had once done, with regard to questions, advice, and promises, that he was not disposed to endure the slightest reproach. Not a word that appealed to my generosity, not one that could touch my heart! I could see nothing to cheer and console me in that direction. All was dark and cold. Such was my conviction on reading this letter. But I did not appear the less cheerful when evening came to remind me that my interior struggle would be over in a few hours, and the next day I should feel at liberty to yield without restraint to thoughts I should no longer be afraid to betray.

The large drawing-room on the ground floor which opened into the small garden after the fashion of Pompeii, with its pillared portico, had been arranged for the occasion by Lando, who had constructed a platform, ornamented with lights and flowers, where the concert he had improvised was to take place, varied by speeches.

Gilbert was to explain its object at the commencement, and at the end, Angiolina, for whom Lando had begged this exceptionally long evening, was to go around with a basket to collect the money intended for the poor people whose lives had been saved by her mother.

Lando excelled in such arrangements, and, to tell the truth, he

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had left nothing here to be desired. I must also add that all of our little coterie, except Gilbert, Stella, and myself, eagerly participated in the work.

My aunt, in particular, looked with a favorable eye on this mixture of charity and amusement, which at once satisfied her kind heart and gratified her dominant passion. It seemed to her a more delightful invention had never been brought from beyond the Alps. Besides, she had that very day made a discovery which put an end to her maternal indecision with regard to her daughter's fate. This indecision, in consequence of Lando's intentions, which became more and more evident, was caused neither by the frivolity for which he might have been reproached, nor by the extravagance with which he had squandered his modest patrimony, nor by any other motive dictated by prudence, but solely by a difficulty which vanished in the twinkling of an eye as soon as my aunt discovered a fact she was before ignorant of, to wit, that Lando Landini, like a great many younger sons of good family in Italy, had a right to assume, on marrying, a title he had not heretofore borne. Oh! from that instant nothing more was wanting. She had always found Don Landolfo nearly faultless, but now he could offer her daughter the charming title of the Countess *del Fiore*, he was perfection itself. After such a revelation, her consent was not deferred for an instant. Lando, in the midst of the preparations he was making, had taken time to come in haste to communicate the news. This explained the air of triumph, as well as joy, with which my aunt made her appearance in the evening, and the unusual brilliancy of Teresina's black eyes, greatly set off by the white dress and coral ornaments she wore. Her sister had also something in her manner that evening that differed a little from the unmeaning placidity which usually characterized her. She was not as pretty as Teresina, but she had a more agreeable expression, and a better right to the epithet of *simpatica* which was sometimes given her. Their faces were both flushed with the excitement produced in advance by the pleasure of singing in company when it could be done without fear and without any doubt of success. And my cousins had voices of superior quality, such as are often met with in Italy, and harmonized wonderfully together. They were, moreover, very good musicians, and though their style was not perfect, every one listened to them with pleasure, more especially the young amateur of music who had been appointed to accompany them that evening. For some time, the Baron von Brunnenberg had regarded Mariuccia in a most sentimental manner; but hitherto the handsome young Englishman, Harry Leslie, seemed to please her more than the baron, and consequently she had always treated the latter with more or less coldness. It was evident, however, that Leslie, since the evening on Mt. Vesuvius, had not a thought or look, or scarcely a word, for any body but Stella. I often wondered if this had any effect on her, as I observed her occasionally pensive air so unlike her usual self. However the case might be, Mariuccia had drawn therefrom a practical conclusion for her own personal benefit: Leslie did not care for her; she must therefore resign herself and turn to

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some one else. This resignation led her to favor the baron with such smiles as he had never obtained before, so that he also was radiant, and the group around the piano presented an appearance of the utmost satisfaction. I felt a sensation of surprise as I looked at their smiling faces and heard their merry voices. I seemed to be separated from them by an impassable grate that permitted me to see and hear them, but absolutely prevented me from approaching to participate in their liveliness and joy. "Happiness . . . gaiety . . . hope . . . all these are at an end for me!" said I to myself. Nevertheless, I fulfilled all it was incumbent on me to do, and succeeded in appearing nearly the same as usual.

At length, all the company arrived, and when they had taken their places and every eye was turned towards the platform, I took Angiolina, and, going to the embrasure of a window, I sat down where I was half concealed, and took the child on my knee. The company of this angelic little creature was not only always delightful and soothing, but she had a singularly precocious instinct of the beautiful which excited my wonder and made me keep my eyes on her while she was listening to music, and even to poetry whose rhythm delighted her ear even when the words were beyond her comprehension, especially when it was her mother who was repeating it. At such times nothing was more touching than to behold the animated expression of her sparkling blue eyes and the tremulous movement of her childish mouth! . . . I now clasped her in my arms, and it seemed as if the agitation of my heart subsided as I embraced her!

The baron first played, by way of overture, a piece of Mendelssohn's which disposed the audience to be attentive: then, after a moment's silence, Gilbert made his appearance. He was extremely pale, and seemed to be making a great effort to rise above some great moral or physical suffering. This was so evident that he might have claimed the indulgence of the audience and excused himself on the plea of a real or pretended indisposition. But presently his voice grew stronger, the orator was roused, and his manner, usually so unpretending, became what it always was when he spoke in public—imposing, brilliant, and impressive. What he said at first I cannot tell. Too many recollections crowded on my mind at once as he made his appearance, reminding me of the day when I first heard him at the Hôtel de Kergy. I remembered what I was then, what my feelings, what my hopes were. I thought of all the changes that had since taken place, and what a singular coincidence it was that he should appear before me on the day of our separation in the same way as when we met for the first time! My attention was soon drawn to the words of the speaker by the murmur of approbation, that soon increased to enthusiastic applause, with which they were received. To speak of Vesuvius at Naples, and to Neapolitans, in a way to excite their interest, requires a *tour de force*, and this feat he was able to accomplish. With the ready appreciation of ability which characterized his audience, the difficulty he had to surmount was felt, and lively spontaneous applause interrupted him at every instant, as he mingled poetry, art, and history with an originality and grace that did not permit the least appearance of pedantry to

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diminish the charm of his profound, unstudied erudition. But when he finally came to the account he was appointed to give of our recent excursion, and began by describing the spot where we had witnessed the eruption together, I could not repress a thrill of emotion. I fancied his eyes had detected me in the corner where I was concealed, and when he added that *he felt in the presence of that spectacle a profound emotion the remembrance of which could never be effaced, however long the duration of his life!* I leaned my forehead against Angiolina's fair head as if everybody could understand the double meaning of his words, and for some minutes I heard nothing but the rapid beating of my heart. . . .

All at once the child looked eagerly up, and touching my cheek with her little hand to attract my attention, she said in a joyful tone:

"Listen, listen to what he is saying about mamma!"

Then everything else was forgotten for an instant but the pleasure of hearing Stella's courageous deed related in the noble, incomparable language peculiar to Gilbert. There was a burst of applause on all sides, and I was about to add mine when my attention was suddenly attracted and concentrated in an unexpected direction, as if dazzled by one of those repeated flashes of lightning that set the heavens aflame, and which is distinguished from the others by a more terrible brilliancy.

It had occurred to Lando to ornament the platform with shrubs and flowers, in order to conceal from the spectators those who were to take part in the performance till it was their turn to appear. Stella was in this way concealed from everybody but me. From the place to which I had betaken myself I could see her distinctly, and follow every movement she made, without her being aware of it. I was soon surprised and struck with the effect of the address she was listening to. It was not merely attention; it was not interest; it was a breathless emotion which contracted her features, and to such a degree that I thought she was going to faint. I had already risen to go to her assistance, when I was struck with a sudden idea which nailed me to the spot—an idea that no sooner crossed my mind than it became a certainty, and caused me such terrible anguish that I was frightened. I looked at her steadily, trying to imagine and read her thoughts, and while penetrating to the depths of her heart, I felt mine sink within me. Alas! Why should the discovery I thought I had made thus cause me to tremble and shudder? Why did it seem as if I had been struck by an arrow that pierced me to the heart?

I endeavored to overcome the repugnance I was so weak as to feel in my soul. Yes, I tried to regard Stella in the new light that had just dawned on me, and to consider him in this same light—him! . . . I tried to say to myself without shrinking that before me was the very one of whom I had spoken the evening before; who was at once beautiful, good, noble-hearted, and worthy of him—and one whom he could love without fear, without scruple, without remorse. I tried to do all this, and like every effort to rise above self, this did me good, perhaps, and rendered me stronger; but I did not gain the victory.

As soon as Gilbert finished speaking, I watched him, in spite of myself, while Stella's name was mingled with his in the enthusiastic ac-

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clamations of the audience, and—shall I avow it?—I noticed with pleasure that he left the platform without the least thought of approaching her. He slipped away as quickly as he could through a little door that opened on the portico, and from the shadowy recess where I was sitting, I could see him in the moonlight leaning against a pillar in the attitude of one who is reposing after some great effort or long constraint.

I was for some time incapable of giving the least attention to what was going on around me. I vaguely listened to *A te sacrai Regina*, to which Mariuccia's fine contralto voice gave wonderful expression; and after this duet from *Semiramis*, various other pieces were played by the baron. One of these gave me a thrill, and brought me back to a sense not only of the present but of the past. It was the air of Chopin's which Diana de Kergy played at Paris on that other farewell occasion! Everything to-night seemed combined to overwhelm me with recollections and emotion! I could hardly bear to listen to this music, it so overpowered me with its heartrending, passionate character. My eyes, in spite of my efforts, were already filled with tears when the young amateur abruptly stopped and struck up a waltz from Strauss, with so much spirit and *brio* that Angiolina jumped down, as if drawn by some irresistible impulse, and began to whirl around, holding her little dress up with both hands. All those in the assembly who were still in their teens seemed strongly tempted to follow her example; but the waltz soon ended, silence was restored, and Angiolina returned to my side as Stella, in her turn, made her appearance.

The object of the *soirée* sufficiently accounted for the acclamations with which she was received—a marked homage to the noble deed that had just been eulogized in such eloquent terms. When these subsided, the silence became profound.

Stella remained motionless while all these demonstrations were going on around her in her honor, and did not seem to be aware of them. I can see her still in her white dress, the flowing sleeves of which displayed her hands and arms. Her only ornament was a circlet of gold, which confined the waving masses of her thick, brown hair. She did not look paler than usual, for her complexion, of dazzling whiteness, rarely had any color; her eyelashes and eyebrows were as dark as her hair, and her eyes, when nothing animated her, were of a rather dull gray; but at the least emotion the pupils seemed to dilate, and deepen in hue, and then nothing could surpass their brilliancy! This change was especially remarkable when she exercised the natural talent for declamation which she possessed without having ever cultivated it. Her sense of the poetic was profound and accurate, and her voice, full and sonorous, was precisely adapted to express what she felt at the moment in her heart. To this were added simple, natural gestures, which the mere movement of her beautiful hands and arms always rendered noble and graceful. There was no affectation about her, and yet her face, usually animated by extreme gaiety, possessed a strange tragical power. Such was Stella's talent—a sufficiently faithful reflection of the character of her soul.

During the noisy manifestations that greeted her appearance, she was apparently very calm, as I have just described her; but her

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hands were clasped nervously together, and an almost imperceptible movement of her lips indicated more agitation than she manifested outwardly. But this repressed emotion added to the very charm of her voice when she began with incomparable grace a sonnet from Zappi; and when, striking another chord, she repeated a scene from one of Manzoni's finest tragedies, there was a genuine thrill of admiration in the audience. I noticed poor Harry Leslie, in particular, who was touched, excited, amazed. I looked around for Gilbert—and (pardon me, O my God!—forgive me, Stella!) I was glad to see he was not present. The very power which each of them possessed in a different way of moving an audience seemed to establish a relationship between them, the bare thought of which made me suffer, and this suffering was as harrowing as remorse!

Finally, Stella began the canto at the end of the *Divina Commedia*, which commences with this prayer—certainly the most beautiful ever inspired by genius and piety: "*O Vergin Madre! figlia del tuo Figlio!*"* At that moment Gilbert reappeared. He did not enter the room, but remained leaning against the door. Nevertheless, I saw a slight flush pass over Stella's brow; I heard her voice tremble; and I knew she was aware of his presence and had lost some of her self-control. As for him, I saw he was surprised and astonished. He added his applause to that of the whole assembly. But when they all rose at the end to crowd around Stella, his eyes turned in a different direction, and it was evident he thought of her no longer.

* O Virgin Mother, daughter of thy Son!

At that instant, little Angiolina, who was leaning against my shoulder, mutely contemplating her mother, and only saying from time to time in a low voice, "How beautiful! Isn't it beautiful?" as if she were listening to some musical strain, was borne away by Harry Leslie, who, as was appropriate, had been appointed to accompany the little *quêteuse*. There was now a bustle and general confusion, as is often the case after prolonged silence and attention, and everybody seemed wild with gaiety. To this merriment was added the noise of a deafening march which the baron played, as he said, by way of accompaniment to the triumphant progress of the child borne around the room on Leslie's shoulder to receive the contributions that were to end the *soirée*.

The contrast between the state of my mind and all this tumult, animation, and gaiety, only served to heighten the agitation of my soul to the utmost. All the doors and windows of the room were open, and I mechanically went out and leaned for a moment against the same pillar where I had seen Gilbert only a short time before. While standing there, I suddenly heard his voice beside me:

"Adieu! madame," said he in a low, trembling tone.

"Adieu, Gilbert! May heaven protect you!" I replied, extending my hand. He took it, pressed it to his lips, gave it a slight pressure, and that was all. . . . He was gone! I followed him with my eyes, by the bright moonlight, till he disappeared under the trees of the avenue.

I remained motionless in the place where I was, looking alternately at the garden around me bathed in the light of the moon,

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and at the brilliantly illuminated *salon* within. And while my eyes wandered from one to the other, it seemed as if everything before me disappeared never to return, that these bright lights were about to be extinguished never to be relighted again, this numerous assembly dispersed never to be reunited, and it was the last time I was to mingle in the gay world surrounded by all the display that wealth could afford. The impression was singular; but what is certain, I felt at that very moment all my happiness was over, that which was dangerous as well as that which was legitimate, pleasure as well as repose, joy as well as peace, memory as well as hope! It was a moment of agony, but the sufferings of such agony, however terrible they may be, are they not, like a mother's throes, the signs and prelude of life?

## XXXV.

When I returned to the drawing-room, I found scarcely any one left. Leslie came to tell me Stella had gone away without bidding me good night, because she was in a hurry to take Angiolina home as soon as the collection was ended. Presently nobody remained. Silence once more reigned, and I found myself alone, face to face with myself!

But I by no means experienced the happiness that so often results from the accomplishment of a duty, or the consummation of a sacrifice. On the contrary, I felt a desolation which was the prelude of a state of mind which was to render the following days gloomy beyond any I ever spent in my life—gloomy! yes, as the profound darkness of night just before the dawn!

While Gilbert remained, I did not allow myself to analyze my feelings for fear of shaking my resolution. I was able to maintain it to the end; but as soon as he was gone, I gave free course to every thought that could aggravate my sufferings. I now experienced that isolation which, from childhood, I had dreaded more than death! Lorenzo no longer cared for me, I should never behold Gilbert again, and the friendship of Stella, the only one who comprehended and pitied me, I was not sure of preserving!

I now began to recall, and study, so to speak, all that had taken place during the evening just at an end, but this only seemed to increase the conviction that had taken such strong possession of my mind. I felt determined, however, to ascertain the truth. I would satisfy my mind. I would question her till she told me exactly all that was passing in her heart.

But Stella, with all her gaiety, was not a person who could readily be induced to make a confidential disclosure of her most secret thoughts. Without the least dissimulation, she was impenetrable. She knew how to enter fully into the feelings of others—their joys and, above all, their sufferings. But if, on the other hand, any one sought to participate in hers, a smile, the opening of her large eyes, or a slight movement of her lips and shoulders, seemed to forbid looking beneath the serene expression of her smiling face. The truth was, she thought very little about herself. There was no duplicity in the habit she had acquired of never lifting the veil that concealed the inner workings of her heart, for

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she did not try to raise it herself, and was by no means curious to fathom all that was passing there.

When I saw her again, I found her, therefore, nearly the same as usual—a little graver, perhaps, and somewhat more quiet, but that was all. As to questioning her, I did not dare to, and the query soon rose in my mind: Have I read her heart aright? And to this immediately succeeded another: Has she read mine? I dwelt on these questions a long time without being able to answer them to my satisfaction.

What inclined me to decide in the affirmative was the care we both took to avoid mentioning Gilbert's name, the tacit agreement we made not to prolong our interview, and the facility with which, under some trifling pretext, she excused herself from driving out with me, though she consented to let me take her little Angiolina.

I set off, therefore, with the child, and drove beyond Posilippo where the road descends to the water's edge. There I left the carriage, and taking the child, I went down to the shore and seated myself so near the sea that the waves died softly away at my feet. I had a particular fancy for this spot. Seated there in full view of Nisita, with Ischia, Procida, Capo Miseno, and Baja in the distance, Pozzuoli at the right, and the heights of Posilippo and Camaldoli at the left and behind, I seemed to be a thousand leagues from the inhabited world, in a spot where it was easier than anywhere else to forget all the rest of the universe.

While I sat there silently gazing around me, Angiolina was running about gathering sea-shells to fill the little basket she had brought for the purpose. Occasionally she stopped and clapped her hands with delight as she looked around. More than ever did I at that moment envy Stella the happiness that prevented her from feeling the isolation and intolerable void in which I was plunged! I envied her, and forgot to pity her! I forgot, moreover, to tremble for her! One would have thought the saying: "*Aux légers plaisirs les souffrances légères; aux grands bonheurs les maux inouis*," or, at least, the evident truth they contain, had never struck my mind!

At that time I only dreamed of human happiness under every conceivable form—a happiness that seemed to be accorded and permitted to others, but of which I was for ever deprived. And while Angiolina continued to ramble about, not far off, I ceased admiring the spectacle before me, and suddenly burying my face in my hands, I burst into tears. At the same instant I felt Angiolina's little arms around my neck.

"Zia Gina!" she exclaimed (she had heard her mother call me Gina, as well as sister, and composed therefrom the name she always gave me). "Zia Gina, what makes you cry?"

"I am sad, Lina," said I, my tears falling on her beautiful fair curls.

"Why?"

"I cannot tell you."

"Can you tell the good God?"

What a singular question! . . . She made me blush, and, after a moment's reflection, I replied somewhat evasively:

"One can tell him everything, Lina, for he is our Father."

"Yes, I know he is our Father: I call him so every day."

Her attention was diverted an instant by a butterfly she saw float-

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ing by. She watched it till it flew away, and then resumed:

"Then, my dear Zia Gina, you must pray God to console you."

"Pray for me, *carina*."

After some reflection, she said: "I only know two prayers—the Our Father and Ave Maria: which shall I say for you?"

"Say both of them."

"Yes, certainly: Our Father first; I like it so much."

And there on the shore she folded her hands, raised her eyes, as blue as the heavens to which she raised them, and with her clear, silvery voice softly repeated the divine words. If ever there were lips on earth worthy of being the echo of that voice which once uttered this prayer that we might learn it, they were certainly the innocent lips now repeating it beside me! I too clasped my hands and joined in her prayer.

When it was ended, she stopped a moment with a thoughtful air, and then repeated: "Deliver us from all evil."

"But, as I am praying for you, ought not I to say to Our Father: Deliver Zia Gina from all evil?"

"Yes, my darling," exclaimed I, embracing her: "yes, pray always in this way for me, and may God hear and bless you!"

Her angelic face, her piety and innocence, completely diverted my mind from my sorrows. I only felt an infinite joy at not having rendered myself unworthy to hear the words she had just uttered. I had suffered; I still suffered, of course; but I had prayed, and still prayed, to be delivered from temptation and sin, and it seemed to me a ray from heaven had fallen on me in answer to this angel's prayer!

But this impression, though lively and consoling, was only momentary. I had to return to the reality of life, and this reality was painful. It became much more so the following day when Lorenzo at last returned.

He did not, of course, appear like a man who returns to the fireside he loves and respects. Nor could he be expected to present himself in the attitude of a penitent. I was far from being prepared, however, for the stand he took and the complete change I found in him, but Lorenzo had been endowed by Divine Providence with such rare gifts that, in giving himself up to evil instead of good impulses, he had to suffer from the law which condemns those to stray further away and fall lower who would perhaps have become guides to others had they not erred from the right way. The serious errors into which he had fallen, less excusable than they would have been at any other epoch of his life, were this time accompanied by a shamelessness and indifference to scandal that at once wounded and disgusted me. The consciousness of faults he would not acknowledge caused him insupportable uneasiness, and this produced a complete change in the expression of his face, his language, and even in his manners, formerly so dignified and courteous, but now haughty and not unfrequently rude. But what was specially evident was, the fatal fascination he did not cease to feel. The fact was, he had not been driven from her by disgust: repentance and duty had not led him to return to me. She who had forsaken him still reigned in his heart, and the influence I had over him so short a time before, was now utterly destroyed!

All this was clearly perceptible from the first day of his return. I

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saw he was even rather irritated than pleased at having no reproach to make me. In fact, he did not propose peace, but imposed it, on the condition of absolute silence on my part. The slightest reproach from me, I felt, would have been the cause of a violent scene and perhaps of open rupture!

Such was the aspect my life assumed at Lorenzo's return. Will any one be astonished at the revolt I felt in my heart in spite of my apparent submission, which was only a mixture of pride and disdain? Will any one wonder at the harrowing regrets, dangerous recollections, and profound discouragement which threw me into the deepest melancholy, and sometimes into utter despair? I began my life over again in imagination with Gilbert, and dwelt on what it might have been, that I might suffer the more for what it was!

This remembrance seemed to be my only resource: these vain desires and regrets my only solace. I gave myself up to them with my whole heart, and thus, while I considered myself irreproachable, I was as much separated from Lorenzo as he was from me, and I allowed myself to live interiorly in a world over which I had no scruple in allowing another to reign almost absolutely!

The following Saturday I was at the grate of the convent parlor a long time before my usual hour. The anguish of my soul was at its height, and for the first time, without regard to the place where I was, and perhaps I ought to say, to her who listened to me, I made known all my troubles to Livia, not only Lorenzo's new offences, but also my other trials, my inclinations, my regrets, and what at the same time I called my "courageous sacrifice."

She turned pale as she listened to me, and an expression of grief, such as I had never seen her wear, came over her face, which remained anxious, even when I told her that she unawares had given me the strength to accomplish it.

"So much the better," said she; adding, with a grave smile, "If that is the case, I certainly did not this time play the part of a *jettatrice!* . . . But, Ginevra, you escaped a less fearful peril the day I saw you borne by that furious horse towards the abyss. You were saved when I saw you again, whereas to-day . . ."

"To-day? . . . Are you not satisfied? Have I not obeyed what I felt were your wishes?"

"Yes, my poor Gina, you have made an effort, a courageous effort; and yet you deceive yourself like a child. Lorenzo certainly ought to conduct himself very differently; but even if he did, you would still be deprived of the happiness you dream of. As to that other mirage," continued she with a shudder. "O merciful heavens! do you not see whence comes the light that has caused it? Ginevra, I can only say one thing to you—what I have said before: pray!"

"I pray every day."

"With fervor?"

"Yes, Livia, with all my heart, I assure you, I pray as well as I know how. I tell you the truth."

As I uttered these words, a celestial smile came over her face for the first time since the beginning of our conversation, and she exclaimed:

"O dearest sister!". . . and then stopped.

Rather vexed than consoled by the manner in which she received my communications, I remained

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with my forehead leaning against the *grille*, feeling for the first time how truly it separated us, that my sister felt no pity for me, did not render me justice as she ought, and that she knew neither the world, nor its difficulties, nor its temptations, nor its pains. My tears fell like rain as I made these reflections, but it seemed as if Livia, usually so compassionate, beheld me weep with indifference.

All at once she asked:

"Ginevra, is it long since you went to confession?"

I abruptly raised my head, my tears ceased to flow, and I wiped my eyes with a gesture of impatience. It was certain Livia could find nothing to say that did me any good. I made no reply.

"You will not tell me. Why not, *carina?*"

Was I really out of humor with her—with Livia? And on the point of showing it? . . . Oh! no; I at once felt it was impossible. Besides, the touch of severity that chilled me had disappeared. She now spoke in a tone I never had refused to listen to. I therefore replied without any further entreaty:

"Yes, Livia, longer than usual."

No sooner had I uttered these words, than a lively color suffused my whole face. It at once occurred to me that the time corresponded exactly with the length of Gilbert's visit at Naples. Livia did not observe my confusion, and calmly resumed:

"Listen, Gina. You believe, as well as I, that the Sacrament of Penance is a remedy, do you not? It has been called, I think, 'the divine prescription for the maladies of the soul,' and you are conscious, I trust, that your soul is really ill."

"Oh! yes, my soul, my heart, my mind, my body, my whole being! O Livia! I suffer every way!"

"Well, if you were physically ill, you would certainly consult the best physician in the city, and, who knows? if there were a better one still at the other end of Europe, you would perhaps, like many others, undertake a long journey to consult him as to the remedy."

"Perhaps so! What then?"

"Listen, dear Gina. I have just thought of a piece of advice to give you, and as it has occurred to me in a moment of pity for you, when my whole heart is filled with affection and sympathy, perhaps it is a good inspiration you would do well to follow."

"O Livia!" I exclaimed, greatly affected, for I recognized the accent of affection I had been so doubtful about—an affection more than human, because it was an emanation of divine charity: "Yes, tell me, dear sister, what it is. Say anything you please. Command me, and I will obey you."

She proceeded to inform me that a saintly monk had recently arrived at Naples who was universally known and respected on account of his extensive knowledge, and was remarkable for the unpretending simplicity of his manners. His words went to the heart, led sinners to return to God, and made those who were pious better than they were before.

"Go to him humbly, I beseech you, and open your heart to him before God—your whole heart. I feel a conviction he will be able to give you the remedy you need, and if you have the courage to apply this remedy, whatever it be, I feel the assurance, Ginevra, you will be healed."

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XXXVI.

Let those who do not wish to enter the region into which I am about to lead my readers, now lay aside this book. I assure them, however, there is nothing in the previous portion of this narrative more strictly true than what I am going to relate. I affirm, moreover, that it refers to a point that interests every Christian soul; I might say, every human soul, but I know beforehand that they alone will comprehend me who have faith in these words: "I believe in God the Father Almighty," that is to say, they who with the Catholic Church firmly believe His Omnipotence is present, living and acting in our midst, and there is not a single instant in which the material and spiritual world, the world of nature and the inner world of the human soul, cannot feel its supernatural and *miraculous* effects. At the mere sight of this word, I suppose every sceptical, incredulous, or scornful reader has taken the alarm and made his escape, and I shall henceforth address only those who speak, or at least comprehend, the language I am about to employ.

I left the convent without deciding on the hour for following Livia's advice, and was already on my way home when I took the sudden resolution to proceed without any delay to the church she had indicated. This church was one of the finest in Naples, the only one, perhaps, in which the eye is not offended by any of the incongruities so often found in Italy between the beautiful proportions, the marbles, the frescos that adorn the walls, and certain objects of devotion whose choice or execution indicates more piety than taste. Here everything harmonized, and this harmony was favorable to devotion. I took a chair and knelt against it on the marble pavement; then, according to the Neapolitan custom at confession, I took off my hat and threw over my head a scarf of black lace I wore over my silk dress, and patiently waited for others to enter the deserted church. It was nearly three o'clock.

I did not have to wait long. As soon as the clock struck, I saw quite a number of men and women of every rank and age, as well as young ladies and even children, come in and gather around the confessional, near which by chance I had stationed myself. I turned towards a lady who knelt beside me, and asked the name of the confessor she was awaiting. She looked up with an air of surprise.

"Father Egidio di San Mauro, of course," said she. "Do you not know his confessional?"

Father Egidio was the name of the priest to whom my sister had directed me. Chance had led me to the spot I wished to find. I was obliged to wait a long time; but this delay, and the profound silence around, aided me in concentrating my mind on the act I was going to perform, and enabled me, I think, to make a good preparation. Besides, I had already gained a victory over myself by the very act of coming here, for I had been obliged to surmount a mixture of timidity and embarrassment one always feels about going to a strange confessor.

At length the priest we were waiting for made his appearance. He came slowly out of the sacristy and proceeded directly to the high



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altar, where he knelt for some time in prayer. He then rose, and, crossing the church, passed before me on his way to the confessional. He was of lofty stature, but bowed down by years and still more by that sanctity which does not spare the body. His white hair and bald forehead gave his mild, delicate features a grave, imposing aspect, which at once inspired respect, though it was impossible to feel any fear.

I ought to have been the first to approach, as I arrived before the others; but as soon as Father Egidio seated himself in the confessional, which, according to the Italian style, was only closed by a low door, he perceived the children awaiting him, and, leaving the door open, he made them a sign to approach. One by one they presented themselves before him. He bent down his head as he addressed them, and the innocent faces raised towards him were marked by a pious attention that was touching. He smiled occasionally as he listened to them, and the hand they kissed when they were done, he afterwards placed on their heads in benediction.

When the children had finished I was obliged to wait still longer, for a young man brushed hastily by me and fell on his knees in the place they left vacant, and this time the confession was long. Father Egidio, resting both hands on the shoulders of his new penitent, bent his head to listen without interrupting him, and when the young man ceased speaking, the advice he gave in return must have touched his penitent's heart, for, as he listened, he bent his head lower and lower towards the old priest's knees, and when he rose his eyes were inundated with tears.

At last my turn came, and I knelt in the place usually taken at confession. My voice trembled as I began, but grew stronger by degrees, and I continued with clearness and the wish to be sincere. My troubles, alas! were closely connected with my faults, and I not only opened my heart and soul, but laid before him my entire life, feeling, as I did so, the relief there is in the avowal of one's weaknesses in confession that can be compared to no human confidence, however great the wisdom or sympathy that wins it. He murmured two or three times as he listened, "Poor child!" but did not otherwise interrupt me till I had finished.

The words he addressed me then were the mildest and yet most powerful that ever roused the human heart to a sense of duty. But when he finally told me that though I had banished him whose presence was so dangerous to my soul, I must likewise banish his memory with equal resolution; that the recollections in which I still indulged without scruple ought to be resisted, overcome, rooted out, and rejected, I felt an insurmountable repugnance, and replied:

"No, father, I cannot do it."

He again repeated, "Poor child!" and then said in a tone of mingled compassion and kindness:

"You are not willing, then, to give God the place he has a right to in your heart?"

I did not understand his meaning, and replied:

"Father, I cannot help what I think and feel, or what I suffer."

Without losing anything of his mildness, but with an authority that subdued my rebellious spirit, he said:

"I know, my child, what is in your power, and what does not de-

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pend on your will; but in the name of Him who now speaks to you through me, I ask you to repeat with a sincere heart these words, which comprise all I have just said:

"O my God! root out of my heart everything that separates it from Thee."

These words, the accent with which they were uttered, and the prayer that I have no doubt rose from the depths of the holy soul from which they sprang, inspired me with the wish and strength to obey.

O my God! enable me now to make others understand what then took place in my soul.

I leaned my head against my clasped hands, and after a moment's silence, during which I summoned all the strength of my will, I slowly repeated with the utmost sincerity the words he dictated:

"O my God! root out of my heart everything that separates it from Thee." . . .

. . . . . .

O merciful, divine Goodness! how shall I speak of Thee? how tell of thy marvellous grace and love? While uttering these words, before they were even ended, I felt touched by some strange, mysterious, supernatural influence. My heart and soul seemed filled with light. My whole being was transformed. I was inundated with a joy that could not be expressed in human language, and the source of this joy, the sensible cause, which I still feel, and shall never cease to feel, was the conviction made audible in some miraculous manner that *God loves me!*

God loves me Yes, I heard these words. I comprehended their entire signification. *The Veil was forever withdrawn.* The mysterious enigma of my heart was solved as clearly and obviously as my eyes beheld the light of day.

I loved, not as we try, but in vain, to love our fellow-creatures; I loved with *all* the strength of my heart! and with so much strength that I could not have loved more without dying! . . .

. . . . . .

All human language is inadequate, I know, to speak of supernatural grace. I can only stammer as I attempt it, and will no longer dwell on the ineffable moment which wrought an entire transformation in my life. I no longer recollect what words I then uttered, or what was said to me. I only remember the holy absolution I received with bowed head, and these words, afterwards uttered in a tone of emotion: "Be calm, my child, and go in peace."

I had knelt down overwhelmed with sadness. I rose up so happy that I suffered from the great intensity of a joy my heart was too weak to endure!

## XXXVII.

Long years have passed by since that day, and perhaps long years still await me; but whatever be the duration of my life nothing will ever efface the remembrance—not of the moment I have just described, for that moment is always present, it can never become a memory of the past—but of the effect which the sight of the earth, the sky, and the sea had on me when I issued from the church where I had received so great a blessing. Everything seemed to have assumed a new aspect, a new meaning, a more glorious signification; for the torrent

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of happiness in my soul seemed diffused over all nature! I no longer wished for anything. I had found all. I was freed from all anxiety. Hope had become certitude—a certitude more complete than can be derived from the surest of earthly things; for great indeed is the certitude of that assurance which *nothing* can deprive us of, except *through our own will!* . . .

*Nothing* could quench the source from which sprang my joy, or deprive me of its benefits: *nothing*, for my will was henceforth absorbed, and, so to speak, *lost* in the most ardent love!

To love with strength, disinterestedness, and passion the worthiest object on earth, and learn all at once we could not be deprived of it without the consent of our own heart, would not this induce us to utter the word *never* with an absolute meaning that the things of this world do not admit of? It was thus God gave me the grace to love, to feel sure of loving always, sure of the impossibility of ever being deprived of the object of my love!

The beauty of the natural world around me now seemed a mere ray of this joy. Never had I found it so lovely. And yet (those whom I *alone* address now will understand this, however contradictory it may appear) I felt an almost equal disgust for all created things, an ardent desire to renounce everything, a profound contempt for all that had hitherto seemed worthy of so much esteem. Wealth, honor, dress, display, luxury, even the beauty, so uncertain, which I prized so much—they all lost their importance and became worthless in my eyes, not through satiety, or a feeling of melancholy, but through the disgust one naturally feels for the mediocre after seeing the beautiful, and for the beautiful after seeing the perfect!

On the other hand, in spite of this fountain of inexhaustible joy, I by no means imagined I was released from suffering; and what was also strange, perhaps, I did not desire to be. I already felt there was a lively, poignant, and sometimes terrible suffering inherent in the divine love I had just begun to experience. He who has described this love better than any other human being, doubtless because he felt it in a greater degree; he who more than six centuries ago wrote the following words: "Nothing is stronger than love, nothing more generous, nothing more pleasant, nothing fuller or better in heaven or earth. . . When weary it is not tired, when straitened is not constrained, when frightened is not disturbed, but like a lively flame and a torch all on fire, it mounts upward and securely passes through all opposition;"* he who uttered these and so many other burning words, likewise said these: "There is no living in love without some pain or sorrow." I knew it, and my heart was as ready to embrace the one as the other. As to the ordinary trials of life, it seemed to me I had sufficient courage to encounter them all, and that henceforth I should have nothing in the world to fear, nothing to complain of. . . .

To the reader who comprehends me, and knows all this is perfectly true, I need not say that the state I have just described, though a blessed and rare one, has in all ages, as well as ours, been one to which a great number of souls have arrived by slow but natural progression. When, therefore, I speak of

* *Following of Christ*, book iii. chap. v

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this as *miraculous* and supernatural, I merely apply the word to the sudden wonderful grace which shortened the way for me, making me pass in an instant from a totally different frame of mind to a plenitude of faith and happiness!

And now . . . how did they who were much more closely interwoven with my life than the natural world around me, appear in this new light? How did I now regard them in my heart?—Lorenzo! Livia! Stella! Gilbert! What were the feelings of my heart and soul towards them now that I was so suddenly brought to see and feel what was clear and right? . . .

In order to express my sentiments with regard to them, I will employ an illustration that may seem obscure, and yet I know no better way of making myself understood. It seemed to me that all the pure, tender, legitimate, and noble feelings of my heart found in this luminous flame a new and powerful aliment, while all others were consumed by this flame as quickly as pernicious weeds cast into a fiery furnace!

Nothing, therefore, was changed in my feelings towards Livia and Stella, unless I loved them more tenderly than before, one seeming more than ever an angel, and the other the dearest of friends!

As to Lorenzo, the change was great, sudden, and profound! . . . My affection for him, which he had mortally wounded and extinguished, was now rekindled at the divine source of all true love, and became equal to that I had felt at the time of my brightest hopes. The wish I once so ardently felt seemed now to be the only one worthy of occupying my mind. What did a little more or less of human love matter to me now? As Livia had predicted, my heart was satiated; I was rich, even if I did not possess the affection of a single heart on earth. It was, therefore, no longer through a selfish thirst for happiness I now wished to set his soul at liberty, but from a desire a thousand times more ardent—so ardent that it seemed to become my only passion!

And now, Gilbert! . . . how shall I speak of him? How, in the light of this divine flame, did the dangerous attachment, the enervating, subtle affection that had so absorbed my mind, appear to me now? And those vague, false hopes — those impossible dreams —those harrowing regrets? And my foolish and culpable longing for his return?

All this was consumed like the pernicious weeds I have just spoken of, and I distinctly saw the abyss on the edge of which I had been walking. I turned away from the danger I had escaped with terror. I felt with profound gratitude that I was saved! . . . and like one who has escaped from the perils of the sea, I looked back with horror on the waves that had so recently threatened to engulf me.

This impression was so strong that it began to render the memory odious that I so recently thought the only joy of my life—the joy I could not make up my mind to deny myself. The miraculous effect of the divine mercy had been in answer to the very essence of my prayer; the obstacle that separated me from God had been completely rooted out of my heart. In this respect, more than any other, I felt changed and transformed. But this powerful impression was modified by degrees, and I was soon able to see Gilbert in so clear and true a light as to think of him henceforth without the least disturbance of mind. I now thought of his

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danger, and the thought filled me with regret. I perceived my secret participation, the primary, and often the only, cause of others' faults, from which it is so rare to be wholly exempt in such cases, and I prayed God to pardon me and heal the wounds of his soul as perfectly as he had healed mine!

Perhaps I have dwelt too long on this event—the greatest, the only great event of my life—and the effect it had on me in so many ways. But it was necessary to describe the transfigured state of my soul in order to explain what I still have to relate—this day having, thank heaven! set its ineffaceable seal on every succeeding day of my life.

## XXXVIII.

For several days I had some difficulty in concealing the irrepressible joy I betrayed in my face in spite of my efforts, and which there was apparently nothing to justify.

Lorenzo's attitude, in fact, remained the same. He continued, as he had done since his return, to appear only at the hour of his repasts. A part of the morning he remained shut up in his studio, which he now rarely allowed me to enter, and he spent all his evenings abroad. Mario had returned to Sicily; Stella had not yet wholly resumed her usual ease with me, and Lando, absorbed in his own affairs, was less interested than usual in mine.

Our customary reunions continued, however, and the same visitors assembled every evening, as before. I frequently heard my aunt loudly lament the departure of *quel Francese simpatico*, and declare how much il Kergy was missed by everybody. In fact, Gilbert's name was continually repeated, and I sometimes thought Stella was astonished at my calmness, which was incomprehensible to her, whereas, on the contrary, I was not in the least surprised at her silence, which I understood perfectly. But we continued our tacit agreement never to speak of him to each other. Several days passed in this way, during which Livia was the only person from whom I concealed nothing. How great her joy was when, on seeing me again, she read with a single look the recovered peace of my soul, it is useless to say here. From that time we seemed to be united by a stronger tie than that of blood, and to have become more than sisters. But when, in the transport of my new joy, I declared that the luxuries of my beautiful home now seemed a burden and a fetter, and that I preferred the austere simplicity which surrounded her, she at once checked me.

"Our tastes should correspond with our vocation, Gina. Yours is not to leave the world, or even to lay aside its superfluities. Endeavor to please Lorenzo, to win him back. That is your mission, which is as high as any other; and when you feel your former affection for him revive in your heart, believe me, *carina*, it will meet with no opposition from the love God has revealed to your soul! You have dreamed of great things for Lorenzo. Come, Gina, courage! now is the time to realize them!"

It was thus she led me back to a great but evident truth. I comprehended it in spite of the different feelings I had experienced, and trusted time would give me an op-

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portunity of winning back my husband's heart, which was even sorer than mine had ever been. My eyes were often filled with tears, in spite of myself, as I saw the alteration in his face, his anxious look, his brow furrowed before the time, and all the sad indications by which a soul that is tarnished betrays the reaction which has such an injurious effect on physical beauty itself. But the time was gone by when it seemed possible to form some project, and achieve it in a day. I had learned the value of the words *patience* and *silence*.

I rose now every morning as soon as it was light, and went with Ottavia to the church of a neighboring convent to seek strength for the day and, so to speak, draw fresh joy from the inexhaustible fountain. I afterwards carried myself the alms which, in my pride and indolence, I had hitherto been contented to distribute by her hands. This was the only outward change in my way of life, and it was one that nobody perceived. But it was not quite the same with the change that had unconsciously taken place in my language, manners, and even in the expression of my face, and though Lorenzo seldom had an opportunity of noticing me, I soon fancied he had recovered a certain ease of manner towards me. Until now, he had been, not only wounded in his pride and passion, but especially humiliated in my presence; and it must be acknowledged that the coldness and disdain that constituted the mute form of my reproach were not calculated to conciliate him. The freezing haughtiness of his air in return, which seemed to add outrage to perjury, increased my exasperation to the utmost, and irritated me more than his actual offences did at the time I gave myself up with desperation to the thought of Gilbert, as a kind of intoxication which made me at once forget my grief and my anger. Now I no longer sought to escape from the one, and the other was wholly extinguished. This new state of my soul produced an outward calmness and serenity I had never possessed before.

Lorenzo's quick, penetrating eye soon detected the change without being able to imagine the cause. One day, after looking attentively at me for a moment, a sad, thoughtful expression came over his face, and I thought there was something like affection and respect in his look.

This did not prevent him, however, from spending the evening away from home, and I anxiously followed him in spirit as usual, not daring to utter a word to detain him, and still less venture to question him. A whole week passed in this way, in the vague hope of finding some means of influencing him, but nothing of the kind happened. All at once, one morning, by some extraordinary accident we happened to be alone a moment together, and after causing me some anxiety by the gloomy expression on his face, he gave me a great but pleasant surprise by saying:

"What would you say, Ginevra, if I proposed your taking a journey to Sicily with me?"

I uttered an exclamation of joy.

"What a question, Lorenzo! You know well nothing could give me more pleasure than to see my father again, and Messina, the dear old palace, and . . ."

Here I stopped, too much affected to continue, and fearing to awaken remembrances that might seem like a reproach. He perceived it and was grateful.

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"Well, my lawsuit is about to be tried. Don Fabrizio desires my presence, and I would not for anything in the world renounce the pleasure of hearing him plead. We will start next week, then, if you are willing."

This proposition caused me the liveliest and most unexpected pleasure. To leave Naples! To go with him! and to a place where, more easily than anywhere else, it seemed to me I could overcome the fatal remembrance in his heart I had to struggle against! And from there—who could tell?—induce him perhaps to go to some distant land; persuade him to let me follow him, go with him to the ends of the earth, if necessary, in search of the pure air he needed to restore him to health! All this crossed my mind in the twinkling of an eye, and for the first time for a long while I saw a ray of hope before me.

When I announced the projected journey to Stella with a satisfaction I made no attempt to conceal, she looked at me with an air of surprise.

"You have entirely forgiven Lorenzo, then?" said she.

"Yes."

"Then I conclude he has at last acknowledged his offences and begged your pardon."

"No."

"No? . . . In that case, Ginevra, you have greatly changed."

"Yes, a blessed change has come over me."

"I have noticed it for some days, and if I ask what has produced it, will you answer me sincerely?"

"Yes, without hesitation. I will tell you the plain truth."

And without turning my eyes away from hers, which were fastened attentively on me, I calmly continued:

"Between my violent indignation against Lorenzo, and my strong fancy for Gilbert, I went very far astray from God, Stella. A single instant of extraordinary grace enabled me to see this. Everything is clear to me now. I no longer seek happiness: I possess it."

The moment Stella heard me pronounce Gilbert's name, which we had invariably avoided of late, the pupils of her eyes dilated, and, as I went on, took that intensity of color and expression which all emotion imparted to them. But she merely replied:

"I do not wholly understand you, Ginevra, I confess, but I see you are happy and courageous: that is sufficient."

After a moment's silence, I resumed:

"And ill you allow me to ask you a question in my turn, Stella?"

She blushed without making any reply. I hastened to say that my question only concerned Harry Leslie. At his name, she resumed her usual expression, and a double smile beamed from her eyes and lips.

"Certainly, ask anything you please."

"Well, he came yesterday with a gloomy air to announce his departure. Am I wrong in thinking you have something to do with it?"

"No," replied she, smiling, "not if it is true he cannot remain in Naples without marrying me, for I have not otherwise ordered him to go away."

Desirous of drawing her out on this point, I continued:

"But, after all, Mr. Leslie is kind, handsome, excellent, very wealthy they say, and of a good family. You are very difficult, Stella."

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"Yes, perhaps so," replied she with agitation and a kind of impatience. Then she continued in a melancholy tone of anguish:

"Ginevra, never speak to me again, I beg, either of happiness or the future. I do not know as I shall ever be any happier than I am now, but I know I can be less so. . . . Oh! may what I now possess never be taken away from me. I ask nothing more."

She shuddered and stopped speaking, as if she could not give utterance to her fears. It was not the first time I had seen her seized with a kind of terror when the words future and happiness were mentioned before her. One would have said she thought there was no happiness in reserve for her, unless at the price of that she already possessed, and this thought came over her like a vision of terror.

Poor Stella! Alas! how insecure the joys of earth! To be deprived of them, or tremble lest we may be—that is to say, to possess these joys with a poignant fear that empoisons every instant of their duration, and increases more and more in proportion to their prolongation! . . .

Is it, then, really necessary for a supernatural light to open our eyes to force us to acknowledge that this world is only a place of promise, of which the realization is in another?

TO BE CONTINUED.

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## THE BROOKLET.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

O BROOKLET silver bright and gay!
For ever rushing on thy way,
I, lingering, ever ask thee whence
Thou comest here, where goest thou hence?

"From the dark rock's deep breast I come,
O'er flow'rs and moss I toss and roam;
While on my bosom smiles and lies
The hovering vision of the skies.

"Ask not of me, a laughing child,
Whither or whence my foot steps wild;
Him do I trust to guide me on
Who called me from the senseless stone."

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# THE COLONIZATION OF NEW SOUTH WALES BY GREAT BRITAIN.*

SOME few years ago it became known that the government of Great Britain were thinking of renewing the experiment of transporting convicts to Australia with the object of affording them a chance of reformation. This time, however, it was its western shore which was to be tried, and that, too, on a scale not inferior in magnitude to that on which the attempt had been so unsuccessfully made in New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land. The bare suggestion of such a proposal sufficed to kindle a flame of indignation throughout the whole Australian continent—for such must an island be called which is as large as Europe. To judge from a letter which we shall have occasion to quote further on, the system as pursued in Eastern Australia, although upon so insignificant a scale, is fraught with evils similar to those which so signally characterized its more important precursor in the west. Yet were the eastern colonists, or an influential and active portion of them, ready to risk the reproduction of the baneful curse which for nearly half a century blighted the prosperity and checked the growth of their western rivals, and from the consequences of which the latter are suffering to this day. So bitter, however, was the remembrance of this system amongst the western colonists, so keen their sense of the dire mischiefs still resulting from its action, that they went the length of avowing their fixed determination to separate from the mother-country, if the experiment were attempted, although some thousands of miles intervened between them and the spot where the experiment was proposed to be renewed.

What were the causes of a failure so disastrous? The objects proposed in the original undertaking were of the noblest. To colonize a newly-discovered country of great extent and promise, to develop its resources, and to bring it under the sway of a benign and noble civilization, was a worthy object of ambition. To unite with this a scheme for the reformation of criminals, in a land where they would be entirely removed from old associations, where they might enter upon a new career without being ever dogged by the spectre of the past, was a great and beneficent design. How was it that the proposed reformatory became a horrible curse alike to the convicts and the colony, and that no prospect of progress in any form could be reasonably entertained until the original scheme was utterly swept away, and the local administration taken altogether out of the hands of the home government, and placed upon its present independent footing?

The question of the reformation of criminals is not only of pressing importance, but one that appeals to

* *The History of New South Wales.* With an account of Van Diemen's Land, New Zealand, Port Phillip, Moreton Bay, and other Australasian settlements. By Roderick Flanagan. 2 vols. London: Sampson Low. 1862.

*Reminiscences of Thirty Years' Residence in New South Wales and Victoria.* With a supplementary chapter on transportation and the ticket-of-leave system. By R. Therry, Esq., late one of the judges of the Supreme Court of New South Wales. London: Sampson Low. 1863.

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our higher feelings; and it has of late become a subject of special investigation to the somewhat interested philanthropy and eminently shallow psychology of the day. It is impossible to say that any solution of the question was seriously attempted in the original transportation project to Botany Bay. It was the one object, nevertheless, which assumed a prominent place in the experiment; and to the history of its failure we propose to devote our chief attention. The colonization of the country was distinctly announced as forming part of the scheme; nor, indeed, is it easy to see how it could very well have been dissociated from it. On this subject, therefore, we will offer a few remarks by way of introduction.

The recolonization of Southern Europe by the Northern tribes in the Vth and VIth centuries of the present era offers a striking contrast to the colonization of Australia by a nation calling itself Christian. Anything but prepossessing is the description given us by the historians of those Northern invaders, whose deeds but too faithfully bear out the description. Over depopulated provinces, cities in ashes, and the ruins of the noblest monuments of religion and art, they swarmed into their new settlements Vandals, Franks, Goths, and Huns, all alike were distinguished for an unpitying cruelty, although the Huns surpassed the rest in licentious profligacy and crime. Yet amidst the ruin they had made, and the prodigious havoc with which they had desolated the fairest countries of Europe, the winning accents of Christian civilization stole into their ears and subdued their untutored souls. In one respect they had the advantage of the first English settlers in Australia. They had not been flung out of their own country like garbage. They came under no ban of law. They bore not with them the consciences of convicted criminals. They marched to the spoil under the (to them) legitimate banners of ambition, or to satisfy their greed of gain. The untutored instincts of humanity, grand even in their lawlessness and ferocity, urged them on. Deformed, as might have been expected, with many of the gross vices of the savage, they were not wanting in some of the more attractive features of the nobility of nature. Their ears had never listened to the loving voice of the Virgin Daughter of Sion. Their hearts had never been disciplined nor their minds formed by the revelation from heaven committed to her keeping. Theirs was not the guilt, as it has been of some of the nations of this XIXth century, to have *apostatized* to the barbarous maxim that "might makes right." They knew no better. No sooner, however, did the majestic vision of the Spouse of Christ—the Catholic Church—meet their gaze, than, far from treating her with insult and outrage, they threw themselves with loving veneration at her feet, bowed their necks with the truthful docility of children to her discipline, and arose to prove themselves her most faithful defenders.

But whilst the men-eating aborigines of Australia had no civilization to communicate, the first invaders of its shores from Great Britain were, some of them, of the worst class of barbarians—the barbarians of civilization. They were of those whose untamable souls law, civilization, and religion had failed to subdue. They were the offscouring of the criminal class of the three kingdoms. The society they had outraged had cast them out from itself upon the coasts of Australia. They stepped on shore

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convicted as felons. They had forfeited the citizenship of their own country; and, although still undergoing their respective sentences, it was understood that they were to have the opportunity of making a fresh start in their new country, should their conduct correspond with the clemency of the executive. On a career that, more than any other, requires a spirit of enterprise, lightheartedness, and courage, they had set out under the ban of expatriation, the burden of shame, and all the depressing influences of detected guilt. Of such were the first settlers of Australia.

On the evening of the 26th of January, 1788, the English dominion over what has been called the fifth division of the globe was inaugurated by the solemnity of pledging the king's health round a flag-pole. His majesty's subjects in New Holland, at the period of this imposing function, numbered one thousand and thirty souls. Of these seven hundred and seventy-eight were convicts. The remaining two hundred and fifty consisted of the soldiers who formed the garrison of the new settlement, and their officers, together with a few civil functionaries. In this rude germ of future commonwealths the elements neither of agriculture nor of commerce as yet existed. An encampment of huts was its first abiding-place. For food it depended on the stores brought with it from the mother-country; amongst which was neither seed nor other provision for future crops. At the moment at which we write, after a lapse of eighty-six years, the flocks and herds of a wealthy agricultural population range over an area as large as that of Europe; five splendid provinces, each with its own court and parliament, can boast of cities equal in size to many European capitals, and constituting commercial marts second to none on the face of the globe.

Of the prodigious strides they have made in material prosperity, Mr. Therry, in his interesting *Reminiscences*, gives the following striking illustration:

"It has been ascertained that our South Pacific colonies take from us in imports for every man, woman, and child of their respective populations, on the average, from £8 to £10 per head per annum, while the United States were only customers to us in 1859 (before the war began), at the rate of 17s. per head. The amount of imports received by Canada, which comes nearest to Australia, is £5 per head; that of New South Wales alone is £21 3s. 4d. per head; of Victoria, £25" (p. 9).

The commerce of these colonies with all parts of the world is nearly three times larger in money value than was the whole export commerce of England less than a century ago; and they receive from the United Kingdom upwards of twenty times the value of exports which the North American colonies were receiving at the time of their separation from the mother-country. To crown the social edifice, a contented people live and prosper under the shadow of the freest institutions, in many respects surpassing, in this particular, the much-vaunted model on which they have been framed.

It is certain that the prevailing motive of the English government in despatching a penal colony to Botany Bay was to supply the place of her lost American colonies. No doubt the idea of colonizing the country was present to their minds. But it never went beyond words. Not a single provision was made for colonial development. On the contrary, the whole constitution of the exiled community was fatal to such an object. For nearly half a century the inherent vices of the system struggled against and forcibly restrained any

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efforts to profit by the advantages of a country of such wonderful promise; nor was it before the original government scheme had been quite abandoned that the colony rose from its inaction, like an unfettered giant, and, as it were, almost at a stride, arrived at a pitch of prosperity unexampled, in so short a period of time, in the annals of the world, with the single exception of the American colonies after they had disembarrassed themselves of the yoke of the mother-country.

The defection of those colonies had stopped an important outlet for the criminal population of the three kingdoms. We are told by Bancroft, in his *History of the United States*, that

> "The prisoners condemned [in England] to transportation were a salable commodity. Such was the demand for labor in America that convicts and laborers were regularly purchased and shipped to the colonies, where they were sold as indented servants."

The Irish malcontents, moreover—of whom, owing to the long misgovernment of the kingdom, Ireland was full, and whose disaffection had been stimulated by the revolt of the North American colonies—threatened to increase the convict population by a large and particularly unmanageable element. It was only a year or two before that a country happened to be explored and taken possession of in the name of England so happily fitted for colonization, and of which such admirable use has since been made. The discovery was the result of sheer accident, so far as the British government was concerned. The expedition to which it owes it was sent out by the Royal Society for scientific purposes; the object being to make accurate observations of the transit of Venus from the island of Otaheite. The islands of New Zealand and the east coast of New Holland were explored on the way home. The astronomical expedition returned to England in the midsummer of 1771.

In 1786. the government decided on establishing permanent settlements on the coast lately explored by Captain Cook, accompanied by Messrs. Green and Banks and Dr. Solander. The colony consisted exclusively of the convicts and the military in charge; of prisoners and their jailers. Any class out of which a free civil community might be formed could only arise out of chance settlers, or of those among the convicts whose position was the result rather of untoward circumstances than of any irreclaimable criminality of disposition, and who were prepared to recommence in those distant lands a career from which their misfortune or their fault had shut them out at home.

The constitution of the expedition was as follows: A governor, lieutenant-governor, judge-advocate, commissary, and chaplain; a surgeon and two assistant surgeons; an agent for the transports; two hundred and twelve soldiers and mariners, including officers; their wives, numbering forty, and their children; five hundred and forty-eight male convicts, and two hundred and thirty female.

The neighborhood of Botany Bay having been judged unsuitable for the new settlement, the expedition landed at a spot situated at the head of one of the coves of Port Jackson Harbor, which had been judiciously selected by the governor as the site of the future capital. The 26th of January, 1788, was the day of disembarkation, and it was on the evening of that day that the inaugural rite, to which we have before alluded, was solemnized. After a lapse of eleven days, consumed in putting up the

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public and private structures needful for the new colony, the ceremony of inauguration was supplemented by one of a yet more imposing character. On the seventh of February was held a formal assembly of all the members of the new commonwealth. An occasion of greater interest could not be imagined. Upon no band of colonists was ever lavished a greater wealth of hope and fortune. No guilt of diplomatic fraud or commercial overreaching marred their title to the new territory. Through no bloodshed, no violence, but quite unopposed, they had entered on its peaceable possession. No foreign power, to whom the new state might be calculated to give umbrage, threatened its future welfare. A magnificent harbor sheltered its ships and transports; and it was only one of many such with which a coast of vast extent was indented. A whole continent of virgin soil stretched out before them, which, under the influence of the finest climate under heaven, waited only the bidding of man to quicken within itself an exhaustless luxuriance of vegetable life. A mighty Empire of the South offered itself to any hands that were willing and able to grasp it. It was only reasonable to expect that England, having just lost her supremacy in the New World, would have devoted her utmost resources of civilization and statesmanship to laying deep and wide the foundations of her new dominion. If none of the members of an aristocracy enjoying more advantages and more power than were ever possessed by the most privileged class of any the most privileged nation, were willing to leave the home of their ancestral traditions, the softness of hereditary ease, and an absolute independence of fortune's caprice, in order to join in the struggling life of a young community, we should at least have expected that the mother-country would despatch a contribution from each of the other classes of her citizens to assist in the formation of the new settlement. Her system of jurisprudence, admirable in spite of the inextricable jumble of statutes and precedents amidst which it has been reared, would be represented, one would have thought, by a sufficient number of lawyers of character; her merchant princes would be encouraged to carry their spirit of enterprise to so rich and promising a field; still more, that which forms the only true and solid basis of material prosperity—agriculture—would be abundantly cared for in the shape of a due supply of competent masters and sturdy laborers; last, though not least, some provision would be made, not only for the moral and religious training of the people, but for such mental cultivation as was compatible with the condition of an infant community. What no one in his senses could have anticipated was that the government of a great and ancient nation should have sent out as the founders of a new colonial empire a contingent of malefactors, guarded by a few marines. Upon the occasion of the formal inauguration ceremony the whole colony were assembled around the governor. Nearest to himself were the lieutenant-governor, the judge-advocate, provost-marshal, commissary, adjutant, doctor, and chaplain. The two hundred and twelve marines, including no less than fifteen commissioned officers, were drawn up in battle array. Apart from the rest, as under the ban of crime, stood the bulk of the community—namely, the convicts. To this assemblage the judge-advocate read the royal commission and the act of Parliament which constituted the court of judicature. After the reading of which documents the one hundred

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and ninety-seven marines shouldered old "Brown Bess," made ready, presented, and fired three times.

The ceremony was not imposing, but it was on a par with the rest of the proceedings. The governor, Capt. Phillip, wound it up with a speech in which, in spite of grammatical errors which may be pardoned in a sailor, he displayed considerable ability and eloquence, but a marvellous absence of common sense. In the course of a somewhat inflated panegyric on England and her fortunes, his excellency went on to portray his native country as the peculiar favorite of heaven, and to ascribe her successful colonization of New Holland—a matter considered by anticipation as already accomplished, and that, too, in the teeth of the recent defection of her most splendid colonies on the plea of tyrannical misgovernment—to a prolonged special intervention of Divine Providence.

"Nor did our good genius desert us," continued the governor, "when we reached our destination. On the contrary, it was then that her (?) crowning favor was bestowed. Witness the magnificent harbor which before us extends its hundred beautiful bays. Witness the beautiful landscape, the islands, capes, and headlands, covered with waving foliage, rich and varied beyond compare. Witness every surrounding object which, as regards a situation for our future homes, our necessities could demand or our tastes desire. Happy the nation whose enterprises are thus favored by the elements and by fortune! Happy the men engaged in an enterprise so favored! Happy the state to whose founding such propitious omens are granted!"

It is clear from the following passage, incredible as it may appear, that the government of the day did really contemplate founding a new state beyond the seas out of the criminal population, the moral refuse of society. Gov. Phillip even challenges for the scheme the praise of magnanimity.

"The American colonies," he said in his inaugural address, "smarting under what they considered a sense of injustice, had recourse to the sword, and the ancient state and the young dependency met in deadly conflict. The victory belonged to the American people, and Britain, resigning the North America continent (?) to the dominion of her full-grown offspring, magnanimously seeks in other parts of the earth a region where she may lay the foundations of another colonial empire, which one day will rival in strength, but we hope not in disobedience, that which she has so recently lost" (*Flanagan*, vol. i. p. 30).

It is, however, remarkable that Mr. Flanagan grounds his own attribution of magnanimity on the absence of those very features of the new territory on whose conspicuous presence the governor, standing on the spot, congratulates his fellow-colonists, as one of the signs of a special interposition of Providence in their favor.

"To incur vast expense," writes the author of the *History of New South Wales*, "encounter great dangers, and overcome great difficulties, in order to possess and colonize a country more remote than any hitherto brought under subjection by Europeans—a country presenting *no pre-eminent attractions in soil, destitute, so far as was then known, of the precious metals*, and inhabited by a people in the greatest degree barbarous and devoid of all riches—while countries possessing all those attractions which New Holland wanted were within her reach, is the best evidence which can possibly be afforded of national magnanimity" (*Flanagan*, vol. i. p. 2).

"How grand is the prospect which lies before the youthful nation!" exclaimed the enthusiastic governor to the new colony in his inaugurative speech. "Enough of honor for any state would it be to occupy the first position, both in regard to time and influence, in a country so vast, so beautiful, *so fertile*, so blessed in climate, so rich in all those bounties

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which nature can confer; . . . *its fertile plains tempting only the slightest labor of the husbandman to produce in abundance the fairest and the richest fruits;* its interminable pastures, the future home of flocks and herds innumerable; *its mineral wealth, already known to be so great as to promise that it may yet rival those treasures which fiction loves to describe*—enough for any nation, I say, would it be to enjoy those honors and those advantages; but others not less advantageous, but perhaps more honorable, await the people of the state of which we are the founders."

"To these," continued the governor, addressing that engaging instalment of British civilization which the imperial government had sent forth from the shores of their country to take possession, in its name, of this new land, and develop its abundant resources, "will belong the surpassing honor of having introduced permanently the Christian religion and European civilization into the southern hemisphere. At no distant date it will be theirs to plant the standard of the cross and the ensign of their country in the centre of numerous populous nations to whom both these have hitherto been but little known. Such are the objects which will arouse the enterprise and stimulate the energies of the people of this young country—enterprise and energy, directed not toward conquest or rapine, chiefly because Australia, rich beyond measure in her own possessions, cannot desire those of others, but towards the extension of commerce, the spread of the English language, the promotion of the arts and sciences, and the extension of the true faith. Such are the circumstances and conditions which lead to the conviction that this state, of which to-day we lay the foundation, will, ere many generations have passed away, become the centre of the southern hemisphere—the brightest gem of the Southern Ocean" (*Flanagan*, vol. i. pp. 32, 33).

Were these, then, whom Capt. Phillip addressed the men to introduce the Christian religion and European civilization in a newly-discovered continent? Were a detachment of jail-birds and their keepers to "develop commerce, spread the English language, promote the arts and sciences, and extend the true faith?" Were such as these the missionaries to plant the standard of the cross, or even that of their own country, amidst populations alien to both alike? Did the English government seriously propose to make a missionary college out of a reformatory, if such it could be called? Were the Barabbases of England to be the pioneers of civilization, the Artful Dodgers of the metropolis the heralds of the Christian faith?

The truth is that the only object directly provided for by the government to which England was indebted for this "magnanimous" deed of colonization was the establishment of a secure and distant depot for the worst criminals of the country.

The noble object to which the exhaustless resources of the continent they had just taken possession of were to be devoted was left to the chapter of accidents. A picture of the future greatness of the equivocal colony was, it is true, dashed off, in glowing colors, by Commodore Phillip, but no provision of any kind was made for its realization.

There was nothing whatever to hinder the attainment of both these objects, or at least an attempt to attain them. On the contrary, never was a fairer opportunity for an experiment of the kind offered to a people. Before them lay the wide, almost limitless landscape in all its exuberant beauty and unexhausted fertility. There it lay, as a kind of treasure-trove, at their feet, with no one to dispute its possession. Their

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first object ought assuredly to have been to bring a large portion of the soil under cultivation; agriculture being that on which more than on anything else the prosperity of a country, and especially of a young country, depends. Not one shilling did these original and eccentric colonists invest in the soil of that vast island continent, every acre of which was theirs, with all its latent wealth, whether that wealth consisted in its as yet untried productive powers, or in the hoard of precious metals which might be locked up in its secret depths.

The home government thus had it in their power to offer to a superior class of yeomen inducements of the most persuasive kind to try their fortunes in the new colony. Sufficient area being left for the development of a splendid capital, they should have been planted in middling-sized farms as closely around the reserved area as seemed desirable, and stretching out into the continent in gradually-encroaching circles. A small contingent of married men, of good reputation amongst their neighbors, and of superior capacity and attainments, should have been encouraged to throw their fortunes into the colony. To these a greater extent of land should have been granted. These settlers would have formed the nucleus of a class from which could have been selected men fitted for holding the most responsible positions. The young colony could very well dispense with hereditary titles of honor. But it could not so well dispense with a class such as we refer to, if it was to become a country to which men of character and position would not hesitate to resort. A class was wanted other than the emancipists—the very worst that could have been chosen—to supply persons of standing, acquirements, and, above all, of reputable experience for the magistracy, and for other national, so to speak, as well as local, offices of trust and administration. Such a class of yeomen having been thus provided, the staff of government officials, the military and naval forces, and the continually increasing influx of convict laborers, added to the population of those classes themselves, would have supplied a considerable population, ready to hand, of customers and consumers. The mercantile and professional classes would soon have sent their contributions from the overstocked mother-country, not in arrear, at all events, of the ordinary course of supply and demand. A manufacturing class would have developed of itself quite as soon as the interests of the colony required it. And, lastly and most imperatively of all, had the mother-country been Catholic, the interests of religion would have been the very first consideration. Priests and a nucleus of one or more religious orders would have been despatched with the expedition. Churches would have been the first structures raised. Land would have been set apart for their support, and for the appropriate splendor of Christian worship. And hospitals, attended by religious of both sexes, would have been erected, and endowed with sufficient land for their perpetual support.

Nothing of the sort was so much as attempted. Thirty years after the memorable inauguration day, a period of time embracing nearly one-half of the entire age of the colony, the then governor, Macquarie, we are told by Mr. Therry, "*considered the colony was selected as a depot for convicts; that the land properly belonged to them, as they emerged from their condition of servitude; and that emigrants were intruders on the soil.*" Ten years afterwards, little more



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than seventy years ago, the state of "the brightest gem of the Southern Ocean," in spite of the encouragement given to emigration by Macquarie's successor, Sir Thomas Brisbane, during the three years of his administration, is thus described by the very competent authority just quoted: "*The majority of the community he* (Sir Thomas Brisbane) *ruled over were of the convict class, who were not respectable nor right-minded. It consisted of very inflammable materials, composing two-thirds of the whole community, which it required the exercise of a stern authority to repress.*"

Natural advantages have triumphed over the obstacles offered by human folly. The present condition of the Australian colonies more than realizes the glowing expectations of the head-jailer of the first convict gang that landed on their shores. Indeed, if those utterances of Commander Phillip were to be judged by the results, we might be tempted to ascribe them to the inspiration of even prophetical sagacity. One merit, at all events, may be accorded to the enthusiastic sailor. He did not overestimate the boundless resources and advantageous position of the noble country of which he and his prisoners were assuming the proprietorship "on behalf of the British people," utterly incapable as they were of taking advantage of them.

TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH.

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## A SUMMER IN ROME.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HOUSE OF YORKE."

Of course all our friends exclaimed, when we intimated the possibility of our remaining in Rome for the summer:

We would suffocate with heat.

We would be poisoned with malaria.

We would have chills, and consequently fevers.

The fruit would make us sick, the wine would turn sour while we were pouring it out, and we would be kept awake all night by people in the street.

We would have no one to speak to, for everybody would be gone out of town.

Besides, and above all, it was not the proper thing to do.

I do not believe that either of us was serious in first making the proposal, unless Bianca cherished such a wish under her pensive silence; but so much opposition led us to look at the project, and we did not find it so bad as might have been expected. Besides, no one with a particle of spirit likes to be scouted and talked down; and all of us had spirit enough to feel a little vexed at the storm of opposition we had brought about our ears—all except Mr. Varney. He was too indolent to resent anything.

"I do not believe that there is the least necessity for having a fever in Rome," said Isabel. (It was nearly always Isabel who spoke.) "One has but to select a cool apartment and use a little prudence. If we were to do as I have seen people do here—go from the oven to the refri-

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gerator—we should know what to expect. To walk in a sunny street till you are in a perspiration, then sit on a shady stone to cool off, is not only inviting a fever, but sending a *gendarme* to fetch it. As for heat, New York is ten times hotter; and I once passed a whole summer in New York, and was quite comfortable; wasn't I, papa? Then, how any one can say that we shall have no one to speak to I cannot imagine. Here are four of us; and I take perfect delight in talking to myself. The most interesting conversations I ever had in my life were with Miss Isabel Varney."

"Besides," said a clear voice from the window, "what we came to Rome to see doesn't go away in the summer."

We all looked at Bianca, who had turned her head toward us to speak, and was gazing out the window again, the lace curtain wrapped about her like a bridal veil, and the *persienne* half closed to shield her from the many eyes in the piazza.

"May I ask what you came to see?" inquired a visitor, who always tried to make this silent one talk.

She only half turned to answer.

"The Holy Father; the shrines and homes of the saints; all the holy, and all the beautiful, and all the famous places here; and the skies that are above them. And, again, the Holy Father. He is the Christian Prometheus, bound to the Vatican as to a rock, and we are a little chorus of American Oceanides who are come to bewail him, and who have no mind to go away for pleasure."

"Brava!" said papa.

"And as for the 'proper thing,'" said another member of the family, "we have bored ourselves to death all winter trying to do that."

"Besides," struck in Isabel, with a bright thought, "we want to learn the language; and that we never could do going about from place to place. Here we can sit down quietly, and study the four or five hundred irregular verbs at our leisure, and settle the genders of things, and learn to pronounce properly all their undulating and circuitous strings of vowels and the little curly tails to their ridiculous words."

"Don't include me in your class, if you please," Mr. Varney said. "I would as soon shave off my hair and wear a wig as drop my own language and speak another. I shall speak English when I say anything; and if people do not understand me, it will not be my fault. We can always find interpreters; and I do not approve of—of—er—of deserting your own tongue for another," he concluded rather weakly, not having measured his strength before commencing this speech.

The truth was that he never did approve of anything which cost him the least effort; but we listened as gravely as if we believed him to be actuated by the most heroic patriotism.

"You are quite right, papa," Isabel said emphatically. "Still, since interpreters may not always be honest, you know, it is better that some of us should understand and be able to protect the family."

"You will not find the verbs so difficult as you may imagine," remarked an Italian. "The irregularities are chiefly in the preterite. Preterites are always ragged. They are never a part of the original language, I think, but were interpolated when it was discovered that a nicer expression of thought was needed; and then the grammarians had to accommodate themselves to circumstances, and use what was left. You will take pleasure in learning so musical a language, Miss Isabel."

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"Oh! I think English quite as musical as Italian," replied the young woman with composure.

"When you speak it, *signorina*," said the Italian, after a momentary pause of astonishment.

"I find the phrases and words I learned in music very useful," she continued. "The other day I said '*allegro, ma non troppo*,' to the coachman, and he drove perfectly. That is on millions of pieces of music, you know, papa. It quite pleased me to talk to a coachman as if he were a fugue. And when I said '*andante*,' he actually put down the brake."

"But you know we were going down-hill then, Bella," remarked her sister.

"I can make the servants understand perfectly well," continued Isabel. "But in churches and galleries, and catacombs, and such places, the people are very stupid."

This is the way in which Miss Isabel Varney made the servants understand perfectly:

"Angelina," she would say to the *donna*, in English, "I want you to black my thick walking-boots. The dust has made them look dingy. But first bring me another pitcher of water. It is strange that in a city that would be a lake if all its aqueducts were to burst at once one cannot get more than a quart of water at a time. Make haste, now, for I wish to go out immediately."

Angelina stood immovable, a picture of distressful doubt. The time had gone past when she would have ventured to remind her mistress that English had not been included in her education.

"Oh! to be sure," says Isabel. "What a bother it is when one is in a hurry! What is the Italian for water, Bianca? *Acqua?* Well, Angelina, bring me some *acqua*."

The *donna* began to lift her apron toward her eyes.

"*Apportez moi* some *acqua!*" said her mistress distinctly and authoritatively.

The *donna* shrank back. "Signorina mia," she began pitifully.

"Don't talk!" cried the young lady. "What is the use of your talking to me when I cannot understand a word you say? It is too absurd. Besides, it is the servant's place to obey without speaking. Bianca, do look in the dictionary for the Italian for wish or will, the strongest word you can get; then in the grammar for the first person, singular, indicative of it—or, no, the imperative. And be quick, or I never shall get out. *Voglio?* Angelina, I *voglio* a pitcher of *acqua*—what is the word for quickly? *Vitement?* No. That isn't Italian. It must be *vita*. That is an Italian word, I know, and it sounds as if it meant quickly. Angelina, I *voglio acqua vita*."

"*Si, si, signorina!*" exclaimed the poor little *donna*, and ran off, glad to get out of the room.

"And, after all, she hasn't taken the pitcher," said Isabel. "But may be she will bring a pailful. She knew quite well that I was finding fault because we have so little. They understand what we say, I'm sure they do. Their ignorance is all a pretence."

Five minutes passed, and ten minutes; and when the young lady had exhausted herself in impatient exclamations, Angelina entered the chamber, all out of breath, but smiling in confident triumph, and placed in her hand a bottle on which was an apothecary's label with *acquavite* neatly inscribed on it.

There was a *bersagliere* passing the house at that moment; and I have always thought I would like to know

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if he ever suspected that the hand of a *papalina* flung that bottle which alighted safely on the great tuft of flying feathers in his hat. I am sure that if the bottle had contained anything but *acquavite*, the military would have been called out.

This feat accomplished, Miss Isabel seized the empty water-pitcher, and thrust it into the hands of the frightened girl with one word, "*Acqua!*" uttered in a tone which proved her to have tragical abilities.

Angelina returned in a trice with the water, and found her mistress standing in the middle of the room, with a stern countenance, and a dictionary in her hand.

"Now, *nero* my *guadagno*."

The girl lifted her eyes to the ceiling.

"*Profitto*, I mean," was the hasty correction.

Tears rolled down Angelina's cheeks.

"It couldn't be that boot is *stivale!*" said the young woman in a low tone to a third person in the room. "That sounds as if it meant something three-cornered."

"You might try," was the suggestion.

"*Stivale?*" demanded the young woman of the *donna*.

"*Si, signorina*," said the girl eagerly, glancing at the articles in question.

"Well, *nero* my *stivale*," ordered the mistress haughtily.

"*O Dio mio!*" sobbed Angelina.

Isabel lost all patience and dignity. She flew at the boots and caught them in one hand, flew at the toilet-table and snatched her tooth-brush in the other, then, rushing at the terrified *donna*, performed before her face a furious pantomime of polishing her boots with the tooth-brush.

"*Capisco!*" cried Angelina joyfully.

"It is worse than Robinson Crusoe with his man Friday," sighed Isabel, sinking, exhausted, into a chair. "These scenes are positively ruining my disposition. You know, Bianca, I used to have a very good temper, and the servants at home were always fond of me. But here I am becoming a scold and a fury. We must get settled in another apartment, and have a teacher right away."

A cool summer apartment was found near the Esquiline, a teacher engaged, and our parting friends went their several ways, taking doleful leave of us.

And here it may not be amiss to make the reader better acquainted with the family who desire the pleasure of his acquaintance and company for a time.

Mr. Varney, the son of a Boston merchant, had, when he was young and venturesome, made a voyage to Spain in one of his father's ships. The ship came back without him; but, after six months' absence, he returned, bringing with him a young Spanish wife, whom he had wooed and won during that brief visit. She lived only ten years, pining ever for the sunny land of her birth, and dropped away finally before they had begun to fear that she was dying, leaving two daughters, Bianca and Isabel.

Her death quite uprooted her husband from his accustomed life, and gave him a shock from which he never recovered. He had always promised, and had meant, to take her back to Spain; but, between the calls of business and a habit of procrastination, had put off the visit from year to year till it was too late. Then the New England which had killed her became distasteful to him, and, after lingering a few years to settle up his business, he went abroad

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for an indefinite time, taking his daughters with him. He seemed to fancy that by this tardy journey he was proving to his wife his regret and the sincerity of his promises.

They avoided Spain, however, unwilling to hasten at once to that land which she had longed in vain to see. There was even an idea of self-exile and punishment in going so near without touching its beautiful shores. They visited England and France, then came directly to Rome.

"I do not believe that we shall ever go away from Italy for any length of time," Bianca said. "It is the true land of the lotos, and we have eaten of the charmed plant."

"Would you like to live here always?" her father asked, looking earnestly at her.

There was a certain pensive melancholy in her face and attitude which constantly drew his anxious regards.

"Yes!" she answered slowly.

"I think Bianca is changed from what she used to be," he said afterward to one of the family. "It seems to me that I remember her gay and bright, like Isabel; but she has grown quiet and gentle, little by little, and so gradually that I do not know when the change began."

The person whom he addressed tried to give him the comfort and reassurance which his anxiety evidently pleaded for. She pointed out that one had but to look at the two girls to see at once the difference in their temperaments; that Isabel's shorter and more compact form proved a stronger and more aggressive vitality than her sister's willowy slenderness was capable of; that the very shape of their faces—a delicate oval in the one and a full oval in the other—was another proof of difference; and that, moreover, Bianca, being the elder, had been of an age to be impressed by her mother's death, while Isabel was still too young.

"And I find yet another reason," the comforter continued, turning mentor. "Your frequently-expressed regret for your wife, and the habit you have of referring to her love for Spain and her home-sickness, cannot fail to sadden so sensitive a heart as Bianca's, while Isabel thinks that it is merely a 'way you have got into,' as she would express it."

It was, perhaps, rather a severe speech; but when a person contracts a habit of making a mournful luxury of his troubles, and of perpetually setting up his mourning standard beside the red, white, and blue of those who at least try to be cheerful, it does no harm to let him know that the effect is not enlivening.

Well, we were settled in our summer quarters, and had just finished our first dinner there, when the historian of the party made a prudent suggestion.

"Since we are beginning a new life with new people, I think that we should have a clear understanding about everything, so as to save trouble at the end," she said.

Her ears were still ringing with the din of battle which had accompanied their exit from their former home—the loud voice of the *padrona* demanding payment for broken chairs and tables that had dropped in pieces the first time they were touched; the vociferous porter, who insisted on having money because he had snatched Isabel's reticule from her hand, in spite of her, and carried it a dozen steps; the small but very shrill boy, whom they had no recollection of ever having seen before, and who wanted to be paid for they knew not what; the hysterical *donna*, who expected that her heart, lacerated because her services

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had not been re-engaged, would be soothed by the gift of a few extra *lire;* and a half-dozen beggars crying for "*qualche cosa.*"

And so "it might be as well to have everything arranged at the beginning," remarked this prudent person.

"I settled about the furniture before you came in to dinner," Isabel said. "I had the whole family up, and before their eyes, with papa as witness, I shook and leaned on every table and cabinet, and sat down in every chair as hard as I could. Two chairs dropped, and are taken out for repair, which will cost us nothing. And I have ordered out all the paper bouquets with tall glass cases over them, and all the ornamental cups and saucers. But I think we may as well tell them that if they send begging people up to us, we will deduct what we give from the rent. Papa says he has made a careful reckoning, and finds that if we give a *soldo* to each ragged beggar in the street, and half a *lira* to each well-dressed beggar who comes up, we shall be ourselves reduced to beggary in six months."

Bianca turned round on the piano-stool, her face full of expostulation. "Oh! but those dear Capuchins!" she exclaimed.

"It isn't likely that I meant to refuse a Capuchin," answered Isabel indignantly. "They are an exception; and so are all religious. No one can say that religion costs them much in Italy. I am ashamed to give so little and receive so much."

"Having an understanding at the beginning will make no sort of difference at the end," Mr. Varney said. "Every stranger here expects to have a fight with the family he is leaving. It is a part of the play which cannot be left out by particular request, like the Prince of Denmark out of *Hamlet.* Let us put off explanations till they are forced on us. I would like, though, to say a word or two to Giuseppe about the table."

Giuseppe was a new servant, whom we considered ourselves very fortunate in engaging, as he not only spoke English, but had lived in England several months, and might therefore be supposed to know something of Anglo-Saxon ways. He came in immediately.

"There are two or three directions which I wish to give once for all, Giuseppe," Mr. Varney said in his slow, languid way. "I hope you will remember them, for I do not like to repeat orders."

"Yes, sir!" said Giuseppe, with a stiffness of bow and attitude oddly in contrast with his sparkling Italian face.

"In the first place," resumed his master, "when I say that I want breakfast, or dinner, or the carriage at a certain hour, I mean that time precisely, and not an hour or a half-hour later, nor even five minutes later."

A second bow and "Yes, sir!" worthy of May Fair.

Mr. Varney went on argumentatively, bringing his fingers into play: "Secondly, I want my wine brought in with the seals unbroken. If I find a single bottle of the wine I have put up opened, I will"—he paused for a suitable threat.

"Break the bottle over your head," struck in Isabel. "Remember, papa, all the watered wine we have paid for, and don't be too mild. Remember the horrible stuff for which we paid three times the market price all last winter. Don't be too mild. You may depend upon it, Giuseppe, we shall not permit of any tampering with wine, or fruit, or candles, or anything. We have had too much of that."

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"Yes, miss!" says Giuseppe.

"I hate to be called 'miss,'" remarked the young lady. "Call me *signorina*. Of all titles I think miss the most disagreeable. And Mrs. and Mr. are not much better. The Italian language has that one advantage, I will own."

"Be careful about the fruit you give us," Mr. Varney went on. "We want ripe fruit. The figs to-day were not quite perfect. Figs," said Mr. Varney with solemn deliberation —"figs should be just right, or they are good for nothing. When they are just right, there is nothing better, and you can give them to us three times a day. They must be ripe, but not too ripe; fine-grained, but not salvy; cool, crisp, intensely sweet, and on the point of bursting open, but not quite broken."

Giuseppe forgot his English training long enough to inquire, "Hadn't you better speak to the trees about it, sir?"

"That will do," Mr. Varney concluded with dignity. "I have no more to say now. You can go."

The setting sun, shining on the new walls opposite, was reflected into our drawing-room, lighting it beautifully, touching Mr. Varney's gray hair and pleasant face, as he sat in a huge, yellow arm-chair by the window and diving into Isabel's bright eyes, as she leaned on his shoulder, and looked over with him the *Diario Romano*, trying to make out the holy-days.

"Here is the anniversary of the coronation of Pius IX.," she said. "I wonder if we shall be arrested if we wear yellow roses in our hats, Bianca?"

Mr. Varney pored awhile over the book in his hand, and presently asked, with a general inquiring glance about the room, "Does anybody know what time of day or night twenty-three o'clock is? Here is a function announced to begin at twenty-three o'clock. Do people go to church at that hour? I should think it would be very late at night."

"It might be some time the next day," suggested a member of the family.

The gentleman arranged his glasses, and looked puzzled. "Then, when a function is announced for twenty-three o'clock on Wednesday, it takes place at some hour on Thursday," he said.

No one ventured either to acquiesce or to dissent, and it was concluded to put this difficulty on the list of questions we were making out for our Italian teacher to answer the next morning.

"He will be such a convenience to us!" Isabel said. "People assure me that he knows everything, and is never at loss for an answer."

Mr. Varney took a pinch of snuff. He had always shown an inclination toward that indulgence, but had not dared to yield to it in America. Now, however, with such eminent examples constantly before his eyes, he could carry his snuff-box, not only with impunity, but with a kind of pride.

"Have you reflected, my daughter," he asked, "that your Italian teacher knows not a word of English, and that, since you cannot very well fly at him, as you could at Angelina, and extract his meaning at the sword's point, his explanations, however excellent they may be, are not likely to profit you much for some time to come?"

"Oh! we will make out some way," she replied carelessly. "One can always understand a clever person. Besides, if worse comes to worse, I don't know why I shouldn't fly at him, if necessary. He will be paid for his time; and one can always scold a preson whom one pays."

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The last sun-ray faded away, and the golden globe of the new moon shone out over Santa Maria Maggiore, shining so low and full in the transparent sky that one almost feared it might strike the tower or domes of that dearest of churches in passing, and break itself like a bubble.

We were silent a little while, then Mr. Varney said, "Sing us that song you are humming, my darling."

When he said "my darling," he always meant Bianca.

She made a motion to put away the music-sheet before her, and take another, but replaced it; and presently we heard her low voice, which half sang, half spoke, the words:

"Friend, the way is steep and lonely,
Thickly grows the rue;
All around are shadows only:
May I walk with you?

Not too near; for, oh! your going
Is upon the heights,
Where the airs of heaven are blowing
Through the morning lights.

Dare I brush the dews that glisten
All about your feet?
Can I listen where you listen?
Meet the sights you meet?

"Not too far—I faint at missing
You from out my way.
Vain is then the glory kissing
All the peaks of day;

"Vain are all the laughing showers
Leading in the spring;
All the summer green and flowers,
All the birds that sing.

"At your side my way is clearest:
Tell me I may stay!
Not too near—and yet, my dearest,
Not too far away!"

"What does it mean?" asked Mr. Varney. "It seems to me very obscure."

"Oh! a song isn't expected to mean anything but melody," somebody answered rather hastily. "All that is required of the lines is that they should be of the proper length. Sing the other, Bianca—the one I looked over to-day."

The speaker knew that nothing suited Mr. Varney so well as a genuine love-song.

Bianca sang

"O roses dewy, roses red and sweet!
Tinting with your hues the summer air,
Give my cheeks your blushes, give my mouth your breathing,
Add such rounded beauty as is meet,
Wrap me in the graces all your tendrils wreathing;
For he loves me, and I would be fair.

"O sunshine, playing with the swinging vine,
Sift your gold through all my dusky hair,
Gild each braid and ringlet with a softened glimmer,
Hint the crown his love has rendered mine.
Than the brightest eyes, oh! let not mine be dimmer;
For he loves me, and I would be fair.

"O lilies! in a drift of scented snow,
Willing all your sweetness to immure
In a leafy cloister, waves alone caressing,
Give my soul your whiteness ere ye go,
That its stainless beauty be to him a blessing;
For he loves me, and I would be pure.

"O faithful stars! I pray ye, touch me so
With the virtue given unto you
That I fail him never, living, nor yet dying,
Howsoe'er the days may come and go
With a steadfast tenderness his life supplying;
For he loves me, and I would be true."

The first stroke of the *Ave Maria* broke off the last chord of the song, and there was silence in the room till the bells had sung their evening chorus.

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## MATTER.

### VI.

*Constitution of bodies.*—We have hitherto explained and vindicated those facts and principles which experience and reason point out to us as the true foundations of a sound philosophical theory of matter. We are now prepared to examine the much-vexed question of the constitution of bodies; nor are we deterred from our undertaking by the very common belief that the essence of matter is, and will ever be, an impenetrable mystery; for although the different schools of philosophy have long disputed about the subject without being able to agree in their conclusions, we are confident that these very conclusions, every one of which contains a portion of truth, will afford us the means of reaching the true and complete solution of the question.

The opinions at present entertained by philosophers about the constitution of matter may be reduced to the three following:

Some affirm that the first constituents of natural bodies are the *first matter* and the *substantial form*, as explained by Aristotle and by his followers. This view, which reigned supreme for centuries, we shall call the *scholastic* solution of the question.

Others affirm, on the contrary, that the first constituents of bodies are *simple elements*, or points of matter, acting on each other from a certain distance, and thus forming dynamical systems of different natures according to their number, powers, and geometrical arrangement. This second view, which, after Boscovich, found a great number of advocates, we shall call the *dynamic* solution of the question.

Finally, others affirm that the first constituents of bodies are *molecules*, or *chemical atoms*. This view, based entirely on chemical considerations, originated with Dalton, of Manchester, early in the present century, and it was very favorably received by all men of science as the true interpretation of chemical facts. This third view we shall call the *atomic* solution of the question.

The investigation of the grounds on which these three solutions are supported will soon convince us that none of them can be entirely rejected, as each of them has some foundation in truth. To begin with the scholastic solution, all true philosophers know that God alone is a *pure act*; whence it follows that all creatures essentially consist of *act* and *potency*. This act and this potency, when there is question of material things, are called *the substantial form* and *the matter*. It is therefore an evident truth that material substance is essentially constituted of matter and substantial form. Against this doctrine nothing can be objected by the advocates of the dynamic or of the atomic solution.

On the other hand, the doctrine which teaches that bodies are made up of chemical atoms, or molecules, which have a definite nature and combine in definite numbers, is very satisfactorily established by experimental science; and nothing can be objected against it by speculative philosophers. But, to prevent mis-

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conceptions, we must observe that this theory does not consider the chemical atoms as absolutely indivisible, or as absolutely primitive, or as so many pieces of continuous matter. The word "atom" in chemistry signifies the least possible quantity of any natural substance known to us. Atoms are chemical equivalents. Their chemical indivisibility, on account of which they are called "atoms," is a fact of experience; but they are absolutely divisible, owing to their physical composition; for we know by the balance that atoms of different substances contain different quantities of matter; and their vibrations, change of size, and variations of chemical activity with the variation of circumstances, unmistakably show that their mass is a sum of units substantially independent of one another, though naturally connected together by mutual actions in one dynamical system. Their matter is therefore discrete, not continuous.

As to the doctrine of simple and unextended elements, we have no need of saying anything in particular in this place, as such a doctrine is a simple corollary of the thesis concerning the impossibility of continuous matter, which we have fully developed in our last article.

From these remarks it will be seen that to the question, *What are the primitive constituents of bodies?* three answers may be given, and each of them true, if properly interpreted, as we shall presently explain. Thus it is true, in a strictly metaphysical sense, that the primitive constituents of bodies are the matter and the substantial form; it is true again, in a certain other sense, that the primitive constituents of bodies are chemical atoms; and it is true also, in a still different sense, that the primitive constituents of bodies are simple and unextended elements. Hence the scholastic solution does not necessarily clash with the atomic, nor does this latter exclude the dynamic, but all three may stand together in perfect harmony, or rather they are required by the very nature of the question, in the same manner as three solutions are required by the nature of a problem whose conditions give rise to an equation of the third degree. The duty, therefore, of a philosopher, when he has to handle this subject, is not to resort to one of the three solutions in order to attack the others, as it is the fashion to do, but to investigate how the three can be reconciled, and how truth in its fulness can be attained to by their conjunction.

This may appear difficult to those whose philosophical bias in favor of a long-cherished opinion prevents them from looking at things in more than one manner; but those whose mind is free from prejudice and exclusiveness will readily acknowledge that whilst the atomists determine the constituents of bodies by *chemical* analysis, the dynamists, on the contrary, determine those constituents by *mechanical* analysis, and the scholastics by *metaphysical* analysis. Now, these analyses do not exclude one another; they rather prepare the way to one another. Hence their results cannot exclude one another, but rather lead to one another, and give by their union a fuller expression of truth.

If we ask of an atomist, "What are the primitive constituents of a mass of gold?" he will answer that they are *the atoms*, or the molecules, *of gold*, as chemistry teaches him. This answer is very good, as it points out the first *specific* principles of the compound body; for we cannot go further and resolve the molecule without destroying the specific nature of gold. For this reason the atomist, when he

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has reached the atoms of gold, stops there, and declares that *the analysis cannot go further.* He evidently refers to the *chemical* analysis.

If now we ask a dynamist, "What are the primitive constituents of a mass of gold?" he will answer that they are *the simple elements* of which the molecules of gold are made up. This answer, too, is very good, as it points out the first *physical* principles of the compound body; for we cannot go further and resolve the simple element without destroying the physical being. For this reason the dynamist, when he has reached the simple elements, stops there, and declares that *the analysis can go no further.* Of course he means the *physical* analysis.

Let us now ask of a schoolman, "What are the primitive constituents of a mass of gold." He will answer that they are the *substantial form* and *the matter*, as the last terms obtained by the metaphysical analysis of substance. This last answer also is very good, as it points out the first *metaphysical* principles of substance. It should, however, be borne in mind that this answer does not apply to the mass of the body as such, nor to its molecules, but only to each primitive element contained in the mass and in the molecules of the body, as we shall fully explain in another place. When he has reached the substantial form and the matter, the schoolman stops there, and declares that *the analysis can go no further.* He means the *metaphysical* analysis, which resolves the physical being into metaphysical realities incapable of further resolution.

It is manifest that these three answers, however different, do not clash with one another. Accordingly, the atomist, the dynamist, and the schoolman may all agree in teaching truth, while they give different answers. The fact is, they do not look at the question from the same point of view, and, rigorously speaking, they solve different questions.

The first answers the question, What are the first *specific* principles of gold or the first golden particles; and he affirms that they are the *molecules* or *atoms* of gold.

The second answers the question, What are the first *physical* principles of such golden particles? and he affirms that they are *unextended elements* or *primitive substances.*

The third answers the question, What are the first *metaphysical* principles of those primitive substances? and he affirms that they are *the matter* and *the substantial form.*

This being the case, it may be asked how it came to pass that the atomic, the dynamic, and the scholastic solutions have hitherto been considered as irreconcilable. We reply that the three solutions would never have been held irreconcilable, if their advocates had kept within reasonable limits in the expression of their views. But as philosophers, like other people, are often exclusive, narrow-minded, and ready to oppose whatever comes from a school which is not their own, it frequently happens that they are too easily satisfied with a partial possession of truth, and disdain the views of others who regard truth under a different aspect. By such a course, instead of promoting, they hinder, the advance of philosophical knowledge; and while fighting under the banner of a special school, which they mistake for the banner of truth, they allow themselves to be carried away by a spirit of contention, the unyielding character of which is the greatest impediment in the way of philosophical progress. The constitution of bodies is one of the subjects which, unfortunately, have been and are

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still handled by different schools with remarkable unfairness to one another. The atomist fights against the dynamist, and both despise the follower of the schoolman; whilst the schoolman from the stronghold of his metaphysical castle looks superciliously on both, confident that he will eventually drive them out of the field of philosophy. This attitude of one school towards another is not worthy of men who profess to love truth. If the atomistic philosopher cannot go beyond the chemical analysis, we will allow him to stop there, on condition, however, that he shall not claim a right to prevent others, who may know better, from proceeding to further investigations beyond the boundaries of chemistry. In like manner, if the dynamist cannot rise to the consideration of the metaphysical principles of substance, let him be satisfied with the consideration of the primitive elements of matter, and dispense with further inquiries; but let him not interfere with the work of the metaphysician, whose method and principles he does not understand. As to the metaphysician himself, we would warn him that, however deeply conversant he may be with the *general truths* concerning the essential constituents of things, he is nevertheless in danger of erring in their application to particular cases, unless he tests his conclusions by the principles of chemical, mechanical, and physical science; for it is from these sciences that we learn the true nature of the facts and laws of the material world; and all metaphysical investigation about the constitution of bodies must prove a failure, if it lacks the foundation of real facts and their correct interpretation.

It is obvious, after all, that truth cannot fight against truth; and since we have shown that each of the three solutions above given contains a portion of truth, we cannot reject any of them absolutely, but we must discard that only which troubles their harmony, and retain that through which they complete and confirm one another.

We therefore admit the substantial points of the three systems on the constitution of bodies, and recognize the general principles on which they are established. The analysis of bodies carried on through all its degrees leads to the following results:

First, by analyzing *the body* chemically, we find the *atoms*, or molecules, endowed with a determinate mass and with specific powers, corresponding to the specific nature of the body. Such atoms are not absolutely indivisible, though chemistry, as yet, cannot decompose them: hence atoms are further analyzable.

Secondly, by analyzing *the atom*, or the molecule, we discover its components, or primitive parts, called *primitive elements*, and primitive substances, which are physically simple and unextended, and concur in definite numbers to the constitution of definite molecular masses.

Finally, by analyzing *the simple element* or the primitive substance, which can no longer be resolved into physical parts, we find that such an element consists of *act* and *potency*, or, as we more frequently express ourselves, of *form* and *matter*, neither of which can exist separately, as the first physical being which exists in nature is the substance arising from their conspiration. Accordingly the form and the matter of which the simple element consists are not physical, but only metaphysical, principles, and they constitute a metaphysical, not a physical, compound.

These three conclusions are scientifically and philosophically certain;

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and while they afford a sound basis to our reasonings on material objects, they reconcile modern physics with the principles of old metaphysics. We say *with the principles*, not *with the conclusions*; for we must own that the old metaphysicians, owing to their insufficient knowledge of the laws of nature, not unfrequently failed in the application of their principles to the interpretation of natural facts. Thus the chemical, the dynamical, and the scholastic views of the constitution of bodies cease to be antagonistic, and each of the three schools is awarded all it can claim consistently with the rights of truth.

As we intend to speak hereafter more in detail of the constitution of bodies, we shall content ourselves at present with these general remarks on the subject. It is manifest from what precedes that bodies and molecules arise from simple elements, and are substances, not on account of their bodily or molecular composition, but merely because their primitive physical components, the elements, are substances. Hence the question concerning the constitution of material substance, as such, does not necessarily require any further research after the constitution of bodies, but may be directly settled by the consideration of the elements themselves.

We have already seen that the primitive elements of matter are rigorously unextended; that each of them is endowed with *activity*, *passivity*, and *inertia*, and is thus fitted to produce, receive, and conserve local movement; and that the elementary activity, whether attractive or repulsive, is exercised in a sphere according to a permanent law. And since the essential constitution of things must be gathered from their essential properties, it is of the utmost importance for us to ascertain whether the principles of the material element may be fully determined by its known properties, or whether the element may possess occult properties which, if known, would modify our notion of its principles; for it is only after an adequate knowledge of its principle of activity, of its principle of passivity, and of the relation of the one to the other, that we can safely pronounce a judgment about the essence of a primitive being.

We may ask, therefore, in the first place: *Does a simple element possess any occult power besides its known power of attracting or repelling?*

This question must be answered in the negative. Occult powers and occult qualities have been admitted by the ancient philosophers, and are admitted even now, in *compound* substances, not because any unknown power resides in the first elements of which they are made up, but because the manner of their composition, and consequently the manner of determining the resultant of their elementary actions, transcends our conception and baffles our calculations. Thus the phenomena of chemical affinity, cohesion, capillarity, electricity, and magnetism depend on actions which science cannot trace to their *primitive* causes—viz., to the simple elements—but only to their proximate causes, which are complex, and, as such, follow different laws of causation corresponding to the different modes of their constitution. Before we are able to trace such phenomena to their simple and primitive causes, it would be necessary to find out the intrinsic constitution of every molecule; the number, quality, and arrangement of its constituent elements; the arrangement and distance of the molecules in the body; and the mathematical formulas by which every movement of each particle could be determined for every instant of time. As this has not been done, and will never be done, the

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determination of the causality of molecular phenomena remains, and will ever remain, an insoluble problem, and the complex power from which any such phenomenon proceeds remains, and will ever remain, unknown so far as it is the result of an unknown composition, though we know, at least in general, the nature of the primitive powers from which it results. In other terms, there are no occult powers in matter, but only unknown resultants of known primitive powers.

To prove this, we observe that an occult power is to be admitted, then, only when a phenomenon occurs which cannot proceed from powers already known. This is evident; for, when phenomena can be accounted for by known powers, there is no ground for any inquiry about occult causes. In other words, to look for occult causes without data or indications on which to ground the induction, is to propose to one's self a problem without conditions; which no man in his senses would do. Now, no phenomenon has been observed anywhere in material things which cannot proceed from the known powers of attraction and repulsion; nay, it is positively certain that all phenomena proceed from the same powers. For each material point, when acted on, receives a determination to local movement, and nothing else; and therefore the effect of the action of matter upon matter is nothing but local movement, one element approaching to or retiring from the other. Now, this is precisely what attractive and repulsive powers are competent to do. Hence it is that in all the works of science and natural philosophy the causality of phenomena of every kind is uniformly traced to mere attractions and repulsions.

Again, if any occult power, besides that of attracting or repelling, be assumed to reside in a primitive element of matter, such a power will remain idle for ever, inasmuch as it will never be applicable to the production of natural phenomena. On the other hand, it is obvious that a power destined to remain idle for ever is an absurdity. It is therefore absurd to assume that there is in the elements of matter any occult power besides that of attracting or repelling. In this argument the minor proposition is evident, because all active power is naturally destined to act; whilst the major proposition is evidently inferred from the fact that matter has no passivity, except with regard to local motion, as is acknowledged by all philosophers, and as we shall presently show from intrinsic reasons. Whence it follows that, if there were in matter any hidden power not destined, as the attractive and the repulsive are, to produce local movement, such a power would be absolutely useless, as absolutely inapplicable to any other matter, and would remain in this absurd condition for ever. We need not, therefore, trouble ourselves with the absurd hypothesis of occult powers; and we conclude, accordingly, that the principle of activity of a primitive element is merely attractive or repulsive, as explained in one of our past articles.

It may be asked, in the second place: *Is the centre of a simple element to be identified with the principle of passivity of the element?*

This question must be answered in the affirmative. For the principle of passivity is that to which the action is terminated; but the action of any one element of matter is terminated to the centre of any other element; therefore the centre of any element is its principle of passivity. The minor proposition of this syllo-

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gism might be proved by metaphysical considerations*; but we may prove it more clearly in the following manner: Locomotive action implies direction, and no direction can be really taken in space except from a real point to another real point. Now, that by which any two elements, *A* and *B*, mark out two distinct points in space, is the centre of their sphere of action. The direction of the action is therefore from the centre of *A* to the centre of *B*, and *vice versa*—that is, the action of the one is terminated to the centre of the other. And thus it is evident that each single element receives the action of every other element in its central point, which is, accordingly, the passive principle of the element. This conclusion may be expressed in this other manner: In a material element the matter (passive principle) is a point from which the action of the element is directed towards other points in space, and to which the actions of other material points in space are directed.

We may remark, also, that material elements, whilst they are always ready to receive movement from extrinsic agents, cannot apply their own power to themselves, because they are inert. This being the case, it obviously follows that the action of an extrinsic agent on an element is terminated there where the action of the element itself cannot be terminated. Now, a little reflection will show that the centre of the element is just the point where the action of the element itself cannot be terminated. For as locomotive action implies direction, and as no direction can be had from the centre of activity to itself, but only from a point to a distinct point, the action of the element upon its own centre is a metaphysical impossibility. Whence we conclude that the principle of passivity, or that in which the primitive element is liable to receive a determination to local movement, is nothing else than the intrinsic term of its essence, the centre from which it directs its action in a sphere, or, in other terms, the matter itself as contradistinguished from the substantial form.

In the third place, it may be asked: *Can it be proved that a material element is susceptible of nothing but local movement?*

We answer: Yes. For we have shown that the passivity of the material element resides in a mere mathematical point, which, having no bulk, cannot be liable to *intrinsic* changes, and therefore is susceptible of such determinations only as will bring about a change of *extrinsic* relations. It is hardly necessary to explain that such a change of extrinsic relations is always brought about by local movement; for such relations either are distances or depend on distances; and distances cannot be modified except by local movement. It is thus manifest that material elements are susceptible of nothing but local movement. Hence the passivity of matter is confined to the reception of local movement alone.

From this well-known truth we may again confirm our preceding solution of the question concerning occult powers. For the activity and the passivity of a simple element essentially respond to one another in the same manner and with as strict a necessity as *giving* and *receiving*, and since they spring from the principles of one and the same primitive essence, they must belong to one and the same kind. If, then, there were

* See THE CATHOLIC WORLD for March, 1874, p. 848.

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in the material elements any occult power besides that which produces local movement, there would be also a correspondent passivity not destined to receive local movement; for without this new passivity the occult power could not be exercised. And since the passivity of matter is limited to the sole reception of local movement, none but locomotive power can be admitted to reside in matter.

*Essence of material substance.*—We are now ready to answer with all desirable precision and clearness the question, "What is the essence of material substance?"—a question not at all formidable, when the active and the passive principle of matter have been properly defined and elucidated. Our answer is as follows:

The essence, or quiddity, of a thing is really nothing else than its nature; hence if we know the principles which constitute the nature of the material element, we know in fact the essence of material substance. Now, the principles which constitute any given created nature are *an act of a certain kind*—that is, a certain principle of activity; and *a corresponding potency*—that is, a corresponding principle of passivity. Whence we conclude that the principles of a material nature are *the act by which such a nature is determined to act in a sphere and to cause local movement*, and *the potency on account of which the same nature is liable to receive local movement.* And since the said act is called "the substantial form," and the said potency "the matter," we conclude that the essence of material substance *consists of matter and substantial form.*

This conclusion is by no means new; it expresses, on the contrary, the universal doctrine of the ancient philosophers on the essence of material substance. But it must be observed that we limit this doctrine to the essence of primitive elements, which alone can be rigorously styled "first substances," whilst the ancients, owing to their imperfect notions of natural things, applied the same doctrine to compound substances, which they believed to arise by substantial generation instead of material composition. Thus our conclusion is more guarded and less comprehensive than that of the old metaphysicians. Moreover, the ancient philosophers, who did not know the primitive elements, but assumed the continuity of matter, could not picture to themselves the intellectual notions of matter and substantial form in a sensible manner, and certainly were unable to find any *true* sensible image of them; and for this reason their speculations about the essence of material substance remained imperfect and their explanations obscure and unsatisfactory. We, on the contrary, thanks to the investigations and discoveries made in the last centuries, have the advantage of knowing that all matter is subject to gravitation, and acts in a sphere according to a constant and very simple law, which presides over the molecular and chemical no less than the astronomical phenomena; and we are thus enabled to form a true and genuine conception of the matter and form of the primitive element, founded on ascertained facts, and free from false or incongruous imaginations. Hence the words "matter" and "form," as employed by us, have such a clear and precise sense that no room is left for their misinterpretation.

We therefore know, and *clearly* too, the essence of primitive material substance, whatever may be said to the contrary by some admirers of the old philosophy, who spurn the discoveries of modern physics, or by some



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modern thinkers, who revile all metaphysical analysis as mere rubbish.

The essential definition of material substance, as such, is therefore the following: *Material substance is a being fit to cause and receive merely local motion.* This definition is fuller than the one adopted by the ancients, who defined matter to be "a movable being"—*Ens mobile.* Of course, when they spoke of a "movable" being, the ancients referred to "local" movement; but, as there are movements of some other kinds, none of which can be produced or received by matter, we prefer to keep the epithet "local" as prominent as possible in our definition, and we add the adverb "merely" as a further limitation required by the nature of the subject. The old definition mentions nothing but the mobility of matter. This is owing to the fact that the ancients had no notion of universal attraction, and considered the activity of material substance as dependent on movement, according to their axiom: *Nihil movet nisi motum.* But as we know, on the one hand, that the specific differences of things must be derived from their formal rather than from their material constitution, and, on the other, as the constituent form of the material element is an efficient principle of local motion, we include in the definition of matter its aptitude both to produce and to receive local motion "as the *complete* specific difference" which distinguishes material substance from any other being whatever.

It seems to us that our definition of matter wants neither clearness nor precision. Indeed, we would be unable to make it clearer or more accurate; and as for its soundness, let our readers, who have hitherto followed our reasonings, judge for themselves.

In the opinion of most modern philosophers, the essence of matter consists of *extension* and *resistance.* From what has preceded it is evident that this opinion is utterly false. Extension is not a property of matter as such, but only of physical compounds containing a multitude of distinct material points; and, even in this case, it is not the matter, but the volume, or the place circumscribed by the extreme terms of the body, that can be styled "extended," as we have shown in our last article. As to resistance, it suffices to remark that no accidental act belongs to the essence of substance; hence resistance, which is an accidental act, cannot enter into the definition of matter. Some will say that, if not resistance, at least *the power of resisting,* belongs to the essence of matter. But not even this is true. The material element has the power of attracting or of repelling; but such a power cannot be considered as formally *resisting.* Resistance is a particular case of repulsion, when the agent by its repulsive exertion gradually lessens and exhausts the velocity of an approaching mass of matter; but resistance may also be a particular case of attraction, inasmuch as the agent by its attractive exertion gradually lessens and exhausts the velocity of a mass of matter receding from it. Hence all material substance has a motive power, either attractive or repulsive; but neither of them can be described as a resisting power; for attractivity does not resist the movement of an approaching body, nor does repulsivity resist the movement of a receding body. It is scarcely necessary to add that the notion of a resisting power essential to matter is a remnant of the old prejudice consisting in the belief that, when two bodies come in contact, the matter

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of the one precludes, by its materiality, bulk, and inertia, the further advance of the other. Nothing is more common, with the followers of the ancient theories, than the assumption that the matter of bodies *by its quantity and by its occupation of space* resists the passage of any other matter. We have shown elsewhere that resistance is action, and therefore is not owing to the inert matter standing in the way of the approaching body, but to the active power of which the inert matter is the centre.

To complete our elucidation of the essential definition of matter, something remains to be said about the inertia of material substance. We shall see that inertia is not a constituent, but only a result of the constitution, of matter; whence it follows that no mention of inertia is needed in the essential definition of material substance. In fact, the notion of this substance includes nothing but the essential act and the essential term, that is, the principle of activity and the principle of passivity, both concerned with local motion only. To have a principle of activity and a principle of passivity is in the nature of all created substances, and constitutes their *generic* entity; hence the mention of these two principles in our definition serves to point out the *genus* of material substance; whilst the intrinsic ordination of the same principles to *local* motion serves to point out the essential *difference* which separates matter from any other substance.

*Inertia.*—Many confound the inertia of matter with its passivity, and consider inertia as one of the essential constituents of matter. It is not difficult, however, to show that inertia and passivity are two distinct properties. Those who reduce the principles of real being to an *act* and a *term*, without taking notice of its essential *complement*,* reduce in fact the intrinsic properties of real being to activity and passivity, the one proceeding from the act, and the other from the potential term; and thus the inertia of matter, for which they cannot account by any distinct principle, is considered by them as an attribute of matter identical with, or at least involved in, its real passivity. The truth is that, as the act and the potency, which constitute the essence of a material being, are the formal source of its actuality, so also the activity connatural to that act, and the passivity connatural to that potency, are the formal source of the inertia by which the same being is characterized. This will be easily understood by a glance at the nature of inertia.

That inertia is not passivity is clear enough; for passivity is the potentiality of receiving an impression from without, whereas inertia is the incapability of receiving an impression from within; passivity is that on account of which matter receives the determination to move, whereas inertia is that on account of which matter cannot change that determination, but is obliged to obey it, by moving with the received velocity in the given direction. The determination to move is received only while the agent acts, that is, as long as the passivity is being actuated, and no longer; whereas the movement itself, which follows such a determination, continues, owing to inertia, without need of continuing the action, so that, if all further action were to cease, the moving matter, owing to its inertia, would persevere in its movement for ever.

Moreover, whence does the passivity and whence does the inertia of

* See THE CATHOLIC WORLD for March, 1874, p. 831.

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matter proceed? Matter is passive, because its substantial term, whose reality entirely depends on actuation, is still actuable or potential with regard to accidental acts. Passivity is therefore nothing but the further actuability of the substantial term; whilst, on the contrary, matter is inert, because its substantial act and its substantial term are so related to one another that the motive power possessed by the former can never terminate its action to the latter; for this is the only reason why a material element cannot modify the determinations which it receives from without. Hence inertia is nothing but the result of the special relation intervening between the principle of activity and the principle of passivity in the constitution of material substance; or, in other terms, inertia is a corollary of the essential correlation of form and matter, and, therefore, is to be traced, not, as passivity, to the essential term of the substance, but to its essential complement. This shows that, in the phrase *matter is inert*, the word "matter" stands for the material substance itself, and not for *the* matter, or potential term, which is under the substantial form, and whose character is passivity.

The question we have here discussed may seem of very little importance; yet we had to give its solution, not only because the confusion of distinct notions is a source of difficulties and sophisms, but also because the given solution confirms the necessity of admitting the essential complement as the third principle of real being, and because in spiritual substances there is passivity, though not inertia; which shows how indispensable is our duty of distinguishing between the two.

From the preceding remarks we infer also that inertia belongs to the essence of material substance, not, however, as a constituent principle, but only as something implied in the nature of its constituent principles. As it is impossible to alter the nature of such principles without destroying the essence of matter, so also it is impossible for matter to cease to be inert so long as its essence remains unchanged. In a word, *non-inert matter* is a metaphysical impossibility.

Lastly, we may add that inertia does not admit of degrees; and therefore all material elements are equally inert. In fact, when we say that matter is inert, we mean, as has been explained, that material substance is entirely and absolutely incapable of imparting motion to itself. Now, absolute incapacity is perfect incapacity, and does not admit of degrees. Hence we may find in different bodies more or less of inert matter, but not more or less of inertia. This is true also of the passivity of matter; that is, we may find in different bodies more or less of passive matter, but not more or less of passivity; for passivity, as consisting in an absolute liability to accidental actuation, cannot admit of degrees.

*A few conclusions.*—It may be useful, and may prove satisfactory to our readers, to cast a glance over the ground we have trodden and the results so far reached. The sum and substance of the doctrine which we have endeavored to establish is contained in the following propositions:

I. Matter is not continuous, nor divisible *in infinitum*, nor has it any intrinsic quantity connected in any manner with its essential constitution.

II. All bodies are ultimately made up of primitive elements, physically simple and unextended, which being

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reached, the physical division of bodies cannot go further.

III. The primordial molecules, or so-called "atoms," of all substances are so many systems of simple elements dynamically bound with one another by mutual action.

IV. The continuous extension, or geometric quantity, usually predicated of bodies, is the extension of the place comprised within the extreme limits of each body. It is, in other terms, the extension of the volume, not of the matter. Nevertheless, such an extension may be called "material," not only because the terms of its dimensions are material, but also because in most bodies the elements and the molecules are so close that their action on our senses produces the appearance of material continuity.

V. The extension of bodies is real, though their material continuity is merely apparent; hence only the volumes of bodies, and not their masses, can be properly styled *extended.*

VI. The true *absolute* mass of a body is the number of primitive elements it contains.

VII. The primitive elements are of two kinds, some of them always and everywhere attractive, others always and everywhere repulsive. The matter, however, is the same in both kinds, and bears the same relation to its form, whether this be of an attractive or of a repulsive nature.

VIII. There are no other powers in the primitive elements than that of attracting and that of repelling.

IX. All primitive elements have a sphere of activity, throughout which they constantly act according to the Newtonian law—that is, in the inverse ratio of the squared distances, even when the distance is molecular; and no distance, however great, can be designated where the action of an element will not have a finite intensity.

X. The active power of primitive elements cannot be exerted in the immediate contact of matter with matter, distance being an essential condition of all locomotive actions.

XI. The elementary power acts immediately on all distant matter throughout its sphere, independently of any material medium of transmission or communication. Movement, however, cannot be propagated without a material medium.

XII. The term *from which* the action of any given element is directed, and the term *in which* the same element receives the motion caused by other elements, is one and the same, viz., the real centre of its sphere of activity; and it is called *the matter.* The act from which such a centre receives its first existence is called *the substantial form;* and it has a spherical character, inasmuch as it constitutes a virtual indefinite sphere.

XIII. The essence of a primitive element of matter is by no means a mystery. The essential definition of such an element is "a substance fit to cause and to receive mere local motion."

XIV. Inertia is an essential property of material substance, no less than activity and passivity. Inertia admits of no degrees.

XV. The so-called "force of inertia" is neither the inertia itself nor any special motive power; but it merely expresses a certain exercise of the elementary powers dependent on the inertia of the matter acted on; for bodies, on account of their inertia, cannot leave their place before they have received in all their parts a suitable velocity. Hence while such a velocity is being communicated to a body, the body which is acted on cannot yield its place to the impinging body; and conse-

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quently, during the struggle of two bodies, the one which impinges loses a quantity of movement equal to that which it imparts to the mass impinged upon. The loss of movement in the impinging body is therefore caused, not by the inertia of the body impinged upon, but by its elementary powers as exercised by it during the reception of the momentum.

The foregoing conclusions, as every attentive reader must have noticed, have been drawn from nothing but known facts and received principles; we may therefore consider them as fully established. The more so as we have taken care to examine both sides of each question, and have given not only such direct proofs of each conclusion as would suffice to convince all unprejudiced minds, but also every objection that we have been able to find against our own views, and have thus found the opportunity of confirming, by our answers to the same, the truth of the doctrine propounded. There may be other objections which did not occur to our mind; yet it is likely that their solution will need no new considerations besides those already developed in the preceding pages. Should any other difficulty occur to the reader which cannot be answered by those considerations, we would earnestly entreat him to propound it to us, that we may try its strength. We are always glad to hear a new objection against what we hold to be true. For objections either can or cannot be solved. If they can, their solution will throw a new light on the doctrine we defend; and if they cannot, their insolubility will show us some weak point, or at least some impropriety of our language, and will thus cause us to correct our expressions or modify our opinions. Whatever helps us to regard things under some new point of view is calculated to enlarge our conceptions, to make our language clearer and more precise, and to strengthen our philosophical convictions. Those alone need to be afraid of objections who draw their conclusions from arbitrary hypotheses, instead of established truths.

We conclude the present article with a short answer to a question, which has often been raised by timorous people, concerning what may be styled the cardinal point of our doctrine on matter—viz., the *simplicity* of material elements. The question is the following: If we admit that the elements of matter are physically simple, is there not a serious danger of setting at naught the essential difference between the spiritual and the material substance, and are we not drifting thus into materialism?

We reply that no such danger needs to be apprehended. For it is not true that physical simplicity constitutes the essential difference between spirit and matter. Every primitive being is physically simple; and yet it does not follow that all primitive beings belong to the same species. On the other hand, spirit and matter, notwithstanding their physical simplicity, evidently belong to different species. The element of matter is inert—that is, though acting all around itself, it cannot exercise its activity within itself; whereas the spiritual substance exercises its activity within as well as without itself, and continually modifies its own interior state by its vital operations. Again, the element of matter is ubicated in space, and marks a local point, from which it directs its action in a sphere; whereas the spiritual substance neither marks a local point in space nor acts in a sphere, but determines both the direction

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and the intensity of its action as it pleases. Moreover, the element of matter has nothing but locomotive power; whereas the spiritual substance possesses not only the locomotive, but also, and principally, the thinking and the willing powers, by which it vastly transcends all material being. This suffices to show that spirit and matter, though physically simple, have an entirely different metaphysical constitution—that is, a different substantial act, a different substantial term, and a different substantial complement. Hence the simplicity of the material element does not set at naught the essential difference between matter and spirit.

Those whose metaphysical notions about material substance still hang upon the physics of the ancients will be loath to admit that our unextended element can be physically simple; for they have been taught to believe that wherever there is matter and form, there is *physical* composition. But such a notion is evidently wrong; for where in the element are the *physical* components, without which physical composition is impossible? Can we say that the matter and the substantial form are *physical* components? Certainly not; for the form without the matter cannot exist, nor can the matter exist without the form. Both are absolutely required for the constitution of the *primitive* physical being. How, then, can they be conceived as physical beings, if no physical being can be conceived before their meeting in one essence and in a common existence? A physical compound is a compound whose components have a distinct and independent existence in nature; for physical beings alone can be physical components, and nothing which has not a distinct and independent existence in nature can be called a physical being, except by an abuse of terms. The physical being is a complete being—that is, an act materially completed by its intrinsic term, and formally completed by its individual actuality. All beings that are incomplete, and whose existence depends on other cognate beings, are no more than *metaphysical* realities. Hence the substantial form of the element, which has no separate existence, is not a physical, but only a metaphysical, being; and in the same manner, the matter to which that form gives the first existence is not a physical, but only a metaphysical, reality. Whence it follows that the composition of matter and substantial form is not a physical, but only a metaphysical, composition; and, further, that the primitive element is indeed a metaphysical, but not a physical, compound.

On this subject we shall have more to say when explaining the peripatetic theory of substantial generations, which assumes that the substantial form can be changed without changing the matter. It is on this assumption that the physical distinction between matter and form has been maintained. We shall prove in the most irrefragable manner that the assumption is based on an equivocation about the meaning of the epithet "substantial" as applied to natural forms, and that no form which is truly and strictly substantial—that is, which gives the first being to its matter—can leave its matter and be subrogated by another substantial form.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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# ROBESPIERRE.

CONCLUDED.

We know how the son of S. Louis passed his last hours on earth; let us see how the men who sentenced him—against their consciences—prepared for that solemn passage. One, named Valazé, on hearing the sentence, stabbed himself, and fell dead in the court; he was dragged back with the others to prison. The remaining twenty-one passed their death-vigil in riotous singing and drinking and making merry; in improvising a comedy where Robespierre and the devil conversed in hell; the dead Valazé meanwhile lying in his blood in the same room. Vergniaud, who so hesitated to vote "death" for the king, is now bent on escaping the block by poisoning himself; but he has only poison enough for one, so he throws away the dose, too generous to desert his companions in their last journey. They will all go together; so, after a night of bacchanalian shouting and carousing, they all set forth in the fatal tumbrel; even dead Valazé is flung in to have his head cut off, that the guillotine may not be done out of its prey. They jolt on, singing the *Marseillaise* and crying Vive la République. One by one the heads fall, the chorus grows weaker, and at last ceases to be heard. The Girondists are gone. Robespierre is King of the Revolution now, and reigns supreme over its destinies. Now let him prove what truth there is in the plea put forth by his apologists that he was only cruel from necessity, from the pressure put upon him by his fellow-demagogues. His accession to undivided responsibility was, on the contrary, the signal for greater slaughter, and we see the number of victims swelling in proportion to the growth of his individual power. Look at the lists of the *Moniteur*. In July, 1793, there were thirteen persons condemned by the revolutionary tribunal of Paris, and in July of the following year the number sent by it to the guillotine was eight hundred and thirty-five!

But this system of legal assassination was beginning to recoil on the head of its inventor. The murder of the Girondists was an impolitic act that Robespierre soon repented of. He had made a precedent in attacking the representatives of the nation, hitherto inviolate; and now that the longing for vengeance was satisfied, he was clear-sighted enough to perceive what the cost was likely to be. He had sacrificed his rivals, but he had imperilled his own head. From this day forward he seemed haunted by the shadow of coming retribution. He had poured out the blood of those who stood beside him, and now he was slipping in it; his footing was no longer secure; the words "assassination" "victim of the poignard of revenge," etc., etc., were continually on his lips, and there is evidence that his life was poisoned by the constant dread of being murdered by some of the friends of his victims. Those who had hitherto aided and abetted his atrocities now began to look with suspicion and terror on him; even Danton

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tried to back out of the partnership, and to talk of "the joys of private life" in a way that suggested he had had enough of the glories of public life. He had just married a young and beautiful woman, whose influence was said to have already exercised a humanizing effect on his ferocious nature. She had brought him independence, too, so there was every inducement to him to quit the shambles, and leave Robespierre there alone in his glory. He withdrew from the Public Safety Committee, and ceased almost altogether to attend the meetings of the Convention. Robespierre understood this significant change. He saw his accomplices were deserting him, and he trembled. The Revolution, Saturn-like, was devouring her own children; why should not the hunters be devoured by their own dogs? Every one was falling away from the tyrant. Camille Desmoulins and Hébert, lately his devoted friends, were gathering up a rival faction dubbed Ultra-Revolutionists, and, aided by Hébert's abominable newspaper, *Père Duchêsne*, they and their followers set to work to hunt down the popular idol. Robespierre was known to harbor a sneaking prejudice in favor of some sort of religion, and once even openly declared his opinion that some such institution was necessary for governing with effect. The Ultras used this admission as a means of insulting him, and at the same time weakening his prestige. They got hold of an unfortunate, half-witted man named Gobel, an apostate priest, dressed him up as an archbishop, and, surrounded by a crowd of mock priests and prelates, they led him, riding on an ass, to the Convention; here he made a burlesque and blasphemous abjuration of his former state and belief, and solemnly pronounced the *Credo* of atheism, and the worship of the goddess Reason. The law-givers, thereupon, amidst the frantic enthusiasm of the crowd, decreed that "God and all superstition were abolished," and the worship of Reason substituted in their place. A monstrous ceremony was at once organized to celebrate the new religion: an actress was carried to the cathedral of Notre Dame, dressed—or undressed—as the goddess of this adoption, enthroned on the consecrated altar of the living God, while the populace passed before her in adoration. The walls of the sacred temple re-echoed to the hymn of liberty, the *Marseillaise*, and were profaned with horrors that no Christian pen may retrace. Similar scenes were enacted in the other churches. Venerable old S. Eustache was turned into a fair; tables were spread with sausages, pork-puddings, herrings, and bottles; children were forced to sing songs and give toasts, and to drink to the half-naked goddess; and when the little ones—the precious little ones of Jesus—got drunk, there was huge merriment amongst the spectators.

The shrine of S. Geneviève was torn down and desecrated. The tombs of the kings of France at S. Denis were broken open, and the ashes scattered abroad with every species of insult. The *Moniteur* thus describes the spectacle the streets of Paris presented during the Festival of Reason: "Most of the people were drunk with the brandy they had swallowed out of Chalices—eating mackerel on the Patens! . . . They stopped at the doors of dramshops, held out Ciboriums, and the landlord, stoop in hand, had to fill them thrice." Other things are recorded of this demoniacal saturnalia which had best be left unsaid—if happily they be yet unknown to Catholic hearts.

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The provinces followed suit. Lyons sacked her churches, and drove a mitred ass through her streets, trailing the sacred volumes at his tail. The Loire was polluted with drowned bodies of priests. At Nantes ninety priests are embarked at dead of night under hatches; in the middle of the stream the boat is scuttled, and goes down with her human cargo. These are the *noyades*. Then follow others of more than a hundred at a time. Oh! these priests, these men of the Gospel of Christ, at any cost they must be got rid of! The guillotine is too slow; let us have fire and water to the rescue! So there are the fusillades; men, women, priests, and nuns fall under the showers of grape-shot as fast as they can be gathered and ranged in line—mothers with infants at their breasts, children clinging to one another—five hundred at a batch they go. The mother Revolution herself is turning sick of it. Robespierre alone shows no signs of squeamishness; but, whether from sagacity or some latent moral—perhaps even religious—instinct, he repudiated the sacrilegious excesses which inaugurated and followed the installation of the new goddess. He saw, too, that it was an arrow pointed at himself. He denounced Hébert at the Jacobin Club, ridiculed his new-fangled divinity, and declared that if "God did not exist, a wise law-giver would have invented him." Hébert winced; Camille Desmoulins started the *Vieux Cordelier*, and began to broach the doctrine of clemency and the savage stupidity of useless blood-shedding. Never since the Revolution began had such theories been hinted at. The country was growing nauseated with wholesale butcheries; the daring words of the *Vieux Cordelier* were heard with wonder and welcomed with deep though silent applause. Robespierre might have tolerated the humane doctrines of the newspaper, if it had abstained from personal aggression; but Desmoulins used his weapon of sarcasm unsparingly against the tyrant, on one occasion twitting him, half facetiously, with his aristocratic origin, as proved by the discarded *de* formerly prefixed to his name. Robespierre grew pale—paler than his usual sea-green hue—on reading this, and Desmoulins' doom was sealed. Hébert went first; he, with nineteen of the faction, perished in one hour on the scaffold, in March, 1794. Ten days later Camille and Danton fell. It is yet a mystery why Danton was thus quickly sacrificed; he was apparently on good terms with Robespierre, and had pointed no witticisms at him like the editor of the *Vieux Cordelier*. The tyrant himself gives no explanation in his long-winded speeches on the hard necessity which compelled him "to sacrifice private friendship to the good of the country," and so on. But whatever the motive may have been, the act drew upon its perpetrator the aversion and contempt of those who till then had been his staunchest followers and supporters. Every one was terrified for his own head. Danton's fall seemed to bring the axe to every man's door. Robespierre was now alone, more terribly alone than the lost traveller in the desert. His fellows shunned him, or shuddered when he passed. He lived in perpetual fear of being assassinated, though it is doubtful whether any attempt was ever made on his life. Several were trumped up with a view to uplifting his tottering popularity; but though the accused persons were guillotined with great pomp and *éclat*, the proofs of their intended crime were extremely doubtful. A last expedient yet remained.

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Robespierre would re-establish the existence of God, and thus be a prophet as well as a king. He decreed, accordingly, a great meeting which should atone for Hébert's Feast of Reason and annihilate its brief triumph. It was to take place in the Tuileries gardens. Robespierre, while working the axe so assiduously, never bespattered himself with the blood of his instrument. In a time when *sans-culottism* made dirt and Bohemian gear the fashion, he remained a dandy, powdered and frizzled in the midst of legislators who prided themselves on dirty hands and begrimed linen. For this gala-day of his new religion he ordered a fine sky-blue silk coat, white-silk waistcoat embroidered with silver, white stockings, and gold shoe-buckles. Thus equipped, the Prophet of the Mountain sallied forth to patronize the Omnipotent and decree the existence of a Supreme Being. He ascended the rostrum with a bouquet of flowers in his hand, made a fulsome discourse in a vein of sentimental deism, and then proceeded to unveil the effigy of atheism, a hideous caricature, made of pasteboard, besmeared with turpentine and other inflammable stuffs, to which he applied a lighted torch. The flame leaped up, and Atheism, amidst shouts and cracklings, burned itself to dust; then from the ashes rose up another effigy, the statue of Wisdom, supposed to symbolize the new religion, but sorrily smutted and begrimed by the subsiding smoke of Atheism. No wonder Billaud should exclaim, "Get thee gone! Thou art a bore, thyself and thy *Etre Suprême*."

O merciful God! may heaven and earth praise thee, and all the creatures therein, for thou art verily a God of love, long suffering and patient!

And now that Robespierre has duly installed his *Etre Suprême*, and decreed, moreover, "that consoling principle, the immortality of the soul," and obliterated from the graves of murdered citizens the hitherto obligatory inscription, "Death is an eternal sleep," what is there left for him to do? Nothing, apparently, but to go on killing. The revolutionary tribunal must be made to work with greater speed, and so it is split into four fractions, each with its president, and empowered to try and condemn as fast as it can. Even the Mountain quaked when this proposition was uttered at its base; but the law was carried, and henceforth the guillotine quadruples its business. Fouquier-Tinville sets up one of "improved velocity," and boasts of being able to make room for a batch of one hundred and fifty at one time. He wants to establish one in the Tuileries itself, but Collot protests that this would "demoralize the instrument." It did not matter, apparently, how much the instrument demoralized the people. These sit at their windows watching for the tumbrels to pass, criticising the occupants, joking and enjoying themselves. Women fight for seats near the scaffold, where day after day they sit knitting, counting off the heads, as they fall, by the prick of a pin in a bit of card-board. These are the "furies of the guillotine."

But to make the new law, called *22me Prairial*, more fully available, it was necessary to provide extra work for the executioners. Fouquier-Tinville was equal to the occasion. He got up an accusation against the occupants of the prisons for "conspiring against the Convention." Let us cast a glance into these prisons, where, at this crisis, twelve thousand human beings lie literally *rotting* to death. The me-

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moirs of the time agree in describing the twelve houses of arrest (the original prisons had long since been increased to that number) as dens of noisome horror never equalled in any other clime or period. Noble dames, maidens of tender years, were huddled pell-mell with the worst and most wretched of their sex; nobles and shoe-blacks, priests and ruffians, nuns and actresses, crowded by day and night into the condemned cells, where every night the turnkey came and read his list for the morrow's "batch." Then followed scenes such as no pen or painter's brush could adequately describe. "Men rush towards the grate; listen if their name be in it; . . . one deep-drawn breath when it is not. We live still one day! And yet some score or scores of names were in. Quick these; they clasp their loved ones to their heart one last time. With brief adieu, wet-eyed or dry-eyed, they mount and are away. This night to the *Conciergerie;* through the palace, misnamed of Justice, to the guillotine to-morrow." These were the persons whom Tinville's ready wit accused of getting up a plot to overthrow the Convention! But what did it signify whether the story was an impossibility as well as a lie? The four tribunals must have work, the guillotine must have food. In three days—the 7th, 9th, and 10th of July—one hundred and seventy-one prisoners were executed on the charge of conspiring from the depth of their squalid dungeons to overturn the state. So much did the newly-discovered *Etre Suprême* do towards softening the rule of Robespierre.

But, oh! are we not sick of the ghastly tale? It is now hurrying to a close.

Barère, one of the fiercest of the revolutionary gang who had so far escaped the guillotine, gave a bachelor's dinner at a suburban villa on a warm day in July, Robespierre being among the guests. The weather was intensely hot, and the company, unshackled by stiff conventionalities, threw off their coats, and sauntered out to sip their coffee under the trees in easy *déshabillé*. Carnot wanted his pocket-handkerchief, and went indoors to fetch it. While looking for his own coat he espied Robespierre's fantastic sky-blue garment, and, prompted by a sudden thought, put his hand into the pockets, wondering if any secret might be lurking there. What were his feelings on discovering a list of forty names told off for the guillotine, his own amongst the number! He carried off the paper, showed it discreetly to his friends, and they agreed that Robespierre must be made away with. Two days later he appears at the Convention, and is met by dark faces that scowl when he ascends the tribune, and show no docile acquiescence when he speaks. Terror for their own lives has at last stirred these dull, brutalized accomplices to raise their voice and protest against the tyrant. He is impeached by common acclamation. He defends himself in a passionate harangue, accusing Mr. Pitt and King George of having bribed the Convention to arrest him, after sowing calumnies against him in the minds of the people. The charges against him were numerous and heavy; he answered them all with vehemence and a certain wild, disjointed eloquence, and wound up by the following denunciation: "No, *death is not an eternal sleep!* The nation will not submit to a desperate and desolating doctrine that covers nature itself with a funereal shroud; that deprives virtue of hope, and misfortune of consolation, and insults even death itself. No; we will efface from our tombs your sacri-

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legious epitaph, and replace it with the consoling truth, 'Death is the beginning of immortality!'" The speech produced an effect on the Assembly, but it did not secure a real success. The next day Saint-Just mounted the tribune to defend Robespierre; but he had hardly begun his discourse when cries of "Down with the tyrant!" forced him to give it up. Robespierre stood at his place, utterly abandoned by the members of the Assembly, where twenty-four hours ago he ruled with despotic and unrivalled sway. Not a voice was raised in his behalf. He strove to obtain a hearing, but his words were drowned in shouts of "Away with him! down with him!" He stood dumb and petrified at the sound of those words, bowed his head, and slowly descended the steps of the tribune; suddenly he looked up and cried, "Let me die, then, at once!" The younger Robespierre advances and takes his brother's arm, asking to share the same fate with him. This generous movement excites the Convention to still greater rage; it yells and bellows, gesticulating like so many madmen. The president puts on his hat, and calls for order; a temporary lull ensues. Robespierre again tries to make himself heard, but his voice is again drowned in shouts and hisses; he rushes up and down the steps and about the hall, clenching his fist and breathing menaces that now fall powerless and are met with taunts of triumphant hate. At last, over-mastered by his own emotions, he drops into a chair. The arrest of the two brothers is voted unanimously. The elder one endeavors to resist, but is seized and carried forcibly down to the bar. In the midst of this stormy ebullition, one of the deputies, seeing Robespierre unable to speak from the violence of his rage and terror, cried out: "It is Danton's blood that is choking him!" Stung by the taunt, Robespierre found breath and courage to retort, "Danton! Is it Danton that you regret? Cowards! why did you not defend him!" These spirited words were the last he ever uttered in public. He and his brother were now removed in custody to a hall close by the Convention, and with them Saint-Just, Couthon, and Lebas. It had been an arduous day's work for the Convention, and it is not surprising that the deputies "clamored for an adjournment, that they might repose themselves and dine"; for whether men live or die, legislators must dine. They were thoughtful enough to remember that the five in custody would also like to dine, even for the last time; so the guilty deputies had a good dinner provided for them, and immediately after were transferred to separate prisons: Robespierre to the Luxembourg, his brother to St. Lazare, Couthon to Port Royal (dubbed Port *Libre* since it had been turned into a prison!), Lebas to Le Force, and Saint-Just *aux Ecossais*. Henriot, who commanded the troops devoted to Robespierre, was seized in the act of attempting an attack on the Convention, bound, and locked up in one of the courts. Two bold friends of his rallied the soldiers, stormed the Convention, released him, and placed him again at the head of his men. Meantime, the jailer of the Luxembourg had refused to admit Robespierre, and the bailiffs had to take him to the *Mairie*, where he was received with acclamations of respect as the "father of the people." Henriot and his band by midnight had set him and the other four deputies free, and they were installed at the Hôtel de Ville, with a large body of soldiers drawn round the edifice to protect them. But the Convention, on its side, had not been idle. Barras was placed in command

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of all the troops that could be mustered, and in company with twelve energetic leaders, at the head of the *gendarmerie* and the artillery, marched on the Hôtel de Ville, dispersed Henriot's troops, and penetrated into the building, where they found the five deputies and captured them. The younger Robespierre flung himself out of a window in a frantic effort to escape the more tragic death that was now a certainty; he was picked up horribly mutilated, but with life enough yet to realize the horrors of his position. Lebas, on hearing the *gendarmes* battering on the door of the room, blew his brains out with a pistol. Saint-Just was seized with a knife in his hand, which he was going to plunge into his heart; he gave it up without a word, and allowed himself to be bound. Couthon, who was nearly blind and half-paralyzed, being powerless to offer the slightest resistance, was flung into a wheelbarrow that chanced to be in the court-yard. Robespierre himself, the centre of this group of suicides and murderers, attempted to cheat the guillotine as Lebas had done; but either his cowardly hand trembled and betrayed his will or was seized as he pulled the trigger, for the bullet went through the cheek instead of through the forehead. The jaw was frightfully fractured, and hung loose from the face, held on only by the flesh. Some spectator had the humanity to help the unfortunate man to tie it up with a handkerchief, and in this miserable plight he and his companions were conveyed at about two o'clock in the morning to the Committee of Public Safety. The official report of the day gives the following graphic description of what then occurred: "Robespierre was brought in on a plank . . . by several artillery-men and armed citizens. He was placed on the table of the ante-chamber which adjoins that where the Committee holds its sittings. A deal box, which contained some samples of the ammunition-bread sent to the army *du Nord*, was put under his head by way of pillow. He was for nearly an hour in a state of insensibility which made us think that he was no more; but after an hour he opened his eyes. Blood was running in abundance from the wound he had in the left lower jaw; the jaw was broken, and a ball had gone through the cheek. His shirt was bloody. He was without hat or neckcloth. He had on a sky-blue coat,* nankeen breeches, white stockings hanging down at his heels. . . . At six in the morning a surgeon who happened to be in the court-yard of the Tuileries was called in to dress the wound. By way of precaution he first put a key in Robespierre's mouth. He found the left jaw broken. He pulled out two or three teeth, bandaged up the wound, and got a basin of water, which he placed at his side." All this time no word was spoken by the wounded man; not even a sigh escaped him when the teeth were being extracted, yet the agony he endured must have been terrific. There he lay, a spectacle to gods and men, in his sky-blue coat, a tiger caught in his own lair, barked at and cursed and triumphed over by a band of wolves. Who could pity him—he who had never known pity for man or woman? For more than twenty hours he lay there in this mental and bodily torture. Once he made a sign which was understood to express thirst. The burning fever of his wound had parched him till he gasped for breath: but no one was so merciful

* By a strange irony of fate the same grotesque coat he had worn on the feast of the *Etre Suprême* exactly six weeks before!

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as to get him a glass of water. Vinegar and gall they gave him in abundance. Many cursed him as the murderer of their kith and kin, and bade him drink his own blood, if he was thirsty.

All this while the tocsin is ringing out the glad news to Paris. Crowds rush out on the house-tops, and wave signals to the prisoners in the *Conciergerie* that the hour of deliverance is at hand. The prisoners cannot understand; they think the tocsin is the signal for a new September massacre. The word flies from cell to cell, and all fall on their knees and prepare for instant death.

Others, too, are making ready for death, but not thus. The tumbrels jolt up to the Convention, and collect for the last time their "batch"; this time there are but twenty-three victims. Amongst them, by an exquisite touch of retributive justice, is Simon the Cordwainer, going to die with Robespierre! And now they are ready, and the tumbrels move on. The corpse of Lebas is flung in with Robespierre, as that of Valazé was with Brissot; the other three were so disfigured with blood and the traces of the death-scuffle in the town-hall that they are hardly to be recognized. The entire city is out, shouting itself hoarse with joy. The roofs of the houses are alive with human eyes, all watching for the figure of Robespierre. When it appears, the soldiers point to it with their swords—show the tyrant, bound and gagged, to the people. The sight causes a frantic thrill of exultation that finds utterance in a yell of something too unholy for joy, too fierce for laughter. A woman breaks through the crowd, dashes aside the bayonets of the escort, and leaps to the side of the tumbrel. "Ah! thou demon," she cries, waving her hand above her head, "the death of thee is better than wine to my heart Wretch, get thee down to hell with the curses of all wives and mothers!"

Surely this is hell already begun. The wretched man opens his eyes, glued together with blood; a shade of deadlier hue passes over his livid, sea-green face; he shudders, but utters no sound. The tumbrel reaches the Place de la Revolution. The furies of the guillotine rush round it, and execute a dance of fiendish joy, the crowd making room for them and applauding. Now the cart stops, and the condemned alight. In the first are the two Robespierres, Couthon, Henriot, and Lebas. Maximilien Robespierre is the only one who has strength left him to ascend the scaffold without help. He stood on the fatal step whither a few days ago his nod sufficed to send the noblest heads in France; within a few yards of the spot where only six weeks ago he had decreed the existence of the Omnipotent, at whose judgment-bar he was now going to appear. Seldom indeed does that silent, inscrutable Judge allow us to behold the judgments of his justice accomplished here below, and amidst circumstances so palpably impressive, and to our human eyes so fearfully appropriate, as was this death-scene of Robespierre's. He showed no sign of terror or remorse, but, dumb and self-contained to the last, yielded himself to Samson's hands. Only when the bandage was wrenched brutally from the broken jaw, letting it drop from the face, he uttered a piercing cry that rang above the yells of the multitude. It was the last sound his voice emitted in this world. Samson did his work, and Robespierre was no more.

One long, loud shout of gladness went up to heaven, and carried the tidings to the ends of France on wings quicker than words. It penetrated

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the iron doors of the prisons, like the sweet beams of the golden dawn, and bade men hope and rejoice, for the Reign of Terror was at an end and the gates of their dungeons unlocked.

The guillotine has been so prominent a figure in the foregoing sketch, as indeed throughout the whole span of the Reign of Terror, that a word on its origin may not be uninteresting. It is popularly supposed to have been invented by Dr. Guillotin, but this is a mistake. The first idea of it emanated from him, and he had the unenviable glory of giving it his name; but these are his only claims to its invention. The guillotine would seem to be almost a creature born spontaneously of the Revolution, a cruel offspring of the self-devouring monster. It is strange that, until the "*Sainte Guillotine*" was enthroned as the agent of that murder-mad reign, no mention is ever made in the reports of the time of the exact kind of machine used in capital punishment. We read of persons being "condemned" and "executed," but there is no more definite account of the manner of execution. The *lanterne* was the mode of capital punishment up to the Reign of Terror, and the mob could always do summary justice on its victims by making a gallows of the nearest lamp-post; but when speed became the primary object, this was found too tedious, besides being troublesome. Towards the close of the year 1789 Dr. Guillotin was elected to the States-General. He was such a mediocre, insignificant person in every way that his appearance in the Assembly caused general surprise and laughter. In the *Portraits of Celebrated Persons*, a contemporaneous work, we find him thus treated: "By what accident has a man without either ability or reputation obtained for himself a frightful immortality? He *fathered* a work written by a lawyer—Hardouin—who had too much character to produce it in his own name; and his work having been censured by the parliament, Guillotin, who assumed the responsibility of it, became the man of the day, and owed to it that gleam of reputation which ensured his election to the States-General. He was, in truth, a *nobody* who made himself a *busy-body*, and by meddling with everything was at once mischievous and ridiculous." This meddling personage made himself extremely ridiculous on the one occasion to which may be traced his ill-starred celebrity. He proposed in the Assembly that some machine, more humane and expeditious than the process of hanging, should be invented for capital punishment, and, after describing the idea that was in his mind, he proceeded to illustrate it by a pantomime with his fingers, straightening out the left index, and bringing down that of the right hand over the thumb with a snap. "There, now, I put your head here; this falls, and it is cut off; you feel nothing; it is the affair of a moment!" Roars of laughter followed this lucid and cheerful explanation, and the next day the ballad-mongers diverted Paris with a song, the burden of which was "a machine that will kill us right off, and be christened *la guillotine!*" The doctor said no more about his idea, but, jocosely presented as it was, it nevertheless made an impression on the Assembly, who adopted it three years later. Meantime, they were beset by complaints from the *Tiers Etat*, who could not reconcile it to their dignity that the *bourgeoisie* should be hanged while the *noblesse* were beheaded. Let it be hanging all round, they said, and they would be satisfied; but why should nobles have their head cut off, while plebeians "swung at the

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lantern?" The grievance met with cold sympathy, however, until the times were ripe for reform, and it became urgent to find some more expeditious means of despatching both nobles and plebeians into the other world. Dr. Guillotin's proposal was reconsidered; an officer of the Criminal Court, named Laquiante, designed an instrument, which was approved of by the authorities and confided for execution to a piano-maker—a native of Strasbourg, we believe—named Schmidt. There was a good deal of haggling over the cost. Schmidt, in the first instance, wanted nine hundred and sixty francs, which was found exorbitant and refused. In consideration, however, of his having suggested some improvements in the original design, they consented to let him take out a patent, and to give him an order for eighty-three machines, one for every department in France, at five hundred francs each, and to be made as quickly as possible. They were three months quarrelling over the bargain, and all this time an unfortunate criminal, of the name of Pelletier, was lying in prison, waiting to be executed; when at last the price was settled and the first machine ready, he had the miserable distinction of inaugurating it on the 25th of April, 1792. The prejudice had been very strong against the new mode of decapitation, the clergy especially arguing that "the sight of blood would prove highly demoralizing to the people." Samson, the executioner, was one of the staunchest opposers of the innovation on the same grounds, and also because of the shock the spectacle would give to many spectators. His letter to the Assembly embodying his opinions and experience on the subject is a curious bit of literature, highly creditable to the hangman, as indeed all that has come down to us concerning him seems to be. The humane desire to abridge the sufferings of the criminal overcame, however, every objection, and hanging was formally abolished and replaced by decapitation. The new instrument—most unjustly, as we see—was called the guillotine, in spite of a semi-official mention of it as *Louison*, and some efforts to make that name adhere. The worthy doctor was doomed to notoriety on account of his having first mooted the affair and made Paris laugh over it. Nothing secures immortality with the Parisians like a joke.

Apropos of the guillotine, we may mention that the Samsons were a respectable family of Abbeville, and held the office of "Executioner of the 'High Acts of Justice," by descent, from the year 1722. Charles Henri Samson, who beheaded Louis XVI., came into office in 1778, and retired on a pension in 1795. He was succeeded by his son in his formidable functions, the latter having resigned the grade of captain in the artillery to undertake them.



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## ROBERT CAVELIER DE LA SALLE.

THE pious hymns of the good and noble Marquette and his companions had not ceased to reverberate over the waters of the Great River, awakening the echoes of its banks and overhanging forests, when a bold and devoted spirit, fired by the fame of previous explorations, was meditating on the shores of Lake Ontario the prosecution of the grand work begun by the illustrious missionary. The world was startled with the news that the waters over whose bosom the missionaries and traders of Canada drove their canoes at the north, after meandering through the vast plains and forests of the continent, poured themselves into the Gulf of Mexico. This great physical problem was settled by Father Marquette and the Sieur Joliet, who, after having explored the course of the Mississippi for eleven hundred miles, returned to electrify the world by the reports of their brilliant success. But as yet comparatively little was known of this gigantic stream. The imagination of the most sanguine and the hearts of the boldest were appalled at the task; but it was a destined step in the onward march of religion and civilization. A Catholic missionary had gloriously led the way; a Catholic nobleman no less gloriously advanced to complete the work. This was Robert Cavelier de La Salle.

He was born at Rouen, in Normandy, of a good family, but the date of his birth has not been transmitted to us. He spent ten or twelve years of his early life in one of the Jesuit seminaries of France, where he received a good education, and he was well acquainted with mathematics and the natural sciences. His renunciation of his patrimony and his long sojourn among the Fathers of the Society of Jesus justify the belief that he was intended for the priesthood. Providence, however, destined him for a somewhat different sphere of labor and usefulness, but one in close co-operation with the great work of the church among mankind. He carried with him from the seminary of the Jesuits the highest testimonials of his superiors for purity of character, unblemished life, and exhaustless energy. By his own high qualities and noble achievements he has won a diploma for himself, inscribed on the brightest pages of our history, and more honorable than man can confer.

Emerging from the seminary full of youth, intelligence, and daring spirit, he joined one of the numerous bands of emigrants from France who came to seek adventures and fortunes in the New World. He came to Canada about the year 1667, and embarked with great energy in the fur trade, then the prevailing means of obtaining an exchange of European wealth and merchandise. His enterprising spirit soon carried him to the frontiers, and in his frail canoe he traversed the vast rivers and broad lakes of the continent, mingling with the aborigines, and acquiring information and experience of their modes of life, character, and languages. He explored Lake Ontario, and ascended Lake Erie. The activity of his mind and the restlessness

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of his genius could not be satisfied even with the vast and adventurous field of trade presented to him; for he shared largely in the prevailing ambition of discovering a northwest passage across the continent to China and Japan, an evidence of which he left behind him in the name of Lachine, which he bestowed upon one of his trading posts on the island of Montreal. He saw in that extended chain of lakes the link that united America with Asia, and indulged in the fond and proud dream that, as the discoverer of the long-sought passage, his name would be inscribed beside that of Columbus on the scroll of immortality.

Seeing the advantages of the position selected by the Comte de Frontenac, the Governor of Canada, in fortifying the outlet of Lake Ontario, La Salle erected one of his trading posts under the protection of Fort Fontenac. He acquired the favor and friendship of the governor, and soon rejoiced in the esteem and confidence of the public. Up to this time his efforts were apparently chiefly expended in bold and energetic efforts to build up his fortunes. But his resources were inferior to the grand enterprises which he contemplated. He accordingly repaired to France in 1675, where, aided by the influence of Frontenac and the recommendations of the minister Colbert, he obtained from his sovereign, Louis XIV., letters-patent, granting him Fort Frontenac and the seigniory of a large tract of land about the same, upon condition that he would rebuild the fort of stone, garrison it at his own expense, and clear up certain lands. This grant secured to him a large domain and the exclusive traffic with the Five Nations. The king also raised him and his family to the rank of nobility as a reward for his services and noble actions. His patent of nobility bears date the 13th of May, 1675.

Returning to America, the Cavalier de La Salle took possession of his seigniory, and soon proved how well he merited the confidence and favors he enjoyed. He fulfilled all his stipulations with the king. In two years Fort Frontenac reared its massive walls and bastions of stone which cast their shadows on the waters of Ontario. A number of French families clustered around the fort; the Recollect missionaries induced their Indian neophytes and catechumens to pitch their tents and offer up their newly-learned devotions under its shadow; the rugged wilds were supplanted by cultivated fields, gardens, and pastures, and the new lord of Cataraqui was at once the pioneer of civilization and the friend of religion. Such was the origin of the present city of Kingston.

At the same time La Salle prosecuted his commercial enterprises with renewed vigor, and these, in return, seemed at first to promise to repay his perseverance and energy. Now for the first time the rapids of the St. Lawrence were stemmed, and the waters of Ontario ploughed by the keels of three small barks with decks erected on them. Had all depended on energy and zeal, success and prosperity would have followed, and the young nobleman would have achieved a fortune, fame, and power that would not have been long in winning for him a position among the proudest and most powerful nobility of France. But his fame was destined rather to be associated with the foundation of a great republic than with the more limited work of founding a noble family, to whom to transmit a princely fortune, and with building up the power of a brilliant despotism. His enterprises

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failed, wealth eluded his grasp, and he found himself oppressed with vast debts, incurred in the great undertakings in which he had embarked. Turning from this field of disaster, his vigorous mind again became filled with visions of the northwest passage and with his darling projects of discovery. He studied the accounts of the Spanish and other adventurers and discoverers on the continent. Joliet, in 1674, passing down from the upper lakes, had visited Fort Frontenac, of which La Salle was then commander under Gov. Frontenac, and thus La Salle was one of the first to learn of the brilliant achievements and discoveries of the illustrious Marquette and Joliet, and was probably one of the first to see the maps and journal which the latter lost between the fort and the next French post. These did not seem, at the time, to have deeply impressed the mind of La Salle, who was then engaged in other plans; for it was after this that he embarked in the project of founding the seigniory of Cataraqui on the shores of Ontario, and in the vast trading operations above referred to. On the failure of these he began to plan new adventures and discoveries. His study of the reports of Spanish and French explorers led him before all others to identify the great river of Marquette and Joliet with that of De Soto. Blending the taste for commerce with the thirst for fame, he saw in the vast herds of bison, described as roaming over the prairies that extended from the banks of the Missouri and Illinois rivers, the means of shipping cargoes of buffalo-skins and wool to France from the banks of those rivers *via* the Mississippi and the Gulf of Mexico. Nor did he yet relinquish his trading projects at the north; for these he expected to connect with his contemplated trading posts on the Mississippi, Fort Frontenac still remaining his principal post. Nor did he yet abandon the hope of discovering from the headwaters of the Mississippi a passage to the China Sea.

Filled with these grand and noble views, he returned to France in 1677, and still enjoying the recommendation of Frontenac and the favor of the great Colbert and of his son and successor in the ministry, the Marquis de Seignelay, he succeeded in obtaining from the king, on the 12th of May, 1678, new letters-patent, confirming his rights to the fort and the seigniory of Cataraqui, and authorizing him to advance as far westward as he desired, to build forts wherever he might choose, and prosecute his commercial enterprises as before, with the single exception that he should not trade with the Hurons and other Indians who brought their furs to Montreal, in order that there might be no interference with other traders. At the recommendation of his friend, the Prince de Conti, La Salle took into his service as his lieutenant the veteran Chevalier de Tonty, an Italian by birth, who proved a great acquisition to the work, and was the ever-faithful friend and companion of the great captain.

In two months La Salle completed his work in France, and in the autumn of 1678, sailed from Rochelle, accompanied by Tonty, the Sieur de la Motte, a pilot, mariners, ship-carpenters, and other workmen. He was well provided with anchors, sails, cordage, and everything necessary for rigging vessels, with stores of merchandise for trading with the Indians, and whatever might be useful for his projected expedition. Arriving at Quebec in September, he immediately pushed forward to Fort Frontenac—but not without having to surmount great difficulties and la-

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bors in getting his heavy canoes and freight over the perilous rapids of the St. Lawrence—where he arrived exhausted and emaciated by his fatigues, but full of courage and hope.

As the winter approached La Salle pressed forward the preparations for his grand enterprise, which he resolved to enter upon in the spring. On the 18th of November, 1678, he despatched the hardy and faithful Tonty, accompanied by Father Louis Hennepin, to the Niagara River in one of his brigantines of ten tons, with workmen, provisions, implements, and materials, to undertake the construction and equipment of a vessel to bear his party over the upper lakes—a work which was to be accomplished with a handful of men, in the midst of winter, at a distance of hundreds of miles from any civilized settlement, and surrounded by savage tribes, whose enmity had been enkindled by the malice of La Salle's enemies, who, actuated by the rivalry of trade, had induced the Indians to believe that he intended to monopolize their trade upon terms dictated by himself at the cannon's mouth. Tonty set to work with a cheerful heart. He encountered perils and hardships, which overcame the endurance of La Motte, who abandoned the enterprise, and retired to Quebec to seek ease and rest from such labors. Tonty persevered until the 20th of January, when La Salle by his presence inspired him and his companions with new ardor and courage. About this time the brigantine was cast away on the southern shore of Lake Ontario, in consequence of dissensions among the pilots; and several bark canoes, with their valuable freight of goods and provisions, were wrecked and lost. His difficulties with the Senecas also compelled La Salle to relinquish the fort which he had begun to build at the falls of Niagara as a protection to his ship-builders, and to content himself with a mere shed or storehouse. A spirit less brave and firm than La Salle's would have quailed under the misfortunes which, through the inclemency of the season and the malice of men, surrounded his steps. But these only nerved him to greater exertion. In six days after his arrival the keel of his vessel was laid, the cavalier driving the first bolt with his own hand. "When he saw the snow began to melt," he sent out fifteen men in advance of his exploring expedition, with instructions to pass over the lakes to Mackinac, provide provisions for the expedition, and await the arrival of the main party.

Leaving Tonty now to conduct the building of the vessel, La Salle made a journey of over three hundred miles of frozen country to Fort Frontenac, to arrange his financial business before setting out in the spring. His only food was a bag of corn; his baggage was drawn over the snow and ice by two men and a dog. At the fort he had to exert all his ability and energy to counteract the malicious efforts and practices of his enemies for his ruin. His creditors at Quebec became alarmed by the reports and calumnies of his foes. His effects at that town were seized and sacrificed, while the property which he was compelled to leave at Fort Frontenac was in value double all his debts. But the delay of his expedition would be to him a greater evil than the loss of property, so that he could not stop to remedy or resist these proceedings. In the midst of such harassing cares he bore in mind the necessity of providing for the religious wants of his companions and of the benighted heathen nations which he intended to visit. He secured the services of three Recol-

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lect missionaries, Fathers Gabriel de la Ribourde, Louis Hennepin, and Zenobe Membré. He had already, while commanding at Fort Frontenac, built for these good missionaries a house and chapel; he now bestowed upon their order eighteen acres of land near the fort, and one hundred acres of forest-land.

Tonty having faithfully completed his task, the ship was launched, receiving the name of *Griffin*, as a compliment to the Comte de Frontenac, whose armorial bearings were adorned with two griffins. Tonty was next sent in search of the fifteen men who had previously set out. The *Griffin*, with La Salle, the missionaries, and the remainder of the party on board, sailed on the 7th of August, 1679, on the bosom of Lake Erie. The artillery saluted the vessel, as she dashed through the waves, and the missionary and crew chanted a grateful *Te Deum* in honor of Him who had speeded their work. The Senecas gazed with wonder at a bark of sixty tons riding the lake with greater ease and grace than their own canoes. Reaching in safety the straits connecting Lakes Erie and Huron, he considered the expediency of planting a colony on the majestic Detroit, as he glided between its islands; and on the 12th, S. Clare's Day, as he traversed its shallow waters, he bestowed upon the little river the name of that saint. While the ship was passing over Lake Huron, she was overtaken by a terrible storm, which caused even the bold captain to fear for the safety of all on board. Uniting with the missionaries in petitions for the intercession of S. Anthony of Padua, he made a promise to dedicate the first chapel built in the countries he was going to discover in honor of that patron saint, in case he should escape. The province from which the missionaries of the expedition had come was that of S. Anthony of Padua, in Artois; hence the selection of this saint as their protector on this occasion, as well as for the reason that he is frequently invoked as the patron of mariners. The storm abated, and on the 27th of August, the *Griffin*, aided by friendly winds, entered a safe harbor in the island of Mackinac.

Here again the "great wooden canoe" was an object of admiration and dread to the natives, heightened by the roar of the cannon on board. La Salle, clad in a cloak of scarlet and gold, visited the nearest village, and the pious priests offered up the Holy Sacrifice for the benefit of those benighted savages. The opposite bank had been the scene of the missionary labors of the illustrious Marquette. The captain visited this spot, endeavoring there and in the neighboring country to propitiate the friendship of the natives as he advanced. His enemies had here too been at work, poisoning the minds of the Indians against him far and near, and tampering with the advanced corps of fifteen men whom he had sent out, and who, under such influences, became faithless to their leader: some of them deserted, and others squandered the provisions which he had entrusted to them. Again setting sail, the *Griffin* bore them to Green Bay, where La Salle had the satisfaction of meeting some of his advanced party who had continued faithful to him and their duty, and who now returned with a goodly quantity of furs, the result of successful traffic with the Indians. After two weeks he loaded the *Griffin* with the rich furs brought in by his men, and sent her with the pilot and five mariners back to the Niagara, amidst the murmurs of his men, who dreaded the work of proceed-

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ing in light canoes. It has been remarked * that had he adopted the Ohio as his conduit to the Mississippi, one vessel would have answered his purpose, and much suffering and delay been saved, for this river had been known to the missionaries; by his present plan, he had to build two vessels, one above the falls of Niagara, and one on the Illinois River. He now set out to descend Lake Michigan in four bark canoes, September the 19th, the party consisting of La Salle, the fathers, and seventeen men; and they continued their perilous voyage along the west side of the lake. They were overtaken before nightfall by a violent storm, and for several days they struggled through wind, rain, sleet, and waves, until they landed with great danger near the river Milwaukee. Seeing their perilous situation, La Salle leaped into the water, and with his own hands helped to drag his canoe ashore. Those in the other boats followed his example, and soon the landing was effected and the canoes secured.

La Salle was accompanied in his expedition by a faithful Indian, who proved a useful member of the party; for his unerring gun frequently relieved the hunger of the travellers with game from the surrounding forests. They also procured corn from the natives, always paying its full value; and even when they had to take it from villages temporarily abandoned, where there was no one to receive payment, its value in goods was left in its place. At this bleak landing near the Milwaukee the Indians, moved with sympathy for their exhausted and weather-beaten condition, brought deer and corn for their relief, smoked with them the calumet of friendship, and entertained them with war dances and songs. Cheered on their way by the kindly offices and generous sympathy of the natives, in which they felt that

> "Kindness by secret sympathy is tied,
> For noble souls in nature are allied,"

they pushed on with renewed courage to encounter again the perils of the elements. The voyage from this point to the end of the lake was one continued series of hardships and dangers. They found it frequently a relief from the fury of the waves to drag their canoes over the rugged rocks; and as they pulled them ashore the heaving surf dashed the spray over their heads. They encountered a wandering party of Outagamies, or Fox Indians, near a green and refreshing spot, where they stopped to rest and refresh themselves, and it was only the address, deliberation, and iron courage of La Salle that prevented a bloody conflict with these treacherous savages. On the first of November the entire party came safely into the mouth of the Miami River, now S. Joseph's, previously appointed as the rendezvous, at which the several companies were to meet.

Here La Salle was sorely disappointed at not finding the Chevalier Tonty. Suffering from want of food and the increasing severity of the winter, the men began to murmur; but La Salle's bold spirit of command kept them in subjection, especially when they saw him sharing every hardship, privation, and danger with them. He kept them busy in building a fort for their protection from the savages, and in exploring the country and neighboring rivers. The missionaries caused a bark chapel to be erected, in which the divine service was attended by both Europeans and Indians. But La Salle's apprehensions for the fate of the *Griffin* began to increase. At length Tonty arrived,

* Shea.

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and, while he relieved his captain and men with provisions and reinforcements, he confirmed their alarm for the vessel. The *Griffin* had not reached Mackinac, no tidings could be obtained from the Indians of her safety or fate, and it became, alas! too certain that she, the first to ride triumphantly, with her proud sails spread and her streamers unfurled, across these great lakes, had been the first to fall a victim, with her hardy crew, to the avenging waves of Lake Michigan.

The cavalier now prepared to go down the Kankakee River to the Illinois. The distance to the portage was seventy miles, and much time and labor were spent in endeavoring to find the proper portage. La Salle started out himself to explore the country, and to discover, if possible, the eastern branch of the Illinois. Detained till evening in making the circuit of a large marsh, his gun, fired as a signal, was not answered, and he resolved to spend the night alone in that fearful wilderness. He fortunately descried a fire, and on approaching saw near by a bed of leaves, from which some nomadic son of the forest, startled at the report of the gun, had just fled. La Salle scattered leaves and branches around, in order that he might not be surprised in the night, and then took possession of the Indian's rustic bed, in which he slept peacefully till morning. To the great joy of his friends, he returned in the following afternoon, with two opossums hanging from his belt. At length the Indian hunter of the expedition found the portage. Leaving four men in the fort, the expedition set out on the 3d of December; the canoes and all the baggage were carried over five or six miles to the head-waters of the Kankakee, and about the 5th of December the company, consisting of thirty-three persons, commenced their passage down the dreary and marshy stream, rendered yet more gloomy by the rigors of mid-winter. At length, after enduring hunger and cold, they came to a more genial and smiling country, and soon their canoes glided into the river Illinois. On the banks of the river they discovered and visited the largest of the Illinois villages, composed of four or five hundred cabins, in each of which resided five or six families, not far below the present town of Ottawa, in La Salle County, Illinois. But the place was deserted; the inhabitants had all gone to the hunting-grounds for wild cattle and beaver, leaving their corn stored away in their granaries. Yielding to the necessities of his condition, and trusting to fortune for an opportunity to make ample compensation, La Salle appropriated fifty bushels of corn from the immense quantities stored away in the capacious granaries of the village. Re-embarking on the 27th of December, the party proceeded down the current. On the 1st of January, 1680, the feast of the Circumcision of Our Lord was solemnly and appropriately celebrated, the salutations of the New Year were exchanged, and we may well imagine with what hearty and earnest good-wishes those brave voyagers blessed each other. On the same day, after passing through Lake Pimiteony, now Lake Peoria, our voyagers came suddenly upon an Indian encampment on both sides of the river. Having heard that the Illinois were hostile, La Salle arranged his flotilla for the emergency; the men were armed, and the canoes were placed in battle array across the entire river, La Salle and Tonty occupying the two canoes nearest the shore. Observing that the Indians were somewhat alarmed and disposed to parley, La Salle boldly landed in the midst of the innumerable bands

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of dusky warriors, prepared for either war or peace, and by his skill and invincible courage soon succeeded in making them his friends. After smoking with them the calumet of peace, he explained the circumstance of his having taken their corn, and then paid them liberally for it, to their great satisfaction. He also told them that he came amongst them in order to give them a knowledge of the one true God, and to better their condition. An alliance of friendship was entered into, and all retired apparently to rest.

But during the night emissaries from La Salle's enemies arrived. A grand council was held, as that is the favorite time with the Indians for transacting their most important business. The poison was infused into the minds of La Salle's recent allies; and on the following morning his keen eye soon saw that the intrigues of his enemies had not failed to follow him to that distant region, and it was only his brave, frank, and determined bearing that enabled him to surmount the countless obstacles that were thus thrown in his way. The effect of this intrigue, however, was not wholly lost on his own men. Six of them deserted him at this trying juncture. Severe as was this loss, his proud spirit bore up manfully under it; but the loss of his vessel was a severer trial to him, but one that failed to dampen the ardor of his enthusiasm or the determination of his will. He selected a spot for a fort half a league from the Indian camp and near the present city of Peoria; and while he bestowed upon his fort the name of Crèvecœur—Broken Heart—under the sad influence of the loss of the *Griffin* and the machinations of his enemies, the vigor with which he raised its walls and arranged its armament is ample proof that he still possessed a heart full of courage and hope.

In the middle of January the entire company took up their residence within the fort. Father Membré remained with the Indians, was adopted into the family of a noted chief, and devoted himself to the task of winning the Illinois to the Christian faith. Father de La Ribourde exercised his ministry at the fort, where he erected a chapel; and Father Hennepin is said to have "rambled as his fancies moved him."

La Salle engaged a portion of his men in building a brigantine forty-two feet long and twelve feet broad, in which to descend the Mississippi. On the 29th of February, 1680, he sent an expedition under the direction of Father Hennepin, accompanied by Picard Du Gay and Michel Ako, to explore for the first time the Mississippi above the mouth of the Wisconsin, the point from which Father Marquette's voyage down the great river commenced. In six weeks the hull of the brigantine was nearly ready to receive the masts and rigging, but the necessary materials were wanting to complete the equipment. An abundance of such materials had been placed on board the *Griffin*, but these had been buried beneath the waters of the lake with the ill-fated vessel. Gloomy indeed was the prospect before our brave cavalier; but bold resolves are rapidly conceived and speedily executed by daring spirits. He placed Tonty in command of the fort, and, in order to procure what was necessary for the new vessel, he determined to return on foot to Fort Frontenac, distant at least twelve hundred miles. His journey lay along the southern shores of Lakes Erie and Ontario, through vast forests; innumerable rivers intervened, which he had to ford or cross on rafts, and this, too, at a season of the year when the drifting snow and floating ice threw extraordinary dangers and

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fatigues in the path of the traveller. For food he must rely entirely upon the hazards of the chase. The history of our race contains the record of few such undertakings as this; yet the spirit of La Salle faltered not. On the 2d of March the bold cavalier shouldered his musket and knapsack, and, with three Frenchmen and his Indian hunter, started upon his perilous journey:

"My heart is firm;
There's naught within the compass of humanity
But I would dare and do."

After La Salle's departure the brave and faithful Tonty began to experience in turn the frowns of fortune. While superintending the erection of a new fort at a spot selected by La Salle, Tonty received the news of an insurrection at Fort Crèvecœur. This, too, was instigated by La Salle's enemies. Deserted by more than half his party, Tonty took up his quarters at the great Indian village, where he was treated with hospitality. After a residence there of six months a war-party of Iroquois and Miamis approached the village, and for a long time Tonty and Father Membré, at great peril and with much ill treatment at the hands of the invading savages, endeavored to negotiate a peace. Failing in every effort, and finding that dangers and perils were gathering thick and fast around him, Tonty resolved to make his escape with his remaining five companions, which he succeeded in accomplishing, in an old and leaky canoe, on the 18th of September. On the following day, about twenty-five miles from the village, they drew the canoe to the shore for repairs. While thus engaged they had the misfortune of losing for ever the great and good Father Gabriel de La Ribourde, who, with a mind fond of the beautiful in nature, as well as with a soul that loved all men, had wandered too far up the banks of the river, drawn on by the picturesque scenery that lay before him, was met by three young Kickapoo warriors, and fell a victim to the unsparing tomahawk. After passing, with heavy hearts, over ice and snow, rambling for some time almost at random in the woods, and enduring hunger and delays, they fortunately reached a village of the Potawatamies, where they were received with hospitality. Tonty was detained at the village by a severe and dangerous illness. Father Membré advanced to the missionary station at Green Bay; here they all met in the spring, and then proceeded to Mackinac to await the return of La Salle.

In the meantime La Salle, after stopping twenty-four hours at the Indian village which he had previously visited, and finding that the two men whom he had despatched from the Miami River to Mackinac had obtained no tidings of the *Griffin*, now abandoned every lingering hope for her safety. He pressed forward on his great journey, only to hear of new disasters and losses at Fort Frontenac. The fact that he accomplished such a journey under such circumstances is sufficient to illustrate the endurance and unbending resolution of this great explorer. Of this chapter in the history of La Salle Bancroft thus writes:

"Yet here the immense power of his will appeared. Dependent on himself, fifteen hundred miles from the nearest French settlement, impoverished, pursued by enemies at Quebec, and in the wilderness surrounded by uncertain nations, he inspired his men with resolution to saw trees into plank and prepare a bark; he despatched Louis Hennepin to explore the Upper Mississippi; he questioned the Illinois and their south-

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ern captives on the course of the Mississippi; he formed conjectures concerning the Tennessee River; and then, as new recruits were needed, and sails and cordage for the bark, in the month of March, with a musket and a pouch of powder and shot, with a blanket for his protection, and skins of which to make moccasins, he, with three companions, set off on foot for Fort Frontenac, to trudge through thickets and forests, to wade through marshes and melting snows, having for his pathway the ridge of highlands which divide the basin of the Ohio from that of the lakes—without drink, except water from the brooks; without food, except supplies from his gun. Of his thoughts on that long journey no record exists."

He arrived safely at Fort Frontenac, but his affairs had all gone wrong in his absence. In the destruction of his vessel and cargo he had sustained a loss of a large portion of his means; besides this, his agents had plundered him in the fur trade on Lake Ontario; a vessel freighted with merchandise for him had been lost in the Bay of St. Lawrence; his heavily-laden canoes had been dashed to pieces by the rapids above Montreal; some of his men, corrupted by his enemies, had deserted, carrying his property among the Dutch in New York, and his creditors, availing themselves of a report, gotten up by his enemies, that he and his companions had been lost, had seized on his remaining effects, and sacrificed them in the market. But one friend remained to him in all Canada—the Comte de Frontenac. The undaunted La Salle still pushed forward his work; having arranged his affairs as well as he could, he secured the services of La Forest as an officer, and engaged more men. On the 23d of July, 1680, he set out on his return. Detained more than a month on Lake Ontario by head-winds, he reached Mackinac in the middle of September, and the Miami towards the end of November. Proceeding to the spot where he had left Tonty, he found his forts abandoned, the Illinois village abandoned, and could hear nothing of the companions whom he had left behind him. He now heard of the Iroquois war, and spent some time and effort in endeavoring to effect an alliance of all the neighboring tribes against the Illinois. Finding it impossible to accomplish his purpose for want of a larger force, he returned to the Miami River late in May, 1681, and about the middle of June he had the happiness of saluting Tonty and his companions in the harbor of Mackinac. The two cavaliers sat down together, and related to each other their respective misfortunes and hardships. Thus another year's delay was occasioned; but in the meantime the trade with the Indians was prosecuted with vigor. Some idea may be formed of the material of which these two men were made when it is related that even now, when all their plans had failed and all seemed lost to them, the ardor with which they first commenced this wonderful task remained unbroken and undiminished. In order to renew their preparations for the exploration of the Mississippi, they all set out in a few days for Fort Frontenac, from which La Salle had already twice departed with the bold and lofty purpose of exploring and laying open to the world the interior geography of the continent. An eye-witness to these interesting conferences between La Salle and Tonty relates that the former maintained "his ordinary coolness and self-possession. Any one but him would have renounced and abandoned the enterprise; but, far from that, by a firmness of mind and an almost unequalled constancy, I saw him more resolute than ever to continue his

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work and to carry out his discovery." *

As already mentioned, Father Hennepin had been commissioned by the captain to explore, with his selected companions, the Upper Mississippi, probably the last aspiration of La Salle after the discovery of the northwest passage to the China Sea. Proceeding down the Illinois to its mouth, Father Hennepin directed his canoe up the unexplored stream, and on the eleventh day he and his companions were near the Wisconsin River. Turning up this river, they proceeded nineteen days, when the grand cataract burst for the first time upon the view of Europeans.

> "It hath a thousand tongues of mirth,
> Of grandeur, or delight,
> And every heart is gladder made
> When water greets the sight."

It was called "The Falls of St. Anthony" in honor of the holy founder of the order of the Recollects. Falling in with the Sieur Du Luth, the two parties, nine in number, rambled and messed together till the end of September, 1680, when they all set out for Canada. Father Hennepin sailed from Quebec to France, where he published, in 1684, an account of his travels and discoveries. Thirteen years after this, and ten after the death of La Salle, he published his *New Discovery of a Vast Country in America, between New Mexico and the Frozen Ocean*, in which the love of the marvellous is regarded by historians as having far transcended the limits of authentic and trustworthy narrative, and as conflicting with the recognized and just pretensions of La Salle.

Upon his return to Fort Frontenac La Salle lost no time in preparing for another effort. He arranged his affairs with his creditors, pledged Fort Frontenac and the adjacent lands and trading privileges for his future expenses, and enlisted forces for his expedition. On the 28th of August, 1681, the company set out in canoes from the head of the Niagara River, and on the third of November they had arrived at the Miami. The constant and ever-faithful Tonty and the good Father Membré accompanied the expedition, which consisted of fifty-four persons, of whom twenty-three were Frenchmen, eighteen Abnakis or Loup Indians, ten Indian women whom the Indians insisted should go along in order to do their cooking, and three children. Six weeks were consumed at the Miami in making the necessary arrangements. The Sieur Tonty and Father Membré proceeded with nearly the entire company along the southern border of Lake Michigan to the mouth of the Chicago River, dragging their canoes, baggage, and provisions for about eighty leagues over the frozen waters of the Illinois on sledges prepared by the indefatigable Tonty. La Salle travelled on foot from the Miami River, and joined the company on the 4th of January, 1682. They continued their journey in the same way up the Chicago to Lake Peoria, where the canoes were carried upon the waters, and on the 6th of February the great river, then called the "Colbert," received its explorers safely upon its waves. They were detained by the floating ice till about the 19th, when the flotilla commenced its eventful voyage. On the same day, six leagues lower down, they passed the mouth of the Missouri, then called the Osage. They stopped at a deserted village of the Tamaroas Indians, whose people were absent on the chase, and then slowly passed on for forty leagues till they reached the Ohio, stopping frequently on the

* *Narrative of Father Membré.*

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route to replenish their stock of provisions by hunting and fishing. Leaving the Ohio, they passed through one hundred and twenty miles of low, marshy river, full of thick foam, rushes, and walnut-trees, till, on the 26th of February, they came to Chickasaw Bluffs, where they rested. Here a fort was built and called Fort Prudhomme, in memory of Peter Prudhomme, one of their companions, who was lost while hunting in the woods, supposed to have been killed or carried off by a party of Indians, whose trail was discovered near by. Afterwards, by the untiring and determined efforts of La Salle, and after nine days scouring the country, Prudhomme was found and restored to his companions; but the fort long retained his name. Proceeding about a hundred miles, they heard the sound of drums and the echo of war-cries, and soon they came abreast of the villages of the Arkansas Indians, whose inhabitants were informed at one and the same time that the strangers were prepared for war—as was evidenced by the erection of a redoubt upon the shore; or for peace—as was manifested by their extending the calumet of peace. They found the Indians peaceable and friendly, and here our voyagers stopped to rest. Two weeks were spent amongst these gay, open-hearted, and gentle natives in smoking the calumet, partaking of feasts, and obtaining Indian corn, beans, flour, and various kinds of fruits, for which they repaid their entertainers with presents which, however trifling, pleased their fancy much. Father Membré erected a cross, around which the natives assembled; and though he could not speak their language, he succeeded in acquainting them with the existence of the true God and some of the mysteries of the true faith. The Indians seemed to appreciate all he said, for they raised their eyes to heaven and fell upon their knees in adoration; they rubbed their hands upon the cross, and then all over their own bodies, as if to communicate its holiness to themselves; and, on the return voyage, the missionary found that they had protected the cross by a palisade. La Salle also took possession of the country with great ceremony in behalf of France, and erected the arms of the king, at which the Indians expressed great pleasure.

On the 17th they proceeded on their route, and were received and entertained most hospitably at another village of the same Akansas nation. On the 20th they arrived at a small lake formed by the waters of the Mississippi, on the opposite side of which they found a gentle tribe of Indians, far more civilized than any they had yet met, whose sovereign ruled over his people with regal ceremony, whose houses were built with walls and cane roofs, were adorned with native paintings, and furnished with wooden beds and other domestic comforts. Their temples were ornamented, and served as sepulchres for their departed chiefs. La Salle being too fatigued to visit this interesting people, he sent the Sieur Tonty and Father Membré on an embassy to the king, to whom they carried presents, and who received them with great ceremony. The king next returned the compliment by a visit to the commander, sending his master of ceremonies and heralds before him, and coming two hours afterwards himself, preceded by two men carrying fans of white feathers, himself dressed in a white robe beautifully woven of the bark of trees, with a canopy over his head, and attended by a royal retinue. The king's demeanor during the in-

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terview was grave but frank and friendly. Resuming their route on the 26th of March, thirty or forty miles below this they came among the Natchez Indians, whose village La Salle, with some of his companions, visited by invitation, sleeping there that night and receiving hospitality. A cross was erected here, too, to which were attached the arms of France, signifying that thereby they took possession of the country in the name of their sovereign. The Holy Mass was also offered, and the company received the Blessed Sacrament. They next visited the village of Koroa, and then, advancing over a hundred miles, on the 2d of April they came to the country of the Quinipissas, a belligerent tribe, who answered a proposal to smoke the calumet of peace by a shower of arrows. But having no object to attain by difficulties with the natives, La Salle passed on to the village of the Tangiboas, three of whose deserted cabins he saw full of the bodies of Indians who, fifteen or sixteen days before, had fallen victims in an engagement in which the village was sacked and pillaged. Speaking of La Salle while thus descending the great river, Bancroft writes: "His sagacious eye discerned the magnificent resources of the country. As he floated down its flood; as he framed a cabin on the first Chickasaw bluff; as he raised the cross by the Arkansas; as he planted the arms of France near the Gulf of Mexico, he anticipated the future affluence of the emigrants, and heard in the distance the footsteps of the advancing multitude that were coming to take possession of the valley."

TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH.

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## BIRTH-DAYS.

"WHO ARE JUST BORN, BEING DEAD."

WHO weeps when love, a cradled babe, is born?
  Rather we bring frankincense, myrrh, and gold,
  While softest welcomes from our lips are rolled
To meet the dawning fragrance of a morn
Of checkered being. Even while the thorn
  Keeps pace with rosy graces that unfold,
  Do we with rapture cry, "Behold, behold,
A heaven-dropped flower our garden to adorn!"
And yet when from our darling fall the years
  As from the rose the shrivelled petals rain,
  And into newer life the soul again
Springs thornless to the air of purer spheres,
  So blinded are we by our bitter pain
We greet the sweeter birth with selfish tears.

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# THE FUTURE OF THE RUSSIAN CHURCH.

BY THE REV. CÆSARIUS TONDINI, BARNABITE.

II.—CONTINUED.

LET it only be borne in mind *what* are those things which are required of her members by the faith and discipline of the Orthodox Church, and it will be granted us, at least face to face with unbelief, that her priests need something more than the ordinary respectability of a worthy man, an obedient subject of his sovereign, a good father of a family, faithful to his wife and devoted to his children.*

This *something more* is possessed by the Catholic Church. The Russian Church has lost it. Whatever may be thought of the ecclesiastical law on the celibacy of the priesthood, we think it cannot be denied that a priest, living as an angel upon earth, exercises an influence which is always lacking to a married priest. This "magnetism of purity," as it has been called, has inspired one of the noblest odes of the great English poet, Tennyson; † and they who in good faith argue against sacerdotal celibacy do so because, in their opinion, the purity required by the Catholic Church is a virtue too celestial to be met with here below; thus reasoning as did that Jew who, after reading a treatise on the Holy Eucharist by the Abbé Martinet,* said to us, "This cannot be true, because it would be too beautiful!" Those who reason as did this Jew conclude too easily from difficulty—what virtue is not difficult?—to impossibility? We do not undertake to convince those who have not faith, and who refuse to allow the efficacy of supernatural means; for the task would be a hopeless one. But if they have faith, we will submit to them the following consideration, which will not be without some weight.

And this is that the Catholic Church earnestly invites all her priests to celebrate *daily* the holy Mass, and makes it their strict duty to recite every day, with attention and piety, the divine Office. In undertaking the defence of the Russian clergy M. Schédo-Ferroti says: "Hypocrisy is a vice unknown among them, their piety being of a genuine stamp, and only giving outward expression to the sentiment which is really felt—namely, a belief in the sanctifying virtues of the ceremonies which they are called to perform." † Let it, then, be permitted to us also to express here our firm belief in the sanctifying virtue of the Mass and the divine Office. The Holy Eucharist is called in Scripture *frumentum electorum et vinum*

* With regard to the Anglican clergy, it may be observed that the state church of England is almost entirely for the benefit of the aristocracy, which sees its younger sons enter her "orders" all the more gladly because their subsistence is thus provided for without the patrimony of the head of the family being much diminished—the children of the aristocracy thus aiding to maintain an institution to which in a great measure its influence is owing. As to the German Protestant clergy, they are neither so influential nor so respected as the Anglican.

† "Sir Galahad."

* Martinet, *L'Emmanuel, ou le remède à tous nos maux*. Paris: Lecoffre. 1850.

† *Schédo-Ferroti, op. cit.* ch. xv. p. 293.

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*germinans virgines*—"the wheat of the elect and the wine which makes virgins spring forth" (Zach. ix. 17). With regard to the divine Office, it is the prayer *par excellence* of the church. As the Lord's Prayer, taught and recommended by Jesus Christ himself, has a power which is special to it, and a particular efficacy, so also is a sanctifying virtue attached to a prayer chosen and placed daily on our lips by the church. The Mass and the divine Office, in a manner, force the priest to have always about him some thoughts of heaven. If vanity or worldly seductions acquire over him a momentary ascendency, the Mass and the divine Office recall him to those salutary truths which never change.

We will not dwell longer on this point; the reader will be well able to make its practical application. We will only now add that, if to have been capable of an act of great generosity is a title to indulgence for many defects; if the remembrance of an heroic action in favor of one's country or of humanity surrounds with an aureola of glory the whole existence of him who has performed it; and if, in short, people hesitate to pronounce sentence against him, even when he has deserved blame, let it also be remembered that every Catholic priest, whoever he may be, has accomplished, at least once in his life, an act of the greatest generosity. He has sworn, on being admitted into Holy Orders, to renounce every affection which, by dividing his heart, could hinder him from devoting himself solely and without reserve for the good of souls; and solely with that intent has he voluntarily chosen the path of self-denial and of conflicts which are the consequences of his generosity. This being considered, there is nothing surprising in the fact that a certain influence is invariably exercised by the Catholic priest who is faithful to his duties, even if his learning and education be defective.

Now, this influence, doubly necessary in Russia, on account of the social inferiority of the orthodox clergy, is entirely wanting to all that portion of the clergy which is in contact with the people;* and the fatal consequences of this want will make themselves especially felt in that day when nothing shall be unimportant that can help to keep alive faith in the Russian people.

And this is not all. In the poem alluded to above Tennyson puts these words into the mouth of his hero, the virgin-knight:

> "My good blade carves the casques of men,
> My tough lance thrusteth sure,
> My strength is as the strength of ten,
> Because my heart is pure." †

He who thus reveals to us the intimate relation existing between purity and strength is not a Catholic. If we had expressed the same thought as originating from ourselves, we might have been charged with mysticism; this is why we have quoted the great poet. He would not fear being called upon to justify his thought; let him therefore be the one attacked.

* It is not without reason that we insist upon this circumstance of being *in contact with the people*. If indeed the Russian Church were to unite herself to the Catholic Church, and the latter, following the toleration granted to the united Greeks, allowed the secular Russian clergy liberty to marry, the inconveniences we have noticed would be less felt, for the reason that, besides the fact that the Catholic Church would merely *permit*—never, either directly or indirectly, *compel*—priests to marry, there would always be a regular and celibate clergy side by side with the secular and married priests, and equally with them in contact with the people.

However, the barrenness in apostolic labors, and the inferior condition of all the Christian communities of Oriental rite among whom a married priesthood is permitted, oblige us to recognize in this permission a simple concession to human frailty; and their condition is a powerful argument in favor of the immense advantages, if not of the moral necessity, of ecclesiastical celibacy.

† Tennyson, *Poetical Works*, "Sir Galahad."

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But whatever may be the weight which experience gives to this thought of Tennyson's, there is no need to wait for the time when the Russian clergy shall be waging war against unbelief, to judge of the strength they are likely to have for the combat. In a chapter devoted to revelations of the state of the "orthodox" clergy, M. Schédo-Ferroti takes praiseworthy pains to exhibit their good qualities. "I have found," he writes, "with some regrettable exceptions, that the Russian priest possessed two valuable and truly Christian qualities, the frequency of which constitutes in some sort a characteristic feature of the class. The Russian priest is pious without any ostentation, and he is gifted with a wonderful faculty for supporting misfortune, under whatever form it may overtake him."* We have already made some observations on the first of these two qualities, and will now do the same for the second.

To be endowed with a marvellous power of supporting misfortune—what better preparation, apparently, could there be for supporting the struggle of the future? It is to patience that our Lord Jesus Christ promises the possession of our souls for a happy eternity when he says: *In patientia vestra possidebitis animas vestras*—"In your patience you shall possess your souls" (S. Luke xxi. 19). These divine words, alas! cannot in any way find their application in the patience of the Russian clergy. The patience whereof our Lord speaks is that which fills and sustains the soul, and which places in our mouths words whose wisdom puts our adversaries to silence.

This explanation is not our own; it is that of Jesus Christ himself. "They will lay their hands on you, and persecute you, delivering you up to the synagogues and into prisons, dragging you before kings and governors, for my name's sake: and it shall happen to you for a testimony. Lay it up, therefore, in your hearts, not to meditate before, how you shall answer. For I will give you a mouth and wisdom, which all your adversaries shall not be able to resist and gainsay. And you shall be betrayed by your parents and brethren, and kinsmen and friends: and some of you they will put to death. And you shall be hated of all men for my name's sake: but a hair of your head shall not perish. In your patience you shall possess your souls" (S. Luke xxi. 12–19). The patience here described corresponds exactly with the patience of which the Catholic bishops and priests of Switzerland, Germany, and elsewhere are offering us at this very time so edifying and admirable an example.

The patience taught by our Lord, then, is not wanting to the Catholic clergy; can we hope to find it in the Russian clergy in the day when orthodoxy shall be threatened? Let us well consider the words of our Lord which we have just quoted, bearing in mind the energetic spirit which they suppose, and let us then compare them with the following words of the most devoted advocate of the orthodox clergy in Russia: "This readiness to bear, without murmuring, the sudden reverses of fortune," says Schédo-Ferroti, "this spontaneous submission to the decrees of Providence, is too Christian a virtue to allow us to refuse it the admiration which it deserves; but it seems to us that the combination of circumstances which has contributed to develop in the Russian clergy this *mute resignation* has also exercised a depressing influence upon their moral strength, in paralyzing

* *Schédo-Ferroti, op. cit.* p. 298.



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the powers of their will by rendering its free exercise utterly and invariably impossible. It is the natural consequence of excessive suffering, whether physical or moral, to end in the enervation of the patient, by depriving him of the faculty of action, by destroying all his energy, and leaving him destitute even of any belief in his own strength; allowing him to remain in possession of but one single conviction, that of his powerlessness to struggle against fate—a conviction that finds its expression in this mute and absolute resignation which we find in the lower Russian clergy." *

Poor Russian clergy! They are all that they can be expected to be, considering what the czars have made them. The sufferings of the Russian priest are not forgotten by God, neither does he forget his resignation. Far from desiring to cast a stone at him, we gladly point out all that we can find in his favor. Reduced to such a degree of indigence that he is compelled to maintain himself by laboriously toiling in the fields, the pressing needs of life bow down not only his brow, but his soul also, towards the earth. What right have we to expect that he can devote to the interests of souls the time and thought imperiously demanded by the daily necessities of his own existence? And even could he forget himself, and in self-devotion taste the sublime joy of sacrifice, he is not alone; and will his wife and children also become so many victims of his zeal for souls?

This feebleness, this helplessness, these bonds—these are the very things which many would desire to see also in the militant ranks of the Catholic Church. "But wherefore, then, is it," asks the church, in pointing out the armies of this world, "that the secular governments will that the soldiers called to defend their country should be alone and free?" *

But if to be single and free is an element of strength lacking to the Russian priest, already by long habituation to suffering and slavery reduced to the state of which so striking a picture is drawn by Schédo-Ferroti, another support is also wanting to him, the power of which is evident in the Catholic clergy. In our day, and under our very eyes, every circumstance concurs to encourage apostasy among the latter. Priests who fail in their duty gain the favor of governments, a considerable portion of the press, the secure perspective of honors and offices; they are proclaimed the only honest, the only true ministers of Jesus Christ, who alone comprehend his interests or succeed in causing him to be loved by souls. In all this there is something seductive, not only for the ambitious and such as would free themselves from the severe discipline of the church, but for those also who, in presence of the ravages which unbelief is making, persuade themselves —not with much humility—that if the church would act according to their ideas, the interests of God would be better secured. In spite of all these things, the number of apostates is a mere nothing when we take into consideration the number of Catholic priests. Did those who have undertaken to make war against Catholi-

* *Schédo-Ferroti, op. cit.* pp. 295, 296.

* There are times, in the history of nations, when the moral necessity of certain institutions in the Catholic Church makes itself felt, even by the most incredulous. It is in Germany, as is well known, that the ecclesiastical law of the celibacy of priests has been most eagerly attacked; and it is from Germany that has come to us the most splendid apology for the firmness displayed by the Catholic Church with regard to this point of discipline. Those priests who are at this moment so valiantly wrestling against persecution and braving the loss of income, braving fines, prison, exile, and death itself—can one suppose they would be equally intrepid, did the existence of a wife and family depend upon their own?

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city expect this check?—which, we remark in passing, witnesses plainly against the alleged prevalence of abuses. Have they well calculated the forces of the enemy which they flattered themselves they were about to annihilate? Unless we are mistaken, they think that its strength is the same in the present day as it was in the time of Luther, and that, if whole nations were then withdrawn from the church, there is no reason why they should not be so now. But the Protestantism of those days allowed a true faith in God, in Providence, in Jesus Christ, and retained a baptism in every respect valid. It is allowable to believe that if God has permitted that whole nations should be snatched from the *immediate* care of the church, his providence will keep them from ever falling back into the state in which they were before the redemption; though this is the logical result of modern Protestantism. Besides, the social and political situation of Europe, the habits of the various nations, and especially the difficulty of communication, then permitted sovereigns to raise, as it were, so many walls of China round the confines of their states. They could at that time isolate their subjects, and only allow them just so much intercommunication with the rest of the world as *they* might choose to consider suitable to the interests of the state. If thought itself could not be chained, its manifestations at least could be circumscribed or stifled. This is no longer possible in the present day; a pamphlet, a journal, a speech in parliament, even to a simple word of a bishop, can now, from the other end of the world, trouble the repose and disturb the plans of a powerful conqueror. For thought there are no longer any barriers possible, nor yet police; and thought makes revolutions.

Now, amongst the thoughts which escape the vigilance of all police, and which pass through every barrier, there is also that of the constancy which, in no matter what period of the existence of the Catholic Church, is shown by men living under different climates, ruled by various institutions, but *brothers in the faith.* If to bear the same name, to be born on the same soil, and to speak the same tongue, creates bonds so powerful and so devoted a defence of common interests, fraternity in the Catholic faith yields the palm in nothing to any other fraternity whatsoever for the powerfulness of its effects. The humble *curé* of a poor parish hidden among the gorges of the mountains learns that a priest in a distant land has been imprisoned for refusing to betray his conscience. He is moved by the tidings, and takes a lively interest in the fate of the priest, following anxiously in his journal the narrative of the struggles of this confessor of the faith. During this time, without his being aware of it, a salutary work has been going on in his mind. Soon afterwards he finds himself in the same case—namely, of being called upon to suffer for the performance of those duties which his quality of priest imposes upon him. His adversaries, judging him by the gentleness of his language and his life, expect to intimidate him by a word; but, to their amazement, they find in him the firmness of an apostle. From whence did he gain this courage? They know not, neither does he; that which impressed his soul and prepared it for the conflict was nothing else than the story of the sufferings of his brother in the faith and in the priesthood, in a distant and foreign land.

Well, then, this sustaining thought which supports the Catholic priest by making him feel himself a member of that family which is as vast as

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the world and a brother in the faith with martyrs—this support will be wanting to the Russian clergy when upon it alone will depend the fate of orthodoxy. The Russian priest, who, not being alone, will have need of a courage so much the greater as there are beings dear to him whose existence is bound up with his own, will seek examples to encourage him; but will he find them? The same causes which have produced the *mute resignation* spoken of by Schédo-Ferroti authorize us to think that the Russian clergy will not have its martyrs, or, if there should be some, that their number will be too small to counterbalance the example of the general feebleness. And yet here again we will undertake the defence of the Russian clergy; for who, in fact, could require an act of heroism of a man "enervated by excess of moral and physical sufferings, deprived of the faculty of action, and not only possessing no longer any energy, but having also lost all belief in his own powers"? Now, this is, word for word, the condition of the Russian priest, as depicted by his most zealous defender.

"But," it may be said, "the Orthodox Church is not confined to Russia; the orthodox priest will find brethren in Austria, in Roumania, in Turkey, and in Greece." This is true; but it is not enough to find brothers only. The Russian priest will need brother-martyrs; and where will he find them?

Besides, strange to say, the various branches of the Orthodox Church live almost strangers to each other, useless some political interest awaken the sentiment of fraternity in their common faith. Without entering into details on this point, we will only make one remark. It is easy to find several histories of the different branches, taken separately; but is it so easy to find an universal history of the Orthodox Church?* In Catholic countries the reverse of this is always the case; it is, comparatively, difficult to meet with particular histories of the Catholic Church in France, in Italy, in Germany, etc.; but everywhere is found and taught the universal history of the Catholic Church—a history in which that of a nation, however great or powerful, figures, if not as an episode, certainly as but a simple portion, a contingent part, of a necessary whole.

We one day read in an English journal that has a wide circulation the following remark: "A church which counts among its members men like Archbishop Manning and Dr. Newman is a church which is not to be despised." English common sense thus did justice to the "coal-heavers' faith," as people are pleased to call the adhesion of Catholics to the doctrines proposed to them by their church. In fact—to speak only of the last named of these two personages—the author of the *Grammar of Assent* does not yield in intellectual power to any of his Anglican adversaries; from whence we may infer, by a series of logical deductions, that neither does he yield in this to any of the adversaries of the Catholic Church. To speak plainly, we have never perceived that these adversaries have shown any alarming degree of intelligence, at least with regard to the

*We shall be excused from considering as an universal history of the Orthodox Church certain little manuals which we have found indicated in the catalogues of Russian bibliography. Besides, it is not only of Russia, but of all the countries of the Orthodox communion, that we ask for one single ecclesiastical history like those of Fleury, Rohrbacher, Henrion, the Abbé Darras, etc. (to quote French names only.) The Ἐκκλησιαστικὴ Ἱστορία (*Ecclesiastical History*) of Mgr. Meletius, Metropolitan of Athens (Vienna, 1783-95), cannot certainly be compared to them.

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application of the rules of logic. In any case, as, since Porphyry and Celsus, men have never been wanting who have represented the faith propounded by the Catholic Church as an abdication of reason, so also, since Justin and the first Christian philosophers, the church has never lacked doctors who, in defending her, have at the same time been the defenders of reason. The apostolate of learning is not less fruitful, perhaps, than that of virtue and of martyrdom. Without pronouncing upon the relative necessity and advantages of these three apostolates, nor examining whether it is possible to exercise a *true* apostolate by learning unaided by self-denial and virtue, nor even doing more than call to mind how God in the Old Law, and the church in the New, have always made learning a part of the duty of a priest, we will confine ourselves to remarking that many souls are led to embrace the faith, and others, tempted to doubt, are quieted and confirmed, by a simple reflection analogous to that of the English journal just quoted. "A faith," they say, "professed by minds so much above the ordinary class as such and such a writer ought not to be lightly rejected." It is a preliminary argument of which the effects are salutary, and grace does the rest.

If we now take into account all that eighteen centuries and innumerable writers of all lands have accumulated in the way of proofs and testimonies in favor of the Catholic faith; and if we at the same time consider the immense variety and the infinitely-multiplied forms of error, each in its turn combated by the church, we shall comprehend that it is scarcely possible to imagine any error of which the refutation has not already somewhere appeared. In the same way the struggle still goes on in all parts of the globe, and among peoples who have advanced, some more, some less, in learning and civilization; in all parts of the globe the defence also continues, and by men brought up among the same surroundings as their adversaries. In short, Catholic productions are not the exclusive appanage of any single diocese, any single country, any single nation; they are the family treasures, belonging to the whole Catholic Church. Facility of communication brings us, together with their names, the works of those who are waging war against various errors in various lands. To take time, to enquire, to make some researches—this is the worst that could happen to a Catholic priest who might find himself, for the moment, unable to solve an objection. But the objection is already solved, even if it be drawn from some scientific discovery of yesterday, if indeed (as it often happens) it cannot be solved at once by the simple use of common sense, and especially of logic, the most necessary of sciences, and the least studied of all.

Thus we see what happens in the Catholic Church, and we see, therefore, why it is that in those countries where formerly the clergy may have been at times taken by surprise, and not well prepared to meet a sudden adversary, they now struggle bravely; and also we see why earnest Catholics have been able without difficulty to distinguish between true and false progress, and between true science and false.

Will it be the same in Russia?

We do not wish to exaggerate anything, and will even admit that the complaints which are so general of the ignorance of the Russian clergy may be much overstated. Nevertheless, in looking through the bibliography of that country, we find ourselves forced to acknowledge that

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whenever the day shall arrive for unbelief to have free course there, decorated with the seductive appellations of science, of progress, of the emancipation of reason, etc., the Russian clergy will either find themselves without arms wherewith to defend orthodoxy, or with such only as shall prove insufficient.

In fact, the reader is perhaps not aware that, from the year 1701, Peter the Great had been *obliged* (according to Voltaire) to forbid the use of pen and ink to monks. "It required," says the apostle of science, "an express permission from the archimandrite, who was responsible for those to whom he granted it. Peter willed that this ordinance should continue." * The successors of Peter likewise willed the same, although we do not venture to affirm that the ordinance is still observed. Let us, then, be just, and refrain from blaming the Russian monks. If, since the time of Peter the Great, they have not extraordinarily enriched the literature of their country, the fault is none of theirs.

Neither have we any right to blame the secular Russian clergy if few writers have appeared among them, nor yet any one of those whose name alone exercises an apostolate. All the Russians who have written on the ecclesiastical schools of their country are unwearied in their complaints against the badness of the method and the insufficiency of instruction which the young Russian levite takes with him on leaving the seminary.† We do not in any way accuse the commissions charged with the inspection and reformation of the ecclesiastical schools. We are convinced that these commissions have done their best; if the evil still continues as before, it is because they have not the power to touch its root. Besides, how can it be expected that a priest, poor, burdened with a family, and in very many cases necessitated to maintain himself and his family by the work of his hands, can either have the necessary freedom of mind or sufficient leisure to devote himself to study?

It remains for us to consider the bishops. These are taken from the monastic orders, and if, since Peter I., all of them have not been archimandrites, yet to all has, at any rate, been granted by the archimandrite, of their convent, at his own risk and peril, the use of pen and ink. Of the two hundred and eighty ecclesiastical writers who have appeared and died in Russia from the conversion of that country to Christianity down to the year 1827, and whose biographies may be found in the *Dictionary* of Mgr. Eugenius, Metropolitan of Kief,* one hundred and ten belonged to the episcopate; and ever since 1827 that episcopate has continued to reckon among its members men remarkable for their learning. Everything, however, is relative. These bishops have shone in Russia; and there has been a desire to make them shine as far as France by translating into French the *Orthodox Theology* of Mgr. Macarius, Bishop of Vinnitsa; a collection of *Sermons*, by the late Mgr. Philarete, Metropolitan of Moscow; and perhaps some other works. It is also to be supposed that some care must have been shown in selecting from amongst the productions of ecclesias-

* Voltaire, *Histoire de Pierre le Grand*, part ii. ch. xiv.

† In the greater part of the country-places the popes have not been in any seminary at all. They have been taught to read and write, to make themselves acquainted with the ceremonies of the church and the regulations of the czars, and then they have been ordained priests.

* Mgr. Eugenius, *Historical Dictionary of the Ecclesiastical Writers of the Græco-Russian Church who have lived in Russia.* (In Russian.) St. Petersburg, 2d. ed., 1827.

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tical literature in Russia, the best there were to be found of what she possessed. Without criticising, we think there is reason for saying that hitherto the Russian episcopate has not by its writings furnished orthodoxy with a support proportioned to the dangers with which it is threatened, and we doubt very much whether it will be equal to furnishing her with it very quickly. The Russian prelates renowned for their learning are but few in number; besides, so long as the faith and the church are protected by the Penal Code, and judicial prosecution would be the consequence of any attack, neither priests nor bishops have much chance of finding themselves face to face with any adversaries of importance. The latter, in fact, would be exceedingly careful to avoid the men who could denounce them; and the result of this is that, for want of exercise, neither the bishops nor priests can state what is either their strength or their weakness. To this we must add the thousand hindrances placed by Russian censorship to the manifestation of religious thought. There is nothing, even to the sermon preached by the pope in his parish, which must not be submitted to censure.* As for pastoral letters of bishops, we should be very glad if any could be quoted to us. The formalities and delays which accompany the revision and approbation of every work destined to appear in print are of a nature to discourage the most intrepid. The examination of *all* the ecclesiastical productions destined to appear in the immense empire of the czars is confided to the committees of the *four* ecclesiastical academies of Kief, Kasan, Moscow, and St. Petersburg. If no exceptions were allowed, at any rate in favor of periodical works, the complaint of Jeremias might be truly applied to Russia: *Parvuli petierunt panem, et non erat, qui frangeret eis*—"The little ones asked for bread, and there was none to break it for them" (Lament. Jer. iv. 4). Finally, we will not stop to consider the manner in which ecclesiastical censorship is exercised in Russia, nor yet its tendencies nor its object; but we say, to single out one point only, that it is impossible to find in all Russia a single work that is able to throw any light upon the reciprocal relations of the church and state. More than one reader will join us in acknowledging that in Russia a true, apologetic literature has yet to be created.

To complete the picture of that which will inevitably take place in Russia on the day when the Orthodox Church shall there lose the support of the Penal Code, and will have to struggle alone, and abandoned to her own strength against heresy and unbelief, we ought to observe that, since the general confiscation of the goods of the clergy which was effected under Catherine II. (1762), the Russian Church has no longer anything to supply its needs but that which is allowed it by the state. It is the state which provides for the keeping up of churches and monasteries; the state which furnishes the expenses of the orthodox worship, and which assigns to the ministers

* We are so far from objecting to the exercise of censure upon writings which treat upon religious matters that, in a note to the *Réglement Ecclésiastique* (p. 178), we in some sort express a desire for it, even with regard to what is uttered in the pulpit. Only we require as a condition that this censure should be exercised by a *competent authority*. Now, in Russia it is no longer the bishops, but the state, which, not as protector, but as lord and master of the church, rules and measures the manifestation of religious thought. It is against this illegitimate censure that we contend. Very far removed is the sentiment which bows its head before the religious autocracy of the czars from the submission of the Catholic, who bows before the church *because he owns in her a divine authority*. The submission of the Catholic is that which is due to the truth and to God. It elevates and ennobles.

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of that worship the piece of land from which they must find a maintenance for themselves and their families, or else which supplies them with a salary proportioned to the functions they are to exercise. It is not, after all, impossible that, in the day of which we speak, the state, while continuing to retain a budget for the orthodox worship, may nevertheless extraordinarily reduce it; and also it is not impossible that conditions which cannot be conscientiously accepted will be attached to the payment of the salary, already so moderate, of the ministers of this church. In either case, more even than to combat heresy and unbelief, it will be necessary for the Russian Church to consider how her priests and their families are to find bread and shelter. Now, the only classes which can then effectively help them—are they not the same which at this day show so great a contempt for their popes?

And this is not yet all. In the day of which we speak who will secure to the bishops the obedience of the secular clergy? This clergy trembles now before them, because it sees them armed by the law with a despotic power;* but no one can foresee what will happen in the day when popes and bishops shall be equal before the law. The bishops being all drawn from the monastic state, the result has been that hitherto the secular clergy have lived in subjection to the regular; and this fact, united to other causes, has created a powerful antagonism between these two orders of the clergy, which not unfrequently betrays itself by venomous writings. One portion of the press makes common cause with the secular clergy; and, if we may judge by certain tendencies, the admission of the secular clergy to the episcopate will probably be one of the consequences of the changes that will take place in the relations between the church and state. But it is not possible that this change can be peaceably effected; the disorders which, at times, arise in the application of the principle of universal suffrage, show, in some degree, how, in this case, various elections of bishops would be brought about. And then, in the confusion and wild disorder of conflict, where would be found the authority which could have power to settle these differences and claim for itself adhesion and respect? The bishops, moreover, who or a century and a half have all been equal before the czar, and only distinguished by the titles and decorations granted or refused according to the good pleasure of the monarch —will these submit themselves to an archbishop, to a metropolitan, to a patriarch—in a word, to one from amongst themselves? Will they, for the love of concord, invest him with a superior authority, and obey him? And were they to reach this point, would not St. Petersburg contest the primacy with Moscow? And would Kief forget her canonical jurisdiction of former times?

Yet more, would not Constantinople vindicate any right over Russia? And the other Oriental patriarchs—would they forget that their concurrence was formerly sought for the erection of the patriarchate of Moscow, and their approbation to sanction the establishment of the Synod?

We may thus, in its principal features, behold the state to which the czars have reduced the faith and the church of which they entitle themselves the guardians. The picture is a gloomy one; nevertheless, we do

* We could mention cases in which the pope who wishes to speak to his bishop must fall on his knees at the door, even, of the room, and drag himself along thus to the prelate, to whom he must only speak kneeling.

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not believe that we have exaggerated anything. Before proceeding further we would even say a word of excuse for the czars.

If the Catholic Church were not built upon a rock, proof against all tempests, many a Catholic sovereign designated by appellations indicative of the highest degree of attachment to the church would long ago have reduced her to the same condition as the church of the czars.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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## THE BELLS OF PRAYER.

DURING the prevalence of the great plague at Milan, "at the break of day, at noon, and at night a bell of the cathedral gave the signal for reciting certain prayers which had been ordered by the archbishop, and this was followed by the bells of the other churches. Then persons were seen at the windows, and a confused blending of voices and groans was heard which inspired sorrow, not, however, unmixed with consolation."

Stern Death, the tyrant, had swept along
With trailing robes through the dusty mart,
And laid his hand, that is white and chill,
On the city's heart.

The Lombard City of olden ways
Over its sorrow and wild despair
A cry sent up to the unseen Throne
In an earnest prayer.

A lord that is dead as a peasant is,
And a peasant dead is as a lord;
The angel stood at the city's gate
With his lifted sword!

The tongues of bells in the steeple-tops
Sent on the breath of the baleful air
A call for the people far and near
To evening prayer.

At the sound of bells the weeping ceased,
The heart of the thousand stilled its moan,
The name of God was uttered aloud
With the bells' sad tone.

And the gleaming crosses pointing up,
Like the gold of crowns that princes wear,
Seemed in the gray of the changeless sky
As signs of prayer.

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And the women's eyes were wet with tears,
Their desolate souls were wrung with pain,
For the dead asleep in their silent graves
Through the sun and rain.

In the dawn and noon and dusk it rose,
Threading its way up the narrow stair—
The Catholic cry—when the bells were rung
For the people's prayer.

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## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE PRISONERS OF THE TEMPLE; OR, DISCROWNED AND CROWNED. By M. C. O'Connor Morris. (Eleventh volume of Father Coleridge's *Quarterly Series.*) London: Burns & Oates. 1874. (New York: Sold by The Catholic Publication Society.)

This is a republication with additions of papers from that excellent magazine, *The Month*, which is especially valuable for its historical articles. It gives an account of the imprisonment of Louis XVI. and his family in the old tower of the Templars, together with sketches of other parts of the history of that noble and unfortunate group of victims to atheistic and revolutionary fury. The chief interest centres in the history of Louis XVII., commonly called the Dauphin. The tragic tale of his horrible sufferings and death is minutely told. At the end of the volume we have a report of the judgment in the famous case of the Naundorffs, who pretended to be the heirs of the Dauphin. This is one of the many tales of an escape of the Dauphin from the Temple and the substitution of another child in his place. The utter falsity of all these stories is amply proved, pretenders and prophets to the contrary notwithstanding. Whoever looks to the branch of the Capets for the deliverance of France must find him in the Count de Chambord. We cannot too warmly recommend this charming and pathetic narrative to all our readers.

MEDITATIONS ON THE LIFE AND DOCTRINE OF JESUS CHRIST. By Nicholas Avancinus, S.J. Translated from the German Edition of the Rev. J. E. Zollner, by F. E. Bazalgette. With a Preface on Meditation, by George Potter, S.J. 2 vols. London: Burns & Oates. 1874. (New York: Sold by The Catholic Publication Society.)

The *Meditations* of Avancinus were specially adapted to the use of religious. The German editor modified them for the use of all persons indiscriminately. They are prepared for every day in the year, are short, simple, and well fitted for use, both in community and in private.

THE NOBLEMAN OF '89. By M. A. Quinton. Translated by Prof. Ernest Lagarde, of Mt. St. Mary's College. Baltimore: Kelly & Piet. 1874.

Some of our readers have doubtless read the *Quatre-Vingt-Treize* of that great magician of language and fiery genius of revolution, Victor Hugo. It is an apology for the French Revolution; yet, to any person whose mind and heart are not already corrupted by bad principles and passions, it must seem like an apology which makes the crime worse and less excusable. The romances of Erckmann-Chatrian are more subtle and plausible. One or two of them are, if taken singly,

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quite inoffensive, and a translation of them was some time ago given in our own pages on account of their vivid illustration of most interesting historical epochs. A contributor, quite unsuspectingly, even proposed to translate them all, and the necessity of reading the whole set before accepting the proposition, first opened our eyes to the scope and object which their authors have always had in view, and which is exposed in some very plainly; as, for instance, in *Waterloo*, the sequel to *The Conscript*. The end of these writers is to extend and popularize hatred of the church, the clergy, and the classes enjoying wealth or power in the state; to foster the spirit of liberalism either in its extreme or moderate form, and thus to help on the revolution. The influence of such books teaches us a valuable lesson concerning the polemic strategy to be employed on the opposite side. Historical romances have an extraordinary charm for a multitude of readers, and they can be made the vehicle of conveying historical knowledge together with the valuable lessons which history teaches. In order that they may perfectly fulfil their highest purpose, they should present true, authentic history, using fiction merely as an accessory. M. Quinton has done this, and has given a correct and vivid historical sketch of one period in the French Revolution, which is included in the plot of a novel of genuine dramatic power and descriptive ability. Its size is very considerable, making a volume of eight hundred pages, closely printed in quite small type. Fearful as the scenes are through which we are hurried in following the adventures of the persons figuring in the story, we are not left without some compensation and alleviation in the episodes of quiet life which relieve its tragic gloom. Some charming characters are portrayed, the best of which are three individuals of low station but high heroism—Louisette, Drake, and Cameo.

The characters of Marat, Danton, Robespierre, Philippe Egalité, and other leaders of the Revolution, are well portrayed. The author's special success, however, is in describing the low ruffians who led the mob in the work of assassination. Maillefer, Lepitre, Boulloche, and Ratfoot are like Dante's demons. We have never read anything more infernally horrible than the description of Aunt Magloire and the band of women who were trained to yell at the royal family. We recommend the perusal of this description most especially to the strong-minded young ladies who are inclined to dabble in infidelity. In Mme. Roland they may see themselves as they are now; in Aunt Magloire and her frenzied band they may see where womanhood is brought by the abandonment of faith, when the lowest stage of degradation is reached.

The translator has done a great service to the public by putting this admirable historical novel into English. We take the liberty of recommending to him another one—M. Barthelemy's *Pierre le Peillarot*. The multiplication of such books will go far to counteract the evil influence of those which falsify history and instil bad principles. We have vainly endeavored to persuade some of our publishers to undertake the translation of Conrad von Bolanden's historical novels, which are far superior to the heavy productions of Mühlbach. If these latter, in spite of their dulness, obtained so extensive a circulation, why not the admirable works of Bolanden which depict the thrilling scenes of the Thirty Years' War? A series of small, popular histories of certain important epochs is also very much wanted.

PURGATORY SURVEYED, ETC. Edited by W. H. Anderdon, S.J. Reprinted from the edition of 1663. London: Burns & Oates. 1874. (New York: Sold by The Catholic Publication Society.)

The original of this treatise was written in French by Father Binet, S.J. As it now stands it is the work of Father Thimelby, S.J., who used the work of Father Binet as a basis for his own. It is quaint, rich, and in one respect more directly practical as a spiritual book than some other excellent treatises on the same subject, inasmuch as it shows the pious reader how to avoid purgatory.

LESSONS IN BIBLE HISTORY FOR CATHOLIC SCHOOLS. By a Teacher. New York: P. O'Shea. 1875.

Experienced teachers usually prepare the best school-books. The compiler of these Bible lessons is a lady of remarkable talent, who has spent many years of

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most successful labor as a teacher in an academy for young ladies which deservedly enjoys the highest reputation. Her book is one which has been prepared during this long course of teaching, and thus practically tested, as well as continually improved. It is now published with the direct sanction of his Grace the Archbishop of New York, after a careful revision made under his authority. The author has not attempted to go into questions of difficult critical erudition in respect to chronology and similar matters, but has simply followed the commonly-received interpretation of the text of Scripture history, where there is one, avoiding the difficulties and doubtful topics which beset the study of all ancient history, sacred as well as profane. In this respect she has shown uncommon tact and judgment, and has always kept in view her true object, which is to prepare a text-book suitable for young pupils of from ten to fifteen years old. The style and method are admirable for brevity, clearness, and a graphic, picturesque grouping of events and characters. The delicacy with which every narrative, where immoral and criminal acts are involved, shuns the danger of shocking the innocent mind of children by contact with evil of which it is ignorant, is exquisite. The questions about morals which necessarily suggest themselves to the quick, inquisitive minds of children, and which the author has often had to answer in class, are solved prudently and correctly. The interval between the sacred history of the Old Testament and that of the New has been filled up from profane authors, particularly Josephus, which is a great addition to the value of the book, and throws light on the narrative of the Gospels that makes it much more intelligible. In the history of the life of Christ the words of the evangelists are for the most part employed, without other changes or additions than such as are necessary to make the narrative continuous. The parables are arranged by themselves in a series. A summary of the Acts of the Apostles concludes the work, which is of very moderate size and copiously illustrated by woodcuts. As a school-book this is the best of its kind, in our opinion, and we expect to see it generally adopted in Catholic schools. We cannot too cordially recommend it to teachers and parents for their young pupils and for family reading. Many adults, also, will find it the best and most suitable compendium of Bible history for their own reading; and even if they are in the habit of reading the sacred books themselves in their complete text, this manual will aid them to gain a better understanding of their historical parts than they can otherwise obtain. We trust the good example set by the pious and accomplished author will be followed by many of her associates in the holy work of religious education, to the great advantage of both teachers and pupils. Thousands of lovely children whom she will never see this side of heaven will bless the hand that has prepared for them so much delightful instruction, even if their curiosity is never gratified by knowing her name.

EXCERPTA EX RITUALI ROMANO. NOVA ET AUCTIOR EDITIO. Baltimore: Kelly, Piet, et Soc. 1874.

This is a lovely little ritual, a very pretty present for any one to make to a priest, especially to one just sent out from the seminary to a poor and arduous country mission.

LETTERS OF MR. GLADSTONE AND OTHERS. New York: *Tribune* Office. 1874.

The London *Tablet* epigrammatically remarks that Mr. Gladstone kindled a fire on a Saturday which was put out on the following Monday. Mgr. Capel has very satisfactorily answered him. Every person not an ignoramus in theology and jurisprudence, knows that the Catholic Church teaches the derivation of the state from a divine institution *immediately*, and *not* mediately through the church; moreover, that she teaches what follows by logical sequence, the duty of allegiance to the state. No Christian, no moral philosopher, and no person holding the principles on which the American fabric of law is based, can hold that this allegiance is unlimited.

The New York *Herald*, remarkable both for extraordinary blunders and for extraordinarily just and sensible statements, has well said that there is a "higher law" recognized by every one who believes in the supremacy of conscience and duty to God. It is a very base and inconsistent thing for an American to profess a doctrine of blind, slavish obe-

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dience to civil magistrates and laws, however wicked these may be. The Catholic Church has always claimed to be the infallible judge in morals as well as in faith. The Pope has always exercised the supreme power of pronouncing the infallible judgments of the church, and the Vatican decrees have added nothing to that power. They have embodied the perpetual doctrine of the church in a solemn judgment with annexed penalties, as an article of Catholic faith; and, in consequence, whoever refuses obedience and assent to that judgment is *ipso facto* a heretic and excommunicated. It is therefore idle for Lord Acton and Lord Camoys, who have stained their nobility and their Catholic lineage by an act of treason and apostasy, to pretend to be Catholics. They are no more Catholics than is Mr. Gladstone, and the English Catholics have repudiated them and their doctrine with indignation. It is futile to pretend that the Pope claims any *jure divino* temporal power directly over states or citizens in their political capacity, or pretends to retain any *jure humano* sovereignty beyond his own kingdom. The reader will find the general subject of this notice discussed at greater length elsewhere in this number.

OUTLINES OF ASTRONOMY. By Arthur Searle, A.M., Assistant at Harvard College Observatory. 16mo, 415 pp. Boston: Ginn Brothers. 1874.

A new interest has within the past few years been given to the science of astronomy by the recent discoveries which have been made in it, principally by the use of the spectroscope and by the new field which has been opened and which is still opening before astronomers, of physical research into the construction of the celestial bodies. A short time ago the science seemed nearly as complete as it was ever likely to become; now, while retaining its old ground intact, it is rapidly developing new resources, and, besides being itself perfected, it is contributing no small share to the solution of the great problem of the day in purely physical science—the constitution of matter.

Many new and excellent works have, accordingly, as might be expected, lately appeared on the subject, called forth by the reawakened interest in it, both in the world at large and among scientific men. The book forming the subject of this notice is certainly one of the best of these.

It is not a mere condensed summary of what is known and has been discovered. Such summaries, of course, are of great utility, both for reference and as text-books, and serve excellently in the latter way, if the object of the learner be to memorize for a time a large number of facts, or, in other words, to cram for an examination. They may serve, for students of good memories, even a permanent purpose; but they require close application, and labor under the difficulty—too often a fatal one—of not being interesting, unless helped out by startling representations of nebulæ, comets, clusters of stars, and other beautiful objects at which many people seem to suppose astronomers to spend their lives in idly gazing.

Fine writing, on the other hand, about the grandeur and magnificence of the celestial orbs, etc., is indeed often interesting; but, though edifying and useful in its way, it fails to instruct. One really knows little more after it than before.

This book has to a great extent, and perhaps as far as possible, avoided both of these difficulties, which usually stand in the way of people who wish to know something of astronomy, but not to become practical astronomers. It is more on the plan of Herschel's treatise than of any other which we remember, but is, though this is saying a good deal, superior to it in two respects. One is, as is obvious, that it is brought up to the present state of the science; and the other, that in the first part the geometrical diagrams usually considered necessary are dispensed with, and supplied by ingenious popular illustrations borrowed from facts of daily life, and familiar to all, which attract, instead of terrifying, the reader. It is true that the fear which most people have of mathematics is to a great extent unreasonable; but allowance must be made, even for ill-founded prejudices. Illustrations and explanations of this kind, for which the author has a remarkable talent, are a feature of the book throughout.

The last half of it is intended for those who have a real desire to understand the work which astronomers do, and how they have done it; the nature of the problems which they have to solve, and the means employed. It does not presuppose any really mathematical education;

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what geometry is needed is explained as it is required, and with a great deal of originality, as we may observe by the way. But to this branch of the subject there is no admission, except by Newton's key of "patient thought." Those who do not care to use it must dispense with the knowledge to which it opens the door. The chapter on the "History of Astronomy" is, however, easy reading, and much the best short sketch of the progress of the science of which we are aware.

The illustrations are excellent, not being copies on a traditional type, but taken from photographs or careful original drawings. A copious index, appended to the book, facilitates reference.

The work is mainly intended for the general reader; but there is no reason why it should not be a text-book, especially for academies and colleges, as Sir John Herschel's, already alluded to, has proved to be. We have no hesitation in recommending it for this purpose, and as being worthy to take the place of any now in use.

We regret that the words on page 384, expressing a mere hope in the existence, or at any rate in the providence, of God as the author of nature, should have been inserted. We have not noticed anything else in the book to which Catholics can object, unless it be the use of the word infinity in the sense common to Protestant authors, which is, in fact, the one ordinarily given to it by mathematicians.

THE TESTIMONY OF THE EVANGELISTS EXAMINED BY THE RULES OF EVIDENCE ADMINISTERED IN COURTS OF JUSTICE. By Simon Greenleaf, LL.D., late Dane Professor of Law in Harvard University, author of "Treatise on the Law of Evidence," etc. New York: James Cockcroft & Co. 1874.

Prof. Greenleaf's reputation as a writer on jurisprudence is too well known to need any comment from us. In bringing his judicial calmness and legal acumen to bear on the Christian evidences, he has conferred an obligation which all Christians must acknowledge. He writes as a Christian scholar should write, with learned gravity, yet with reverent simplicity; and as he believes the divinity of Our Lord, and raises no disputed point of doctrine, his work may be accepted as orthodox. It is in reading the productions of such minds as his that the really ephemeral character of works like Renan's *Life of Jesus* is best appreciated. Renan holds a brief, and his arguments in support of it are only flowery and superficial rhetoric. Renan's *scenes* are very dramatic—the apparition of our Lord to Magdalen, for instance, is worked up with great elaborateness of effect; but when he comes to face solid evidence, he fails most deplorably. Thus, in treating of Our Lord's appearance to the apostles after his resurrection, and the conviction of the doubting Thomas, he merely says that at the first interview S. Thomas was not present, adding in a careless way: "It is said (*on dit*) that eight days afterward he was satisfied." A cavalier way this of disposing of a most circumstantial piece of history!

This ample and elegant volume is a new edition of a work published, we believe, some thirty years ago, and now out of print. One of the best parts of the book is the Appendix, containing, among other things, M. Dupin's "Refutation of Salvador's Chapter on the Trial of Jesus."

SINS OF THE TONGUE; OR, JEALOUSY IN WOMAN'S LIFE; followed by discourses on rash judgments, patience, and grace. Boston: Patrick Donahoe. 1874.

THE VALIANT WOMAN: A series of discourses intended for the use of women living in the world. Boston: Patrick Donahoe. 1874.

Two very practical books written by Mgr. Landriot, late Archbishop of Rheims, and translated from the French by Helena Lyons. After having passed through four editions in England, Mr. Donahoe presents them to us in an American dress for circulation and perusal in this country. The print is clear, the translation good, and the binding in keeping.

Both of these books will be found very useful to clergymen who have the spiritual direction of women living in the world, and will assist them in preparing sermons to decry those most mischievous of sins: envy, jealousy, rash judgments, and sloth.

Although these books were written for females, yet they will be very beneficial to many of the opposite sex, who are not unfrequently in great need of cultivating

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reserve and charity. The first one, particularly, may be read with advantage by some writers for the press, who seem to forget that calúmny, detraction, and vituperation are mortal sins, which are even more aggravated when published to the world than when only privately indulged in, and that, moreover, they exact reparation.

ORDO DIVINI OFFICII RECITANDI MISSÆQUE CELEBRANDÆ, JUXTA RUBRICAS BREVIARII AC MISSALIS ROMANI, ANNO 1875. Baltimoræ: apud Fratres Lucas, Bibliopolas, via vulgo dicta Market, No. 170.

We beg pardon for having misquoted the title of this work. The title-page contains the word "Rectandi," which we have supposed to stand for "Recitandi," and "Celebrande," for which we have substituted "Celebrandæ."

It would be well if the mistakes in this important publication were all on the title-page, and if they were all merely misprints. We will, however, begin with these. The proofs do not seem to have been read at all.

The following, then, are some of the misprints. Feb. 4, "S. Andræ Corsini." Feb. 10, "*Dom. Possion.*" Mar. 10, "*A cunctus.*" Mar. 20, "*fucit heri*" and "*præsente Candav.*" Mar. 28, "DOM. RESURECT." This last is, if we remember rightly, an old acquaintance. Apr. 13, "S. Hemenegildi." May 2, "S. Anthanasii." May 5, "*præsente caduv.*" May 19, "S. Prudentianæ." May 23, "Festum SS. Trinitatatis." The superfluous "at" here has perhaps come out of "*Matut.*," on June 8, which reads "*Mut.*" June 13, "Vesp."

These will suffice as specimens of mere typographical errors. The following cannot be considered as such:

On January 16 we find the feast of S. Marcellinus. The Breviary has Marcellus. Similarly, on July 13, we have S. Anicetus for S. Anacletus.

The feast of S. John Nepomucen has disappeared altogether. Unless it has been suppressed, it should have the day to which that of S. Francis Caracciolo has been transferred. This requires the following changes:

June 15. For S. Francis Caracciolo read S. John Nepomucen.

June 17. For S. Ubaldus read S. Francis Caracciolo.

June 18. For S. Bernardine read S. Ubaldus.

June 22. For S. M. M. of Pazzi read S. Bernardine.

June 23. For the Vigil of S. John read S. M. M. of Pazzi.

The assigned feast of S. Leo comes, it would seem, this year, on July 3. Until now it has been on July 7. Moreover, we do not find it in the Breviary on the 27th of June, as stated this year, but rather on the 28th, as previously.

We must do the *Ordo* the justice to say that it has itself corrected one of its mistakes. It put in the feast of S. Justin on the 14th of April, and has inserted a slip saying that this is only for the Roman clergy.

Cannot we have a better *Ordo* next year? It has been getting worse and worse for some time. And if we have a change for the better, would it not be a good idea at the same time to separate the part peculiar to the Diocese of Baltimore entirely from the rest, for the convenience of the clergy? Since writing the above, our attention has been called to the omission of the anniversaries of consecration of some of our bishops.

There may be some other errors; it is not probable that we have noticed all.

REGLEMENT ECCLESIASTIQUE DE PIERRE LE GRAND. Par le R. P. C. Tondini, Barnabite. Paris: Libr. de la Soc. Bibliogr., 75 Rue du Bac. 1874.

F. Tondini has sent us two copies of this curious and valuable document, for which he will please accept our thanks. It contains the text of the *Regulation* in Russian, Latin, and French, with other pieces and notes, and is prefaced by an introduction. There is a great deal of political talent and skill exhibited in this code of the Russian Peter, which is the foundation upon which the modern schismatical Church of Russia is founded. There are also many things in it most whimsical and amusing. The Emperor Paul wanted to celebrate a Pontifical Mass in vestments of sky-blue velvet. Peter did not care about performing any such childish escapade as this, but he was resolved to exercise the governing power of a supreme pontiff, and he carried his resolve into execution. The one salient feature of his regulation is the systematic effort to degrade the hierarchy

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and clergy of the Russian Church, to make them impotent and contemptible. The able despot, aided by his unscrupulous instruments, succeeded but too well. The ultimate result has been that Russia is worm-eaten and undermined by infidelity and its necessary concomitant, the revolutionary principle. There is no salvation for it, even politically, except in a return to obedience to the See of Peter, the Prince of the Apostles. Our Episcopalian admirers of the Russian Church will find some wholesome reading in this interesting and learned work of F. Tondini.

SADLIERS' CATHOLIC DIRECTORY, ALMANAC, AND ORDO FOR THE YEAR OF OUR LORD 1875. New York: D. & J. Sadlier & Co. 1875.

In the cursory glance we have been able to give this publication, we are glad to notice an evident effort to improve on the issues of previous years. We do not look for perfection in such difficult compilations, and anything approaching it is to be commended.

IERNE OF ARMORICA. By J. C. Bateman. New York: D. & J. Sadlier & Co. 1874.

This work, reprinted from Father Coleridge's admirable *Quarterly Series*, was noticed, at the time of its original publication, in THE CATHOLIC WORLD for June, 1873. We have also received from the same house: Moore's *Irish Melodies*, with memoir and notes by John Savage; Carleton's *Redmond Count O'Hanlon*, *The Evil Eye*, and *The Black Baronet*; the latter reprints, we believe, of works heretofore published by Mr. Donahoe of Boston.

THE MILWAUKEE CATHOLIC MAGAZINE, January, 1875.

We welcome to our table this new contemporary, an octavo monthly of thirty-two pages, just come to hand. The editor having beautified the churches and dwellings of his locality with the productions of his pencil and crayon, now takes up the pen professional; though he has heretofore made occasional contributions to the press, which have recently been put into book-form. He brings to his task a refined, poetic taste, a genuine appreciation of the beautiful in art and nature, and a sturdy good sense, which will doubtless serve him well in his new relations. We wish him all success.

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ANNOUNCEMENT.—The Catholic Publication Society has in press, and will soon publish from advance sheets, two very important works in answer to Mr. Gladstone's late pamphlet; one by the Very Rev. John Henry Newman, D.D., and the other by His Grace Archbishop Manning. The former is entitled *A Letter to the Duke of Norfolk, on the occasion of Mr. Gladstone's recent Expostulation*, and the latter, *The Vatican Decrees and their Bearings on Civil Allegiance.*

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THE

# CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. XX., No. 120.—MARCH, 1875.

## ITALIAN DOCUMENTS OF FREEMASONRY.

When Elias Ashmole and his literary friends amused their learned leisure at Brazenose in the construction of abstruse symbols and mystic jargon, that passed through their cavalier associates to the first Masonic lodges, they could never have foreseen the result of their invention. In less than two centuries the association that sprang from the union of a few Royalist officers in England, and accompanied the exile of King James' followers to France, has spread itself over the two hemispheres, a mystery where it is not a terror. Its history has been written by many pens and in many colors. Some have ascribed to it an origin lost in fabulous antiquity, or traced its genealogy back a thousand years before the Christian era. To some it is an absurd system of innocent mystification, without any capacity for the good it promises, and powerless for the evil with which its intentions are credited. But others discern under its mantle of hypocrisy nothing less than a subtle organization for the destruction of all established order, and a diabolical conspiracy for the overthrow of religion. Between the two descriptions our choice is easily made. The voice of the Roman pontiffs, our guardians and our teachers, has been neither slow nor uncertain. Clement XII. and Benedict XIV., Pius VII. and Leo XII., Gregory XVI. and Pius IX., have unequivocally condemned Masonic societies as hot-beds of impiety and sedition. This judgment was not lightly pronounced. It proceeded from an examination of the manuals, statutes, and catechisms of the order, from undoubted evidence of its practical action as well as its speculative principles. Since the close of the last century many writers, both Catholic and Protestant, have contributed by their researches to justify the sentence of the popes, and nothing has more powerfully aided these efforts than the publication from time to time of the authentic documents of this secret society.

A signal service has just been rendered to the same cause by the publication in Rome of the General

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Statutes of Freemasonry, and of two rituals for initiation into the first and thirtieth grades of the craft.* It would be a mistake to suppose that the organization of Freemasonry is everywhere identical, or that it has been always harmoniously developed to the same extent in the different countries where it has taken root. It has been torn by schisms from the beginning, although its divisions, which concerned rather matters of form and detail than general principles, have never prevented its combining for common purposes of destruction. The two great factions which divide the brethren take their name from the *rite* which they profess. The orthodox Masons, who are the great majority, give their allegiance to the Scottish rite, which at one time, they say, had its principal seat in Edinburgh. Now, as Domenico Angherà, Grand-Master of the Neapolitan Orient, tells us in a reserved circular of the 22d of May last, which has found its way to the public papers, the acknowledged centre is established in Maryland under the specious designation of Mother-Council of the World. In the Scottish rite the grades are thirty-three: eighteen symbolic, twelve philosophic, and three administrative. The Reform of Orléans, which distinguishes the followers of the French rite, abolishes all the philosophic and higher grades, and reduces the symbolic to seven. The reformers are reproached with clipping the wings of the eagle of liberty, forbidding the introduction of political and religious questions into the lodges, and cancelling at a stroke two-thirds of the Masonic programme, Equality and Liberty, making Fraternity sole motto of the order.

The documents published are those of the orthodox Masons of the Scottish rite, which is almost exclusively followed in Italy. Of their authenticity there is no doubt. The statutes are printed from the latest edition, clandestinely prepared for Masonic use at Naples (Tipografia dell' Industria, 1874). They are distributed into five hundred and eighty articles, and in the Roman reprint are followed by thirty-seven supplementary statutes for Italy agreed to in the Masonic convention held at Rome in May. The rituals, equally authentic, are also copied from the most recent editions. Without the rituals, the statutes cannot be understood. The latter are put into the hands of all Freemasons, and the language, when not positively misleading, is studiously ambiguous, only to be explained as the initiated proceeds in his graduation. It is necessary to give their substance at greater length than the platitudes and general professions of philanthropy they contain would warrant, in order that the commentary afforded by the other manuals may bring the hypocrisy and imposture of the system into full relief. As far as possible these documents shall be allowed to speak for themselves. They are their own indictment.

The General Constitutions of the Society of Freemasons of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite in their first paragraph declare that the scope of the order is the perfection of mankind. Embracing in its scheme the whole human race, the grand aim of the institution requires its members to devote all their material means and mental faculties to its furtherance. The brethren, whatever be their nationality, to whatever rite of Masonry they owe allegiance, are mem-

* *Statuti Generali ed altri documenti dei Framassoni pubblicati per la prima volta con note dichiarative.* Roma: 1874.

*Rituali Massonici del primo e del trentesimo grado detti di Apprendista e di Cavaliere Kadosh, per la prima volta pubblicati e commentati.* Roma: 1874.

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bers of a great family, one as is the species to which they belong, as the globe they inhabit, as nature which they contemplate. For this reason Freemasons of every country are to take among themselves the designation of brothers, and both in and out of their lodges show, in their deportment to each other, true fraternal affection. The *venerable* president of the lodge is required to see observed that strict equality which ought to exist among brothers. He is never to forget that the simple quality of man in the eyes of a Freemason commands the highest respect, and is to show deference only to such as deserve it by their virtue and superior Masonic acquirements. He must never permit a brother to assume any superiority over another on account of rank or distinctions he may enjoy in the profane world. He himself, on his admission to office, is reminded that he is but *primus inter pares*, that his authority lasts only for a time. He must never make his superiority be felt by the others. He ought to reflect that he is chosen to lead because he is considered possessed of the necessary prudence, and that only gentle and kind demeanor can secure the harmony that should reign among Freemasons.

Every member at his initiation, besides his entry-money paid to the treasurer, must deposit a sum for the benevolent fund. At every meeting of the lodge a collection is made for the poor. This is so essential that any meeting where this duty has been omitted is declared not Masonic, irregular and null. All fines imposed on delinquents or absentees go to the same fund. The grand almoner is charged with the distribution of the offerings among the more indigent of the fraternity, and even the profane are sometimes admitted to share in the Masonic alms. Every application for assistance must be made through a member, and is discussed in the lodge. Preference is to be given to those cases where distress has not been produced by idleness or vice. Certain circumstances justify the president in authorizing an alms without consulting the lodge, but an explanation is to be given at the first meeting. He has also power to exempt the poorer brethren from the payment of the regular subscription, but this he is enjoined to do with such precautions as may conceal the exemption from the other members of the lodge. Were he to manifest the favor, he would be expelled the order.

In every lodge there is an official styled hospitaller, whose duty it is to visit the brethren in sickness daily, and supply them with medicines and whatever else they may happen to need. All the members of the lodge are obliged to visit the sick brother, one each day by turns, and also during his convalescence. A remarkable provision is added, obliging the sick Mason to receive the visits of his brethren. If the illness is dangerous, the sick man must hand over all his Masonic papers to those who are deputed to take charge of them. The funeral expenses of a deceased member are defrayed by the lodge, when circumstances require it, and he is accompanied to the grave by all his brethren of the same or lower grade in Freemasonry. The lodge orator, where practicable, pronounces a discourse over the tomb, enumerating the virtues and praises of the deceased; within the lodge the oration must never be omitted.

In keeping with the professedly humanitarian scope of the order are those articles of the statutes which regulate the admission of new members: "If the end of the institu-

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tion is the perfection of mankind, it is indispensable that the Freemason should practise true morality, which supposes the knowledge and practice of the duties and rights of man. He ought, accordingly, to be upright, humane, sincere, beneficent to every sort of persons, and, above all, a good father, a good son, a good brother, a good husband, and a good citizen. A Freemason must be a citizen in full enjoyment of his civil rights, of acknowledged probity, and of at least ordinary intelligence. No one is admitted who has not the age required by the statutes. No one may be admitted or may remain in the order who has once been employed or engages in servile, mean, and dishonorable trades or professions, or who has been condemned to suffer punishment for crime. The expiation of any such sentence gives no claim for readmittance."

The retiring warden, handing over the keys of the Masonic temple to the warden-elect, admonishes the latter to exclude from its precincts all who have not laid aside every profane distinction, and who do not seek to enter solely by the path of virtue. Every precaution is taken to prevent the admission of unworthy subjects. The age for reception is fixed at twenty-one, but the son of a Freemason may be initiated at eighteen, or even at fifteen if his father is of the upper grades of the order. The candidate must be proposed in the lodge by a member. Three commissioners are secretly appointed to separately inquire into the antecedents of the postulant, each inquisitor concealing his mandate from his fellow-commissioners.

"The investigation," it is prescribed, "should chiefly turn on the constant integrity of the *profane* in his habitual conduct, on the exact discharge of the duties of his position, on the rectitude and safeness of his principles, on the firmness of his character, on his activity and ability to penetrate, develop, and fully understand the profound sciences which the mystic Masonic institute offers to the consideration of its followers."

The three reports of the inquisitors must agree in recommending the candidate; otherwise the subject drops. But even when the commissioners unanimously approve of the proposal, the question is put to the secret votes of the lodge in three several meetings. Two negative votes in the first ballot are sufficient to delay the next trial for three months, while after three negatives it is put off for nine; and if at the end of that time three black balls are again found in the urn, the candidate is definitively rejected, and communication is made of the result to the Grand Orient, which informs all the dependent lodges of the exclusion, to prevent the admission of the rejected candidate among the brethren of its jurisdiction.

Having secured by these stringent regulations the purity of selection, and put the mystic temple beyond the risk of contamination by unworthy neophytes, it is not surprising that the statutes should tell us (paragraph 444) "that the character of Freemason does not admit the supposition that he can commit a fault." Nevertheless, considering the weakness of human nature and the force of old habits imperfectly subdued, certain violations of decorum are contemplated in the statutes which constitute Masonic faults, and are enumerated with the penalties attached to each. Among these peccadilloes are mentioned perjury and treason against the order, the revelation of its mysteries, embezzlement of its funds, insubordination and rebellion against

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its authority, duelling *among brethren*, and breaches of hospitality.

Out of the lodges the conduct of the brethren is to be closely watched. It is the duty of the president to admonish any one whose conduct is reprehensible. This he must do in secret, and with due fraternal tenderness endeavor to bring back the wanderer to the path of virtue. Every corporation has to see that its individual members do nothing to forfeit the good opinion and confidence of the world at large. When, therefore, a brother is subjected to a criminal prosecution and proved guilty, the lodge is to take immediate steps for his expulsion.

Promotion from the lower to the higher grades of Masonry is regulated on the same principles of meritorious selection that govern the first admission of members. Irreprehensible conduct, both in his civil and Masonic capacity, are requisite in the aspirant; and he must have acquired a thorough knowledge of the grade which he possesses before he can be advanced to *greater light*. Certain intervals must pass between each successive step, that the spirit and devotedness of the brother may be fully ascertained and his promotion justified.

Minute rules are laid down in the statutes to regulate the proceedings in lodge. The arrangement of the seats, the order of business, the method of discussion, all is provided for in a way to promote harmony and social feeling. Unbecoming behavior and offensive language are severely punished. "Among Freemasons everything must breathe wisdom, kindness, and joy." Any brother may signify his dissent from a proposal while it is under discussion; but when it has received the approbation of the majority, he must applaud the decision with the rest, "and not be so foolishly vain as to think his own opinion better than that of the greater number." When the ritual practices have been observed, and necessary business despatched, the presiding dignitary may invite the brethren to suspend their labors and engage without formality in conversation or amusement. After this relaxation the ceremonial is resumed for the remainder of the meeting, and the lodge is closed in the usual manner.

Prominent among the observances instituted for the cultivation of Masonic feeling are the *Agapæ* of Masonic banquets. Some are *de rigeur*, as those on the Feasts of S. John the Baptist and S. John the Evangelist, and on the anniversary of the foundation of the various lodges. Others may be given according to circumstances. In the regulation banquets the lodge orator makes an appropriate address. Toasts and songs enliven the entertainment, and dancing is not prohibited. Between the toasts a poet, if there be one, may offer some of his productions. "Mirth, harmony, and sobriety are the characteristics of a Masonic feast." Officials are charged to maintain order and decorum in these reunions. They are instructed to observe a "moderate, fraternal austerity" in their superintendence. Venial slips may be corrected on the spot, and a trifling penance imposed, which must be accepted with the best grace. A brother who more gravely offends against any of the social decencies is to be rigorously chastised at the first subsequent meeting.

After the claim of Freemasonry to represent a universal brotherhood, and its professed purpose to effect a general diffusion of its principles and influence, we are not surprised to find the statutes enjoin the most abso-

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lute respect for all political opinions and all religious beliefs. The 325th article says: "It is never permitted to discuss matters of religion or affairs of state in the lodges."* We are not, however, to interpret toleration into a denial of the foundation of religious truth, or into a wicked connivance at subversive agencies in the body politic. Every Masonic temple is consecrated to the "Great Architect of the Universe." In the name of him, "the purest fountain of all perfection," the election of the office-bearers is proclaimed on S. John's day. By him they swear when, with their hands on S. John's Gospel, they promise fidelity to the order. All their solemn deeds are inscribed "to the glory of the Great Architect of the Universe," in the name of S. John of Scotland (S. John the Baptist), or of S. John of Jerusalem (S. John the Evangelist), according to the rite. The Bible is always reverently placed on the warden's table when the lodges meet, and the proceedings are always opened with an invocation of the Deity. If the craft admits among its adepts men of all persuasions, it professes to do so because it does not search consciences. Its toleration, it declares, does not proceed from atheism, but from enlightened liberality. Nor has the state anything to apprehend from the brethren, if we believe the admonition addressed to a novice at his initiation. "Masons are forbidden to mix themselves up in conspiracies." The first toast in all Masonic banquets is to the head of the nation. It would be strange indeed if, notwithstanding the enlightened scope of the institution and the jealous care with which it professes to exclude all those who are troublesome to society or have given cause of complaint in their civil conduct. any government should find that the Masonic body was not one of the firmest stays of order. Virtue, philanthropy, benevolence, brotherhood—these are the watchwords of Masonry, and its statutes appropriately terminate in the following paragraph:

"The Freemason is the faithful friend of his country and of all men. He must not forget that by the oath he took at his initiation he stripped himself of every profane decoration and of all that is vulgar in man, to assume no other distinction but the sweet name of brother. Let his conduct correspond to the title, and the scope of Masonry is attained."

We have hitherto drawn on the General Constitutions, which are binding on "all Masonic lodges, and on all Freemasons, of whatever grade, throughout the two hemispheres." As these statutes, though carefully guarded from the eyes of the profane, are put into the hands of the apprentices or youngest adepts, whose prudence and capacity for *greater light* have still to be tested, it would be dangerous to make in them more open professions of faith than are covered by elastic and general expressions; yet there is sufficient internal evidence in them to show that the maxims they contain are mere exoteric doctrine compared to the deeper revelation of the inner sanctuary, where only the tried craftsman may dare to penetrate. "Secrecy," say the Constitutions, "is the first characteristic of the order."

And this secrecy is to be observed not merely towards the uninitiated, but is equally enforced between the different grades of the brotherhood. The presence of a member of a lower grade regulates the quality of the business to be transacted in the

* The French Reformers were reproached for inserting this article, but it is found in the statutes of the Scottish Rite printed at Naples, the centre of Italian orthodoxy. Perhaps it was left an innocuous relic of bygone servitude, when royal Freemasons insisted on lettering the craft with this clause. But its value was as well understood then as now.

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lodge, even if all the others are master-masons. And not only the business but the very ceremonial must be accommodated to the imperfection of those present. Each of the thirty-three grades has its own ritual, the publication of which is high treason to the order, and which cannot be read without profanation by a member of inferior degree. The books in the lodge library are by no means promiscuous reading, but are permitted according to gradation. Hence the multiplicity of officials with fantastic names who watch over the privacy of the proceedings, verify the certificates of strangers, look out for spies or illegitimate intruders; hence the precautions taken with their documents, and the intricate system of checks and counterchecks on the very office-bearers through whose hands the correspondence and written documents of an intimate nature have to pass. Why all this secrecy, and why those terrible oaths, which we have still to see, if the end of Masonry is faithfully exhibited in these Constitutions? As they stand, they might almost suit a pious confraternity. Doubtless there are suspicious articles. Their exclusiveness is not a Christian trait.

"Odi profanum vulgus et arceo"

is not the spirit of religion. The visits to the sick, and the obligation not to decline them, receive a dubious commentary in the death-bed scenes now so distressingly frequent in Italy: when the minister of religion is driven away by the visitors even when sent for by the dying man or his relatives. The solemn decree, "The hand of a Mason shall not be raised against a brother," throws light on the inexplicable verdicts of juries, judicial sentences, and remarkable escapes of condemned prisoners with which the newspapers have made us familiar. But from the statutes we can learn no more. We cannot discover whether the anti-Christian and anti-social maxims which are unquestionably ascribed to Masonry are the real outcome of its teaching, or an element quite extraneous to its genuine principles. This is to be gathered from other sources, and, fortunately, these are at hand in equally authentic documents, the rituals of the several degrees, and many of the secret instructions that from time to time are issued by the directing lodges. An examination of these leaves no room to doubt the genuine scope of the association. The process may be tedious, but it is conclusive. It brings out the hideous impiety of the sect and its satanic hypocrisy.

Let us follow, Ritual in hand, a neophyte in his first initiation to the grade of apprentice.

A lodge is properly composed of four chambers—a vestibule, the Chamber of Reflection, the middle chamber, and the lodge proper, or temple. In the last the ordinary assemblies of the Masons are held, but for the initiation of a member all the apartments are put in requisition. The candidate is conducted, if possible, in a carriage, blindfolded, to the place of meeting; at all events, he must be blindfolded before entering the Masonic precincts. He is led first into the vestibule, where he is handed over to the Expert. This functionary, who is clothed in a long, black robe, with a hood concealing his features, takes the candidate by the hand, then bids him put his confidence in God, and, after making him take several turns in the outer chamber, introduces him to the Chamber of Reflection. This is described in the Ritual as

"A dark place impenetrable to the rays of the sun, lit by a single sepulchral lamp.

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The walls are painted black with death's heads and similar funereal emblems to assist the recipient in his meditations. He has to pass through the four elements of the ancients, and here he is supposed to find himself in the bowels of the earth, reminded of his last abode and of the vanity of earthly things by the spectacle of a skeleton stretched on a bier. In the absence of a skeleton a skull must be placed on a small table in the centre of the room. On the table are pen, ink, and paper, a dish of water, and a piece of bread. A chair completes the furniture."

Inscriptions are distributed over the walls; as, "If curiosity has brought you here, depart," "If you are capable of dissimulation, tremble," and others, as the lodge may think proper. The Ritual adds: "If it can be conveniently arranged, appropriate voices may be made to proceed from the ceiling." The candidate is made to sit with his back to the door, and the bandage is taken from his eyes. The Expert addresses him: "I leave you to your reflections. You will not be alone. God sees every one." Then he quits him abruptly, and, closing the door, locks it behind him.

The length of time to be employed in self-examination is not prescribed in the Ritual, but is left to the caprice of the Masons, who are now engaged in the temple. When the brethren are bent on a joke at the expense of the recipient, it has been known to extend over four hours. The state of the patient during this time may be imagined. He came with his head full of mysterious fancies about Masonry, and the first surroundings are calculated to crowd perplexing thoughts on an already agitated mind. Some never get past this first essay. They have had enough of the mystic rite at the threshold, and are accompanied to the door with the gibes and laughter of the brotherhood, who then close the evening over a repast prepared at the expense of the candidate with his forfeited entrance money.

In most cases, however, the time for reflection is just so much as is necessary to allow the completion of the opening ceremonies in the temple preparatory to the reception of the neophyte. When these are finished, the president sends the Expert to require of the candidate written replies to three questions: "What does man owe to God? What does he owe to himself? What to his fellow-men?" The candidate is also to be told that as the trials through which he has to pass are full of danger, it behooves him to make his will. When the Expert returns, the will is laid by to be returned to the candidate at the end of the function; but the answers to the three questions are discussed in public, and the disquisitions in theology, philosophy, and ethics may be fancied. If among the auditors there are junior Masons whose ears are not yet accustomed to unequivocal negations of God and the human soul, the president strives to moderate the language of the disputants, and always sums up with a vague and general declaration of respect for all opinions, and of Masonic toleration.

The recipient is now prepared for further tests. The preparation consists first in having his eyes once more bandaged in the Chamber of Reflection, then in being stripped of his clothes, "left only in his shirt and drawers, with his left breast and arm and his right leg bare, his feet in slippers, and a cord twined three times round his neck." He is led by this cord to the door of the lodge. Here he is to be subjected to a lengthy interrogatory as to his name, birthplace, age, profession, and other qualifications. "As Masonry receives into its bosom members of

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all opinions and all religions, the president must not propose political or religious questions to offend the sentiments or belief of the recipient or of the auditory."

In due time the neophyte may learn that the creed of Masons is to have none, and that its politics are the subversion of all authority; but prejudices must be respected at the outset, and the apprentices are not to be shocked unprepared. When the examination is over, the farce begins. The doors of the lodge are thrown open with a great noise, and as soon as the candidate has been led into the room, the Tiler holding the point of a sword against his naked breast, they are violently shut. "What do you perceive?" the president asks. "I see nothing," the recipient must answer; "but I feel the point of a sword on my breast." "That point," says the president, "is symbolic of the remorse that would gnaw your heart, should you ever betray the society you seek to enter. Think what you are about to do. Awful tests await you. *Terrible* brother, take this profane one out of the lodge, and lead him through those places which all must pass over who would know our secrets." The candidate is then led out and made to take so many turns that he completely loses every idea of where he is; and when he has quite lost his bearings, he is again in the lodge, although he does not know it; and the brethren, in breathless silence, await the progress of the comedy.

A large, wooden frame, filled in with paper, has been prepared in his absence, and set up in the lodge before the entrance. "What is to be done to this profane one?" asks Brother Terrible. "Throw him into the cavern," replies the president. Two Masons then seize the candidate and cast him against the frame. The paper, of course, breaks, and the candidate is caught in the arms of some of the brethren who are in waiting. The doors of the lodge are then closed with noise, an iron ring, passing over a dentated bar of iron, is made to imitate the bolting of the door, and the candidate, blindfolded, out of breath, stunned, and frightened, really may fancy himself at the bottom of a cavern.

The candidate is now seated on a stool, with a jagged bottom and unequal legs which never find a plane, that with its constant and uneven motion keeps the occupant in perpetual terror of falling. From this uneasy seat he must answer all the fanciful questions that the whim of the president or his own condition suggests. Metaphysics, astronomy, natural sciences, may all enter into the examination; and as the questions are asked without previous notice, the replies are not always satisfactory. Although the Ritual prescribes the greatest decorum and gravity to be observed during the ceremony, that the neophyte may be properly impressed, and prohibits all rough usage and buffoonery, this is to be understood by the gloss of another Ritual, which says that "this test of the stool of reflection is instituted for the purpose of discovering how far the physical torture which the candidate is made to suffer in his uneasy seat influences the clearness of his ideas."

If after this examination the patient still perseveres in his resolution to enter the Masonic fraternity, he is admonished to prepare for other trials. First, he must swear to keep absolute silence on all Masonic secrets. This oath is to be taken over a cup of water. "If your intention is pure, you may drink with safety. If in your heart you are a traitor, tremble at the instant and terrible

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effects of the potion." The fatal cup is then presented to him. This is a chalice-shaped vessel, having the cup movable on a pivot in the base, and separated vertically into two divisions. In one there is fresh water, and this side is presented to the candidate. In the other there is a bitter mixture. When the candidate, still blindfolded, has taken hold of the cup, the president invites him to drink, and at the same time to swear after himself in the following terms: "I promise the faithful observance of all Masonic obligations, and if I prove false to my oath"—here he is made to taste the fresh water, and then the cup is turned so that the next draught must be taken from the side containing the bitter mixture, and the president continues with the remainder of the oath to be repeated by the recipient—"I consent to have the sweetness of this water turned into gall, and its salutary effect changed to poison." Here the countenance of the candidate undergoes the expected change, and at the sight of the fatal grimace the president, striking a terrible blow on the table with his mallet, cries out, "Ha! what do I see? What means that distortion of your face? Away with the profane!" The poor candidate is removed back some paces, and then the president addresses him: "If your purpose is to deceive us, retire at once. Soon it will be too late. We would know your perfidy, and then it were better for you never to have seen the light of day. Think well on it. Brother Terrible, seat him on the stool of reflection. Let him there consider what he must do." When the candidate has been on his uneasy seat for some time, the president asks him if he means to persevere. If he persists, the Terrible brother is told to accompany him on his *first journey* and protect him in its dangers. The Ritual proceeds:

"The Expert shall conduct the candidate through this first journey, making it as difficult as possible, with thrusts, ascents, descents, wind, thunder; in such a way that he can have no idea of the ground he goes over, and all in a manner calculated to leave a deep impression on the aspirant."

We really cannot go on without apologizing to the reader for detaining him over this contemptible mummery. It is humiliating to human nature that men who make the loftiest professions of respect for its dignity should debase themselves to such a depth of absurdity. And this, too, when they matriculate in their school of perfection. Out of a mad-house and a Masonic lodge folly like this is inconceivable.

To return to our journey. It is a farce to an onlooker, but it is a serious matter to the patient. He still supposes himself in the cavern, and is forced to make several rounds of the lodge, passing over boards that move under him on wheels, to boards adjusted to take a see-saw motion, and from these to others that suddenly yield under his weight in trap-door fashion. He is perpetually getting directions to stoop, to raise his right foot, to raise his left, to leap; and corresponding obstructions are put in his way at every movement. He is made to mount an interminable ladder, like a squirrel in a cage, and, when he must think himself as high as a church-steeple, is told to fling himself down, and falls a couple of feet. Perspiring and out of breath, confused, terrified, and fatigued, his ears are filled with the most horrible noises. Shrieks and cries of pain, wailing of children, roaring of wild beasts, are heard on every side. All the theatrical appliances to produce thunder, rain, hail, wind, and tempest are employed in well-appointed lodges; and in the others the ingenuity of the merry brethren sup-

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plies the want of machinery. The first journey is finished when the brethren are tired of the amusement, and then the candidate makes a second journey without the obstacles, and during this he only hears the clashing of swords. A third journey is made in peace, and at last the candidate passes thrice over an ignited preparation of sulphur, and his purification by earth, water, air, and fire is complete.

Now comes a Masonic instruction which we shall quote from the Ritual:

"'Do you believe,' asks the Venerable, 'in a Supreme Being?' The answer of the candidate is usually in the affirmative. And then the president may reply: 'This answer does you honor. If we admit persons of all persuasions, it is because we do not pry into the conscience. We believe that the incense of virtue is acceptable to the Deity, in whatever form it is offered. Our toleration proceeds not from atheism, but from liberality and philosophy.'"

But mark what follows:

"If the candidate in his reply says he does not believe in God, the president is to say: 'Atheism is incomprehensible. The only division possible among candid men is on the question whether the First Cause is spirit or matter. But a materialist is no atheist.'"

This is a specimen of Masonic theology, expressed in guarded terms, to respect the weaker susceptibilities of an assembly of *apprentices;* for we must remember that we are assisting at an initiation to the first grade, which is conducted in presence of the youngest Masons. Still, no veil can conceal the boldness of the declaration, and the apology of materialism will surely not protect the dullest adept who remembers the first lessons of his catechism from taking scandal at its effrontery. But if he is to graduate in the higher honors, he must sooner or later get an inkling of what is in reserve, and it is as well that from the very first grade he should be able without much help to proceed to the development of the Masonic idea of God—nature and that universe of which he himself is a part—to pantheism pure and simple. Indeed, the *Rivista della Massoneria* of the 1st of August, 1874, ventures a little further: "All are aware that this formula (Great Architect of the Universe) by common consent has no exclusive meaning, much less a religious one. It is a formula that adapts itself to every taste, even an atheist's." *

After this it is scarcely necessary to read on in the Ritual:

"'What is deism?' asks the president. Having heard the answer, he is to subjoin: 'Deism is belief in God without revelation or worship. It is the religion of the future, destined to supersede all other systems in the world.'"

The catechising proceeds in a similar strain through a multiplicity of questions, which are all treated with a studied ambiguity of language, affirming and denying, saying and unsaying in a breath, leaving nothing unimplied, to satisfy advanced impiety, and softening down the bolder expressions that would grate on the ears of a novice.

When the examination is over, the marking of the new brother is to be proceeded with. He is told to prepare to receive the impression of a hot iron on his person, and is requested to mention on what part he would prefer to be branded. The Masons then go through the preparations of lighting a fire, blowing with a bellows, turning the iron with tongs, discussing the redness of the heated instrument, all in the hearing of the patient, who, still blind-folded,

* It is also explained, but not at this stage, that the invocation of S. John as patron of the lodges is a deception, *Janus* being the real protector.

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stands pale and trembling, in spite of his resolution to go through the operation. The diversion this torture affords the lodge may well be imagined. Of course there is no branding, but the rituals suggest different methods of producing the sensation. One recommends violent friction of the part indicated for branding, and then the sudden application of a piece of ice. Another directs the hot wick of a candle just blown out to be pressed against the skin. Sometimes the president declares himself satisfied with the resignation of the neophyte, and dispenses with the operation. Generally the ceremonies of the Ritual are considerably curtailed in practice; not even Masons can endure their tedious trifling.

After this the oath is to be administered. The candidate is warned of the sacred, inviolable, perpetual nature of the obligation he is about to assume; and when he has signified his willingness to be bound by it, he is told that as the time is approaching when he will be admitted to the secrets of the order, the order requires of him a guarantee—to consist in the manifestation of some secret confided to him, that he is not at liberty to reveal. If the candidate agrees, he is to be sharply reprimanded; if he does not consent, the president praises his discretion. The latter then proceeds to inform the candidate that the oath he is about to take requires him to give all his blood for the society. When the candidate assents, his word is at once put to the test, and he is asked if he is really to allow a vein to be immediately opened. This proposal usually draws out a remonstrance, and the victim's ordinary objection is the weakness of his health, or the probable derangement of his digestion by such an operation following so soon after dinner. In the lodge, however, this is provided for. The surgeon gravely advances, feels the patient's pulse, and infallibly declares that he lies, that the blood-letting can do him no harm, and positively assures him he will be the better for it. The bleeding is performed in this manner: The surgeon binds the arm, and pricks the vein with a tooth-pick or such like. An assistant drops on it a small stream of tepid water, which trickles over the arm of the patient into a vessel held below. The counterfeit is perfect. The arm is bandaged, arranged in a sling, and the poor man, blindfolded, half-naked, terrified, wearied, branded, and bled, is at length conducted to the *altar*, or table of the presiding master, to seal his initiation with the final oath. There, on his knees, holding in his left hand the points of an open compass against his breast, with his right on the sword of the president (or, according to another ritual, on a Bible, a compass, and a square), he takes the oath, which we give in its naked impiety, as found in the Ritual secretly printed at Naples in 1869:

"I, N. N., do swear and promise of my own free-will, before the Great Architect of the Universe, and on my honor, to keep inviolable silence on all the secrets of Freemasonry that may be communicated to me, as also on whatever I may see done or hear said in it, under pain of having my throat cut, my tongue torn out, my body cut into pieces, burned, and its ashes scattered to the wind, that my name may go down in execrated memory and eternal infamy. I promise and swear to give help and assistance to all brother Masons, and swear never to belong to any society, under whatever name, form, or title, opposed to Masonry; subjecting myself, if I break my word, to all the penalties established for perjury. Finally, I swear obedience and submission to the general statutes of the order, to the particular regulations of this

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lodge, and to the Supreme Grand Orient of Italy."

When the profane has finished the oath, the president asks, "What do you seek?" and the other is to answer, "I seek light." The most merciless trick of all follows. The bandage is quickly removed from his eyes. Unaccustomed for hours to the faintest light, they are suddenly exposed to the dazzling glare of a great artificial flame started before his face. He is blinded once more by the change, and closes his eyes against the pain caused by the brilliancy; and when at last he opens them to look about him, it is to see the fierce attitudes of the Masons, each pointing his sword at his face. Few pass this ordeal without exhibiting signs of terror; some attempt to escape, some beg their lives, and some protest they have done with Freemasonry. But no one who has reached this point is permitted to depart without being received, and the novice is comforted with the assurance that all is over. The president, addressing the new apprentice, says:

"Fear not those swords that surround you: they threaten only the perjurer. If you are faithful to Masonry, they will protect you. If you betray it, no corner of the earth will protect you against these avenging blades. Masonry requires in every Mason belief in a Supreme Being, and allows him out of the lodge to worship as he pleases, provided he leaves the same liberty to others. Masons are bound to assist each other by every means when occasion offers. Freemasons are forbidden to mix themselves up in conspiracies. But were you to hear of a Mason who had engaged in any such enterprise, and fallen a victim to his imprudence, you should have compassion on his misfortune, and the Masonic bond would make it your duty to use all your influence and the influence of your friends to have the rigor of punishment lessened on his behalf."

Our candidate by this time has somewhat recovered from his confusion. He is now led up to the president, who, striking him thrice on the head with his mallet, then with the compass, and lastly with the sword, declares him Apprentice Mason and active member of the lodge. He is invested with the insignia, and put in possession of the Masonic signs and passwords. The description of these would be tedious, and we shall only notice the *guttural sign*. This is made by bringing to the throat the right hand, with thumb extended and the other fingers closed together to represent a square; the whole intended to recall the imprecation in the oath. To this allusion is made in one of the drinking songs of the Masons, translated from the French for the brethren in Italy, although the verse has been left out in the Italian edition:

Dedans la barque
Du Nautonnier Charon
Si je m' embarque
Je lui dirai: Patron
A cette marque
Reconnais un Maçon.

Of the sacred word *Jachin* there will be occasion to speak again.

When the function is over, the lodge is cleared, tables are spread, and the brethren sit down to a refreshment which one, at least, has fairly earned.

Admission to the first three grades of Masonry is easily obtained. Among the Apprentices, Fellowcraft, and Master-Masons the official language always speaks of charity, toleration, and philanthropy. We have seen sufficient reason to question the sincerity of these expressions in the mouths of the Masons, and the explanations we have heard from themselves are far from reassuring. As the society contemplates the gradual formation of the requisite character in its members, and as most of these at their first entry have not altogether lost every natural

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sense of duty, as understood by the profane, their advance to *perfection* is generally slow, and the great bulk never get beyond the symbolic grades. If they are promoted, it is *pro forma* in the succeeding grades termed *capitular*, which are the perfection of symbolism, and are completed in the Rosicrucian Knight at the eighteenth grade. From this point promotion is difficult. The degrees that follow up to the thirtieth are called *philosophic*, and in them the adept is taught plainly, without symbol or artifice, the practice of true Masonic virtue. Vengeance and death are the passwords, the poniard the symbol of action. After this the other degrees are purely administrative, and the Mason of the thirty-first, thirty-second, or thirty-third grade learns nothing that was not revealed when he was admitted Knight Kadosh in the thirtieth.

In the nineteenth, or first of the philosophic grades, the Ritual says:

"It is not difficult to comprehend that the society of Freemasons, speaking plainly, is just a permanent conspiracy against political despotism and religious fanaticism. The princes who unfortunately were admitted into Masonry, were not slow in reducing it to a society of beneficence and charity, and maintained that religion and politics were foreign to its purpose. They even succeeded in having inserted among the statutes that no discussion was to be tolerated in the lodges on these subjects."

In the Ritual of the twenty-ninth degree:

"How would not the Masonic mysteries have degenerated, if, according to the programme of the common herd of Masons, the adept was never to occupy himself with politics or religion!"

And the actual Grand-Master of the Neapolitan Masons, Domenico Angherà, in a secret history of the society in that Orient, clandestinely printed in 1864, relates with satisfaction that the work of the Carbonari and Buoni Cugini in 1820–21 was conceived and directed by the Masonic lodges, and carried out by their own adepts under the other designations, and triumphantly boasts that in those days "the mallets of the Masons beat harmonious time to the axes of the Carbonari." In 1869 the Grand-Master Frapolli, Deputy in the Chambers, in the opening discourse at the Masonic gathering held that year in Genoa, acknowledged that "during the previous fifty years of tyranny Freemasonry in Italy was replaced by the Carbonari." He said that on the first reconstruction of the order at Turin, in 1861, the motto was adopted of "A personal God and a constitutional monarchy," but that this was found to be a stifling limitation, by which the Italian lodges would not submit to be fettered; and in 1864 a new Grand Orient was established which better corresponded to the scope. Up to the occupation of Rome in 1870 the aim of the brotherhood was to "elevate the conscience." Now they may safely advance a step. Mauro Macchi, another Deputy, and member of the Supreme Council of Freemasons, in the *Masonic Review* of the 16th of February, 1874, thus expresses his idea of the present practical scope of the society:

"The keystone of the whole system opposed to Masonry was and is that ascetic and transcendental sentiment which carries men beyond the present life, and makes them look on themselves as mere travellers on earth, leading them to sacrifice everything for a happiness to begin in the cemetery. As long as this system is not destroyed by the mallet of Masonry, we shall have society composed of poor, deluded creatures who will sacrifice all to attain felicity in a future existence."

A Catholic, he says, who mortifies his passions, is consistent and logical,

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for to him life is a pilgrimage and an exile, and his career is but a preparation for a future state; but this the grand-master refuses to accept as the type of human perfection.

Let us pass to an inspection of the Ritual of the thirtieth grade of the Scottish Rite, called Chevalier Kadosh, or Knight of the White and Black Eagle, printed at Naples, without indication of printer's name, in 1869. Here the real ends of Masonry, and the horrible means it directs to their attainment, are exposed without veil or mystery. As Angherà in his preface says:

"Here the great drama of Masonry reaches its *aénouement*. Only Masons of strong capacity and devoted attachment penetrate thus far. The other grades are but a sanctuary of approach; this, the thirtieth, is the inmost sanctuary, for which the rest is only a preparation."

The infamous nature of the conspiracy which it discloses would justify our treating it at greater length, if the limits of an article did not oblige us to hasten to a close. We cannot afford to wade through the tiresome series of mystifying ceremonies without which nothing Masonic can be legally performed. Mithric rites, the Temple of Memphis, Zoroaster, Pythagoras, Numa, the Templars, Manicheans, Rabbinic phrases, and lore from the Talmud, Arabic, and Hebrew, are jumbled together to give an air of antiquity to this most modern of widespread impostures. Our business is to cull out of the mass of profanities a few samples of the perfection required of the "holy," "consecrated," "purified" knight; for such is the force of the Hebrew Kadosh. Angherà has not proceeded far, when in a note he takes care to inform us that the two sacred passwords, Jachin and Booz, which Masons of the first two grades are taught to repeat and understand as *stability* and *force*, and whose initial letters, J and B, are inscribed on the Masonic *columns*, read as they ought to be, backwards, are two obscene words in the corrupt language of the Maltese Arabs.

The initiation, whenever it is symbolic, recalls the execution of James de Molai, Grand-Master of the Templars, and holds up to execration Clement V. and Philip the Fair, with Noffodei, the false brother. To emancipate society from the double despotism of priest and king is the duty of the aspirant. The passwords for him are now *Nekam*, vengeance, *Makah*, death, and the answer *Bealim*, to traitors. He is told that his duty is to mark all the murders of friends of liberty, political and religious, committed by the satellites of despotism, and to avenge the victims of tyranny; to bind himself, in common action with the other knights, to annihilate, once for all, the despots of the human race—in a word to establish political and religious liberty where it does not exist, and defend it where it is established, with arms if need be. When the theory of these doctrines has been sufficiently impressed upon him, he is conducted by the grand-master before a skull crowned with laurel, and repeats as he is told: "Honor and glory to persecuted innocence; honor and glory to virtue sacrificed to vice and ambition." Next he is shown a skull crowned with a tiara, a dagger is placed in his hand, and he is made to exclaim, "Hatred and death to religious despotism!" In the same way, before a skull on which is placed a kingly diadem, he pronounces "Hatred and death to political despotism!" Twice must the aspirant repeat this ceremony, and on the last occasion casts crown and tiara on the ground.*

* A living member of the French Academy, famous for his anti-Christian writings, on his admis-

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Four times he binds himself by oath to combat political and religious oppression, to put down religious fanaticism, to overturn political tyranny, to propagate the principles of Masonry, to disseminate liberal ideas, to maintain the rights of man and the sovereignty of the people. Each time the holy name of God is called to witness, but we know now the value of the invocation—the universe is the Mason's God.

"'Do you believe in another world?' asks the grand-master, who himself resumes, 'There are not two worlds. We are a compound of matter and spirit. These two substances return to their origin: this transformation does not remove them out of the universal world, of which we form part. What is the future life? The future life is the life of our descendants, who are to profit by our discoveries."

Such, then, is the "religion of the future," by which it is the appointed task of Masonry to supersede Christianity; such the "progress," "civilization," "perfectibility," which humanity is to achieve under Masonic guidance. We have not painted the association in colors of our own; we have merely produced its official documents, and in the hated light they leave their own photograph. When society falls under the influence of such an organization, its demoralization is rapid and complete. Its circulars regulate the popular elections and control the votes of parliaments. "Public opinion" is at its beck, the press is its active instrument. We could quote its instructions to the Italian Deputies on the Roman question, and a communication of the Grand-Master of Italy, sent to all the foreign Grand Lodges, advising a united attack, through the public mind, on the Carlist movement in Spain. Its theories of assassination and open rebellion are seldom carried out on its own direct responsibility. Out of the Masonic lodges arise a multitude of minor sects, ostensibly independent, but really directed by the brethren. To these the practical work is committed. As Carbonari, Socialists, Communists, Internationalists, Mazzinians, they execute orders received from their common centre. If successful, the result is claimed for the parent association; if unfortunate, they are disavowed. It is usual to say that Freemasonry in firmly-established constitutional states is comparatively harmless. We are not prepared to affirm that in countries like the United States or Great Britain the wicked principles of Continental European Masonry are developed to the same extent indiscriminately in all the lodges. Where the initiation is supposed never to advance beyond the three symbolic degrees, the anti-Catholic principle of religious indifference is perhaps its most dangerous characteristic. But this alone is sufficiently repulsive; and the fraternization which binds together every branch of the association can excuse no individual member from moral complicity in its worst deeds, wherever perpetrated.

With that keen forecast of danger to the Christian family which has ever been the characteristic attribute of the Holy See, the popes, from the first origin of Masonry, saw through its flimsy disguise of benevolent professions, and over and over again, and chiefly on the eve of those terrible anti-social outbursts that have so frequently convulsed Europe since the formation of the society, raised their prophetic voices, foretelling the impending storm, denouncing its source, and condemning in the strong-

sion to this grade, struck the Pontifical mask with such violence that the poniard broke and wounded his hand, which he carried bandaged for some time after.

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est terms and under the severest penalties all connection with these secret associations. Princes and peoples disregarded the warning, and both have suffered for their neglect. Would that at least they had profited by the lesson! But these eternal enemies of order, emboldened by their success, are only preparing for a new strife. The state is already almost everywhere at their control; the church of God everywhere resists. Against her they now concentrate their warfare. False professions serve no purpose with the civil government in their own hands, and they have learned that their hypocrisy does not avail with the church. They drop the mask. No longer careful to conceal their aim, they make it a public boast. "Protestantism," writes B. Konrad from Germany in the *Bauhütte*, a Masonic paper, "without discipline, faith, or spiritual or moral life, broken up into hundreds of sects, offers only the spectacle of a corpse in dissolution. It is not an enemy to oppose us. Our adversary is the Roman-Catholic-Papal-Infallible Church, with its compact and universal organization. This is our hereditary, implacable foe. If we are to be true and honest Freemasons, and wish to promote our society, we must absolutely cry out with Strauss: We are no longer Christians; we are Freemasons and nothing else. Amateur Freemasons are no advantage to humanity, and no credit to our society. Christians or Freemasons, make your choice."

The church of God fears them not. Her pastors may mourn over the corruption of morals, the perversion of youth, the irreparable loss of many souls; but amid the dissolution and universal ruin which infidelity and revolution are preparing for society, she will stand erect, unshaken, not shorn of her strength; and when the inevitable revulsion brings repentant nations to her feet, she will be ready as ever to pour the balm of religious consolation on their wounds, to bind up their shattered members, to set humanity once more on the path of true perfectibility, not to be attained through the impious philosophy of midnight conventicles, but in the light of the Sun of Justice, preached on the housetops, to the formation of true Christian brotherhood.

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## CROWN JEWELS.

LET'S crown our King with what will show
His royal power and treasure—
Sharp thorns! 'Tis done! His blood doth flow,
Of both the might and measure.



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# ARE YOU MY WIFE?

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A SALON IN PARIS BEFORE THE WAR," "NUMBER THIRTEEN," "PIUS VI.," ETC.

## CHAPTER II.

### I INTRODUCE MY WIFE—SHE DISAPPEARS!

"A NICE young gentleman you are, Master Clide, to play off such a trick as this on your family!" said Admiral de Winton, shaking my hand so vigorously that I feared he was bent in his indignation on shaking it off. "Come, sir, what excuse have you to offer for yourself?"

"My dear uncle, I sha'n't attempt any excuse, for the best reason in the world, that I have not a decent one. But here is my wife," I said, catching sight of her coming up the terrace; "let her plead for me. I leave my case in her hands."

Isabel stepped in through the open window, and, going straight up to the old gentleman, held out her hands, blushing and smiling with the prettiest little pretence of being ashamed of herself and dreadfully frightened.

"No excuse!" growled the admiral, hollowing out his hands to hold the soft, pink cheeks, then saluting them with a kiss that resounded through the room like the double report of a pistol-shot. "No excuse indeed! You barefaced hypocrite! How dare you tell me such a crammer? You unmitigated young rascal, what do you mean by it?"

This series of polite inquiries my uncle fired off, holding Isabel all the time at arm's length, with a hand on each shoulder, and looking straight into her face. She was not the least disconcerted by this singular mode of apostrophe.

"Don't scold him! Don't be angry with him! Please don't! It was all my fault," she said, and looked up at him as if she particularly wanted to kiss him.

"I'll horsewhip him! I'll tie him to the mainmast and flog him!" roared my uncle.

And then came a second volley of pistol-shots.

"No, you sha'n't! If you do, I'll horsewhip you!" declared Isabel, twining her arms round the old sailor's neck, and stamping her tiny foot at him.

My step-mother made her appearance at this crisis with Sir Simon Harness. She had driven to meet our guests, but, instead of driving back with them, she and Sir Simon walked up together from the station, and sent on the admiral alone in the carriage.

After bidding him a cordial welcome, I presented Isabel to Sir Simon. She held out her hand. He raised it to his lips, bending his venerable white head before my young wife with that courtly grace that gave a touch of old-fashioned stiffness to his manner towards women, but which was in reality the genuine expression of chivalrous respect.

Isabel, not apparently satisfied with the stately homage, drew nearer, and, putting up her face, "May I, Clide?" she said.

Sir Simon naturally did not "pause for a reply," but taking the blushing face in his hands, he imprinted a fatherly kiss on her forehead. To say that I was proud of my wife and delighted with the way she had be-

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haved towards my two friends would be to convey a very inadequate idea of the state of my feelings. I was simply inebriated. It is hardly a figure of speech to say that I did not know whether I was on my head or my heels. I had looked forward to this meeting with an apprehension which, from being undefined, was none the less painful, and the relief I experienced at the successful issue was in proportion great. My step-mother was evidently quite as surprised, if in a less degree gratified than myself. The afternoon passed delightfully, chatting and walking about the park; my two old friends usurping Isabel completely, making love to her under my eyes in the most unscrupulous manner, quarrelling as to who should have her arm when out walking, and sit next to her when they came in. Isabel flirted with both, utterly regardless of my feelings, and even hinted to me at lunch that my prophecy with regard to Sir Simon ran a fair chance of coming true. She came down to dinner arrayed like a fairy, in a dress that seemed to have been made out of a sunset and trimmed with a rainbow. She had put on all her jewels—those I had chosen for her, and the diamonds that came to me from my mother. She wore pearls round her neck, and a row of diamond stars in her hair; while her arms almost disappeared under the variety of bracelets of every form and date with which she had loaded them. It may have been in questionable taste and not very sensible, but there was an innocent womanly vanity in thus seizing the first available opportunity of showing herself in her finery that I thought perfectly delightful. I could see, too, that the admiral and Sir Simon were pleased at the infantine coquetry, and not a little flattered by it. My step-mother alone looked coldly on the proceeding; and while Isabel, sitting between the two old gentlemen, pointed out for their special admiration "this bracelet, with the diamond true-lover's knot, that Clide gave me the day after we were engaged, and this blue enamel with the Greek word in pearls that he bought me the day before we came home," Mrs. de Winton dissected her walnuts, and, setting her face like a flint, kept outside the conversation till the subject changed.

When we assembled in the drawing-room, Isabel opened a new battery of fascination that was perhaps the most formidable of all. She began to sing. The excitement of the jewels, and the sympathetic audience, and the conscious triumph of the hour, all added, no doubt, to the power and brilliancy of her voice, which sounded richer, fuller, more entrancing than I had ever heard it before. She sang all sorts of songs. The admiral asked for a sea-song. Isabel knew plenty, comic and dramatic, from "Rule Britannia" down to "A Life on the Ocean Wave," which she rang out with a rollicking zest and spirit that fairly intoxicated the old sailor.

Sir Simon enjoyed an English ballad and an Irish melody. The siren gave him every one he asked for, old and new. In fact, she surpassed herself in witchery and skill, and one was at a loss which to admire most, the artless grace of the woman or the gifts and accomplishments of the artist. The evening passed rapidly away, and it was past midnight before any one thought of stirring.

"Clide," said my step-mother next morning, as she was leaving the breakfast-room where Isabel and her guests were loitering over their tea-cups, while I read the *Times* in

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the window, "I wish to speak to you. Come to me in the library."

And without waiting for an answer, she walked out. There was no reason why this commonplace invitation should have brought a sensation of cold down my back, and of my heart dropping down into my boots; but unaccountably this double phenomenon was effected in my person. I made a pretence of going through the leaders before I rose, and then, yawning to give myself an air of perfect satiety and *ennui*, I sauntered out of the breakfast-room, and bent my steps towards the audience-chamber.

"Clide," began Mrs. de Winton, when I had closed the door and established myself on the hearth-rug, with my back to the fire, "where did your wife learn singing?"

"Why, in London, I suppose. Where else should she learn it?"

"Did you ask her?" inquired my inquisitor.

"It never occurred to me. Why should it?"

Mrs. de Winton looked at me curiously—not scornfully, as she was accustomed to do when I committed myself to any ultra-foolish remark. Indeed, I thought her face wore an expression gentler and kinder than I remembered to have seen there since when a child I had seen her look at my father. She said nothing for a minute. Then fixing her eyes on me with a glance that sent my heart right out through my heels:

"I have telegraphed to Simpson to come down by the early train today," she said.

"The deuce you have!" I exclaimed, and, starting from my impassive attitude, I dropped my coat-tails, and stepped off the rug as if it had suddenly turned into a hot plate.

"Yes," continued Mrs. de Winton, quite unmoved by my complimentary ejaculation, "it is my duty, since you are too indifferent to your own interest to take the . . ."

"Clide, Clide! Where are you?" cried a sweet voice from the terrace, and, running up the slopes, Isabel flattened her nose against the window, peering into the room in search of me. I was so placed that she could not see me, but she saw my step-mother. Glad to escape from what threatened to be a stormy interview, I flew to the window, opened it, and rejoined my wife.

"Was she scolding you?" asked Isabel, casting a puzzled glance towards the room where I had so unceremoniously "planted" my step-mother.

"No, darling," I answered, laughing.

"What was she saying?" inquired Isabel.

"What an inquisitive little puss it is!" I said, partly amused and partly at a nonplus for a satisfactory answer.

"Tell me. I'll go, if you don't!" And she prepared to carry out the threat by unlocking her hands and letting go my arm.

But I seized the refractory hands, and held them tight.

"Go!" I said, laughing at her in a most tantalizing way, while she struggled in vain to set herself free.

"Tell me what you were talking about. I insist on knowing, Clide!" repeated Isabel, stamping her foot like a naughty child.

I began to dread a repetition of the other morning. Such an exhibition within hearing of my uncle and Sir Simon would have been so mortifying to my pride that I was ready to sign away my lawful authority for the rest of my married life rather than undergo it; so pretending not to notice the gathering thunder-clouds:

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"My lovely tyrant!" I said, caressing her with the sweetest of smiles, as we walked past the drawing-room window, "you don't suspect me of having a secret my wife should not share? I was only chaffing you just now for fun, you looked so mystified. But the fact is, I was put out by the old lady's telling me she expected Simpson down here to-day."

"And who is Simpson?" inquired Isabel.

"The family lawyer."

"Ah! Did you tell her to send for him?"

"I tell her! Why, child, if I had, I shouldn't have been put out to hear he was coming."

The question was unpleasantly suggestive. It implied a suspicion in her mind, which something in my tone resented, probably, for she added quickly:

"Oh! of course not. I didn't mean that."

Then we went on a few steps without speaking.

"Simpson's a capital fellow," I resumed, breaking the pause that was rather awkward. "I'm very fond of him, and shouldn't the least object to his coming down here at any other time; only just now it's a bore. We wanted to have my uncle and Sir Simon all to ourselves. However, I dare say you'll like Simpson too when you see him, though he is of the race of Philistines. If he's a shrewd lawyer, he's a trusty friend and as honest as the sun. No fear of my 'doing' my heiress wife in the settlements," I continued laughingly, "or cheating her out of any of her lawful rights, while old Dominie Simpson has the whip-hand over me!"

"He's to be here to-day, you said?" she remarked interrogatively, as we entered the house.

"Yes. If he comes by the early train, he may be in time for dinner," I replied.

Mr. Simpson did come by the early train, and he was in time for dinner. He was even an hour and a half beforehand with it, and spent most of the intervening time closeted with my step-mother in her private apartment.

My wife appeared in a second edition of sunset and rainbow, and flashed and sparkled with jewels as on the previous evening.

She received our old friend very graciously, drawing just the right line of demarcation between her friendly graciousness to him and the daughter-like familiarity of her manner towards Sir Simon and her uncle. Dinner passed off very merrily; but when we rejoined the ladies in the drawing-room, I was surprised to find Isabel fast asleep in the depths of a monumental arm-chair. She jumped up at the sound of my voice, and, rubbing her eyes, said she was ashamed to be caught napping, but she was so tired!

"Hollo, Simpson, this is a sorry lookout for you!" exclaimed the admiral. "We've been telling him to get ready his legal soul to be charmed and devoured by the siren."

"Oh! I am so sorry," said Isabel, looking at the old lawyer as if nothing in this world could give her half so much pleasure as to charm away his soul on the spot; "but these naughty gentlemen kept me up so late last night, and made me sing so much, that I have not a note in my voice to-night, and I'm just dead with sleep."

Simpson looked wofully disappointed.

"My pretty pet," said the admiral, drawing her to him and stroking her head as if she had been a kitten, "then you sha'n't sing!"

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"If you should lie down for half an hour, dearest," I said, "do you think that would rest you, and you might be able to give us just one song?"

I was anxious that Simpson should hear her. He sang a very good song himself, and his heart seemed set on it.

"Perhaps," she said, brightening up. "I'll try, at any rate."

I gave her my arm, and we went up-stairs together to her room.

"Don't come in, or else we'll begin to talk, and that will wake me up," she said, seeing me about to enter; "and I'm so dead with sleep I'm sure I shall be off in five minutes, if you leave me."

I did as she wished, and returned to the drawing-room, where I found my step-mother in conclave with the three men on more practical matters than songs and sirens.

Simpson had been summoned for the sole purpose of discussing and settling what ought in the proper course of things to have been discussed and settled before my marriage, and Sir Simon Harness was just as anxious as Mrs. de Winton that everything should be made straight and clear with regard to Isabel's fortune and my due control over it. The admiral alone was indifferent about it, and exhibited a sailor-like contempt for the whole affair—in fact, intimated that it was out of all sense and reason and morality that I should have got a penny of fortune with such a wife.

"I call it immoral, sir," he declared, scowling at me from under his bushy eyebrows; "you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"And so I am, my dear uncle," I replied hastily. "And that's just why I hate having the subject attacked in this precipitate way, as if I wanted to grab up her money the moment I could lay my hands upon it."

"Then you can lay your hands upon it?" observed Simpson quietly.

"If I choose," I said; "my wife is of age, and . . ."

"Of age!" echoed the admiral, throwing up his hands in amaze. "Why, I should have given the child fifteen at most!"

"She looks young," I remarked coolly, while interiorly I was bursting with conceit; "but she is of age, so there is no reason in the world why I should bother myself or her about this confounded fortune; besides, I don't care a rap if I never see a penny of it!"

"Bravo, Clide! That's right, my boy!" cried my uncle, clapping me soundly on the back. "You're a chip of the old block, and it does my heart good to hear you. Why, when I was a youngster, . . ."

"De Winton," interrupted Sir Simon, "don't you think you had better retire to the piano? Simpson has not come down all the way from London to be entertained with the follies of your youth. It's most important that we should have his opinion about these matters; and if you can't hold your tongue or talk sense, you had better make yourself scarce."

"Talk on," said the admiral; "I won't hinder you." And so they did. I sat there, feeling as if I were on my trial for some sort of misdemeanor, the nature of which was unknown to me, but the consequences of which would be probably appalling if the misdemeanor could be brought home to me. Sir Simon and my step-mother were judge and jury, Simpson was counsel for some mythical antagonist, and the admiral stood by in the capacity of a neutral but benevolent spectator. Both counsel and judge had been made acquainted

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by Mrs. de Winton with all she had to tell. How much or how little that might be, in Mrs. de Winton's opinion, I could not say. But clearly on some shallow inductive evidence she had made out a case vaguely unfavorable for my wife. No one accused her of anything. Not a word was said that my irritable pride could take hold of and resent. They spoke of her as a child whose innocence and ignorance made it doubly incumbent on them to legislate for and protect, since I was unfit for the duty, while my morbid delicacy they ignored as beneath contempt.

"We must keep him out of it altogether, I see," observed Sir Simon when the conversation had lasted about half an hour. "Leave me to deal with the child. She won't suspect me of having married her for her money."

There was no gainsaying this. Still, I was entering a protest against the way in which my wishes were being set at naught, when tea was brought in and cut me short.

"Go and see if Isabel be awake, Clide," said my uncle, glad to put an end to the subject; "but don't disturb her if she's asleep. She's not to be worried for old fogies like us, mind."

I ran up the stairs lightly, and opened the door as stealthily as a thief. The light was out. "Isabel!" I said in a low voice. No answer.

I closed the door as noiselessly as I had opened it, and returned to the drawing-room.

"She's as fast asleep as a baby, uncle," I said. "So I followed your advice, and left her to sleep it out."

"Poor little pet! We kept her at it too long last night. You must not do this sort of thing again, Clide," observed Sir Simon. "It's a delicate flower that you've got there, and you must take care of it."

I expressed my hearty concurrence in this opinion and advice.

Isabel's absence made a great blank in the evening; but as my three friends had not met for a considerable time, and I had not seen them for more than a year, we had a great deal to say to each other, and there was no lack of conversation. Mrs. de Winton remained with us till eleven, when she withdrew, leaving us to discuss punch and politics by ourselves. It was past midnight when we separated. I went into my dressing-room. The candles were lighted, but, contrary to his custom, Stanton, my man, was not there. I rang the bell; but while my hand was still on the rope, the sound of his voice reached me through the door—not the outer door, but the door leading into my wife's room. He was speaking in a loud, argumentative tone, and was stuttering violently, which he always did when excited. I flung open the door, and beheld him standing in the middle of the room with Susette, my wife's maid, and Mrs. de Winton, who was wrapped in a dressing-gown and her feet bare, as if she had been called suddenly out of bed, and had rushed in in terrified haste.

"Clide!"

"Monsieur!"

"Sir . . ." exclaimed the three in one voice when they saw me.

"Good God! what is the matter? Isabel!"

I flew to the bed and drew back the curtains.

The bed was empty.

*My wife was gone!*

Here Clide's journal breaks off. A long gap ensues, and we must fill it up from the recollections of others. The scene that followed the discovery of his young wife's flight was not to be described. First, it was incredu-

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lity that filled the old Moat. "Gone! Fled! Nonsense!" protested Admiral de Winton, walking up and down the corridor, where he had rushed out in semi-nocturnal attire when Stanton had burst into his room with the dreadful intelligence. The old sailor was scarcely to be recognized in the *déshabillé* of his coatless and wigless person, as he blustered loudly, his hands in his pockets, zigzagging to and fro as if he were pacing the quarter-deck and expostulating angrily with a surly crew.

Sir Simon Harness was calmer. He did not contradict his friend's vehement assertion that it was all a trick of Isabel's to terrify us; he even made a show of pooh-poohing the notion of a flight as absurd, ridiculous, not to be entertained for a moment. But there was not that heartiness in his voice or manner that carries conviction to others. Mrs. de Winton also made a semblance of chiming in with the admiral's view, but it was a palpable failure. Mr. Simpson was the only one who did not try to act his part in the kindly comedy. He was fully convinced that it was no comedy, but a most miserable drama that was beginning for the son of his old friend and client. He had mistrusted Isabel from the first moment he fixed his keen, legal vision on her. Mrs. de Winton had, it is true, inoculated him beforehand with a good share of her own mistrust, and he came to the scrutiny with a jaundiced eye; prejudiced, and predetermined not to be fascinated or beguiled out of his severest judgment. He regarded hers as a case of which he was to take a strictly legal view, and which was to be investigated, sifted, and proved before he would endorse it. It was a very odd case on the face of it; but Benjamin Simpson had had many odd cases to deal with in the course of his experience, and he flattered himself he was not to be baffled by a child scarcely out of her teens. She might be very clever, and succeed in hoodwinking a rich young gentleman into marrying her, on the strength of a fictitious story of misery and a still more fictitious one of heiresship; but she was not likely to stand Simpson's cross-examination long without breaking down. Such ungallant reflections as these had been passing through the lawyer's brain while he sipped his claret and watched the fair face that sat opposite to him at the dinner-table, glancing at him with eyes that flashed more brightly than her jewels. He had made up his mind, as he looked at her, that she was a delusion; she would disappear sooner or later. The news of her flight was therefore only a surprise by its suddenness. Clide was rushing all over the basement story, calling out Isabel's name into every room, while Mrs. de Winton and her own and Isabel's maid were pursuing a similar search in the upper part of the house. The rambling old mansion was echoing from end to end with opening and shutting of doors and cries of the fugitive's name; but no answer was heard except the echoes of the voices and the doors.

"My dear boy," said the admiral, pausing on his imaginary quarter-deck, as Clide came up the stairs, "I'll stake my head on it, the sly little puss is playing a game of hide-and-seek with us, and laughing fit to kill herself in some cupboard or other, while we are kicking up this row; take my word for it, the best thing we can do is to go quietly to our own beds, and before long she'll come out of her hiding-place."

Clide muttered an impatient "stuff and nonsense!" Was she likely to perish herself such a night as this

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playing hide-and-seek for their amusement—she that could not bear a breath of cold? Even crossing through a fireless room she would shiver like an aspen. The admiral grunted something about "deserving to be whipped," and turned to his zigzag promenade again.

Stanton and some of the other men-servants had gone out to scour the park and the gardens; they had been absent now long enough to have discovered something, if there was anything to discover, but the stars made no answer to their calling. "Madame! Mistress!" they shouted, till at last they gave it up, and retraced their steps to the house. Clide had been going to the window in a restless way, looking out into the night, and listening as if he expected to hear the silence send him back some sign. It was impossible to say whether he believed the least bit in the hide-and-seek theory, whether he had a lingering hope of hearing Isabel call out to him or appear from some corner, or whether he was just in that condition of mind that precludes alike sitting still or doing something. He might be excited by hope, or he might be stupefied by despair. He was as white as ashes, and came and went with the quick, unsteady gait of a man who has lost his self-command, and is swayed only by the force of some terrible emotion. Clide's face was a fine, manly one; it would have been noble but for the weakness of the chin and a certain tremulous movement of the lower lip—perhaps of both; for the upper one was shaded by a light-brown moustache that prevented you seeing whether it had the firmness that would have redeemed the lower one. The eyes were expressive, rather sleepy when the face was in repose; but they woke up with flashes of lightning when he was excited, and transfigured the whole countenance into one of energy and power. There was no need to be a physiognomist to judge of the character of such a face. The most unskilled observer could read it like a book. There were all the elements of a stormy life there—passive strength, and passions that needed only a spark to kindle them into a flame; a man who, as he was taken, would be as easily led as a lamb or as intractable as a young hyena. He had started in life with the fixed purpose of steering clear of storms, of saving himself trouble and avoiding fuss. Poor Clide! Life, he fancied, had a lake of oil at the entrance of the wide sea where storms blew and waves roared angrily, and he had made up his mind to anchor in the lake, and never venture beyond its peaceful margin.

The servants had come back—those that had been scouring the park—and the others, who had been slamming doors all through the house, were congregating in twos and threes upon the stairs leading to the broad landing off which their young mistress' room stood, its door wide open, with a dismal, vacant air about it already.

"I see her! There she is!" exclaimed Clide. He had been staring for some minutes out of the window, and suddenly bounded down the great oak stairs, and out in the path, making for a clump of laurel-trees far down near the water. The admiral, Sir Simon, Simpson, and Mrs. de Winton pressed into the embrasure of the window, the servants peeping over their heads to catch a sight of the figure he was pursuing; but they saw nothing except the winter trees, that stood like silver against the sky, while their straggling shadows lay black upon the lawn. Still Clide bounded on, calling out Isabel!

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Isabel! as he ran, and still no sound answered him; the thud of his footfall on the frosty grass came sharply distinct in the silence.

"The boy is dazed!" muttered his uncle; "it was a shadow he saw. But, no! By Jove, there she is!" Clide was now close upon the laurels, that looked like a black mound in the moonlight. The group in the window saw a white, crouching figure rise slowly at his approach; he stopped, uttered a cry of disappointment, and turned drearily back towards the house.

"What is it? Who is it?" shouted several voices; but before Clide answered a moonbeam lighted up the figure of a deer, as it glided lightly over the sward, and disappeared into the distant copse.

Instead of entering the house at once, Clide wandered round towards the stables. It occurred to him that something in that region might suggest a clew to the mode of his wife's escape. He was quickly undeceived. Every door was locked. There was no sign of any horse having disturbed the slumbers of its companions.

"There is no use in your passing the night out of doors," said Sir Simon, who came to see where Clide had gone, "Come in, and let us put our heads together to see what is to be done. I'm inclined to believe with De Winton that it is a trick, and that the foolish child is amusing herself at seeing us all out of doors searching for her."

Whether this was honest or not, Clide felt it was meant in kindness. He let his old friend draw his arm within his and lead him back into the house. It was lighted up as for an impromptu illumination; every servant, male and female, was afoot, and they had busied themselves in and out of all the up-stair rooms that for years had been untenanted; and as it was necessary to do something, they lighted candles.

"Suppose it is not a trick!" said Clide, looking into Sir Simon's face with a terrible question in his eyes.

"That's what we have got to find out," replied the baronet evasively. "Meantime, come up and let us hear what the others have to say."

They had nothing to say. Presently Mrs. de Winton remarked:

"I wonder what dress she had on? If she kept on her jewels, and that light gauze one, with the low body and short sleeves, she wore at dinner, she can't have gone far."

They went into the empty room to investigate. The jewels were gone, every one she had worn; there were the empty cases. But the light gauze dress was there hanging in the wardrobe, as if her maid had carefully put it away. What she had put on to replace it was the next point which Mr. Simpson insisted on clearing up. All the elegant dresses of the young bride's trousseau were tossed out of drawers and wardrobes by Susette—Susette had been engaged for her by Clide himself after their marriage—and counted over, till one was found missing in the roll: the claret-colored silk in which she had travelled down from London, and had never worn since. It was the most appropriate dress of all she had for a midnight flight, and, being dark, would escape observation. Mr. Simpson seized immediately on this, "making a point" of it in his legal way, that so exasperated Clide he could have flown at the lawyer's throat and strangled him on the spot. He resisted the impulse, and turned away, inviting Mrs. de Winton by a sign to go with him. He walked into his own dressing-room, and, when his step-mother had followed him, he closed the door, and took

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a turn in the room with a quick, passionate step.

"What in the name of heaven can it be?" he said, stopping abruptly and coming close up to her, as she stood by the mantel-piece.

"She is gone," answered his stepmother. "I hardly doubted it for an instant. I have been expecting some such catastrophe for several days past. If you ask me why, I cannot tell you. I somehow never trusted . . . My dear Clide," she continued in an earnest tone of kindness, quite unlike her usual cold manner to him, "I wish with all my heart I could do something or say something to comfort you or help you. Can you throw no light at all on it from your own knowledge of things? Is there nothing in what you know, or in what you do not know, about her antecedents and connections to help you to form some guess? Where can she have gone to, and who has she gone with?"

Clide clenched his hand, and moved away with an expression of anguish that was dreadful.

"Gone to!" he repeated suddenly. "Why, what fools we are not to have seen to that at once! But it's not too late . . ." He pulled out his watch. . . . "It's just three-quarters of an hour since we missed her. Sir Simon and I will saddle a couple of horses and ride both ways, for Glanivold and Lanfarl. If she is making for either, we may overtake her."

He was going to the door, but Mrs. de Winton laid her hand on his arm. "Not three-quarters of an hour since we missed her, but she may be gone more than three hours. It was scarcely eight o'clock when she came up-stairs to lie down, and now it's ten minutes past twelve. Supposing she's gone to the station. . . ."

"Nonsense!" broke in Clide; "the station is three hours' walk from this. She could no more do it than an infant."

"I'm only *supposing*; one must suppose something," replied his stepmother patiently. "The train leaves at a quarter to twelve; so if that were her object, it is too late to stop her."

"There's something too absurd in the idea! It's simply impossible!" declared Clide with a vehemence that carried no sense of conviction with it—rather the contrary. "It's absurd to contemplate it," he repeated; "but if you would sleep easier for having the thing certified, I'll jump into the saddle, and ride to the station and inquire."

"Inquire what? Consider what you are going to do, Clide," said Mrs. de Winton, holding him back firmly—"raise a hue and cry after your wife as if she were a runaway thief! Suppose it turns out after all to be a trick, and that we see her emerge out of some closet or corner before you come back; how will you look after sending it over the country that your wife disappeared one night? Do you imagine the world will believe the story of the game of hide-and-seek?"

Before he could reply Sir Simon and the admiral burst into the room.

"We found this on her dressing-table," said the admiral, handing his nephew a note. Clide took it. A cold chill ran through his blood. He tore open the letter. It ran thus:

"Clide, I am going to leave you. I don't ask you to forgive me. You can never do that. But God help me! I shall suffer for having so wickedly deceived you. I should not have been worthy of you, even if I had been as true as I have been false. But I loved you, and I shall never love anybody else. Don't try

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to find me. You will never find me. Good-by, Clide. Forget me and be happy.

"Your wicked but remorseful and loving ISABEL."

The letter dropped from the young man's hand, and he fell to the ground with a cry.

We return to Clide's journal:

The sun was shining over the sea—the strong-waved sea that washes the northern coast of France, the country of legends and cider, and gray ruins and chivalry, and all that survives in the France of to-day of the France of long ago, the "plaisant pays de France" that poets sang to Marie Stuart in her happy days of young queenhood. There to the right, as the steamer paddled towards the port, stood the cliff where William of Normandy harangued his Norsemen before they embarked with him to snatch from Harold by force the crown he had not been able by fraud to prevent his assuming. Dieppe lay twinkling in the sunlight below, a town of gossip and carved ivory and many odors. As we entered the harbor, a strain of wild, plaintive music came floating towards us from the shore. It was the hymn of the fishermen's wives, pulling the fishing smacks along the pier. Children were toddling by the side of the mothers, and clutching by the rope with their small fingers, while their shrill trebles piped in chorus with the elders. A pretty picture, if I had been in a mood to admire it. But the gloom within quenched all the brightness without.

The boat was steered alongside the quay, where half the town, it seemed to me, had assembled to jeer at our pea-green faces, as we emerged from our separate purgatories and staggered up the gangway. I never feel so thorough a misanthrope as when I see my fellow-creatures enjoying the humiliation of my steamboat misery, and hear them chuckling over me as I pass along the plank that leads from deck to dry land. On this particular occasion I remember with what a vehemence of hatred I resented their inhumanity, and I assumed as defiant an air as was compatible with my abject bodily and mental condition, as I marched on with my fellow-victims, and passed between two hedges of eager, staring eyes. My uncle was with me. But he was not abject. He was far removed from such a wretched infirmity as sea-sickness, and nothing but his kindheartedness prevented him from joining with the chucklers who were making merry at our expense. It was almost an aggravation of my own suffering to see the intensity of his sympathy, the way in which he was perpetually mounting guard beside me to ward off any random shaft that the chance remarks of others every now and then aimed at me.

I had now spent six weary months prosecuting my search, the most extraordinary and unfortunate that ever man was engaged in, and up to the day I started for Dieppe I had failed to obtain the smallest clew. I had left nothing untried. I had stimulated the activity of Scotland Yard by reckless liberality; I had set the whole detective force in motion, but to no purpose.

I had had recourse to the mysterious column in the *Times* for months together; but the agony of feeling that my appeals to Isabel to "come back to her husband, or communicate with him by letter," was making all the breakfast-tables in the kingdom laugh, brought no response from the fugitive herself. All this time my uncle seconded me by his exertions and supported me by his kindness.

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I think I should have gone mad, if it had not been for him. He never tired of my lamentations, my long, sullen fits of gloom, the wearisome refrain of my self-reproach, my endless wondering at the behavior of Isabel, and my cursing and swearing at the stupidity of the Scotland Yard people. He bore with me as patiently as a mother with a sick child. My step-mother had talked him into her belief that Isabel had been on the stage, and that the most likely place to hear of her would be amongst managers and play-actors. There was something utterly revolting to me in this notion, and I burst out into such uncontrollable anger one day when my uncle was arguing in favor of it with a degree of sense that was quite unanswerable, that he determined never to broach the supposition again to me. This did not prevent him from following up the idea by employing agents in every direction to hunt the theatres both of London and the provincial towns. Meanwhile, I was secretly doing the same. I could not look the thing bravely in the face, even with him; but I had in my innermost heart a dread, amounting at times to certainty, that he was right, and that if ever I found my wife it would be in the green-room or on the stage. I discovered afterwards that my dear old uncle knew perfectly well the game I was playing, but he left me under the delusion that he believed in my disbelief, and so spared me the shame I morbidly shrank from. More than once a false alarm led me to fancy that these were realized, and that she was in the hands of a manager, and then my sensation was one of poignant misery, almost of despair. While I knew nothing I might yet hope. My feelings resembled that of the French miser who, while looking for the will that if found would rob him of a legacy, confessed naively: "Je cherche en priant Dieu de ne pas trouver."

I was sitting at breakfast in my lodgings in Piccadilly one morning when my uncle came suddenly in, and said abruptly:

"You told me once that the sign by which the police could positively identify her was a silver tooth?"

"Yes," I replied, and my heart thumped against my ribs; "a silver tooth in the left jaw, rather far back."

"Did it never occur to you to make inquiries amongst the dentists?"

"No, that never occurred to me! But now that you mention it, it seems very strange that it should not. I quite remember her speaking to me of a clever one who had put in the silver tooth for her; how he had at first been obstinate and annoyed about it, and then when it was done how pleased he was with it. How stupid of me not to have thought of it before!" I cried in vexation; "but to-morrow I will begin and set inquiries on foot in this direction."

"You needn't trouble about it," said my uncle; "I've found the man who did it."

"You have!" I cried. "And he has seen her! He has told you something! For heaven's sake, uncle, speak at once. What does the man know?"

"No great things," answered my uncle, stepping from the hearth-rug, where he had been standing with his back to the clock, and flinging himself into an arm-chair. "It seems that your step-mother's fancy was the right one after all; the child *was* brought up for public singing, and she was here ten days ago. For aught this dentist can tell, she may be here still; but I think not. She came to him to have something

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done to this identical silver tooth. It was hurting her, and she was in a great state about it, because she had just got an engagement to sing at a provincial theatre this season; she didn't say where, but the last time he saw her—she went to him for several days running—she was fidgetting about the weather—you remember we had some stiffish gales last week—and wondering what sort of passage the people would have who were crossing the Channel with the wind so high. He could give me no idea what port she had in her mind, or in fact anything but just what I tell you. Well, I thought it was as well to make inquiries before I set you on the go again, so I telegraphed to the police at all the French ports, and just a minute ago I got this from Dieppe."

He handed the telegram to me: "Beautiful young woman, answers to description. Landed on Saturday; sings to-night. Hôtel Royal. Elderly man with her." There was not a doubt in my mind but that this was Isabel. The elderly man must be the villain who passed himself off as her uncle. I said so; my uncle agreed with me.

"The dentist fellow described him just as you do," he continued—"a gruff old man, with a brown coat and broad-brimmed hat, and a disagreeable snuffle when he talked. He used to go with her a year ago, when she got the silver tooth made, and he was with her the other day. And now, my boy, when are we to start for Dieppe? Let's look at the time-table."

We started by the tidal train, and reached Dieppe about five P.M. that evening. It was the season, and every hotel was brimful of English and French fashion, come to bathe itself in the briny wave of that strong salt sea. We went straight to the Hôtel Royal, but the landlord had not even a garret where he could put up a bed for us. The lodging-houses in the whole length of the Rue Aguado were overflowing, and we were finally driven to explore the Faubourg de la Barre, where we were thankful to be taken in by a garrulous old landlady, who showed us two small rooms on the first floor. I was not in a frame of mind to quarrel with the accommodation, but I heard the admiral relieving himself in strong vernacular on the corkscrew staircase.

We deposited our light *impedimenta* in these lodgings, and then went out to see what information was to be gathered concerning the object of our journey. The first thing we beheld on entering the Grande Rue was a placard announcing "La Sonnambula" for that evening; the *prima donna* was to be a "gifted young soprano *débutante*, Signorina Graziella." We went to the box-office; every place was taken, and we had only a prospect of standing-room in the space between the first tier and the balcony. The *prima donna* had been heralded by such a flourish of trumpets that the whole population was eager to hear her—so the box-keeper informed us.

By this time it was six o'clock; but I was fed by something stronger than meat, and it never occurred to me that since my breakfast, which had been suspended before I was half through it, I had tasted no food. My uncle's sympathy, however, being of the healthiest kind, was not proof against the demands of nature, and he suggested that it was time to think of dinner. I was ashamed of having so entirely forgotten his comfort in my own absorbing preoccupation, and proposed that we should go to the *table-d'hôte* of the Hôtel Royal, which was served at six. I

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would have eaten merely to keep him company; but the first spoonful of soup seemed to choke me. The brave old sailor was near losing temper with me at last, and vowed that he would wash his hands of me if I didn't eat my dinner. He had roughed it on many a heavy sea, and in nine cases out of ten it was his hearty appetite that kept him afloat and pulled him through. In any case, he would not admit fasting to be an element in sentiment with rational human beings. He called for a bottle of Château Lafitte, and insisted on my helping him to empty it. I did my best, and the result was that before dinner was over the generous wine repaid me for the effort, and enabled me to take, if not a more hopeful, at any rate a less utterly disconsolate, view of life, and of the particular chapter of it I was now passing through. It had a still kinder effect on my uncle; his heart soon warmed by the juice of the red grape to such an extent that he talked of my miserable position cheerfully, as if it had been the most ordinary occurrence, and as if there was no reason why I should despond about it at all. He persisted in treating Isabel as a naughty child who had never been taught submission to the rules of life, and broke through them the moment she found they trammelled her. It was no unprecedented event for an excitable young thing to go mad about the stage; there were, on the contrary, plenty of instances of it. He could count them on his fingers—young ladies who had gone quite mad about it, and who had calmed down, when the freak was over, into excellent wives and mothers. Why should not this silly little puss do the same? I did not dare remind him of those terrible words, written in her own hand: "If I were as true as I have been false." It was a solace to hear him rambling on in his good-natured, foolish talk. Only when he repeated with stout emphasis for the tenth time that she was herself the victim and dupe of the designing old scoundrel who called her his niece, I ventured to remark: "But Simpson says . . ." "Simpson is an ass!" snarled my uncle, and I at once assented, and declared my belief that Simpson was an ass.

The moment we had finished our Château Lafitte we rose and left the crowded room, where new-comers were still pouring in to seize upon every seat as it was vacated. I had been casting uneasy glances towards the door, after first quickly scanning the three hundred heads that were bobbing up and down over as many soup-plates when we entered; but my fears were vain. Isabel was not likely to run such a risk, if she wished—as evidently she did wish—to remain undiscovered. I overheard some persons near us discussing the appearance of the *prima donna*, who, they observed, never showed herself off the stage. Many curious idlers had wasted hours lolling about the hotel door, in hopes of seeing her come out to walk or bathe; but since she had been in Dieppe—four days now—no one had caught a glimpse of her. They little dreamed, as they bandied this gossip with one another, that they were stabbing a heart with every word. The persistent avoidance of notice was but too significant to me of the *prima donna's* identity. It wanted yet half an hour of the time for the theatre, and my uncle said we might as well spend it inhaling the fresh breeze that was blowing from the north, borne in by the advancing tide. He linked his arm in mine, and we sauntered down to the beach. The waves were breaking in low thunder-sobs upon

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the shingles, and all the town that was not dining was out of doors watching them. The Etablissement was crowded, and the music of the band that was playing there came floating towards us with every roll of the waves; but the hum of the chattering crowd rose distinctly above the sobbing of the sea and the murmur of the more distant orchestra. I was too excited, too absorbed in my own thoughts, to realize distinctly anything around me, but I quite well remember how I was impressed in a vague yet vivid way by the contrast between the sad, majestic tide heaving and surging on one side, and the human stream rippling to and fro on the other, dressed out in such tawdry gear, and simpering and chattering and subsiding like the frothy foam on the billows. I can remember, too, how I turned, irritated and sick, from the sight of it to the prettier, purer one of children playing on the sward beside the beach. The peals of their innocent laughter did not jar upon me; there was no discord between it and the dirge-like sound of the water washing the shore. All this passed and repassed before me like something in a dream.

But the time was hurrying on, and now I was impatient to see my doom with my own eyes, or to know that the reprieve was prolonged, and that I might yet cling to a plank of hope.

"I think it's time we were going," I remarked, pulling out my watch; "the crowd is thinning, and I suppose it is bound in the same direction." We were late, as I expected; every spot was filled in the little theatre when we arrived, and the performance had begun. As the box-keeper opened the door to admit us to our standing-post on the first tier, we were almost thrown back by the roar of applause that burst upon our ears; it rose and fell like a mighty gust of wind, and seemed literally to make the ground shake under our feet and the walls tremble round us. For a moment I was stunned. There was a lull, and then we went in. The singer had left the stage, but the air was still vibrating with the melody of her voice and of the rapturous echoes it had awakened. A fine barytone was confiding his despair and his hopes to the audience, but it fell idly on their ears after what had gone before. The *Sonnambula* appeared again; the first notes were greeted by another salvo of bravos, louder, more impassioned and prolonged, than the first; again and again the plaudits rose, handkerchiefs fluttered, and hands clapped—the house was electrified. She could bear it no longer; overcome by emotion, she held out her arms to the spectators in an entreating gesture that seemed to say: "Enough! Spare me; I can bear no more!" It was either an impulse of childlike nature or the most finished piece of art ever seen on the stage. Whatever it was, the effect was tremendous. I suppose it could not really have been so, but I would have sworn that the house rocked. It was a sustained roll of human thunder from the pit to the gallery, and from the gallery to the pit. Isabel—for it was she—made another passionate response with the same childlike, bewitching grace, and rushed off the scene. I was rooted to the spot, not daring to look at my uncle; not thinking of him, of anything. I was like a man in a nightmare, held fast in the grasp of a spectre, longing to call for help, but powerless to utter a sound.

The manager came forward and addressed a few words of expostulation to the audience; implored them to control their ecstasies a little for

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the sake of the sensitive and gifted being who had called them forth. He was nervous and at the same time triumphant. He was answered by a loud buzz of assent. The *Somnambula* once more came forth, and this time a deep, suppressed murmur was the only interruption. The dress, the glare, the gaslight, the strange way the lustrous coils of her black hair were arranged—tumbled in a sort of studied tangle all over the forehead—while a veil, half on, half off, concealed part of the face, the entire transformation of the *mise-en-scène*, in fact, might easily have disguised her identity from eyes less preternaturally keen than mine; but my glance had scarcely fallen on the frail, shrouded figure, as it glided in from the background, than I knew that I beheld my wife; beheld her clasped—gracious heavens! yes, I saw it, and stood there motionless and dumb—clasped by the man who was howling out some idiotic lamentations. She stepped forward, and began to sing. Her head was first slightly bowed over her breast, and her hands clasped and hanging. The first bars were warbled out in a kind of bird-like whisper, as if she were in a dream; but little by little they grew higher, more sonorous, until, carried away by the power of the music and her own magnificent interpretation of it, she flung back her head, and let the gossamer cloud fall from it, revealing the unshrouded contour of the face, upturned, inspired, all alight with the triumph of the hour, while the bell-like notes rang out with a breadth and pathos that melted and stirred every heart in that vast crowd like touches of fire. It was a vision of beauty that defies all words. I neither spoke nor moved while the song lasted; but when the last chord died out, and the pent-up hearts of the listeners broke forth in new peals that seemed to sweep over the songstress in a flood of joy and triumph, I awoke and came to my senses.

"Come away!" I gasped, and turned to move out. But the words stuck in my throat. My uncle had caught the delirium, and was cheering and bravoing like a maniac. "Glorious! Grand, by Jove! Encore! Splendid!" He was shouting like a madman, whirling his hat and stamping. His brown face was young again. I never beheld such a transformation in any human countenance.

"Are you mad, sir?" I shrieked into his ear, while I clutched his arm.

I suppose he was mad; I know he kept on the same frantic shouts and clappings for several minutes, not paying any more heed to me than to the floor he was so vigorously stamping. I was frightened at last. I thought anguish and shame for me had driven him out of his mind; so, taking him gently by the arm, I said I wanted to speak to him. He let me push him on before me, and we got out. He was still much excited, and neither of us spoke till we were in the open air.

"My dear boy," he said suddenly, with a shamefaced look, "I couldn't help it for the life of me! By Jove, but it was the grandest thing I ever heard in my life. The house reeled round you. I would stake my head there wasn't a sane man in it but yourself!"

I laughed bitterly. The irony of the words was dreadful. "Sane?" I cried. "You think I was sane? I thank heaven I behaved like a sane man; but if I had been within reach of that ruffian's throat, I'd have dashed his brains out as ruthlessly as any escaped maniac from Bedlam. I would do it now, if I had him!"



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My uncle stopped and looked at me. He was thoroughly sobered, and I could see that he was terrified. He told me long afterwards that he never could have believed passion could transfigure a face as it did mine; he said I had *murder* written in my eyes as plainly as ever it was written on a printed page. And I believe him. I felt I could have committed murder at that moment. I would have killed that man, if I had held him, if the gallows had been there to hang me the next hour. I have never felt the same towards murderers since that moment. It was an awful revelation to me of the hidden springs of crime that may lie deep down in a man's heart, and never be suspected even by himself, until the touch that can wake them into deadly life has come. I can never think of that evening without an humbling sense of my own innate wickedness, of the benign mercy that overruled that frightful impulse. Given the immediate opportunity and the absence of the supreme, supervening goodness that stood between me and myself, and I should have been a murderer. The gulf that separates each one of us from crime is narrower than we imagine. The discovery of this truth is humbling, but perhaps none the less salutary for that.

"Come along, Clide; come along with me," my uncle said in the soothing tone one uses to a fractious child. "It's all my fault. I ought to have known better than to let you go there at all; I ought to have gone by myself. I'm no better than a blubbering old idiot to you, my boy."

I went with him passively; we walked to our lodgings without speaking. I shall never forget the kindness of my uncle all through that night. He was as patient and as gentle with me as a woman, bearing with me as tenderly as a mother could have done. I could not rest, and I would not let him rest. I called for *café noir*, and I kept drinking cup after cup of it until, added to the stronger stimulant that was setting my blood on fire, I almost worked myself into a brain fever, bursting out into paroxysms of childish rebellion, and then lapsing into fits of dumb despair. I had first insisted on rushing off to the hotel and lying in wait for Isabel, and compelling her there and then either to return to me or to part from me for ever; but my uncle was inexorable in opposing this, and I knew by his tone that he was not to be trifled with. There was a something about him in certain moods that made resistance to his will as impossible as wrestling with an elephant. I gave in, and allowed him to give his reasons for preventing my taking a step which, result how it might, was sure to be a most humiliating one for me; not only or chiefly as a husband, but as a De Winton. My uncle's anxiety lest the old name should suffer by the event threw his sympathy for my individual sorrow comparatively into the shade. While my wife's flight was known only to my immediate household, my step-mother—whose pride and touchiness about the honor of a De Winton was almost as morbid as his own—and the three tried friends of my dear father's youth, it was just possible that it might remain a secret beyond that small circle, and he clung to this hope as tenaciously as I did to the hope of recovering my wife. The De Wintons were a proud race, and justly so. We had nobler things to be proud of than the primary one of ancient, and I may venture to say illustrious, lineage: we could boast with truth that there was no bar sinister on the old escutcheon;

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our men had never known cowardice, nor our women shame; no maiden of our house had dishonored a father's white hairs, or wife brought a blot upon her husband's name. I was the last of our line so far, and the thought that it should die out under a cloud of shame with me was bitter with the bitterness of death to the admiral; for he was at heart as proud as a Plantagenet, with all his free and easy talk, and his jovial, jolly-tar manner to everybody, especially to his inferiors. *Noblesse oblige* was engraven on the inmost core of his honest heart; and he could not conceive a De Winton feeling less acutely on the point than he did himself. He had never been married; this partially accounted, perhaps, for his inability to merge the De Winton in the husband. It is possible that, if I had never been married, I should have comprehended his stern abstract view of the case, and have felt with him that the husband's misery was as nothing compared to the blow dealt at the pride of a De Winton. As it was, I could not feel this. I could have seen the whole clan of the De Wintons and their escutcheon in the bottom of the Red Sea, if I could have rescued myself from the anguish of renouncing for ever the young wife who had so cruelly charmed and blighted my life. I was driven to make this unworthy avowal on my uncle's suggesting that, assuming it were still possible for me to forgive her, she might lay it down as a condition of our reunion that she was to pursue her career on the stage. He merely threw out the idea as a wild notion that crossed his thoughts for a moment; but when I hinted at the possibility of yielding to this painful and humiliating condition rather than renounce Isabel for ever, he flew into such a frenzy of indignation that to calm him I believe I was cowardly enough to swallow my words, and declare that they had not been spoken in earnest. It was some time, however, before he subsided from the agitation they caused him. The idea of alluding, even in jest, to the possibility of a play-actress flaunting our name upon the boards of the theatre was too dreadful to be contemplated without unmitigated horror. If I let her go her mad career alone, the chances were that this disgrace would be spared us. Isabel had proved clearly enough so far that she desired secrecy to the full as much as we did; but if she continued on the stage as my wife, secrecy became impossible. She might play under the assumed name she now bore, but the true one would soon be blazoned abroad, do what we all might to conceal it. The managers who speculated on her voice would be quick to discover it, and make capital out of it. The admiral was so strong in his denunciation of the madness of the whole thing that he convinced me he was right. This little incident left him more than ever determined to keep me as much as possible in the background, and I so far acknowledged the wisdom of his views as to consent to let him go by himself to try and see Isabel in the morning.

It proved a fruitless mission. The *concierge* said that the *signorina* had not left her room yet; but the servant, in answer to my uncle's ring at her door, informed him that she had gone out for an early drive—it was not eight o'clock—and that she would not be in until dinner-hour. Would monsieur take the trouble to call later? Monsieur said he would, and he did; but he was then informed that the *signorina* had taken a chill in her drive, and had gone to bed. My uncle came home in great wrath; he believed no more in the chill than

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he had believed in the drive, and he was for writing there and then to Isabel, telling her so, and demanding an interview without more ado, using firm language and hinting at sterner measures if she refused. I entreated him not to do this. I don't know whether in the bottom of my heart I believed the servant's story, but I persuaded myself and then him that I did; that it was only natural that a tender, delicate-fibred creature like her should have been done up after the excitement of last evening; and that we had better leave her in peace for a day. He pooh-poohed this contemptuously: the excitement was just what she liked in the business; it was what play-actors, men and women, all alike lived on. He humored me, however, and consented to put off the letter till the next day. Meantime, something might turn up. I might meet her uncle myself, and button-hole the scoundrel on the spot. He must walk out some time or other, and I was determined to be on the watch. I paced up and down before the hotel for three weary hours, glancing up continually at the windows. I knew from my uncle what floor Isabel occupied. Once I fancied I caught sight of the fellow's face looking out for a moment, and then hurriedly withdrawn. Was it only fancy, or had he really seen me, and drawn back to escape my seeing him? I lounged into the coffee-room, and adroitly elicited from one of the waiters that the *signorina* was keeping very quiet, so as to avoid any disappointment for the forthcoming representation; she was to sing again in two nights, and no one was to be admitted to see her in the interval. Orders to this effect had been given to the *concierge*, who was to deny all visitors on the plea of the *signorina's* state of nervous debility, which made the slightest excitement off the stage fatal to her. When I repeated this to the admiral, he set his brown face in a scowl, and we very nearly quarrelled outright before he again yielded to my resistance, and agreed to wait two days more, and see whether she kept her engagement for the next performance. On the morning of the second day we both went out together to the baths. As we were passing through the Etablissement gardens, a young man came up to a group of people walking ahead of us, and gave some news that provoked sudden surprise, apparently of no pleasant nature; for we heard the words, "Abominable sell!" "What an extraordinary affair!" repeated with angry emphasis. We had not heard a word of what the young man had said, but the broken comments that reached us seemed, as if by some magnetic influence, to inform us of their meaning. The admiral, in his off-hand, sailor way, walked up to the party, and asked if any accident had happened on the coast. "Oh! no; no accident," the bearer of the news said, "but a most disagreeable thing for everybody. Graziella has bolted, no one knows when or how; her rooms were found vacant an hour ago, and there was not a trace of her or the fellow who was with her. The Hôtel Royal was in a tremendous commotion about it; the landlord had been down to the station and to the quay, but there was no trace of them at either place. The landlord believed they had eloped during the night, by some highway or by-way, so as to avoid detection; but why or wherefore was the mystery. They had paid their bill. It was a horrible sell, for the little creature was the trump-card of the season—a second Malibran."

I knew as well as if I had followed my uncle, and heard the intelligence

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with my own ears, what he had to tell me when he turned back, and came up to me, intending to break it gently. It seemed utterly useless after this to go to the hotel with the hope of gaining further particulars, but I urged at the same time that it was possible the landlord himself might be a party to the affair, and that, if he had been bought over to hold his tongue, he might be bought to loosen it. I could not count on the necessary command over myself to speak or to listen to others speaking of the event at this stage, so I yielded to my uncle's wish, and went home; he accompanied me to the door, for he judged by my looks that I was not fit to be left to go back alone. He then started off to the Rue Aguado. He found the place in an uproar about the flight, but no one could throw a particle of light on the time, the manner, or the motive of it. The *concierge* remembered seeing a lady, small and slight, and with a very elastic step, walk rapidly out of the house late on the previous evening, dressed in the deepest mourning, with a widow's crape veil, and holding her handkerchief to her eyes, as if crying bitterly; he had remarked her at the time, and thought she had been visiting some one in the hotel, and that she was in fresh mourning for her husband, poor thing! Everybody agreed that this must have been La Graziella in disguise. But beyond this not the smallest clew was found that could direct the pursuit of the fugitives. Their luggage had been carried off as mysteriously as themselves; no one had seen it removed. This induced the suspicion that they must have had an accomplice on the premises. The landlord, however, had a precedent to fall back on—a swindler who had lived at his expense for three weeks, and then decamped one fine morning, bag and baggage, having carried them all off himself, disguised as a porter, while several travellers were under way in the courtyard with their separate lots of luggage, and porters were hurrying in and out with them.

For two days after this event, which checkmated every movement on our part, we did nothing but wander about Dieppe, watching helplessly for some information that could have directed us what to do. My uncle was constantly down on the quay and at the railway station, questioning the sailors and the officials, and always coming back just as void of information as he went. He was more irascible than ever now about the honor of the De Wintons, and would not allow me to interfere directly or indirectly. I resented this tyranny; but the fact of my interference having already proved so disastrous gave him the whip-hand over me, and I felt it was wiser in my own interest to subside and let him act. He was actively seconded in his endeavors to track the fugitives by the manager of the theatre, who was resolved—so we heard on all sides—to spare neither trouble nor expense in recapturing his prize. The collapse of such a *prima donna* was a serious loss to him; he had gone to considerable expense in preparing for her *début*, and it had been so brilliant as to ensure the promise of an overflowing house to the end of the season. On one side my uncle was gratified at the intelligence and energy displayed by the manager; but on the other hand it put him in a ferment of terror. What if, in his search after Graziella, he should discover who she was and what name she bore! The bare thought of this almost drove him frantic. The manager's opinion, it would seem, was that she had escaped in a

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fishing-smack. This was the most likely mode of flight for any one, indeed, to adopt from a seaport town like Dieppe; no preliminaries were required in the way of tickets or passports, and the fugitives might steer themselves to any coast they pleased, and land unobserved where it suited them. It was useless, however, for us to leave Dieppe until we heard something. While the manager was vigorously prosecuting the search on his side, my uncle was busy on ours. He suggested that it would be well to make an exploring expedition amongst the hamlets on the cliffs—groups of huts scattered at short intervals over the long range of the *falaises* overhanging the sea, and inhabited by a scanty and miserable population.

We had felt it necessary to take a few safe agents of the police into our confidence; and before setting to work among the *gens de falaise*, as they are called by the dwellers on the plain, we consulted them as to the best mode of proceeding, and asked some information as to the sort of people we had to deal with. The police advised us to leave the attempt alone. They said the "folk of the cliffs" were so simple that their name was a by-word for stupidity down below. It required little short of a surgical operation to convey a new idea of the simplest kind into their brain. There was a story current in the town of how, not so very long ago, a gang of robbers prowled about the neighborhood, and made it expedient for the mayor to issue a proclamation, wherein it was notified that nobody would be allowed to enter the gates after nightfall without a lantern. The notice was placarded all over the walls, and this is how it worked with the *gens de falaise:* Ding-dong came a ring at the gates one evening, and the sentry called out: "Qui vive?"

"Gens de falaise!" (Pronounced fawlaise.)

"Have you a lantern?"

"Eh, oui!"

"Is there a candle in it?"

"Eh, non! We were not told to!"

"Well, now you're told to; be off and get one!"

Next evening ding-dong come the travellers again. "Qui vive?"

"Gens de falaise!"

"Have you a lantern?"

"Eh, oui!"

"And a candle in it?"

"Eh, oui?"

"Is it lighted?"

"Eh, non! We were not told to."

"Well, now you're told to; go back and light it."

Away went the *gens de falaise* again, and finally returned a third time to the charge with a lantern and a candle in it, and lighted.

This was not very encouraging to persons who wanted to question intelligent observers. We tried it, however, but soon found that rumor had not maligned the simple dwellers on the cliffs, and that nothing was to be gleaned from their dull, unobservant eyes.

Four days passed, and still we were in the same dense darkness. The suspense and inaction became unendurable to me.

"Uncle," I said, "I can stand this no longer. I will run up to Paris, and set the lynx-eyes of the police there on the lookout for us. Perhaps it will be of no use; but anything is better than waiting here doing nothing."

My uncle fell in with the idea at once. I set off to Paris, and left him at Dieppe, where, in truth, it seemed more likely that information of some sort must transpire sooner or later.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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# THE COLONIZATION OF NEW SOUTH WALES BY GREAT BRITAIN

CONCLUDED.

IT is obvious, then, that, if the remarkable prosperity which has befallen the English Colonies in Australia is to be ascribed, in any degree, to the sagacity of the government that sent out the first expedition, or of those who then and subsequently presided over it, we must look for it in the perfection of the reformatory system, with a view to which the original constitution of the colony was exclusively framed. The idea of making the colonization of a newly discovered territory of prodigious resources subservient to the reformation of as many as possible of the criminals of an over-populated country is a conception of the noblest philanthropy; as the attempt to use a new and promising colony for the mere purpose of getting rid anyhow of the dangerous classes would be an act of guilty folly, the result of an indolent and heartless selfishness, such as even the most heartless and the most selfish of oligarchies should blush to have perpetrated. For the prosecution of the former object more care and pains should have been expended than under ordinary circumstances in sending out to the new settlement a colony fully equipped with all that the mother-country had to give it. The reformed, as they stepped forth from their cells and shackles, once more masters of their own actions, free agents, reinvested with reason's noblest prerogative—the liberty of choosing good and rejecting evil—should have found a sound and healthy society with which to mingle. They should have found themselves at once amidst a society based on those principles of religion, law, and justice which characterize even the feeblest form of Christian civilization. Such a society they should have found immediately outside their prison-walls, into which they might glide, as it were, unperceived, and from which they should gradually and insensibly take their tone. What man in his sober senses could have anticipated any thorough and permanent reformation of criminals in a society consisting exclusively, after making exception of the officials and the military guard, of the very criminals themselves? In reading the inaugural address of the first governor, we naturally conclude that the government which organized the expedition was deeply impressed with the necessity of an opposite course. But the illusion is soon dispelled. We discover to our astonishment that the infant colony took out with it no one condition of a civilized society. Of law there was simply none. Even the formalities of martial law, when, soon after the settlement of the penal colony, it was thought expedient to have recourse to them, were found to be impracticable, because of some technical difficulty which there had not been the sagacity to foresee and provide against. Whatever there was of justice was wholly dependent on the caprice and dispositions of individuals. Incredible as it may appear, it is nevertheless the fact that, after the retirement of the first gov-

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ernor, the administration of the colony was entrusted for three years to the hands of the officers of the 102d Regiment. Unfit for such a responsibility as were the sea-captains from amongst whom the first four governors were selected, officers of the army were yet more so. The previous habits and training of English regimental officers are such as to disqualify them, generally speaking, for judicial functions. But the unfitness of military men in England for this office was much greater at that period than at the present day, as they were more illiterate. The government of a colony transferred to a regimental mess-room forms indeed a humiliating contrast to the glowing periods of Commander Phillip. Mr. Therry tells us (p. 69):

"The first four governors of New South Wales, Phillip, Hunter, King, and Bligh, exercised a rule (and this includes the mess-room interregnum) which partook much of the character of the government of a large jail or penitentiary."

Two years and a half after the disembarkation of the first batch of convicts fresh instructions arrived from the home government respecting the allotment of land. By these instructions, the advantages already enjoyed by the emancipists were extended to the privates and non-commissioned officers of the military guard on the spot, but no provision whatsoever was made for free emigrants from the mother-country. So that, when the sixth governor, Macquarie, "considered that the colony was selected as a depot for convicts; that the land properly belonged to them, as they emerged from their condition of servitude, and that emigrants were intruders on the soil," we can only conclude that he interpreted the policy of the government at home more correctly than the more enthusiastic sailor who first presided over it. In spite of the singular incapacity displayed in the first organization of the settlement at Sydney, the following illustration of the state of law and society therein twenty years after its establishment, would be incredible if we had it on less trustworthy authority than that of Mr. Therry. He tells us (p. 74) that, during the rule of one Capt. Bligh, 1806–8, "the judge-advocate, Atkins, was a person of no professional mark, and was, besides, of a very disreputable character." The governor reported of him to the Secretary of State that "he had been known to pronounce sentence of death when intoxicated"! With Atkins was associated a convict named Crossley, who had been transported for forging a will, and for perjury, and who had been convicted of swindling in the colony.

The result of such a state of things was as unavoidable as it was fatal. If the reformatory system in the penal colony had been as wise and efficacious as it was lamentably, nay, wickedly, the reverse, such of the convicts as yielded to the nobler motives of civil life and the claims of conscience should have been able to mix unnoticed with the sounder part of the community. Bygones should have been really bygones. The past should have been simply ignored. No allusion to it should have been tolerated. The expiated crime should have been buried out of sight and recollection, so long as there was no relapse. There should have been no such class as an emancipist class. The reformatory institution should have remained as a thing apart, sending from time to time its contingent of convalescents to be incorporated with the healthy body politic.

Instead of this, as the colony increased, the moneyed and influential

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class, the leading class, in a colony intended to reproduce the glories of England in the fifth great division of the world, consisted of emancipated convicts. No pains taken to perpetuate the memory of these people's disgrace could have attained so undesirable an object more effectually. They stood out a distinctly marked order in the state. They became landed proprietors, magistrates, high government officials, even legal functionaries. Instead of a decent veil of oblivion being thrown over their antecedents, they were, as in a Methodist experience, even ostentatiously displayed. It almost constituted a boast, and was worn as though it were a decoration of honor. When, subsequently, through the encouragement of one or two of the governors and other causes, the tide of emigration set in from the mother-country another moneyed and influential class arose of untainted reputation. A bitter rivalry between the two was the immediate consequence. The emancipists excited no sympathy or compassion for the lingering memory of a misfortune which their subsequent lives might be supposed to have retrieved, but which, instead of an obliterated brand, was ostentatiously retained as the badge of a powerful class, which became thus an object of contempt to the more respectable new-comers. The crimes for which they had been punished, and of which they should, therefore, no longer have borne the burden, reappeared as their accusers in the intercourse of social life. Society snatched up the sword which the law had in mercy laid aside; a remitted punishment was exacted in another form; and the benevolent aim of rescuing the worst class of criminals from irremediable ruin by a reformatory process, if it were ever seriously entertained, was wholly frustrated. For scarcely had the infant settlement, through the gradual influx of immigrants, begun to assume the appearance of a colony, when the original sin of its constitution appeared in the form of an evil, fatal not only to the well-being, but even to the very existence of a free community. Instead of any effort being made to heal or, at least, to alleviate this evil by some consistent line of policy, it was aggravated by the capricious preference of one or other of the rival classes by successive governors, according to their several idiosyncrasies. An evil of this nature could end only with the extinction of one or other of the antagonistic classes, or the dissolution of the colony; unless indeed the whole reformatory system were remodelled on an entirely different plan. The problem was solved by the adoption of the former alternative. The natural advantages of the country and the commercial energy of the Anglo-Saxon race proved, at last, too strong for a reformatory system which was not only crude and faulty to the utmost degree, but was literally destructive of its own end and object. After a long struggle against obstacles greater than ever before hindered the development of vast natural resources, the colony prevailed over the prison, and the entail of emancipation was finally cut off by the abolition of transportation in the year 1840.

Turn we now to the penal portion of this quite unique organization for the reformation of criminals. Here, it may be, we shall be able to trace some indications, at least, of that humane sympathy, that sorrow for a fellow-creature's fall and anxiety for his restoration, which appeals to whatever of good may be lingering in the heart of the criminal, not to mention the higher and more tender charities

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which religion inspires. No gentler instrument of cure would appear to have suggested itself to the minds of the members of the English government of 1788 than the lash!—the lash in the hands of sots and ruffians!

"I was once present in the police office in Sydney when a convict was sentenced to fifty lashes for not taking off his hat to a magistrate as he met him on the road."

Of Capt. P. C. King, who administered the government from 1800 to 1806, Mr. Therry writes:

"He was a man of rough manners, and prone to indulge in offensive expressions borrowed from the language then in vogue in the navy. . . . His temper was irascible and wayward. At one time he assumed a tone of arrogant and unyielding dictation; at another, he indulged in jokes unsuited to the dignity of his position."

Of Capt. Bligh, who succeeded King, Judge Therry tells us that his

"despotic conduct as commander of the *Bounty* had driven the crew to mutiny. Yet he who had proved his incapacity for ruling a small ship's company was made absolute ruler of a colony so critically circumstanced as that of New South Wales. . . . He was the same rude, despotic man, whether treading the quarter-deck of the *Bounty* or pacing his reception-room in Government House at Sydney." "Throughout the colony," continues the judge, "the uncontrolled use of the lash was resorted to, as an incessant and almost sole instrument of punishment, and too often those who inflicted this degrading punishment regarded themselves as irresponsible agents, and kept no record of their darkest deeds."

But when the backs and the consciences of the unhappy victims of an English reformatory process had become alike hardened to this demoralizing torture, a perverse ingenuity had devised in Norfolk Island a place of penal torment calculated to destroy in its victims the last vestiges of humanity. To human beings thus circumstanced the scaffold became rather an object of desire than of dread. And we learn from Mr. Therry that during the years 1826, 1827, and 1830 no less than one hundred and fifty-three persons were hung out of a population of fifty thousand.

But we have not yet fathomed the lowest depth of imbecility and of guilty indifference to the commonest dictates of prudence and humanity exhibited in this nefarious scheme for the reformation, forsooth, of criminals.

Incredible as it may appear, it is nevertheless true, that by the authors of the scheme, although their lips were full of the professions we have quoted, the influence of religion as an agent of reformation was simply ignored. It had not been their original intention to send out any minister at all of their religion with the expedition they had planned. It was owing to the remonstrance of a dignitary of the Established sect that one was, at the last moment, appointed. This appointment, however, does not appear to have been made with any view of bringing the influence of religion to bear on the unfortunate criminals. To them the rudest objects of self-interest appear to have been the only motives of reformation held out. Dr. Porteous—such was his name—would have displayed more than the ordinary apathy of his class as to any objects of a merely spiritual interest, and a less than ordinary keenness of perception as to its material interests, if he had allowed a large colonial expedition to leave the shores of the mother-country without any provision whatsoever being made for the celebration of the worship of the Established religion in the distant land to which it was bound. We are told by Mr. Flanagan that a priest of some Spanish ships, which

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visited the colony in 1793, "observing that a church had not yet been built, lifted up his eyes with astonishment, and declared that, had the place been settled by his nation, a house would have been erected for God before any house had been built for men" (*Hist. of N. S. W.*, vol. 1. p. 95). In 1791 a fresh batch of convicts, two thousand and fifty in number, arrived at Sydney, making the sum total of that portion of the population two thousand eight hundred and twenty-eight. Yet, for these, for the large staff of officials, the military guard, and the few free settlers, the only minister of religion for six years after the foundation of the colony was this churchless chaplain, and the only religious influences accessible to that multitude of unfortunates was the form of Sabbatical prayer adopted by his sect. The one master cause of the inhumanity of the whole scheme was the complete and profound disregard of religious influences engendered in the minds of its authors by that embodiment of religious indifference and lifeless formalism, the established sect in England.

In few, if in any, exiled convicts have the finer sensibilities of our common nature been utterly extinguished. In nearly all, charred and unsightly as may their whole natures have become, diligent and patient labor will come at last to some unquenched fragment of the precious jewel; remote and all but lost, but waiting only for one smallest crevice to be opened through the superincumbent mass of gloom and despair, to spring in light, like a resurrection, to the surface, and fling its delivered lustre to the sun. In nearly all, he who should tenderly but perseveringly dig through the filth and refuse which a highly artificial and evilly constituted state of society has heaped upon its outcasts, would assuredly come at last to some faint trickle of the living fountain, which death only wholly dries up, ready to find its level, and even longing to be released. How many of those sad ship-loads, when the shores of their native country for ever faded from their view, succumbed to the anguish of some, were it only one, rudely riven tie, and, in the nearest feeling to despair possible out of the place of reprobation, thrilled with a heart's agony of which the severest bodily pain is but a feeble symbol! Cruel to inhumanity would be the jailer who should refuse to a prisoner in his dungeon the consolation of one ray of the light of day. But who, with the hearts of men, could have forbidden to those most miserable of their fellow-creatures an entrance to the angels of religion? Who would not have used every effort to secure their ministrations? The Catholic Church, and she alone, could have brought the light of hope within those darkened souls. She alone could have taken from despair that painful past and that ghastly present, have awakened within those hardened consciences the echoes of a nobler being, have folded around the poor outcasts her infinite charities, and enwreathed them in their embrace. She alone could have recalled them through the tears of compunction to the consciousness that they were still men, and might yet be saints; and, like the memory of childhood gliding round the frightful abyss that separated them from innocence, have beckoned, and encouraged, and helped them up the toilsome steep of penance, to the place where conquerors, who have narrowly escaped with their lives, receive their kingdoms and their crowns.

Yet was this mere tribute to the humanity of those forlorn ones wholly

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withheld from them. The rigors of penal discipline, increasing in severity with the progressive depravity of their unhappy victims, reduced them at length to a condition by comparison of which the lot of the sorriest brute that was ever becudgelled by a ruffian owner was enviable. What a depth of misery, and, worse still, what a bitter consciousness of it, is revealed in the keen reproach of one of them: "When I came here, I had the heart of a man in me, but you have plucked it out, and planted the heart of a brute in its stead!" To talk to such men of reformation could only have been a ghastly jest. Not so much as even a moral motive appears to have been suggested to them. Nothing but the unlovely object of worldly self-advantage.

Of such a system there could be but one result. No longer do we experience any surprise at finding that the aborigines, who were to have been civilized, and who, at first, evinced the most friendly disposition towards the new settlers, were shot down and even poisoned by the squatters, soldiers, emigrant adventurers, and emancipists, the standard of whose morality appears to have been about equally high; that men in the highest judicial stations were notoriously immoral; that amongst the most prosperous and respectable of Sydney tradesmen were receivers of stolen goods; that in the time of one governor,

"the marriage ceremony fell into neglect, and dissolute habits soon prevailed; rum became the regular and principal article of traffic, and was universally drunk to excess";

and that, when he left the colony in 1800, "*it was then in a state of deep demoralization*" (*Therry*, p. 71); that, under the rule of his successor, to quote Mr. Therry's own description:

"The licentiousness that had prevailed in the time of Hunter was carried to the highest pitch. Not only was undisguised concubinage thought no shame, but the sale of wives was not an unfrequent practice. A present owner of broad acres and large herds in New South Wales is the offspring of a union strangely brought about by the purchase of a wife from her husband for four gallons of rum" (p. 72).

Lamentable as must have been the condition of a reformatory colony wherein the religious sentiment and all concern for a future life were entirely disregarded, its effects were more terrible to the Catholic portion of the convicts than to their Protestant fellow-criminals. The latter, born blind, were not sensible of the blessing of which they were deprived. To them religion was a matter of the merest unconcern. The parson was one of the gentlefolk, nothing more. He made no claim of spiritual power. It was not likely that they should invest him with it. They felt no need of him in death, any more than they had throughout their lives. Indeed, they had all along been taught that it was the special birthright of an Englishman to die as independently as he had lived. It must be owned, therefore, that, as far as they were concerned, no privation was experienced nor any practical loss occasioned by the circumstance that only one Protestant minister was appointed in the colony during six years, and for another six years only two.

How different the case of the Catholic portion of the convicts! For them to be deprived of priestly ministration was a loss all but irreparable. The clear and rigid dogmatism of the church places the three future states of existence before her children with a positiveness and reality which the mysterious power of evil may enable them to brave, but

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never to ignore. The intermediate state of temporal punishment forbids the most loaded with crimes to abandon hope, even at the moment of dissolution. But for this salvation the sacraments are ordinarily essential, of which the priests, and only the priests, are the dispensers. To deprive, thus, of priestly ministrations those poor creatures who stood most in need of them, to drag them to despair and final impenitence—the only sin from whose guilt the sacraments are powerless to rescue the sinner—was a cruelty which would have been diabolical if it had been intentional.

About ten years after the settlement of the colony, the number of Catholic convicts was greatly increased by large deportations from Ireland after the unsuccessful insurrection of 1798. But they were a very different class of men from ordinary convicts. They were superior to the ordinary political derelicts. If the most brutal and insulting tyranny that ever goaded a people to rebellion can justify an insurrection against established authorities, that justification they had to the full. Those Irish exiles of '98 were no more criminal than the ministry that arraigned them or the judges who pronounced their doom. The finer sensibilities of these men had not been blunted nor their domestic affection stifled by low associations and long habits of crime. They were, for the most part, men of blameless manners, and of a people remarkable for virtue. To such men the rude snapping asunder of the fondest heart-ties, the being dragged away for ever from the old spot of home, endeared by all blissful and innocent memories, from the familiar scenes, the beloved faces, the cherished friends, the heart-owned relatives, young and aged, from the graves of their ancestors, and the country of their birth, to be shipped off as criminals to the uttermost parts of the earth, with their country's deadly enemies for their jailers, must have been a fate from which death would have been hailed as a deliverer. To deprive those unfortunate patriots of the consolations and benedictions of their religion was indeed to make them empty the cup of sorrow to its bitterest dregs. In the year 1829, about forty years after the commencement of transportation from Ireland, they numbered nearly ten thousand souls. Yet, we are informed by Mr. Therry,

"up to that time they were dependent solely on such ministrations as could be rendered by a single priest, and for a considerable portion of that period there was no priest in the colony."

How different would have been the organization of the expedition, how far different its results, if the church had still owned England's heart, and her statesmen had been Catholics! The most worldly and ill-living of such would not have dreamed of equipping a colony without making full provision for the celebration of Christian worship and the ministrations of the church. It would have been their first care. Had they designed to make the colony subservient to the noble object of reforming those unfortunates whom society had cast out of its pale, nothing would have been advertently left undone to bring all the salutary influences of religion to bear upon them, and to place at their service every one of its supernatural aids. What is the church, in her actual working in the affairs of men, but a divinely organized reformatory system? Now a fundamental principle of that system is that forgiven crime is buried out of sight and out of mind. When the minister of the divine pardon

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has opened the doors of the eternal prison, and has stricken off the deadly fetters from the self-condemning penitent, he who was just now kneeling at his side in bonds and death, together with all the crimes he has committed, are alike forgotten by him. He is to him quite a new and other man. And with the Christian benediction he sends him forth reinvested with the royalty of his birth and his consanguinity to God, to mingle, mayhap, if he correspond to the grace given, with the most virtuous on the earth, as though he had never broken its peace or given scandal to his brethren. Men are what their religion makes them. And no Catholic statesman would have sent out a convict colony to a distant shore without providing for such as would be reformed a destination where the past might be at once forgotten and repaired. The angels of the Gospel, inflamed with the noblest charity that ever dawned over the everlasting hills on an ice-bound world, would have been scarcely ever absent from the prison cells, never weary of importuning their inmates to save themselves, and to reclaim their place amongst their fellows by a reformation which would at the same time restore them to their hopes as immortal men. Far from permitting to them every license of lust, and the indulgence of every criminal passion which did not interfere with jail discipline; by their moral reformation, and by it alone, would they have attempted their reformation as citizens. They would have been ever at hand to aid them with priestly counsels and the supernatural grace of the sacraments in those frequent falls and relapses of which nearly every history of reformation consists. And those who were sufficiently reformed to be able to conform thenceforth to the easy standard of public virtue would have found, in the new career to which they were committed, precisely the same divine system, with its supernatural aids and exhaustless charities ready to carry on in their behalf the work of restoration, through the love of man, to the reward of God.

Even in the case of those pitiable beings, in whose crime-clogged souls the loving accents of religion appeared to awake no echoes, never would the indiscriminating and wholesale torture of the lash have been summoned to its unholy and brutalizing work to deepen still more their moral degradation and place their reformation for ever out of hope. Restrained as they were from doing further mischief to society, the church, whose heart, as of a human mother, yearns with most fondness towards the most vicious of her children, would never have abandoned, still less have ill-treated, the poor outcasts. She would have hoped against hope. Nor would she for one moment have ceased her importunities, her ministrations, and her prayers, until final impenitence had taken away the unhappy beings for ever from the counsels of mercy, or human obduracy had capitulated, at the hour of death, to the exhaustless love of God.

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# THE VEIL WITHDRAWN.

TRANSLATED, BY PERMISSION, FROM THE FRENCH OF MME. CRAVEN, AUTHOR OF "A SISTER'S STORY," "FLEURANGE," ETC.

## XXXIX.

THE following day Lando, at an unusually early hour, entered the little sitting-room next my chamber where I commonly remained in the morning. He looked so much graver than usual that I thought he had come to tell me there was some obstacle in the way of his matrimonial prospects. But it was once more of my affairs, and not of his, he wished to speak.

"Dear cousin," said he without any preamble, "I come at this unusual hour because I wish to see you alone. I have something important to tell you."

"Something that concerns you, Lando?"

"No, it concerns you and Lorenzo."

My heart gave a leap. What was he about to tell me? What new hope was to be dashed to the ground?

"Great goodness!" said I, giving immediate utterance to the only object of my mortal terror, "have you come to tell me Donna Faustina is at Naples, and Lorenzo has left me again?"

"Donna Faustina? Oh! no. Would to heaven it were merely a question of her, and that you had nothing more serious to apprehend on Lorenzo's part than another foolish journey, were she to lead him beyond the Black Sea! No, it is not a question of your husband's heart, which preoccupies you more than he deserves, but of his property and yours."

I breathed once more as I heard these words, and my relief was so visible that Lando was out of patience.

"How singular and unpractical women are!" exclaimed he. "Here you are apparently grown calm because I have reassured you on a point less important in reality than the affair in question."

"I ought to be the judge of that, ought I not, Lando?" said I gravely.

"Of course. I will not discuss their merits with you. But remember, my dear cousin, if I am correctly informed, it is a question of losing all you possess! Lorenzo has been playing to a frightful degree! He made such good resolutions before me, as he was leaving Paris, that he does me the honor of concealing himself as much from me as from you. He had gone quite far enough before he went to Milan; but, since his return—influenced, I suppose, by a mad wish of diverting his mind from other things, and perhaps of repairing the breaches that had begun to alarm even him—he has added stock-gambling to the rest. Some one heard him say the other day that he expected to triple his fortune, or lose all he possessed. One of the two was indeed to happen. My dear cousin! . . . he has not tripled it, and the other alternative is seriously to be feared."

I listened with attention, but likewise with a calmness that was not merely exterior.

"You do not seem to understand," said he with more impatience than before, "that you are in danger of

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losing everything you have? Yes, *everything!* . . . What would you say, for example," continued he, looking around, "if you were to see all the magnificence that now surrounds you, and to which you are accustomed, disappear; if this house and all the precious objects it contains were to vanish for ever from your sight?"

"I should say . . . But it is of little consequence what I should say or think in such a case. For the moment nothing is lost, and, when our lawsuit in Sicily is once gained, all fear of ruin will be chimerical. Allow me, therefore, to decline meanwhile participating in your fears."

"Yes, I know you are certain of gaining your cause, as it is in your father's hands. But if some radical change does not take place in Lorenzo's habits, the immense fortune that awaits him will share the fate of that he has just squandered."

"Therefore, Lando, as soon as the lawsuit is decided, I have formed the plan of inducing him to undertake one of those long journeys to some distant land, such as he has made so many of, and to take me with him. We shall soon come to a region where cards are unknown, and where he will never hear of dice, roulette, or of stocks."

"Nor of Donna Faustina, either, eh, cousin?" said he, laughing. "But you are not in earnest about banishing yourself in this way for an indefinite period, leaving the civilized world, and sharing the life he leads in these interminable journeys?"

"I shall not hesitate a single instant, I assure you," replied I warmly. "I shall esteem myself the happiest woman in the world if I can induce him to accede to my wish."

"Then," replied he with emotion, "you can really save him; for he now needs a powerful distraction, a complete and radical change, that will really give a new turn to his whole life. Nothing less than this can save him. But you are admirable, Cousin Ginevra, it must be confessed."

"Wherein, Lando, I beg? In the course of a year you will consider my conduct very natural, and I hope Teresina will be of the same opinion."

"Perhaps so. But I assure you I intend to take a very different course from Lorenzo. I have done many foolish things, heaven knows; but there is a limit to everything, and I hope never to follow his example."

"Enough, Lando; you hurt my feelings and distress me."

He stopped, and soon after went away, leaving me preoccupied with what he had told me, though I was not troubled. Oh! what life, what repose, I found in the secret love that had been made manifest to me! The excitement of my first moment of transport had died away, but I had not become indifferent. I clearly saw the gathering clouds. I felt I was surrounded by dangers of all kinds; but I had nothing of the vague fear often produced by anxiety with respect to the future. What could happen to me? What tempests, what dangers, had I to fear with the clear, unmistakable assurance of an unfailing support, constant assistance, and a love ever faithful and vigilant, and more tender than any human affection—a love that *is infinite*, which no earthly love can be? We sleep in peace on the stormiest sea when we are sure of the hand that guides us. How much more when we know that hand controls the waves them-

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selves, and can still them at its will!

This conversation with Lando only served to increase my desire to leave Naples, and it was with real joy I saw the day of our departure arrive at last. I was joyfully making my preparations at an early hour in my room, which Lorenzo very seldom entered now, when he suddenly made his appearance. Of course I was doubly moved. But as soon as I glanced at his pale, agitated face, I knew he had come to impart some terrible news. But I only thought of what Lando had communicated, and exclaimed:

"Speak without any fear, Lorenzo. I have courage enough to hear it all."

But when he replied, it was my turn to grow pale; I uttered a cry of anguish, and fell at his feet, overcome with horror and grief.

My father was no more! At the very hour when he was arranging the final documents for his cause, on the very spot where he so long kept me at his side, he had fallen dead. No one was with him. At the sound of his fall the old servant, who always remained in the next room, hurried to his assistance, but in vain. Nothing could recall him to life!

This blow was terrible—terrible in itself and in its effect on my hopes. In the first place, it put an immediate stop to all my new plans. Lorenzo felt it more necessary than ever to go to Sicily, but now absolutely refused to take me with him. He did not seem to understand how I could desire to go. In his eyes, the sole motive for such a journey no longer existed. I should now only expose myself to the most harrowing grief, which it was his duty to spare me. I did not dare insist on going, for fear of irritating him at a moment when the very pity I inspired might increase the dawn of returning affection I thought I discovered. Besides, I had but little time for reflection. Only a few hours intervened between the arrival of this fatal news and Lorenzo's departure, which left me alone, abandoned to my grief and the bitterness of a disappointment I had not anticipated in the least, mingled with the remembrance of Lorenzo's inexplicable farewell!

It was evident he attributed my tears solely to filial emotion. I had seen him go away so many times without shedding any, that he had no reason to suppose his departure this time caused them to flow almost as much as the calamity that had befallen me. He even seemed surprised that I should insist on accompanying him to the boat and remaining with him till the last minute.

He had no idea how I longed to be permitted to forgive him on my knees; how I wished to implore permission to aid him in breaking the fearful bonds that fettered his noble faculties; to tear off, so to speak, the mask that seemed to change the very expression of his face! Oh! how I longed to save him. How I longed to bring this soul, so closely linked with mine, to itself! The strong desire I once felt, that had been extinguished by jealousy, frivolity, and temptation, now sprang up again with a new force that was never to be destroyed. I was ready for any sacrifice in order to have it realized—yes, even for that of knowing my sacrifice for ever ignored! Not that I did not aspire to win his heart once more! It belonged to me by the same divine right that had given mine to him. I wished to



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claim it, and I felt that this desire, however ardent it might be, by no means diminished the divine flame within that now kindled all my desires—those of earth as well as those of heaven!

He did not, alas! have any suspicion of all this. And yet, when I raised my eyes in bidding him farewell, he perhaps saw the look of affection and sorrowful regret I was unable to repress; for he looked at me an instant with an expression which made me suddenly thrill with hope! One would have almost said an electric spark enabled our souls to comprehend each other without the aid of words. But this moment was as fleeting as that spark—more transitory than the quickest flash that leaves the night as dark as before!

His face became graver than ever; his brow more gloomy and anxious, as if some terrible thought had been awakened. He continued to gaze at me, as he put up the little straw hat I wore, and, pushing back my hair with the caressing air of protection once so familiar, he kissed my forehead and cheek, and, pressing me a moment against his heart, he uttered these strange words: "Whatever happens, I wish you to be happy, Ginevra. Promise me you will! . . ."

I had been at home a long time, and seen the last trace of smoke from the steamboat disappear between Capri and the coast beyond Sorrento, without having resolution enough to leave that side of the terrace which commanded the most distant view of the sea. I remained with my eyes fastened on the horizon, looking at the waves, agitated by the mournful sirocco, whose dull, sad moans afar off add so much to the gloom felt at Naples when the bright sun and blue sky are obscured. Elsewhere bad weather is nothing surprising, but at Naples it always astonishes and creates anxiety, as if it were abnormal, as the sudden gravity of a smiling face affects and alarms us more than that of one naturally austere.

I remained, therefore, in my seat, dwelling on my recent hopes, my sudden disappointment and its distressing cause, on Lorenzo's departure without me, his look, his mysterious words, and his affectionate manner as he bade me farewell.

Oh! why, at whatever cost, had I not gone with him? And then I followed him in thought to the dear place I was never to behold again—to the old palace at Messina where I had passed my childhood, happy and idolized, under the eye of her who always seemed to me like some heavenly vision. Beside her I saw my father—"my beloved father." I uttered these last words aloud, looking, with eyes full of tears, towards the wild gloomy sea that separated me from him in death as it had in life.

At that instant I heard Lando's voice beside me. He had approached without my hearing him. He had a kind heart that redeemed many of his faults, and had come to pity and console me in his way.

"My poor cousin! I am overwhelmed. . . . What a frightful, irreparable misfortune! I feel as if it concerned me almost as much as you."

After a moment's pause he continued:

"And what is to be done now? In three days that great trial is to take place and your cause is to be decided! What advocate, good heavens! can be found that can, I will not say equal, but replace, the able and illustrious Fabrizio dei Monti?"

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XL.

The first days of mourning, anxiety, and expectation were spent almost entirely alone. I only left the house to go to the convent, and saw no one at home but Stella and my aunt, who, though she resembled her brother but little, loved him tenderly, and was inconsolable at his loss.

A week passed by, and I began to be surprised at not having received any news from Lorenzo. The lawsuit must be over. It was time for him to return, or, at least, for me to receive a letter from him. But none had come, and I remained in this state of suspense a length of time that was inexplicable. At last I received two lines written in haste, not from him, but from my brother:

"I shall arrive the day after this note, and will then tell you everything. Do not lose courage.

"MARIO."

Lando was present when this note arrived, and I read it aloud.

"O heavens!" he exclaimed, "you have lost your cause! That is evident. He tells you so plainly enough! . . . And I cannot see what he can have worse to tell you."

He kept on talking for some time, but I did not listen to him. I read the note over and over again. Why had not Lorenzo written? Why was Mario coming, and why did he not say Lorenzo was to accompany him? Why did he not even mention his name? . . . I did not dare acknowledge to myself the terrible fear that passed through my mind; but I recalled his mysterious words, his look, his voice, and his whole manner when he bade me farewell, and everything assumed an ominous look. A possibility flashed across my mind which I did not dare dwell on for fear of losing my reason, and, with it, the blessed remembrance that was the only support of my life! I suffered that night as I had not suffered since the hours of grief and remorse that followed the death of my mother!

The next day, at a late hour, I at last perceived the boat from Sicily slowly coming up the bay, struggling against a violent outwind; for, after a long continuation of fine weather, now came a succession of dismal, stormy days, such as often cast a gloom over the end of spring at Naples. My first impulse was to go to meet Mario at the landing; but I changed my mind, and concluded to remain at home, that I might be alone when I should receive the news he was bringing me.

I found it difficult, however, to control my impatience, for I had to wait nearly an hour longer. But at last I heard his step on the stairs; then my door opened, and he made his appearance. What I experienced when I saw he was really alone showed to what an extent I had flattered myself Lorenzo would return with him. I gazed at him without stirring from my seat, without the strength to ask a single question. He came to me, took me in his arms with more tenderness than he had ever shown in his life, and when he kissed me I saw his eyes were filled with tears.

"Lorenzo! Where is Lorenzo?" I exclaimed as soon as I could speak.

"Be calm, sister," said he—"be calm, I beg of you. . . . I will tell you the whole truth without the slightest evasion."

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"But before anything else, tell me where Lorenzo is, and why he did not come with you."

"Ginevra, I cannot tell you, for I do not know yet. I am quite as ignorant as you what has become of him."

At this reply the beating of my heart became so violent that I thought I should faint away; but I struggled to overcome the anguish that seized me, and said in a hoarse voice:

"At least, tell me all you know, Mario, without delay or reticence."

Mario drew from his pocket a letter carefully sealed, but still seemed to hesitate about giving it to me. But I recognized the writing, and cut short all explanation by snatching it from his hands, and ran to a seat in the most retired corner of the room, where I could read it at my ease, and my brother could not guess its contents by my face till it should suit me to communicate them.

. . . . . .

"Ginevra, you will doubtless have learned, before opening this letter, that I have lost my cause—in other words, that I am ruined, irrevocably ruined. I had a presentiment of this when the only one who could bring it to a favorable issue was taken away by death at the critical moment; and when I embraced you at my departure, I felt convinced I was bidding you adieu for ever. . . . Whatever I may be, this word will no doubt startle you. Though the loss of a very bad husband is by no means irreparable, you will shudder, I am sure, at the thought of all so desperate a state of affairs may render me capable of, and the most fearful of extremities has already crossed your mind, I have no doubt. Well, you are not wrong. I confess it was my intention, and you may be glad to know it was *you* who caused me to change it. Yes, Ginevra, the thought of you occurred to my mind, and I was unwilling to add another horrible remembrance to those I had already left you, and render a catastrophe, already sufficiently terrible, still more tragical. It would, however, have restored you to liberty, and permitted your young life to resume its course and find a happiness I can no longer promise you. This thought furnished an additional reason to all those suggested by despair; but the sweet, suppliant look you gave me, the inexplicable, celestial expression you wore when we separated, arrested me. The remembrance of that look still haunts me. What did you wish to say to me, Ginevra? What had you to ask me? What could be the prayer that seemed to hover on your lips! I can repair nothing now. The past is no longer in my power, and the future is blighted. The captivating charm of your beauty has not been powerful enough to enable me to overcome myself. It is now too late, as you see yourself. All is over. My faults have led to the most fatal consequences. I have only to endure them, whatever they may be. I resign myself to the struggle, then. The very word stimulates me, for to struggle is to labor, and work I love to excess! Why did I not give my whole soul up to it instead of other things! Ah! if the past could only be restored! . . . But let us return to the present. I will work, then; yes, work, Ginevra, *to gain my livelihood.* However great a sybarite I have appeared, and am, I am equal to it. I can and will labor, but far from you—separated from you. Thanks to your brother's generosity and the means still at my disposal,

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which will be communicated to you, this great reverse will entail no privation on you. This is my only hope, my only comfort; for, after having clouded the fairest portion of your life, to invite you to participate in the bitterness of my misfortunes would make me despise myself and fill me with despair. Be happy, therefore, if you do not wish me to put an end to my life. And now *adieu*. This word is used for a brief absence, for the separation of a day. What will be the length of ours? . . . A lifelong one, apparently. . . . May my life be short, that I may not long deprive you of your freedom!

"Ginevra, you are young, you are beautiful. You are calculated to love and please, and, however unfaithful and inconstant I have been, I am jealous! But I leave you without fear, under the protection of that something mysterious and incomprehensible within you that is a safeguard to your youth and beauty! I have forfeited the right to love and protect you, but I know and venerate you as a holy, angelic being. Ginevra, I ought to say, I wish I could say, forgive me; but that word is vain when it is a question of the irreparable. I shall do better, then, to say—forget me! LORENZO."

. . . . . .

While I was reading this letter with eager interest, Mario remained in the place where I left him, his face buried in his hands, absorbed in sad reflections. I approached him. He instantly looked up.

"Well, sister," said he anxiously, "have you any idea from this letter where Lorenzo has gone?"

"No."

"No? . . . And yet you look calm and relieved. What other good news could there be in the letter?"

What good news! . . . I was really embarrassed to know what reply to make to his question. I was relieved, to be sure. My heart beat with a certain joy, but it would not do to say so; nor could I have made Mario comprehend the reason, for nothing, in fact, could be more serious than my position.

"No good news," I replied. "His letter contains nothing cheering, assuredly, for it announces the loss of his lawsuit, which your note had prepared me for. And Lorenzo seems to bid me an eternal farewell, as if he imagined I should allow him to separate my life entirely from his! That remains to be decided. But in order to know what I ought to do, you must tell me everything that has happened, Mario, without any restriction."

Mario had hoped to be able to avoid telling me the whole truth, but at this appeal made no further attempt at concealment, and was grateful to me for the courage which lightened so painful a duty.

Lorenzo arrived at Messina, persuaded in advance that my father's death was the signal of his ruin. But when the cause was decided against him, he remained apparently very calm. During the evening he had a long conversation with Mario, in which he occupied himself in making arrangements that would secure my comfort, placing at my disposal all he had left, and accepting the generous offer of my brother, who now refused to profit by the renunciation of my right to a portion of my father's property which I had made at the time of my marriage. Lorenzo, during this conversation, repeatedly expressed the desire this storm might

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pass over my head without affecting me.

The following morning Mario received a package containing the substance of this conversation, regularly signed and sealed, and a sealed letter addressed to me, without any other explanation. My brother waited till the hour appointed by Lorenzo the night before for a meeting, but he did not make his appearance; and when Mario went in search of him, he learned he had taken his departure in the night without leaving any trace of the direction he had taken. Two boats had left Messina during the night, one for the Levant, and the other for America. But, notwithstanding all the precautions taken by Lorenzo to prevent any one from knowing which way he had gone, Mario thought he had embarked on the latter of these two boats.

Lorenzo had ordered the steward that had always been in his employ to aid my brother in the execution of his wishes and whatever was to be done in consequence, either in Sicily or Naples. But he had not revealed to him, any more than to me or my brother, his personal affairs, or the place to which he was going.

After listening to this account with the utmost attention, I requested Mario to leave me alone a few hours, that I might reflect on all I had heard, and consider at my leisure what course I ought to pursue. I felt indeed the need of collecting my thoughts in solitude and silence; but above all . . . oh! above all! I longed to be alone, that I might fall on my knees and bless God!

Yes, bless him with transport! The fear, the horrible, intolerable fear, that had taken hold of my mind, was for ever removed by the contents of Lorenzo's letter. Regret, if not repentance, for his faults was betrayed in every line he wrote. The manly energy of his character, too, was manifest throughout. As to what related to me, I felt touched, and more proud of the tender, confiding, respectful interest he expressed, than of all the passionate fervor of his former language. And I blessed heaven for not being unworthy of it. Finally, finally, the words, "I will work to gain my livelihood," made my heart leap with joy; for I saw it put an end to the dangerous, indolent, pernicious life of the past, and held out a hope of regeneration and salvation—a salvation physical, moral, present, future, eternal! It really seemed impossible to feel such a hope could be paid for too dearly!

I remembered, however, that I should have to discuss my affairs with Mario, and perhaps with Lando also, whose heart was extremely moved by this catastrophe; and I endeavored, before meeting them again, to moderate a joy that would have appeared inexplicable, and, at the very time when I was more reasonable than I had ever been in my life, would have rendered me in their estimation extravagant in my notions, and without any practical sense as to the things of the world.

## XLI.

When I saw Mario again, therefore, I thanked him affectionately for his generosity, but declared I would not accept the restoration of the inheritance I had renounced at the time of my marriage with the

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Duca di Valenzano. Livia had done the same on entering the convent. Mario was, and should remain, my father's only heir. I was determined not to allow any change in this arrangement. I had great difficulty in overcoming his resistance; and when I could not help remarking that the sacrifices which awaited me would cost me but little, he stopped me by saying I had not yet made the trial, and insisted I should take no immediate resolution with regard to the matter.

"Very well," said I, "if it is your wish, we will discuss the point at a later day. Let us confine our attention for the moment to what is of much more importance. You know very well we cannot long remain ignorant where Lorenzo is, and as soon as we know I shall go to him."

"Go to him?"

"Do you doubt it?"

Mario looked at me with surprise, and was silent for an instant. Then he said:

"Sister, Lorenzo's conduct has been so notorious that, notwithstanding the solicitude I acknowledge he manifested for you at our last interview, no one would be astonished at your remaining among your friends and availing yourself of the means he has used to deliver you from the consequences of his folly."

"Accept this beautiful villa, which he wishes to except from the sale of his property? . . . Surround myself with the comforts you have together provided me with, and leave him—him!—alone, poor, struggling against the difficulties of beginning a new life? . . . Really, Mario, if you believe I would consent to this, it is a proof that, though you are less severe than you once were to your poor little sister, you are not altogether just to her."

Mario took my hand, and kissed it with emotion.

"Pardon me, Ginevra; I confess I did not think you were so generous or so courageous!"

Courageous! . . . I was not so much so as he thought. A hope had risen in my heart which would have rendered poverty itself easy to endure, and even in such a case I should not have been an object of pity. But here there was no question of poverty. My sight was clearer than that of Mario or Lando, and I was, in fact, more sensible than either of my two advisers. It was only a question, at most, of a temporary embarrassment. Lorenzo's land, the valuable objects accumulated in his different houses, and the sale of all my diamonds, would suffice, and more than suffice, to fill the pit dug by his extravagance, however deep it might be. Besides, his talents alone, as soon as he chose to turn them to account, excluded all fear of actual poverty. The mere name of *Lorenzo* with which he signed all his productions had long been familiar to the art-world, and consequently he would not be obliged to strive for a position.

It was merely a question, therefore, of the relinquishment of all this display, this magnificence, this overwhelming profusion of superfluities, and all the luxuries of life that now surrounded me. Ah! I did not dare tell them what I thought of such *sacrifices!* I did not dare speak of my indifference, which greatly facilitated their task, however, and still less did I dare reveal the cause, for fear of being accused of madness, and that at a time when they should have considered it a proof of the beneficial effects of supernatural influences on ordinary life. I contented my-

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self, therefore, with merely explaining the reason why my situation seemed to me by no means desperate. They were relieved to see me take things in such a way, and from that moment the necessary changes, so painful, in their estimation, were undertaken without any delay, though without haste, without fear, without concealment, and all the so-called great sacrifices began to be accomplished.

It would be difficult to render an account of all I experienced during the following days and weeks. All I can say is that I felt as if my shackles and barriers one by one were removed, and at every step I breathed a purer air! . . . Does this mean I had become a saint, aspiring to heroic sacrifices and utter renunciation? Assuredly not. I repeat it, I could have no illusion of this kind. I clearly comprehended that this catastrophe, which seemed so terrible to others, which Lorenzo considered beyond my strength to bear, and would have thrown him into an excess of despair, only tore off the brilliant exterior of my life. But I had often experienced a confused, persistent desire at various times and places to be freed from this outer husk, and I now began to understand a thousand things that heretofore had been inexplicable in the bottom of my soul.

The magnificence that surrounded me belonged, however, to my station, and all this display was not without reason or excuse; but I felt it impeded my course, and, as a pious, profound soul* has said of happiness itself, in striving to attain the true end, it only served to *lengthen the way!*

There was, then, neither courage nor resignation in this case. I was reasonable and satisfied, as every human being is who in an exchange feels he has gained a thousand times more than he has lost! The only anxiety I now felt was to discover the place to which Lorenzo had betaken himself. I did not in the least believe he had gone either to the Levant or America, but every means seemed to have been used by him to defeat our efforts to discover him. One of the two boats that left Messina the night of his departure was to touch at Marseilles on the way. Reflection and instinct both assured me he had proceeded no further, but from that place had gone where he could most easily resume his labors and begin his new life. In this respect Rome or Paris would have equally suited him, but it seemed improbable he had returned to Italy. It was therefore to Paris I directed my search, and I wrote Mme. de Kergy to aid me in finding him.

Perhaps I should have hesitated had Gilbert been at home; but he was absent, absent for a year, and before his return I should have time to reflect on the course I ought to pursue, perhaps ask the advice of his mother herself, to whom, meanwhile, I made known my present situation, my wishes, my projects, and the extreme anxiety to which I hoped with her assistance to put an end.

It was not long before I received a reply, and it was much more favorable than I had ventured to hope. Her large, affectionate heart seemed not only to comprehend fully what I had merely given her an outline of, but to have penetrated to the bottom of mine, and divined even what I had not attempted to say. I felt I had in her a

* Eugénie de la Ferronays.

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powerful support. Her inquiries were promptly and successfully made, and the result was what I had foreseen. Lorenzo was really in Paris, in an obscure corner of the Faubourg Saint-Germain. He had narrow quarters adjoining a large studio, where he had already begun to work. "His celebrity is too great for him to remain long concealed," wrote Mme. de Kergy; "besides, the very thing he is aiming at would prevent all possibility of his remaining long incognito. Several of his friends have already found him out and called to see him, but he has only consented to receive one of them, whose counsels and assistance are indispensable. This gentleman is also a friend of ours. I have learned through him that as soon as your husband gets under way in his work, he intends to enter into communication with those he has left, and probably with you, my dear Ginevra; but he persists in his intention of remaining by himself, and not allowing you to share his lot. He thinks he has arranged everything so you can continue to live very nearly the same as before, with the exception of his presence, which, he says, he has done nothing to make you desire. You will have some difficulty in overcoming his obstinacy in this respect; you will find it hard to induce one who is so sensible of his wrongs towards you to accept the heavy burden of gratitude. All the sacrifices he imposes on himself will cost him far less than to consent to those you are so ready to make for him. Men are all so Be patient, therefore; be prudent, and have sufficient thoughtfulness and feeling to manifest your generosity in such a way that he will perceive it as little as possible. . . ."

It was the easier to follow Mme. de Kergy's advice that the course she wished me to pursue would be strictly sincere. I wrote him, therefore, without affectation or restraint, what my heart dictated, but I wrote in vain; my first and second letters remained unanswered. The third drew forth a reply, but it contained a refusal of my wishes which betrayed all the motives indicated by my aged friend. Alas! to make others accept forgiveness is often a thousand times more difficult than to obtain it ourselves!

I was not discouraged, however. I made preparations for my departure, as if he had sent for me, and I awaited impatiently the time, without the least doubt as to its arrival, determined to find some means of hastening it, should the delay be too much prolonged.

## XLII.

While so much apparent, as well as real, gloom was gathering around my path, there was no diminution in the interior brightness of my soul; which was only manifested, however, by an activity, and at the same time tranquillity, that greatly surprised my brother and all my friends, especially my aunt, whose agitation was extreme.

I will not say that Donna Clelia felt in the least that pleasure at the misfortunes of others attributed by a great satirist to all mankind, but the change in our respective situations which now afforded her an opportunity of pitying and protecting instead of envying me, was by no means displeasing to her pride or kindness of heart.

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She offered me the most unlimited hospitality. She wished to establish me in her *palazzo* on the Toledo, and give up the largest of her spacious drawing-rooms to my sole use. She did not comprehend how I could remain in my house when it was being stripped of all the magnificence that had placed me, in her eyes, on the very pinnacle of happiness. But I refused to the last to leave my chamber and the terrace, with its incomparable view, the privation of which I should have felt more than anything else. I remained, therefore, in the corner (a very spacious one, however) of my beautiful home I had reserved for myself, encouraged by Stella, who, without surprise or wonder, comprehended my motives, and assisted me in making preparations for my departure. She always brought Angiolina with her, which added to our enjoyment; for she continually hovered around, enlivening us with her prattle. So, in spite of the sadness of my position, I was able, without much effort, to rise above my dejection and gloom.

Weeks passed away, however, and, though I had not renounced the hope of overcoming Lorenzo's obstinacy, I began to grow impatient, and was thinking of starting without his consent; for it seemed to me, when once near him, he could not refuse to see me. This uncertainty was the most painful feature of my present situation, and the rainy season, meanwhile, added its depressing influence to all the rest. But to disturb my peace of mind and diminish my courage would have required a trial more severe and painful than that.

The sky once more became clear, and we were at length able to return to the terrace, from which we had so long been banished by the rain. The clumps of verdure in the garden, the perfume of the flowers, the blueness of the mountains, sea, and sky—in short, all nature seemed to atone by her unusual brilliancy for having been so long forced to veil her beautiful face. But Stella, instead of being charmed and transported, as usual, with the prospect, looked gravely and silently around for some time, then, with a sudden explosion of grief, threw herself on my neck.

"Ginevra, what will become of Angiolina and me when you are gone? . . . Ah! I ought to love nobody in the world but her!"

She sat down on one of the benches on the terrace, and took up the child, who had not left us an instant during the day, to play, as she usually did. And when Angiolina, with her eyes full of tears, begged her to prevent her dear Zia Gina from going away, all Stella's firmness gave way for an instant, and she burst into tears.

Oh! how strongly I then felt, in my turn, the difference there is between the sacrifice of exterior objects and the interior sacrifices that rend the soul! The infinite love that tempers all the sufferings of this world exempts no one from these trials. I might even say it increases them, for it enlarges the capacity of our affection and pity: it makes us fully realize what suffering is, and gives it its true meaning.

I could not, therefore, look at Stella in her present mood without being overcome by a sadness I had never felt before at the thought of our separation. Her tears, which she was generally so well able to suppress, continued to flow, as she rocked her child in silence. She remained thus without uttering a word, even in reply to my ques-

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tions, until little Angiolina, after quietly weeping a long time, fell into a heavy, profound sleep in her mother's arms.

It was the first time I had ever known Stella to lose courage. Mine failed me at the sight, and this hour—the last we were to pass together on the terrace so full of pleasant associations, and so often trod by Angiolina's little feet—this hour was sad beyond all expression, and in appearance beyond all reason. The serenity of the soul, like the sky of Italy, is thus obscured at times by clouds that trouble and afflict the more because the light they veil is habitually so bright and serene! Neither Stella nor I, however, were disposed to believe in presentiments. Besides, our sadness was too well founded to be surprising. Nevertheless, something darker hovered over us than we foresaw at the moment: the morrow already threw its gloom over this last evening!

The sun was going down. Stella suddenly started from her reverie and awoke Angiolina. It was time to take her home. But the child's eyes, generally so bright, were now heavy. She hardly opened them when I approached to embrace her. Her little mouth made a slight movement to return my kiss, and she fell asleep again immediately. Her mother, surprised, and somewhat alarmed at her unwonted languor, hastily wrapped a shawl around her to protect her as much as possible from the evening air, and carried her away.

The following day, of sorrowful memory, rose bright and radiant for me; for when I awoke, I found a letter from Lorenzo awaiting me—a letter which put an end to all my perplexities, and justified, beyond all my hopes, the confidence with which I had expected it.

"Ginevra, you have prevailed. I venture at last to beg your forgiveness, for your letters have inspired the hope of some day meriting it. I no longer fear, therefore, to meet you again. Come! It is my wish. I am waiting for you.

"LORENZO."

These last lines contained the surest promise of happiness I had ever received in my life, and I kissed them with tears. I longed to start that very hour, and it will not seem surprising now that I looked around the sumptuous dwelling I was about to leave for ever without regret, and even at the enchanting prospect my eyes were never weary of gazing at! It was by no means these exterior objects that inspired the deep, unalterable joy of my soul. I did not owe to them the vision of happiness I thought I now caught the first ray of. My only regret, therefore, was that I could not start as soon as I wished. All my preparations were made, and I longed to take my departure at once. But I had to wait three days before the first boat on which I could embark would leave for Marseilles—a delay that seemed so long! Alas! I was far from foreseeing how painful and short I should find them!

Stella had passed every day with me for the last few weeks, and I now awaited her arrival to communicate my joy. But the usual hour for her to come had gone by. She did not appear. I was surprised at this delay, and, instead of waiting any longer, I proceeded on foot to her house, which was only at a short distance from mine. The previous evening had left me no anxiety, and its sadness had been dispersed with the joy of the morning.

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When I arrived, I found the door open. No servant was there to announce me. I went through the gallery, a large drawing-room, and a cabinet, without meeting a person. At length I came to Stella's chamber, where Angiolina also slept in a little bed beside her mother's. I entered. . . . Oh! how shall I describe the sight that met my eyes! How express all my feelings of amazement, pity, affection, and grief!

My dear, unhappy Stella was seated in the middle of the room with her child extended on her knees, pale, motionless, and apparently without life!

She did not shed a tear; she did not utter a word. She raised an instant her large eyes, which were unusually dilated, and looked at me. What a look! O God! it expressed the grief that mothers alone can feel, and which no other on earth can surpass! . . . I fell on my knees beside her. Angiolina still breathed, but she was dying. She opened her beautiful eyes a moment. . . . A look of recognition crossed them. . . . They turned from her mother to me, and from me to her mother, and then grew dim. A convulsive shudder ran over her, and it was all over. The angel was in heaven. The mother was bereft, for this life, of her only child! . . .

. . . . . .

The longest years cannot efface the memory of such an hour, and time, which at last subdues all grief, never gave me the courage to dwell on this. Mothers who have been pierced by such a sword cannot speak of it; others dare not. The woman who has no child, in the presence of one who has just lost hers, can only bend in silence and respect before the sovereign majesty of grief!

I will merely state, with respect to what preceded, that the drowsiness of the child the night before was a symptom of the violent malady which suddenly attacked her in the middle of the night. After abating towards day, it came on again an hour later, and kept increasing without any relaxation to the end.

As for me, who had given Angiolina the place that had remained vacant in my heart, the excess of my grief enabled me to form an estimate of hers whose heart was filled with far greater anguish at being so suddenly robbed of her all by death. I shuddered at the thought of a sorrow greater than mine, and did not dare dwell on my own troubles in the presence of a grief that cast into the shade all the sufferings I had ever witnessed before. What a remedy for the imaginary or exaggerated woes of life it is to suddenly be brought to witness the reality of the most terrible of misfortunes!

What a price was I now to pay for the journey I had so long looked forward to—the reunion I had longed for with so many prayers and obtained by so many efforts!

To leave Stella in her affliction was a trial I had not anticipated, and one which the most imperious duty alone could have induced me to consent to. I had to do it, however, but not till I had succeeded in gratifying the only remaining wish of her broken heart—"to leave the world for a few months, that she might be alone, free to abandon herself entirely to the dear, angelic memory of her lost joy. . . ."

Stella uttered no complaint. Her grief was mute. But she had expressed this desire, and it was granted. Livia obtained a place of retreat for her in a part of her convent that

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was not cloistered. It was there I left her, in the shadow of that sweet sanctuary, near the tenderest, strongest heart she could have to lean on, in presence of the magnificent prospect before her, and beneath the brilliant canopy of that glorious sky, beyond which she could follow in spirit the treasure she had been deprived of, but which she felt sure of some day finding again!

XLIII.

I was filled with solemn emotion when, having taken leave of my brother and all the friends who had accompanied me on board, I at length found myself alone with Ottavia on the deck of the boat, gazing at the receding mountains, hills, villas, and the smiling, flowery shores of the Bay of Naples as they vanished away. Two years had scarcely flown since the day when this prospect met my eyes for the first time. But during this short period so many different feelings had agitated my heart, and so many events had crossed my path, that the time seemed as long as a whole life.

Joys and sorrows, ardent hopes and bitter deceptions, severe trials, dangerous temptations, a deadly struggle, grace—to crown all! grace luminous and wonderful—had all succeeded each other in my soul. And to all these remembrances was now added the new sorrow which set on these last days a mournful, heartrending seal! The death of a child, it is true, would seem to the indifferent to seriously wound no heart but its mother's. Mine, however, bled profusely, and the sudden death of the angelic little creature I had so much loved, as well as the separation that so soon took place, cast an inexpressible gloom over the hour of departure I had so eagerly longed for, and which I had obtained at the price of sacrifices which till now had not seemed worthy of being counted. Truly, the words already quoted do not apply less to earthly affections than to the divine love that overrules them and includes them all: "There is no living in love without some pain or sorrow." This is indubitable. The more tender the affection, the more exquisite the suffering it entails. But by way of recompense, in proportion as these cruel wounds are multiplied, the never-failing supreme love affords a remedy by revealing itself more and more fully, and thereby supplying the place of all these vanished joys. This love alone assures the promise, the pledge, of their restoration and immortal duration!

Therefore, whatever the sadness of this hour; whatever the desolation of heart with which I gazed at the convent on yonder height where I had just parted from Stella and my sister with so many tears—in short, whatever the emotions of all kinds that seemed combined to overwhelm me, I felt, in spite of them, I lived a truer, freer life than when for the first time, surrounded with illusions and deceitful hopes, I crossed this bay in all the intoxication of radiant happiness!

These thoughts, and many others of a similar nature, passed through my mind while the boat was rapidly cleaving the waves, and little by little the last outline of the coast of Italy faded away and finally disappeared from my eyes for ever.

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Night came on, the stars appeared, but I remained in the place where I was, without being able to make up my mind to leave it.

This solitude of the sea—more profound than any other—speaks to the soul a language peculiar to itself. I listened to it with undivided attention, blessing God for having inclined me to hear his voice, to give heed to no other during the period of inaction and repose which separated the portion of my life just closed from that which was about to commence under new and unknown circumstances.

I did not stop at Marseilles, for I was impatient to arrive at my journey's end. And yet, in spite of the summons I was now obeying, I was not without anxiety as to the reception I should meet with. I knew the mobility of Lorenzo's feelings, and that the letter I had so recently received from him was not a sure guarantee of the disposition in which I should find him. In fact, when I met him on my arrival at the station, I did not at first know what to think. He was pale, agitated, and gloomy, and could scarcely hide the suffering his face expressed much more clearly than joy at seeing me again. I felt the arm tremble on which I was leaning, and I remained silent, confounded, and anxious. He hurried me through the crowd, placed me in a carriage, made Ottavia take a seat beside me, then closed the door with an air of constraint, saying he wished to arrive before me.

At first I was astonished at finding myself so suddenly separated from him, after barely seeing him for a moment. But I saw, by the embarrassment and painful agitation he manifested, what was passing in his mind, and was extremely affected. Poor Lorenzo! it was not in this way he had once led his young bride beneath his roof. This was not the future he then took pleasure in depicting, or what he had promised. The immense change of fortune he had undergone was now for the first time to be realized by the wife he had outraged, and from whom he did not dare expect an affection which would overlook all and render every sacrifice light. I felt he regretted now that he had consented to my coming.

After a long drive we at last came to the end of a street at the extremity of the Faubourg Saint-Germain, where we entered a small court, and the carriage stopped before a door of very unpretending appearance.

But the house to which it gave access, covered on the outside with climbing plants that concealed the reddish tint of the walls, had a picturesque appearance seldom found in any house in Paris, large or small. Lorenzo, with his artistic eye, had discovered it, and understood also how it should be arranged interiorly. Consequently, when he ushered me into a *salon* opening into a little parterre filled with flowers, beyond which rose the trees of an adjacent garden, which made it seem like some rural solitude; when he took me all over the ground-floor, where everything was simple, but nothing vulgar; when on all sides I found evidences both of his taste and his solicitude for me; above all, when I saw in his cabinet and studio all the indications that he had resumed his habits of assiduous labor and serious study, so great a joy filled my heart and beamed from my eyes that he could no longer feel any doubt, and I saw the cloud that veiled his brow totally disappear.

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"Is it possible? . . . Is it true?" said he. "You are satisfied, Ginevra? And I can welcome your presence without remorse?"

I was affected to tears.

"I assure you," said I, with a sincerity of accent that could not be mistaken, "this so-called great catastrophe has only taken away the things I did not care for: it gives me here all I love, and nearly everything I desire."

I looked at him hesitatingly, not yet knowing how far to go. But his look inspired me with courage, and I continued, with emotion:

"Tell me, in your turn, that you regret nothing, that my presence suffices, and I pledge you my word, Lorenzo, this hour will be the happiest of my life."

Instead of replying directly, he knelt down beside the little divan where I was sitting, and I saw his eyes beaming with the expression that once used to flash from them for an instant, not uncertain and transitory as then, but calm, stable, and profound.

"Ginevra," said he, "in assuring you to-day that my reason has been restored to me, that I have for ever recovered from my detestable aberration, that I again look upon you as I did when you first effaced every other image, that I love you as much, yes, a thousand times more than ever, this is not saying enough, this is not telling you what you would perhaps listen to far more gladly than all this."

I opened my eyes and looked steadily towards him. He felt my soul was trying to read his, and he continued in a low, agitated tone:

"You have made me love in you what is better than yourself. Listen to me. . . . Long years of indifference had effaced the memory of divine things I had been taught in my childhood. Did you think they could ever be recalled? I had never felt the slightest desire. It is you, Ginevra, who caused their return. Can you realize it?"

O my God! this hour was too happy for earth! It left me only one wish more. It realized to the fullest extent all the cherished dreams of the past, and made me touch at last the summit (alas! always threatening and uncertain) of earthly happiness! No cloud has ever obscured the bright, blessed remembrance! No suffering, no trial, has ever checked the effusion of gratitude I still feel, and which will be eternal!

It will not be difficult to understand that, in this new state of things, our life speedily and sweetly resumed its course. Strange to say, this calm, simple life, exempt from splendor, luxury, and worldly *éclat*, was the precise realization of the secret desire I had always cherished in my soul, the signification of which had been revealed to me in that great day of grace which I may call that of my *true birth!*

It would, therefore, have been an absurdity to speak of sacrifice in the situation in which I now found myself. But Lorenzo did not yet see things in the same light.

"I acknowledge," said he one day, after some weeks had passed by—"I acknowledge we lack nothing essential, that the waifs from our wreck even afford us a comfortable support, but I wish more than that for you, my Ginevra. I must work for the means of restoring all my folly has deprived you of. The public receives my productions with marked favor. They have all been sold at a fabulous price, except one which I will never part with. Let me alone, therefore, and I promise you the day shall arrive when I

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will place on your brow a diadem even more brilliant than the one you have lost."

I made a quick gesture, and was about to express the repugnance such a prospect inspired. But I stopped. It was better, no matter in what way, he should be stimulated by some object to be attained by the laborious efforts to which he devoted all his faculties. I allowed him, therefore, to dream of the jewels he would adorn me with, and enlarge on his plans for the future, while I was sitting beside him in his studio, sometimes reading to him, and sometimes becoming his model again. Whenever he spoke in this way, I smiled without trying to oppose him.

Mme. de Kergy and Diana hastened to see me the day after my arrival. We continued to meet almost daily, and I found in their delightful society the strongest support, the wisest counsels, and an affection which inspired almost unlimited confidence.

As to Gilbert, he was still absent, and not expected to return till the autumn of the following year.

When his mother gave me this information, my first feeling was one of relief. It seemed to me my relations with his family were simplified by his absence, and I could defer all thought as to what I should do at his return. But, when I saw my dear, venerable friend secretly wipe away a tear as she spoke of her son; when she added in a trembling voice that such a separation at her age was a severe trial which afflicted her more than any she had ever known; when Diana afterwards came to tell me with a full heart that Gilbert's absence was shortening her mother's days, oh! then my heart sank with profound sorrow, and I felt an ardent, painful desire to repair the evil I had caused—an evil which (whatever may be said) is never altogether involuntary!

Ah! if women would only consider how far their fatal influence sometimes extends, even those who add hardness of heart to their desire to please would become indifferent to the wish. They scarcely hesitate sometimes to sacrifice a man's career, his abilities, his whole existence. Vanity and pride take pleasure in ravages of this kind. But if their eyes could behold the firesides they quench the light of, the maternal hearts they sadden, the families whose sweet joys they destroy, their trophies would seem bloody, and they might be brought to comprehend the words of the Psalmist which I had humbly learned to repeat: *Ab occultis meis munda me, et ab alienis parce servo tuo.*

Lorenzo's celebrity increased by the productions he now exhibited to the public. The singularity of our position in returning to Paris, under circumstances so different from those which surrounded us when we made our first appearance in the *grand monde*, drew upon us the attention of this very world which would have enticed us from our retreat. But, thank Heaven! I did not have to exert my influence over Lorenzo to induce him to decline it. His pride would have been sufficient, had not his whole time been absorbed in his labors, and it was even with difficulty he consented to accompany me one evening to the Hôtel de Kergy.

From that time, however, he willingly repeated his visits, attracted by Mme. de Kergy's dignified cordiality and simplicity of manner as well as by the charm of the intellectual circle of which her *salon*

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was the centre—a charm he would have always appreciated had he not been under the influence of another attraction. Now there was no counteracting influence, and he took fresh pleasure every evening in going there to repose after the fatigue of the day and seek something more beneficial to his mind than mere recreation.

A person endowed with noble gifts, who returns to the right path after long going astray, experiences an immense consolation in finding himself in his true element. It would, therefore, be impossible to tell how great Lorenzo's joy now was, or how eloquently he was able to express it. And nothing could express the feelings with which I listened to him!

The only shadow of my life at this time was my separation from Stella. A thousand times did I urge her to join me, as she was no longer under any obligation to remain at Naples. I felt that the only possible solace for her broken heart would be to leave the place where she had suffered so much; her courageous soul would find a salutary aliment in the great charitable movement at Paris, at that time in all the vigor of its first impulse, given a few years before. I therefore continually urged her to come, but I begged her in vain. An invincible repugnance to leave the place of refuge where she had hidden her grief prevented her from yielding to my wishes.

Thus passed days, weeks, months, yes, even a whole year and more of happiness. The satisfactory life I had dreamed of was now a reality, and the world I once fancied I could reveal to Lorenzo unaided he had discovered himself. It had been revealed to him by trials, humiliation, and labor. The absolute change in his habits, which Lando had once indicated as the only remedy, had, as he had foreseen, produced a beneficial, efficacious, and lasting effect.

But we know one of the anomalies of the human heart is to expect and long for happiness as its right, and yet to be incapable of possessing it a single day in its plenitude without trembling, as if conscious it was not in the nature of things here below for it to endure a long time.

Lorenzo experienced more than most people this melancholy of happiness, which was often increased by too profound a regret for the errors of his life. It partook of the vehemence of his character, and it was sometimes difficult to overcome the sadness awakened by the remembrance of the past.

"Ginevra," said he one day, "I am far too happy for a man who merits it so little."

He said this with a gloomy expression. It was the beginning of spring. The air was soft, the sky clear, the lilacs of our little garden were in bloom, and we sat there inhaling the perfume. He repeated:

"Yes, my life is now too happy—too happy, I feel, to be of long duration." A remark somewhat trite, which is often thrown like a veil over the too excessive brightness of earthly happiness! But I could not repress a shudder as I listened to it. And yet what was there to fear . . . to desire . . . to refuse . . . when I felt the present and the future were in the hands of Him whom I loved more than anything here below?



TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH.

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## A BIT OF MODERN THOUGHT ON MATTER.

We have now accomplished the first portion of our task, by establishing on good philosophical and physical grounds the fundamental truths regarding the essence and the properties of material substance as such. We might, therefore, take up the second part of our treatise, and begin our investigation about the nature of the metaphysical constituents of matter and their necessary relations, in order to ascertain how far the principles of the scholastic doctrine on matter can nowadays be maintained consistently with the principles of natural science. But we think it necessary, before we enter into the study of such a difficult subject, to caution our readers against some productions of modern thinkers, whose speculations on the nature of material things confound all philosophy, and tend by their sophistry to popularize the most pernicious errors. The number of such productions is daily increasing, owing to the efforts of powerful societies, and the philosophical imbecility of the scientific press and of its patrons. The heap of intellectual rubbish thus accumulated, both in Europe and in America, is quite prodigious; to sweep it all away would be like purging the Augean stable—a task which some new Hercules may yet undertake. We shall confine ourselves to a small portion of that task, by scattering to the winds some plausible quibbles we have lately met with in an American scientific magazine.

J. B. Stallo is the author of a series of articles published in the *Popular Science Monthly* under the title "The Primary Concepts of Modern Physical Science." He is a clever writer; but his conclusions, owing to a lack of sound philosophy, are not always correct. Some of them are altogether unfounded, others demonstrably false; and many of them, while attempting to revolutionize science, tend to foster downright scepticism. We shall single out a few of those propositions which clash with the common doctrines of modern physics no less than with the common principles of metaphysics; and we hope to show, by their refutation, the incomparable superiority of our old over his new philosophy.

*Indestructibility of matter.*—"The indestructibility of matter," says the writer, * "is an unquestionable truth. But in what sense, and upon what grounds, is this indestructibility predicated of matter? The unanimous answer of the atomists is: Experience teaches that all the changes to which matter is subject are but variations of form, and that amid these variations there is an unvarying constant—the mass or quantity of matter. The constancy of the mass is attested by the balance, which shows that neither fusion nor sublimation, neither generation nor corruption, can add to, or detract from, the weight of a body subjected to experiment. When a pound of carbon is burned, the balance demonstrates the continuous existence of this pound in the carbonic acid, which is the product of combustion, and from which the original weight of carbon may be recovered.

* October, 1873, p. 707.

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The quantity of matter is measured by its weight, and this weight is unchangeable."

So far all is right; but he continues: "Such is the fact familiar to every one, and its interpretation equally familiar. To test the correctness of this interpretation we may be permitted slightly to vary the method of verifying it. Instead of burning the pound of carbon, let us simply carry it to the summit of a mountain, or remove it to a lower latitude; is its weight still the same? Relatively it is; it will still balance the original counterpoise. But the absolute weight is no longer the same. . . . It is thus evident that the constancy, upon the observation of which the assertion of the indestructibility of matter is based, is simply the constancy of a relation, and that the ordinary statement of the fact is crude and inadequate. Indeed, while it is true that the weight of a body is a measure of its mass, this is but a single case of the more general fact that the masses of bodies are inversely as the velocities imparted to them by the action of the same force, or, more generally still, inversely as the accelerations produced in them by the same force. In the case of gravity, the forces of attraction are directly proportional to the masses, so that the action of the forces (*weight*) is the simplest measure of the relation between any two masses as such; but in any inquiry relating to the validity of the atomic theory, it is necessary to bear in mind that this weight is not the equivalent, or rather the presentation, of an absolute substantive entity in one of the bodies (the body weighed), but the mere expression of a relation between two bodies mutually attracting each other. And it is further necessary to remember that this weight may be indefinitely reduced, without any diminution in the mass of the body weighed, by a mere change of its position in reference to the body between which and the body weighed the relation subsists."

The aim of the author is, as we shall see, to prove that "there are and can be no absolute constants of mass"; hence he endeavors at the very outset to shake our opposite conviction by showing that there is no absolute measure of masses. Such is the drift of the passage we have transcribed.

But we beg to remark that absolute quantities may be known to be absolute independently of any absolute measurement. Three kinds of quantity are conceivable: intensive quantity, which is measured by *degrees;* dimensive quantity, which is measured by *distances;* and numerical quantity, which is measured by discrete *units.* Of course dimensive quantity is altogether relative, inasmuch as it entirely consists of relations, and cannot be measured but by relative and arbitrary measures; but intensive quantity, though measured by arbitrary degrees, is altogether absolute, because it consists of a reality whose value is independent of correlative terms. And in the same manner numerical quantity is altogether absolute, because it consists of absolute units, by which it can be measured, absolutely speaking, though we may fail to reach such units, and are then obliged to measure it by some other standard. Now, the mass, or the quantity of matter in a body, is a numerical quantity; for it consists of a number of primitive units, independent of one another for their essence and for their existence, and therefore absolute in regard to their substantial being. Consequently, every mass of matter has an absolute value corresponding to the number of absolute

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units it contains; and thus every mass of matter is "an absolute constant of mass." It is true that we have no means of ascertaining the absolute number of primitive units contained in a given mass; hence we are constrained to measure the quantity of matter by a relative measure—that is, by comparing it with an equal volume of another substance, whose density and weight we assume as the measure of other densities and weights. But does our ignorance of the absolute number of primitive units contained in a given mass interfere with their real existence? or, can our method of measuring change the nature of the thing measured?

We are told that "the weight of a body may be indefinitely reduced without any diminution in the mass of the body weighed." Would not this show that, contrary to the author's opinion, the body weighed possesses "an absolute constant of mass"? We are told at the same time that "the weight of a body is a measure of its mass." This cannot be true, unless, while the mass remains unchanged, the weight also remains unchanged. Hence the author's idea of carrying the pound of carbon to the summit of a mountain in order to diminish its weight, is inconsistent with the law of measurement, which forbids the employment of two weights and measures for measuring one and the same quantity.

The atomists measure the quantity of matter by its weight, because they know that every particle of matter is subject to gravitation, and therefore that the weights, all other things being equal, are proportionate to the number of primitive particles contained in the bodies. Thus, if a body contains a number, $m$, of primitive particles, and each of these particles is subject to the gravitation, $g$, while another body contains a number, $m'$, of primitive particles subject to the same gravitation, the ratio of the weights of the two bodies will be the same as the ratio of the two masses; for

$$mg : m'g :: m : m';$$

and if the two bodies were carried to the summit of a mountain, where the gravitation is reduced to $g'$, the weights would indeed be changed, but their ratio would remain unaltered, and we would still have

$$mg' : m'g' :: m : m'.$$

Hence, whether we weigh two bodies in the valley or at the summit of the mountain, so long as we keep the same unit of gravitation for both, the ratio of their masses remains the same. This shows that the quantity of matter existing in those bodies implies "a constant of mass" *independent* of the intensity of gravitation, and that the ratio of the two masses is the ratio of two "absolute" quantities—that is, of two numbers of primitive material units.

It is not true, therefore, that the weight is not "the presentation of an absolute substantive entity," as the author pretends. Weight implies mass and gravitation, and presents the one as subject to the other. Now, the mass is an "absolute substantive entity," as we have shown. Nor is it true that weight is "the mere expression of a relation between two bodies mutually attracting each other," as the author imagines. The pound of carbon is a pound not because of an attraction exercised by the carbon upon the earth, but merely because of the attraction exercised by the earth on the mass of the carbon. Were it otherwise, the mathematical expression of weight should contain, besides the mass of the body weighed and the action of gravity upon it, a third quantity representing the action

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of the body upon the earth, and the gravitation of the earth towards the body.

The writer proceeds: "Masses find their true and only measure in the action of forces, and the quantitative persistence of the effect of this action is the simple and accurate expression of the fact which is ordinarily described as the indestructibility of matter. It is obvious that this persistence is in no sense explained or accounted for by the atomic theory" (p. 708).

We admit that, owing to our inability to determine the absolute number of primitive elements in a body, we resort to the persistence of the weight in order to ascertain the persistence of a certain quantity of matter in the body. But this does not show that the action of forces is the "only measure" of masses. A mass is a number of material units; its true measure is *one of such units*, and it is only in order to determine the relative number of such units in different bodies that we have recourse to their weights. It is not the quantity of matter that follows the weight of the body, but it is the weight of the body that follows the quantity of matter; and therefore, although we determine the relative quantities of matter by the relation of their weights, it is not the weight that measures the quantity of matter, but it is the quantity of matter that measures the weight. In other terms, the persistence of the mass is merely *known* through the persistence of the weight, but the persistence of the weight is itself *a consequence* of the persistence of the mass. Hence the persistence of the mass is perfectly accounted for by the atomic theory, notwithstanding Mr. Stallo's contrary assertion.

He says: "The hypothesis of ultimate indestructible atoms is not a necessary implication of the persistence of weight, and can at best account for the indestructibility of matter if it can be shown that there is an absolute limit to the compressibility of matter—in other words, that there is an absolutely least volume for every determinate mass" (p. 708). Both parts of this proposition are false. The first is false, because the weight of a body is the result of the gravitation of all its particles; and, therefore, it cannot persist without the persistence of the gravitating particles. The second part also is false, because the persistence of the weight implies the persistence of the mass independently of all considerations concerning a limit of compressibility or an absolute minimum of volume. Hence, whatever the author may say to the contrary, it is quite certain of scientific certainty that there can be, and there is, in all bodies, "an absolute constant of mass."

*Atomic theory.*—The writer objects to the atomic theory on the ground that it does not explain impenetrability, and that it misconceives the nature of reality. He begins by remarking that "the proposition, according to which a space occupied by one body cannot be occupied by another, implies the assumption that space is an absolute, self-measuring entity, and the further assumption that there is a least space which a given body will absolutely fill so as to exclude any other body" (p. 709). We think that the proposition implies nothing of the kind. The space occupied by one body cannot *naturally* be occupied by another, because all bodies are made up of molecules which at very small distances repel one another with actions of greater and greater intensities, thus preventing compenetration, while successfully struggling for the perservation of their own individuality. This the molecules can

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do, whether space can be filled or not, and whether space is a self-measuring entity or not. Hence the remark of the author has no foundation.

But he continues: "The atomic theory has become next to valueless as an explanation of the impenetrability of matter, since it has been pressed into the service of the undulatory theory of light, heat, etc., and assumed the form in which it is now held by the majority of physicists. According to this form of the theory, the atoms are either mere points, wholly without extension, or their dimensions are infinitely small as compared with the distances between them, whatever be the state of aggregation of the substances into which they enter. In this view, the resistance which a body, *i.e.*, a system of atoms, offers to the intrusion of another body is due not to the rigidity or unchangeability of volume of the individual atoms, but to the relation between the attractive and repulsive forces with which they are supposed to be endowed. There are physicists holding this view, who are of opinion that the atomic constitution of matter is consistent with its compenetrability—among them M. Cauchy, who in his *Sept Leçons de physique générale* (ed. Moigno, Paris, 1868, p. 38), after defining atoms as material points without extension, uses this language: 'Thus, this property of matter, which we call impenetrability, is explained when we consider the atoms as material points exerting on each other attractions and repulsions which vary with the distances that separate them. . . . From this it follows that, if it pleased the Author of nature simply to modify the laws according to which the atoms attract or repel each other, we might instantly see the hardest bodies penetrate each other, the smallest particles of matter occupy immense spaces, or the largest masses reduce themselves to the smallest volumes, the entire universe concentrating itself, as it were, in a single point'" (p. 710).

We think that the author's notion of the form in which the atomic theory is now held by physicists is not quite correct. The chemical atoms are now considered as dynamical systems of material points, so that the atomic theory is now scarcely distinguishable from the molecular theory. That such a theory "has become next to valueless as an explanation of the impenetrability of matter" is not true. Of course two primitive elements of matter, if attractive, would, according to the theory, as we understand it, pass through one another; as nothing can oppose their progress except repulsion, which is not to be thought of in the case of attractive elements. But the case is different with molecules; for every molecule of any special substance contains a number of repulsive elements, and possesses a repulsive envelope * which resists most effectually all attempt at compenetration on the part of other molecules. Hence the impenetrability of *bodies* (not of *matter*, as the author says) is a simple result of the molecular constitution of bodies, as explained in the atomic theory of the modern chemists.

That the resistance which a body offers to the intrusion of another body is due "not to the rigidity or unchangeability of volume of individual atoms, but to the relation between the attractive and repulsive forces with which they are supposed to be endowed," is an obvious truth We do not see by what kind of reasoning the author can infer from it

* See the *Elements of Molecular Mechanics*, p. 147.

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that "the atomic theory has become next to valueless as an explanation of impenetrability." We rather maintain that the theory is correct, and that no other theory has yet been found which explains impenetrability without assuming much that philosophy condemns. As to M. Cauchy's views, we remark that, when he defines atoms as "material points without extension," he does not speak of the chemical atoms, or equivalents, but of the primitive elements of which such atoms or equivalents are composed.

The author says: "The assumption of atoms of different specific gravities proves to be not only futile, but absurd. Its manifest theoretical ineptitude is found to mask the most fatal inconsistencies. According to the mechanical conception which underlies the whole atomic hypothesis, differences of weight are differences of density; and differences of density are differences of distance between the particles contained in a given space. Now, in the atom there is no multiplicity of particles and no void space; hence differences of density or weight are impossible in the case of atoms" (p. 715).

This conclusion would be quite inevitable, if it were true that the atom of the chemists contains no multiplicity of particles and no void space; but the truth is that chemical atoms are nothing but *equivalents*, or *molecules*—that is, dynamical systems of material points intercepting void space. Hence the author's argument has no foundation. The very fact that men of science unanimously agree in attributing to different atoms a different weight, should have warned Mr. Stallo that the word "atom" could not be considered by them as a simple material point.

The author in his second article (November, 1873) argues against the *actio in distans*. We have given his words in one of our own articles, where we undertook to show that *actio in distans* cannot be impugned with any good argument.* The author, however, we are glad to see, honestly acknowledges that "the transfer of motion from one body to another by impact is no less incomprehensible than the *actio in distans*" (p. 96); which shows that, after having rejected the action at a distance, he is at a loss how to account for any communication or propagation of movement. A little later he quotes a passage of Faraday, which we have given in another place, and in which the English professor considers the atoms as consisting of a mere sphere of power, with a central point having no dimensions. Then he gives his own view of the subject in the following words:

"The true root of all these errors is a total misconception of the nature of reality. All the reality we know is not only spatially finite, but limited in all its aspects; its whole existence lies in relation and contrast, as I shall show more at length in the next article. We know nothing of force, except by its contrast with mass, or (what is the same thing) inertia; and conversely, as I have already pointed out in my first article, we know nothing of mass except by its relation to force. Mass, inertia (or, as it is sometimes, though inaccurately, called, matter *per se*), is indistinguishable from absolute nothingness; for matter reveals its presence, or evinces its reality, only by its action, its force, its tension, or motion. But, on the other hand, mere force is equally nothing; for, if we reduce the mass upon which a given force, however small, acts, until it vanishes—or, mathematically

* THE CATHOLIC WORLD, October, 1874, p. 2.

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expressed, until it becomes infinitely small—the consequence is that the velocity of the resulting motion is infinitely great, and that the 'thing' (if under these circumstances a thing can still be spoken of) is at any given moment neither here nor there, but everywhere—that is, there is no real presence. It is impossible, therefore, to construct matter by a mere synthesis of forces. . . . The true formula of matter is mass × force, or inertia × force" (p. 103).

The author is greatly mistaken in assuming that those who consider the atoms (primitive elements) as centres of force totally misconceive the nature of reality. That Faraday, notwithstanding his saying that "the substance consists of the powers," admits with the power the matter also, is evident from his very mention of the *centre* of the powers; for such a centre is nothing else than *the* matter, as we have proved above. He says, indeed, that the nucleus of the atom "vanishes"; but by "nucleus" he means the *bulk* or the continuous material extension of the atom. This bulk, says he, must vanish, inasmuch as the centre of the powers must be a mere unextended point. He therefore denies, not the matter, but only its intrinsic extension.

Mr. Stallo volunteers to show us "the true root" of all our *errors*. According to him, we totally misconceive the nature of reality. "All the reality we know," he says, "is not only spatially finite, but limited in all its aspects." About this we will not quarrel, for we admit that all created substances are limited; yet we would ask the author whether he thinks that the range of universal attraction has any known limit in space; and, if so, we would further ask where it is; for we admit our full ignorance of its existence. "We know nothing of force," he continues, "except by its contrast with mass, or, what is the same thing, inertia." Our readers know that mass and inertia are not the same thing; the mass is a quantity of matter, while inertia is the incapability of self-motion. A writer who can confound the two as identical is not competent to correct our *errors* and to teach us the nature of reality. As to the contrast of force with mass, we have no objection; yet, while speaking of the nature of things, we would prefer to contrast matter with form rather than force with mass. The term *force* applies to the production of phenomena, and is usually confounded with action and with movement, neither of which is a constituent of substance; whilst the term *mass* expresses any quantity of matter from a single element up to a mountain; and thus it does not exhibit with precision the matter due to the primitive material substance.

"Mass, or matter *per se*, is indistinguishable from absolute nothingness." Of course, matter *per se*—that is, without form—cannot exist. In the same manner "mere force is equally nothing"—that is, the material form, which is the principle of action, has no separate existence without its matter. This every one admits, though not on the grounds suggested by Mr. Stallo. "If we reduce," says he, "the mass upon which a given force, however small, acts, until it vanishes—or, mathematically expressed, until it becomes infinitely small—the consequence is that the velocity of the resulting motion is infinitely great." We deny this consequence, as well as the supposition from which it is inferred. Masses are numbers of material elements, or units. When such units are reached, the division is at an

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end, because those primitive units are without dimensions. Hence the extreme limit of the reduction of masses is not an infinitesimal quantity of mass, as the author imagines, but an absolute finite unit; for this unit, when repeated a finite number of times, gives us a finite quantity of mass. But, even supposing that the hypothesis of the author might be entertained (and it must be entertained by all those who consider matter as materially continuous), his consequence would still be false. For, let there be a continuous atom having finite dimensions. If such an atom is acted on, say by gravity, it will acquire a finite velocity. Now, it is evident that, when the atom has a finite velocity, every infinitesimal portion of it will have a finite velocity. Therefore the action which produces a finite velocity in the finite mass of the atom, produces a finite velocity in the infinitesimal masses of which the atom is assumed to consist. The error of the author arises from his confounding quantity of movement with action. A quantity of movement is a product of a mass into its velocity; and evidently the product cannot remain constant, unless the velocity increases in the same ratio as the mass decreases. The action, on the contrary, is *directly* proportional to the mass; and therefore, in the author's hypothesis, the consequence should have been the very opposite of that which he enounces; that is, the velocity acquired by an infinitesimal mass would still be finite instead of infinitely great. But, as we have said, the hypothesis itself is inadmissible, because only continuous quantity can be reduced to infinitesimals, whilst masses are not continuous but discrete quantities.

That it is impossible "to construct matter by a mere synthesis of forces" is undeniable; but there was no need of arguing a point which no one contests. The author should rather have given us his ground for asserting that "the true formula of matter is *mass multiplied by force*." This assertion can by no means be made good. All physicists know that mass multiplied by force represents nothing but a quantity of movement; and the author will not pretend, we presume, that matter is a quantity of movement. The true formula of matter is its essential definition; and it is not a mathematical but a metaphysical product, or rather a metaphysical ratio, as we have shown in another place. Material substance is *matter actuated by its substantial form*, and nothing else.

The author continues thus: "We now have before us in full view one of the fundamental fallacies of the atomic theory. This fallacy consists in the delusion that the conceptual constituents of matter can be grasped as separate and real entities. The corpuscular atomists take the element of inertia, and treat it as real by itself: while Boscovich, Faraday, and all those who define atoms as *centres of force*, seek to realize the corresponding element, force, as an entity by itself. In both cases elements of reality are mistaken for kinds of reality" (p. 103).

It is rather singular that a man who is so little at home in questions about matter should undertake to point out the fallacies and delusions of the best informed. Is it true that Boscovich, Faraday, and others of the same school, consider force as an entity by itself? And is it true that the corpuscular atomists treat the element of inertia as real by itself? There is much to be said against corpuscular atomists for other reasons, but they cannot surely be ac-

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cused of maintaining that the element of inertia—that is, the mass of the atom—can exist separately without any inherent power, as they uniformly teach that their atoms are endowed with resisting powers. The accusation brought against Boscovich, Faraday, and others, is still more glaringly unjust. They do not seek to realize force "as an entity by itself"; on the contrary, when they define the atoms as centres of force, they manifestly teach that both the force and its centre are indispensable for the constitution of a primitive atom. And, since by the word *force* they mean the principle of activity (the form), and in the centre they recognize the principle of passivity (the matter), we cannot but conclude that the accusation has no ground, and that the fallacy and the delusion is on the side of Mr. Stallo himself.

Moreover, is it true that *mass* and *force*, or, to speak more accurately, the matter and the form, are nothing more than "the *conceptual* constituents" of material substance? This the author assumes as the base of his argumentation; yet it is plain that, if the constituents of a thing are only conceptual, the thing they constitute cannot be anything else than a conceptual being—that is, a being of reason. We must therefore either deny the reality of matter or concede that its constituents are more than conceptual. Could not the author perceive that, if mass is a mere concept, and force another mere concept, their alliance gives nothing but two concepts, and that the reality of the external world becomes a dream?

We live in times when men of a certain class presume to discuss metaphysical subjects without previous study and without a sufficient acquaintance with the first notions of metaphysics. One of these first notions is that all real being has real constituents. Such constituents, when known to us, are the object of our conceptions, and consequently they may become conceptual; but they do not cease to be real outside of our mind. Were we to conceive matter as separated from its form, or form as deprived of its matter, nothing real would correspond to our conception; for nowhere can real matter be found without a form, or a real form without its matter. Hence form without matter and matter without form are at best beings of reason. But when we conceive the matter as it is under its form, or the form as it is terminated to its matter, we evidently conceive the real constituents of material substance as they are in nature—that is, as metaphysical realities contained in the physical being. Does it follow that "elements of reality," as the author objects, "are mistaken for kinds of reality"? By no means. The constituents of physical reality are themselves metaphysical realities, but they are not exactly two kinds of reality, because they belong both to the same essence which cannot be of two kinds. Hence the matter and the substantial form, or, in general, act and potency, notwithstanding their real metaphysical opposition and distinction, are one essence, one kind, and one being. But let us go back to our author.

In his third article (December, 1873) he says: "The ordinary mechanical explanation of the molecular states of matter, or states of aggregation, on the basis of the atomic theory, proceeds on the assumption that the molecular states are produced by the conflict of antagonistic central forces —molecular attraction and repulsion —the preponderance of the one or the other of which gives rise to the solid and gaseous forms, while their balance or equilibrium results in the

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liquid state. The utter futility of this explanation is apparent at a glance. Even waiving the considerations presented by Herbert Spencer (*First Principles*, p. 60 et seq.), that, in view of the necessary variation of the attractive and repulsive forces in the inverse ratio of the squares of the distances, the constituent atoms of a body, if they are *in equilibrio* at any particular distance, must be equally *in equilibrio* at all other distances, and that their density or state, therefore, must be invariable; and admitting that the increase or diminution of the repulsive force, *heat*, may render the preponderance of either force, and thus the change of density or state of aggregation, possible, what becomes of the liquid state as corresponding to the exact balance of these two forces in the absence of external coercion? The exact balance of the two opposing forces is a mere mathematical limit, which must be passed with the slightest preponderance of either force over the other. All bodies being subject to continual changes of temperature, the equilibrium can at best be but momentary; it must of necessity be of the most labile kind" (p. 223).

This argument against the atomic theory would be very good, if its premises were not deceptive. Mr. Stallo, unfortunately, relies too much on the terminology of physical writers, which is not always correct. Thus, it is not true that the solid form is the result of an actual preponderance of attraction between the molecules. If attraction prevailed, the molecules would not remain in their relative position, but would move in the direction of the attraction. The truth is that molecules, whether in the solid or in the liquid form, are in equilibrium of position; accordingly, neither attraction nor repulsion actually prevails between them. Their position of equilibrium is determined by their own constitution, and may change; for the molecules admit of accidental changes in their constitution. Hence the distance of relative equilibrium is not necessarily constant, but changes with the change of state of each molecule. This shows that bodies, whether solid or liquid, can retain their solid or liquid form while subjected to considerable molecular changes, and that therefore neither the solid nor the liquid form is necessarily impaired by "the changes of temperature" or other molecular movements. The molecules of bodies attract each other when their distance is great, and repel each other when their distance has become very small; whence we immediately infer that there is for every kind of molecules a distance which marks the limit of their mutual attraction and repulsion, and that at such a distance the molecules must find their position of equilibrium. A body will be solid when, its molecules being in the position of relative equilibrium, from a small increase of their distance an attraction arises, which does not allow of the molecules being easily separated or arranged in a different order around one another. A body will be liquid when, its molecules being in the position of relative equilibrium, from a small increase of their distance a weak attraction arises, which allows of the molecules being easily separated or easily arranged, without separation, in a different manner around one another. A body will be expansive and fluid when its free molecules are at a distance sensibly less than that of relative equilibrium, and therefore repel each other, and are in need of exterior pressure to be kept at such a distance. But we must not forget that the distance of relative equilibrium varies with the

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intrinsic dynamical variation of the molecules, and that therefore "the exact balance of the two opposing forces is *not* a mere mathematical limit," but is comprised between two mathematical limits determined by the amount of the variations of which each species of molecules is susceptible before settling into a different form.

Having thus disposed of the main argument by which the author wished to show "the utter futility" of the ordinary mechanical explanation of the molecular states of matter on the basis of the atomic theory, we may add a few words concerning Herbert Spencer's argument alluded to by the author. The law of actions inversely proportional to the squares of the distances is true for each primitive element of matter, but it is not applicable to molecules acting at molecular distances, as we have proved in another place. * Hence Spencer's argument, which assumes the contrary, is entirely worthless. On the other hand, were the argument admissible, we do not see how the proposition, "The constituent atoms of a body, if they are *in equilibrio* at any particular distance, must be equally *in equilibrio* at all other distances," can justify the conclusion that "their density or state must be invariable." It seems to us that a change of molecular distances must entail a change of density; but, of course, we are behind our age.

*Relativity of material realities.*—"It has been a favorite tenet, not only of metaphysicians, but of physicists as well, that reality is cognizable only as absolute, permanent, and invariable, or, as the metaphysicians of the XVIth and XVIIth centuries expressed it, *sub specie æterni et absoluti*. This proposition," Mr. Stallo continues, "like so many others which have served as pillars of imposing metaphysical structures, is the precise opposite of the truth" (p. 223). Do you understand, reader? Metaphysicians and physicists of all centuries count for nothing; they were blind, every one of them; but a great luminary has appeared at last, a Mr. J. B. Stallo, whose superior wisdom, if not philosophical infallibility, opens a new era of thought, and dispels the darkness which has been thickening around us up to the present day. Yet even the sun has spots; and Mr. Stallo will permit us to remark that his statement of the metaphysical doctrine of the ancients is not altogether correct. They did not teach "that reality is cognizable *only* as absolute, permanent, and invariable"; they well knew and taught that there were realities cognizable, both relative and changeable. Substance, of course, was considered by them, and it is still considered by us, as an absolute reality; but they never imagined that the essence of such a reality was cognizable except through its constituent principles as related to one another, and therefore through an intelligible relation. This relation, as intelligible, was considered necessary and invariable, but, as an actual reality in nature, was considered contingent and changeable; the intelligible essence of things was known *sub specie æterni*, but their existence was known *sub specie contingentis*. Now, on what ground does Mr. Stallo impugn this doctrine? How does he prove that it is "the precise opposite of truth"? Alas! we should be exceedingly simple were we to expect proofs. Progress consists nowadays of stout assertions on the part of the writer, and of a silly credulity on that of most readers.

* THE CATHOLIC WORLD for September, 1874. p. 729. Mr. Stallo might also see the *Elements of Molecular Mechanics*, book vi., on the constitution of molecules.

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Hence our author, instead of proving what he had rashly asserted, gives us a strain of other assertions equally rash and ridiculously absurd.

He says: "All material reality is, in its nature, not absolute, but essentially relative. All material reality depends upon determination; and determination is essentially limitation, as even Spinoza well knew. A thing 'in and by itself' is an impossibility" (*ibid*.) Spinoza! a great authority indeed! But we should like to know how the proposition, "Determination is essentially limitation," can lead to the conclusion that "a thing in itself and by itself is an impossibility." To make a logical connection between the two propositions, it would be necessary to assume that "nothing finite can be in itself and by itself." But the assumption is so foolish that even Spinoza, who based on it his revolting system of Pantheism, could never support it except by a false definition of substance, and by giving to the phrases "in itself" and "by itself" an extravagant interpretation, which proved, if not his malice and bad faith, at least his profound philosophical ignorance. Let Mr. Stallo consult any good philosophical treatise on this subject, and he will see how stolid a man must be to fall a victim to the gross sophistry of the Jewish dogmatizer.

What shall we say of the other assertion, "All material reality is, in its nature, not absolute, but essentially relative"? Can anything be *relative* without at the same time being *absolute?* Can relation exist without two absolute terms? Relativity connects one absolute thing with another; the things thus connected acquire a relative mode of being, but they do not for that lose their absolute being. Thus Mr. Stallo may be an American citizen without ceasing to be a man, though he cannot be a citizen without being endued with a relation not involved in his nature as man. So, also, husband and wife are essentially relative; yet we hope the author will not say that the relative *Husband* annihilates the absolute *Man*, or that the relative *Wife* excludes the absolute *Woman*.

These remarks apply to all relations, whether merely accidental or founded in the essence of things. Pantheists imagine that creatures cannot have any absolute being, because their being is essentially dependent, and therefore relative. They should consider that a creature is a *created being*—that is, a being related to its Creator. Such a creature, inasmuch as it is a being, *is*; and inasmuch as it is related, *connotes* its Maker. Now, to be and to connote are not identical. The first means *existence*, the second *dependence*; the first is perfectly complete in the creature itself, the second is incomplete without a correlative term; and therefore the creature is in possession of absolute being, while it is endued with an essential relativity. Take away the absolute being; nothing will remain of which any relativity may be predicated.

Perhaps the author, when pronouncing that "all material reality is in its nature essentially relative," alludes to the essential constitution of material realities, and to the essential relation of matter and form. If such is his meaning, the utmost he can claim is that the reality of the form is essentially connected with the matter, and the reality of the matter essentially connected with the form. This every one will concede; but no one will infer that therefore the reality which results from the conspiration of matter and form is not an absolute reality. For as the matter and the form are the principles of one essence, and as their mutual relativity

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connotes nothing extrinsic to the same essence, but finds in it its adequate consummation, it is evident that the resulting reality is intrinsically complete, and subsistent in its individuality. Hence this resulting reality is an *absolute* reality; and only as such can it become the subject of relativity, and acquire the denomination of *relative*.

Our author, entirely taken up by Spinoza's views, proceeds in the following strain: "All quality is relation; all action is reaction; all force is antagonism; all measure is a ratio between terms neither of which is absolute; every objectively real thing is a term in numberless series of mutual implications, and its reality outside of these series is utterly inconceivable. A material entity, absolute in any of its aspects, would be nothing less than a finite infinitude. There is no absolute material quality, no absolute material substance, no absolute physical unit, no absolutely simple physical entity, no absolute constant, no absolute standard either of quantity or quality, no absolute motion, no absolute rest, no absolute time, no absolute space. . . . There is and can be no physical real thing which is absolutely simple" (p. 225).

This string of blunders needs no refutation, as no reader who has a modicum of common sense can be deceived by what is evidently false. Yet, as to the assertion that "there is and can be no physical real thing which is absolutely simple," it must be observed that there are two kinds of simplicity, as there are two kinds of composition. A being is physically simple when it is free from physical composition; whilst it is metaphysically simple, if it has no metaphysical components. Now, God alone is free from metaphysical as well as physical composition; and therefore God alone is absolutely simple. Hence, created beings, though physically simple, are always metaphysically compound.

What follows is a curious specimen of Mr. Stallo's philosophical resources. He says: "Leibnitz places at the head of his Monadology the principle that there must be simple substances, because there are compound substances. *Necesse est*, he says, *dari substantias simplices, quia dantur compositæ.* This enthymeme, though it has been long since exploded in metaphysics, is still regarded by many physicists as proof of the real existence of absolutely simple constituents of matter. Nevertheless, it is obvious that it is nothing but a vicious paralogism—a fallacy of the class known in logic as fallacies of the suppressed relative. The existence of a compound substance certainly proves the existence of component parts, which, *relatively to this substance*, are simple. But it proves nothing whatever as to the simplicity of these parts in themselves" (p. 226).

Our reader will ask when and how Leibnitz' enthymeme has been "exploded." We shall inform him that it has *not* been exploded, though the attempt has often been made; because in the whole arsenal of metaphysics no powder could be found that would produce the explosion. The enthymeme, therefore, is as good and unanswerable now as it was in Leibnitz' time; and it will be as good and unanswerable hereafter, notwithstanding Mr. Stallo's efforts against it. He says that "it is nothing but a vicious paralogism"; but he himself, while endeavoring to prove this latter assertion, resorts to a paralogism (*vicious*, of course) which we may call "fallacy of the suppressed absolute." The existence of a compound proves the existence of its component parts, as the author

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admits. These parts are either compound or simple. If simple, then there are simple substances. If compound, then they have components; and these parts are again either compound or simple. We must therefore either admit simple substances, or continue our analysis by further subdivisions of the compound substance without any chance of ever coming to an end. But if the analysis cannot come to an end, the compound has no first components; and thus it will be false that "the existence of a compound substance proves the existence of the component parts." The fallacy of the author consists in stopping his analysis of the compound before he has reached the first components. If the parts he has reached are still compound substances, why does he not examine their composition and point out their components? For no other reason, we presume, than that he did not wish to meet with an *absolute* substantial unit, which he was sure to find at the end of the process. His argument is therefore nothing but a despicable fraud.

In his fourth article (January, 1874) Mr. Stallo remarks that "the recent doctrine of the correlation and mutual convertibility of the physical forces, as a part of the theory of the conservation of energy, has shaken, if not destroyed, the conception of a multiplicity of independent original forces" (p. 350). Of course, there are men whose convictions can be shaken, or even destroyed, by the sophistic generalizations of the modern school; but there are men also whose convictions rest on too solid a ground to be destroyed or shaken; and these latter have ere now challenged the abettors of the "recent doctrine" to clear up their case with something like logical precision—a thing which modern thinkers must have found impossible, since they have constantly ignored the challenge. We have proved elsewhere* that "the mutual convertibility of physical forces," as understood by the champions of the theory, confounds movement with action and the effects with their causes. The facts on which the theory is based are true; but the theory itself is false, for it attributes to the powers by which the phenomena are produced what exclusively belongs to "the phenomena, besides deforming the nature of the phenomena themselves by denying the production and extinction of movement. It is plain that such a theory can have no weight in philosophy; and it is no less plain that no philosopher will, for the sake of the new theory, renounce his firm conviction concerning "the multiplicity of independent original forces."

"I have endeavored," says the author, "to show that there are no absolute constants of mass; that both the hypothesis of corpuscular atoms and that of centres of forces are growths of a confusion of the intellect, which mistakes *conceptual* elements of matter for *real* elements; that these elements—force and mass, or force and inertia—are not only inseparable, as is conceded by the more thoughtful among modern physicists, but that neither of these elements has any reality as such, each of them being simply the conceptual correlate of the other, and thus the condition both of its realization in thought and of its objectivation to sense" (p. 350).

As we have already discussed all the points which the author vainly endeavored to establish, we shall only remind the reader that the matter and the form have no separate existence; and therefore have no reality in nature, unless they are together. The

*See THE CATHOLIC WORLD, March, 1874, p. 757. Also, August, 1874, p. 644 et seq.

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author, therefore, is right when affirming that neither of them has any reality *as such;* but he is wrong in inferring that they have no reality *as united.* As action has no reality without passion, nor passion without action, so also matter has no reality without form, nor form without matter; but as action producing passion is real, so also is a form actuating matter; and as passion is no less real than the action whence it proceeds, so matter also is no less real than the form by which it is actuated. Both are, of course, only metaphysical realities.

The author says: "The mathematical treatment of mechanical problems, from the nature of the methods, necessitates the fiction that force and mass are separate and distinct terms" (p. 351). By no means. It is not the nature of the methods, but the nature of the things that compels the distinction of the two terms. Their distinction, therefore, is not a "fiction." But the author's remark has no bearing on the question of the constitution of matter; for mechanical forces are not substantial forms.

He adds: "A material object is in every one of its aspects but one term of a relation; its whole being is a presupposition of correlates without. . . . Every change of a body, therefore, presupposes a corresponding change in its correlates. If the state of any material object could be changed without a corresponding change of state in other objects without, this object would, to that extent, become absolute. But this is utterly unthinkable, and therefore utterly impossible, as we have already seen. . . . Mechanically speaking, all force, properly so-called—*i.e.*, all potential energy—is energy of position. . . . Whatever energy is spent in actual motion is gained in position; . . . thus we are led to the principle of the conservation of energy" (p. 351).

This is a heap of absurdities. If a material object is the term of a relation, it is absolute in itself, as we have shown. Again, the change of a body presupposes only the exertion of active power, and not the change of another body, as the author imagines. That the absolute is unthinkable he has failed to prove. Lastly, mechanical force, properly so-called, is the product of a mass into its velocity, whilst "energy of position" is a myth.*

But the author says: "Force is a mere inference from the motion itself under the universal conditions of reality, and its measure, therefore, is simply the effect for which it is postulated as a cause; it has no other existence. The only reality of force and of its action is the correspondence between the physical phenomena in conformity to the principle of the essential relativity of all material existence. That force has no independent reality is so plain and obvious that it has been proposed by some thinkers to abolish the term *force*, like the term *cause*, altogether. However desirable this might be in some respects, it is impossible, for the reason that the concept *force*, when properly interpreted in terms of experience, is valid; and, if its name were abolished, it would instantly reappear under another name. . . . The reality of force is purely conceptual; . . . it is not a distinct and individual tangible or intangible entity" (p. 354).

Here the author treats us to a luxury of contradictions. Force is "a mere inference from motion," yet it causes motion; for it is active. Hence the causality is a mere inference of its effect. It is therefore the effect

* See THE CATHOLIC WORLD, March, 1874, pp. 764, 765.

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that gives existence to its cause, and the cause "has no other existence" than that which may be imbibed in the effect for which it is postulated. What, then, becomes of the "force, properly so-called"—that is, of the potential energy, or of the energy of position, which has no actual effect? Again, "the reality of force, is purely conceptual." This means that the reality of force is unreal; which would just amount to saying that Mr. Stallo's intellect is unintelligent or that his writings are unwritten. Again, the "reality of force and of its action is the correspondence between the physical phenomena"; but, if the reality of force is merely conceptual, the correspondence between the physical phenomena must be merely conceptual; which would prove that the concept "force," when properly interpreted in terms of experience, is *not* valid, though the author maintains the contrary. Moreover, what can the author mean by "the action of force"? Is this action real or unreal? If unreal, it is no action at all; and if real, it implies a real active power. We defy Mr. Stallo to conceive a real action of an unreal force. We are informed that "some thinkers" wish to abolish the term "force," like the term "cause," and we are told that this proves how plain and obvious it is that force has no independent reality. This, however, proves only that some so-called "thinkers" are either lunatics or knaves. After all, if force is purely conceptual, as the author pretends, its reality must be denied without any restriction. Why, then, does he deny merely that force has an "independent" reality? Has it any "dependent" reality if it is "purely conceptual"?

But we must come to an end. Mr. Stallo's conclusion is that "the very conception of force depends upon the relation between two terms at least," and that therefore "a constant central force, as belonging to an individual atom in and by itself, is an impossibility" (p. 355). In this argument the term "force" is used equivocally. It stands for *active power* in the consequence, while it stands for *action* or for *movement* in the antecedent. Hence the conclusion is worthless. "I have shown," says he, "that there are and can be no absolute constants of mass. And it is evident now that there are similarly no constant central forces belonging to, or inherent in, constants of mass as such" (p. 356). We say in our turn: No, Mr. Stallo, you have not shown what you imagine; and, if anything is evident, it is not that there are no constant central forces, but that philosophical questions cannot be solved without good logic and a clear knowledge of metaphysical principles.

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## THE BLIND STUDENT.

WHEN Ernest D'Arcy left the University of ——, all the glorious possibilities of life seemed to unfold themselves invitingly before him. He was young, he was clever, he was ambitious. Unlike too many American students, he had not wasted the golden hours of college life in idleness, dissipation, or even social enjoyment. He had been a hard, indeed, an enthusiastic, student; but on commencement day, when his brow was bound with victorious wreaths, he felt rewarded for having scorned the seductive pleasures of youth, and rejoiced that he had lived laborious days and nights.

But D'Arcy did not consider his education finished because he had passed through the university brilliantly. He well knew that the college was only the vestibule to the temple of learning. Through this vestibule he had passed; and now he wished to enter the noble temple itself. But on its very threshold he found himself suddenly stopped. A dangerous disease attacked his eyes. The most eminent oculists were consulted at once; absolute rest alone could save him from total blindness. He was forbidden to read or write a line. This was indeed a terrible blow to the ambitious young student. His golden hopes left him; his sweet dream of fame faded away; his bright career was blighted in the very bud. Unsustained by the holy influence of religion, a deep and dangerous despondency seized him; he abandoned himself to despair, and could not follow the advice of Burke, "Despair, but work even in despair," for the affliction that caused his despair prevented him from working. So depressed was he at times that he contemplated suicide as a happy relief.

The D'Arcy family were of Norman origin. The grandfather of Ernest escaped from France in the early days of the Revolution, bringing with him to the United States the fortune that had descended to him through a long line of ancestors. Like so many French gentlemen of the last century, M. D'Arcy had imbibed the fashionable scepticism of the time of Voltaire and the Encyclopædists. After coming to America, he married a Catholic lady, and his scepticism gradually settled into a form of mild indifferentism. Ernest's father was a devoted Catholic, but he died while his children were in their infancy. His wife was a Protestant, a woman of fashion, whose highest ambition was to be a leader of society. Her children, Ernest and his sister Mary, were brought up from their infancy on the Chesterfieldian model: *to shine in society*. To this end everything else was sacrificed. From the nursery they went to the dancing-school, and had masters to teach them all those superficial accomplishments which make up a modern fashionable education. Ernest's clever and original mind saved him from the evil effects of such an education. But, unfortunately, he did not escape a worse danger. With no one to direct his studies, at the susceptible age of seventeen he began to read the infidel French literature of the XVIIIth

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century, which formed a large part of his grandfather's library. Fascinated by the diabolical wit of Voltaire, Ernest's young and undisciplined mind mistook sophistry for argument, ridicule for reason, wit for wisdom. The fashionable religion of his mother had never possessed any charm or interest for him, and now, rejecting all belief, he became a free-thinker.

Ernest entered the University of —— in his eighteenth year, eager for distinction and determined to succeed. Succeed he did; and when he graduated, four years later, he was the first student of the university and unanimously chosen the commencement orator. No student ever left the University of ——, which has been the Alma Mater of so many distinguished men, with a brighter future before him than Ernest D'Arcy. But it was a future for this world, and for this world alone. Fame was the god of his idolatry. His residence at the University of ——, which boasts the absence of all religious teaching, had strengthened his scepticism. But the scepticism of Ernest D'Arcy was a scepticism of the head, not of the heart. His natural love for the true, the beautiful, and the good had kept him pure, even at the most dangerous period of youth, when the blood is warm, the passions strong, and the will weak. While the heart is good and pure, however the head may err, there is always hope. The unbelief of Ernest D'Arcy was not the cold, heartless, satisfied unbelief of the hardened scoffer rejoicing in his infidelity. It was the natural result upon an eager and active intellect of an education without religion, a home without God.

The same year that Ernest left the university his sister "finished" at the Academy of the Visitation of ——. Mary D'Arcy was not a brilliant girl, but very sweet, gentle, and interesting. Three years at the convent school had removed all traces of her unfortunate home education. Mary's most intimate friend at the convent was Edith Northcote, a young Catholic girl from the South. When they parted on distribution day, it was with the understanding that Edith should pass the next winter with Mary, and the two young ladies enter society together.

One morning, towards the end of October, Ernest was sitting in the library, surrounded by the most enchanting literature of the world, and not allowed to read a single line. D'Arcy was no sentimental dreamer or aimless student.

> "To sleep away his hours
> In desperate sloth, miscalled philosophy."

He wished to be a man among men. His ambition was first to teach himself, and then to teach the world. He wished to elevate the tone of society; to raise it from its fallen state. His was no splendid dream of revolutionizing the social world; he had no fond hope of creating an Utopia out of this busy, bustling America of the XIXth century. But he knew that life was too precious to be dedicated solely to the one selfish, absorbing pursuit of wealth; that the entire surrender of mind and heart and life itself to the accumulation of money was corrupting our people and exercising a baleful influence over the whole nation. Our merchants rival the merchant princes of Italy in wealth and enterprise; why should they not rival them also in their princely tastes? The palaces, the gardens, the galleries, the libraries, of Florence, Venice, and Genoa, "all tell the story of great thoughts and noble tastes which gold and trade may nurture when noble-

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ness and greatness deal with them." We should take time to cultivate the beautiful as well as the useful; the poetical as well as the practical. The artist should be patronized as well as the artisan. Time should be given to the refinement, the grace, the sweetness of life. We have followed too long and too earnestly the false philosophy taught in "Poor Richard's Almanac," that money-getting is a sort of secular religion, and "there will be sleeping enough in the grave." Our American life is one long "fitful fever." We give no time to rest. Repose, a cultivated leisure, is not idleness. An elegant essay on this subject—leisure *—by a distinguished Baltimore lawyer, should be read and pondered by our eager and restless people, who are devoured by their business as Actæon was by his own dogs. "I mean," says this writer, "the rest which is won and deserved by labor, and which sweetens and invigorates it and furnishes its reward. Whence comes this doctrine, that life, to be anything, must be for ever in motion? There is no process of physical development which does not need and depend upon repose. To all the green and beautiful things that deck the earth—the flowers that give it perfume, and the fruits and foliage that make it glad—there is needful the calm sunshine and the peaceful shade, the gentle rain and the yet gentler dew. Not a gem that flashes but has been crystallized in the immovable stillness of the great earth's breast. I believe that to be false philosophy which denies to individuals their seasons of leisure and meditation; teaching them that existence was meant to be nothing but a struggle." Our very amusements are unwholesome and dangerous: the midnight "German," the lascivious drama, the race-course, the steamboat excursion, the political meeting. The priceless time of youth should have some better employment than dancing and novel-reading. Our young men should be taught that life is too valuable, time too precious, to be frittered away in idle pleasures, in frivolous amusement, in heartless dissipation. Our young women should be taught that there is something nobler in life than the passing triumphs of the ball-room, gay flirtations, and dazzling toilets.

Thoughts like these occupied Ernest D'Arcy on that bright October morning—thoughts that stirred his heart and mind, and made him eager for the glorious work. With a soul longing to "be up and doing," he was compelled to sit idle in the golden prime of his manhood. These were the moments of his greatest despondency, when all the brightness seemed gone from his life, and all the hope from his soul. Sitting there in the library that morning, D'Arcy recalled the beautiful lines of Miss Procter in "My Picture":

> "He had a student air,
> With a look half sad, half stately,
> Grave, sweet eyes and flowing hair."

The library-door was opened, and there came in one who was always welcome—Mary D'Arcy.

"Ernest, I have a letter from Edith Northcote," Mary said. "She will be here to-morrow."

"I am glad to hear it. From all you have told me about Miss Northcote, I think I shall like her."

"I am sure of it," returned his sister. "If you don't, my opinion of your taste is gone for ever."

"She is nothing of the bread-and-butter miss, I hope? I have all Byron's antipathy, you know, for that class."

* *Leisure: Its Moral and Political Economy.* By Severn Teackle Wallis. Baltimore: Printed by John Murphy & Co.

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"Byron himself could have found no fault with Edith on that ground," said Mary.

"Well, I am relieved of no little apprehension," said Ernest. "I have a perfect horror of the common run of girls, who haven't an idea above the last novel and the last fashion."

The next day Edith arrived, and her appearance certainly realized all of Ernest's expectations. She was nineteen—an age when the sweet graces of girlhood still linger and lend an additional charm to the blooming woman. Her features were not regularly beautiful, but her face possessed a charm and an interest which no faultlessly beautiful face ever had. If a true woman's soul, full of the sweetest sympathy, ever brightened and beautified a human face, it was that of Edith Northcote. Then, her voice was so sweet and cordial and warm—and what is more attractive than a low, sweet voice in woman? Edith was scarcely the medium height, but exquisitely formed, and perfectly natural and graceful in all her movements, in charming contrast with the trained glances and artificial manners of our fashionable society belles. Like Alexandrine, in *A Sister's Story*, there was an air of refinement about this lovely girl as rare as it was delightful; she had all the freshness and fragrance of the rose without the rose's thorns. Mrs. D'Arcy, who was a female Turveydrop in the matter of deportment, said she had never seen in any society manners so elegant and at the same time so sweet and natural as the manners of Edith Northcote. Such praise from such a woman was in itself fame.

Edith soon became the life and joy of the house; she was an elegant lady in the parlor, an intelligent companion in the library, and the charming, sweet girl everywhere. The influence of her bright presence pervaded the whole household. Even stately Mrs. D'Arcy yielded to the general enthusiasm, and declared that Mary was fortunate in having such a friend. But of all the family, Ernest felt the influence of Edith's society the most. The library, where he had passed so many hours in gloom and despondency, was now brightened by her daily and hourly presence. She read beautifully, and with a voice and manner that threw a charm around everything. Her true, womanly heart sympathized deeply with Ernest in his great affliction, and she at once determined to do all in her power to relieve it. So it soon became the custom for Ernest and Edith to retire to the library every morning after breakfast, where she read the morning paper to him while he smoked his cigar. Then two or three hours were devoted to serious study. The books, so long neglected, were again resumed. The literary work, which Ernest loved so well, was again taken up. Edith was his librarian, his reader, his amanuensis. He had the true student's dislike of any person touching his books and papers; but Edith's touch seemed to have magic in it, for she could do what few ladies can ever do—put papers in order without putting them out of place.

But not only as his literary assistant was Edith serviceable to Ernest; she was his sweet and gentle companion, his kind and sympathetic friend, ever ready in all things to make him forget his blindness and his consequent dependence. Inspiring and stimulating him to renewed exertion, she also directed his ambition to the noblest ends. She opened a new life to the brilliant young student—a life full of love and sweetness and humanity. Her bright and joyous influence banished from his soul the dark despair that had been

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enthroned there so long, and again there was raised in his heart

> "A hope
> That he was born for something braver than
> To hang his head and wear a nameless name."

Edith found time for everything; duty, as well as pleasure, had each its allotted place in her daily life. Before the rest of the family were awake she was up and off to early Mass. In the winter twilight, when other young ladies were returning from the fashionable promenade, Edith could often be seen with a little basket on her arm, carrying delicacies to the sick, or more substantial food to relieve the necessities of Christ's suffering children. Ernest sometimes accompanied her on these errands of mercy, and it was a new revelation to him to see Edith, so gay, sparkling, and fascinating in society, visiting the humble homes of the poor, cheering and comforting the sick and destitute. Her very presence seemed like a sunbeam in their dreary dwellings. Edith did not think she was performing any heroic virtue by these things. She knew she was only following the injunction of Him who loved the poor so well that he became like one of them. She knew the Catholic poor were the blessed inheritance of the Catholic Church. Many Catholic young ladies, delicately nurtured and fastidiously refined, are daily doing what Edith did.

Ernest was benefited by attending Edith on those missions of love. His warm heart was touched and all the latent sweetness of his nature brought out by the distress which he witnessed, and of which he had never dreamed amidst the luxuries of his own elegant home. There was one case that particularly interested him; unfortunately, there are many such in this age of boasted religious liberty. It was that of a Mrs. White. She was a woman of education and refinement, and had been accustomed to all the comforts of life in her father's house. Early in life she married a poor but worthy young man. He was a clerk, and labored for his wife and children with an industry that knew no flagging. By constantly bending over his desk he literally worked himself into consumption. After lingering a few months, during which all his little savings were spent, he died, leaving his family in utter destitution. During his sickness he had been visited by several Catholic ladies, who attended to his wants with so sweet a charity that his heart was touched, and he longed to know more of a religion which taught such blessed humanity. As the Author of all truth has declared that he who seeks shall find, so Mr. White found the truth which he sought, and died a most beautiful and edifying death. His wife soon afterwards became a Catholic, converted by the example of the good ladies who had so kindly ministered to her dying husband. In the extremity of her distress Mrs. White appealed to her father, who had refused to have any intercourse with her since her marriage. What do you think was the answer of this father to a daughter whose only offence was that she had left *father and mother to cleave to her husband?* We blush for the humanity that could send to a grief-stricken and desolate daughter so brutal a message as this:

"Now your chosen husband is dead, I will receive you back, provided you give up, at once and for ever, the Catholic religion, which you have recently professed. Otherwise, you may die as you have lived—a pauper and an outcast."

And so she lived and died a pauper and an outcast; but, so living and so dying, her lot was more enviable than that of her cruel and unnatural father. Her last moments were com-

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forted by the promise of Ernest D'Arcy to provide for her two children. The elder, a bright little fellow of thirteen, he placed in a lawyer's office; the other, a boy nine years old, was admitted into a Catholic orphan asylum.

Thus visiting the sick and relieving the poor, and frequently meeting Catholic priests and Catholic Sisters in pious attendance on death-beds, the conversation of Ernest and Edith naturally took a religious turn. One evening, after returning from one of their charitable visits, they were sitting in the library before the great wood-fire (for Ernest would not allow that abomination, miscalled a modern improvement, a furnace-flue, in his *sanctum*), as they generally did before tea. Ernest was unusually thoughtful that evening, so much so that Edith observed it and asked him the cause.

"I am thinking about you and myself—about all your goodness to me," he said; "about what I was before I knew you, and what I may be by your noble example. Edith, the daily beauty of your life makes mine ugly. My father was a Catholic, and I am—nothing. The cold and fashionable religion of my mother neither satisfied my mind nor interested my heart. I became a free-thinker, an infidel, but never a scoffer at religion. I did not believe, because I did not know what to believe."

"We must read together Chateaubriand's *Genius of Christianity*—that magnificent tribute to the truth and beauty of the Christian religion," Edith replied. "You know the story of his conversion: in his extreme youth he yielded to the gay scepticism which at the time controlled French society, and he, a son of the Crusaders, became a disciple of Voltaire, and wrote in the interest of infidelity. The death of Chateaubriand's mother, whose last moments had been saddened by his scepticism, and whose last words were a prayer for his conversion, recalled him to a sense of that religion in which he had been educated. "*I became a Christian*," Chateaubriand wrote. "*My conviction came from the heart. I wept and I believed.*" He resolved to devote to religion the eloquent pen which had been used against her. The result was his immortal work the *Genius of Christianity*. The beautiful style, the vast information, the glowing descriptions of art, scenery, poetry, and music cannot fail to delight and interest you."

The next day Edith commenced Chateaubriand's great masterpiece. As, day after day, the reading continued, Ernest grew deeply interested. He saw clearly demonstrated the noble and inspiring fact that "the Christian religion, of all the religions that ever existed, is the most favorable to liberty and to the arts and sciences; that the modern world is indebted to it for every improvement: from agriculture to the abstract sciences; from the hospitals for the reception of the unfortunate to the temples reared by the Michael Angelos and embellished by the Raphaels."

Other books were read, all breathing the same divine spirit, the same exalted Christian charity, the same sweet human sympathy. The warm, tender heart of Ernest D'Arcy was fascinated by the beautiful and noble sentiments expressed in the volumes which were now a part of his daily reading. He compared them with the false philosophy of a Voltaire and the senseless sentimentality of a Rousseau, which taught how to destroy, but not how to save; whose end was the destruction, not the amelioration, of society. These

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books certainly opened a newer and a sweeter world to the student. But it must not be supposed that the young D'Arcy saw immediately the truth of Catholicity in all its divine beauty. Few, like S. Paul, are miraculously changed from the enemy to the friend of God's church. Few, like Chateaubriand, can say: "I wept and I believed."

With the opening of spring Edith returned home, and Ernest was again left alone with his books. But how changed seemed everything! The brightness was gone from the library. The pleasure was gone from his studies. He sadly missed her who had been his constant companion for so many months. Fortunately, about this time his eyes improved sufficiently to allow him to read for a short time every day. He continued the reading to which Edith had introduced him. This was some consolation to him, now that he was separated from her. But, alas! it was a consolation not long allowed to him. If that stern old moralist, Dr. Johnson, acknowledged that he found it easier to practise abstinence than temperance in wine, it will not be surprising that so ardent a student as Ernest D'Arcy found it absolutely impossible to practise temperance in reading when he read at all. And now he had a greater incentive to work than ever before. He felt that he must make himself worthy of the sweet girl whom he loved. The delicately-refined nature of this perfect gentleman would not allow him to make a formal declaration of love to Edith while she was a guest in his mother's house, but that unerring, never-failing instinct which belongs to woman enabled her to see plainly that he was deeply, fondly interested in her. Nor was Edith insensible to the many attractive qualities of Ernest D'Arcy; his cultured mind, his noble heart, his high ambition, his exalted sentiments of honor and morality, claimed her enthusiastic admiration, while the romantic character of their constant intercourse pleased her girlish fancy.

D'Arcy's Catholic reading had enchanted his impressible mind. As an historical institution, the church delighted and astonished him. He saw it rise triumphantly on the ruins of the empire of the Cæsars; he saw it conquer and civilize the barbarians of Germany and the North; he saw it tame the fierce passions of the Franks and Goths; he saw it in the middle ages standing between the people and princely despots; he saw it always on the side of right and always against wrong, always raising its powerful voice in favor of the oppressed; he saw it in the XVIth century successfully sustain itself against the most formidable religious revolution the world had ever known; he saw it in the XIXth century serene in the midst of tumbling thrones and political convulsions, teaching one faith and one doctrine, while heresy was broken into a thousand indistinguishable fragmentary sects.

With his mind fresh from these new and interesting studies, Ernest D'Arcy began to write the story of his mental life, which he called *From Darkness to Light.* Like Milton, he became so engrossed in his work that his eyes grew rapidly worse; and, like him also, he was unwilling to discontinue his studies, until at length study was impossible. Edith Northcote heard of this new trial through Ernest's sister Mary; for Ernest himself was too manly, too considerate, to annoy Edith with his troubles. She determined at once to make a Novena to Our Lady of Lourdes to obtain the cure of Ernest's eyes. She pro-

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cured some of the celebrated miraculous water, and sent it to Ernest, telling him that on a certain day she would commence the Novena, requesting him to apply the water to his eyes each day, and say the prayer to Our Lady of Lourdes contained in the little book recently published. The account of the apparition greatly interested Ernest, and, though not yet a Catholic, he did not hesitate to comply with both of Edith's requests.

Thousands of unrecorded miracles have been wrought by the water of Lourdes, and the restoration of Ernest's eyes was one of them.* As the darkness left his eyes, the divine light of faith entered his soul; and he who had been both mentally and physically blind, now saw with the eyes of the body and saw also with the eyes of the soul. He saw the truth, the beauty, and the goodness of the Catholic religion; seeing, he believed; believing, he professed; professing, he practised. Ernest D'Arcy became a Catholic—a devout, a zealous, a fervid Catholic.

Ernest did not inform Edith by letter of the happy effects of the water of Lourdes. He visited her in her Southern home. Simply saying a friend wished to see her, he awaited her entrance with no little impatience. At length she appeared. Ernest advanced to meet her. The few words he spoke explained everything: "*Edith, I am a Catholic.*"

The next few weeks were the sweetest Ernest had ever known—sweeter than he had ever dreamed of. He had found what he had so long sought in vain—the true religion; and in finding the religion which was to make him happy in heaven, he also found the being who was to make him happy on earth.

*A fact.

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## TURNING FROM DARWIN TO THOMAS AQUINAS.

Unless in thought with thee I often live,
Angelic Doctor! life seems poor to me.
What *are* these bounties, if they only be
Such boon as farmers to their servants give?
That I am fed, and that mine oxen thrive,
That my lambs fatten, that mine hours are free—
These ask my nightly thanks on bended knee;
And I *do* thank Him who hath blest my hive
And made content my herd, my flock, my bee.
But, Father! nobler things I ask from thee.
Fishes have sunshine, worms have everything!
Are we but apes? Oh! give me, God, to know
I am death's master; not a scaffolding,
But a true temple where Christ's word could grow.

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# THE FUTURE OF THE RUSSIAN CHURCH.

BY THE REV. CÆSARIUS TONDINI, BARNABITE.

III.

IN presence of the melancholy reality of to-day, and in expectation of a yet sadder morrow, those Russians who are sincerely attached to their church, and who have at heart the interests of their faith, will perhaps ask themselves if it be not needful to labor in some direct manner to deliver the Russian Church from a protection which has been so fatal to her.

The question is a very serious one; we do not venture to decide upon it.

As Catholic, and precisely because we are Catholic, we must, in a question of this kind, consider souls. Now, to work *directly* to overthrow the religious autocracy of the czars might easily, considering the actual circumstances of Russia, hasten this morrow we have been considering, and that without any efficacious remedy being at hand to accompany or to follow quickly upon so great an evil. If it were not to be feared that, under present circumstances, the overthrow of the official church would cause the unbelief of the higher classes to descend also among the lower, thus rendering it general, and endangering the existence of every faith in the Russian people, the question would be easy to answer; but so long as this doubt exists it is quite a case to which to apply the principle that of two evils we must choose the least. From this point of view we prefer the continuance of the present state of things, because it seems to us the lesser evil.

There exist, however, other doubts, and their existence is of an extreme gravity, in determining the attitude of Russians toward their church; they are these:

Will the czars, even should they change their policy and show themselves for the future true protectors and not masters, be able long to continue to the Russian Church the support of the laws?

Again: Will Russia much longer have the czars?

These doubts are not chimerical.

In the first place, it appears to us unlikely that the czars should be able to continue indefinitely to refuse liberty of conscience. Already, at this present time, the Russian authorities shut their eyes to many infractions of the laws relating to the different religious communions; the ever-increasing and multiplied relations of Russia with other countries, and of her people with foreigners, and foreigners with Russians, might easily create serious embarrassments, and even give rise to political complications, if there were a desire to apply the religious laws in all their rigor.

Nevertheless, it seems to us equally difficult to imagine that Russia should, at one bound, arrive at declaring the civil law to be atheistical, and to repel all solidarity between material interests and the religious interests of the people. During some time Russia will probably offer to us the same spectacle as in England, the classic land of religious license, where every one, *except the sovereign*, is free to believe what he

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pleases, and where at the same time *convenances* and multiplied interests keep the official church standing. But the Anglican Church has a far different past and far other memories —above all, a very different literature —from the Russian Church. In continuing this comparison the reader will find an explanation of the vitality shown by the state-church of England, and at the same time the motives which do not allow us to predict for that of Russia either able defenders or even a lingering death.

If, then, the Russians ought not to labor directly to overthrow the religious autocracy of the czars, seeing that, in present circumstances, the overthrow of this autocracy might be the cause of still greater disasters than those of the past, they nevertheless ought not to fold their arms and contemplate with indifference the probability that this overthrow may be brought about at no distant period by the mere force of circumstances.

There remains the other doubt: Will Russia much longer have the czars?

This doubt, considering the epoch in which we live, scarcely needs to be justified. What sovereign is there who can promise himself that he shall end his days upon the throne? One alone—the Pope, because even in a dungeon he is obeyed just as if he were upon a throne.

Let Russians who have at heart the interests of their faith boldly face this second doubt and the fears to which it gives rise. Never, perhaps, could history offer us a more remarkable spectacle than that of an orthodox church, and a perfect automaton; to-day receiving speech, movement, and action from an orthodox emperor, and to-morrow receiving them from the head of a Protestant government, perhaps a Jew, perhaps an atheist. In fact, the organization of a church reckoning nearly fifty millions of adherents cannot be changed in twenty-four hours, especially if this organization is identified with the state to the degree of confusing herself with the latter. What will then become of the Synod we do not know, but neither do we know whether the new government will readily consent to lose the profit of so powerful an *instrumentum regni* as the church organized by the czars.

In presence of these eventualities, which, on account of the rapid march of modern revolutions, are far from improbable, and may take place any day, is there anything the Russians can do in order to save orthodoxy? There is one thing, and, we believe, one only. We will say what that is, though we greatly doubt whether it will be accepted; too many prejudices, too many objections, will oppose themselves to it; everything else will be tried, rather than have recourse to it; a great confidence especially will be placed in the triumph of the panslavist idea; but each new attempt will but prove this one plan to be the only efficacious one, and the ill-success of all the others will gradually lead minds to ally themselves to it. In the alternative of accepting this, or else of letting orthodoxy perish, Russians sincerely attached to their faith will not indefinitely hesitate. Besides, a Providence watches over states and peoples; in that Providence we place our trust, and it will not be in vain.

If, calling things by their names, we were to say plainly that this only way is the reunion of the Russian with the Catholic Church, a Russian who might do us the honor to peruse these pages would perhaps throw down the book, and, however well disposed he might be, would see nothing more in it than vain and dangerous imaginations. This alarm, however,

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would prove, more than anything else, the exceeding power of the words. We will endeavor to express the same idea in another manner; and, without flattering ourselves that we shall gain acceptance for it, we hope at least to obtain for it serious examination.

What is Russian orthodoxy? It is the collection of the dogmas accepted and taught by the Russian Church. Now, these dogmas, with the exception of some few misunderstandings,* are the same as those of the Catholic Church; the point which really separates the two churches is the denial, on the part of the Russians, of the jurisdiction of the Pope over the universal church. At the utmost, a real doctrinal disagreement should be admitted respecting the infallibility of the Pope defining *ex cathedrâ* on faith or morals. But however important this disagreement may be in the eyes of Catholics, it has no importance in the eyes of Protestants and rationalists. Those who admit no revelation would not certainly prefer orthodoxy merely because there is in it one article less to believe. As to Protestants, the difficult point is to make them admit a visible authority taught by God himself, and having the right and mission to explain the Scriptures and to make a practical application of them to our lives. Now, is it likely that, in their eyes, an authority residing in the dispersed church, without the necessary bond which unites the bishops to each other, would be much more acceptable than a central authority, always living, always ready to declare its oracles, and, by that very fact, independent of the obstacles which an inimical government or any other adversary might raise against it to prevent it from declaring itself? For the rest, the *Spiritual Regulation* will let Protestants know whether a church organized as is that of Russia at the present time can alone make a free word to be heard.

Protestants and rationalists are, then, common adversaries of the Russian and also of the Catholic Church. Common adversaries also, on doctrinal grounds, are all those who cannot be exactly classed with either Protestants or rationalists, but against whom the Russian Church will no less have to defend herself—Jews, Mahometans, and, lastly, the Raskolniks also, unless, indeed, a portion of the latter should not prefer to ally themselves to the Catholic Church rather than to the Synod, if only they can be persuaded that in becoming Catholics they do not by any means cease to be Russians. Now, when in the XVIIth century

* At the incorporation of the Uniates of Lithuania into the Orthodox Church, under the Emperor Nicholas, the Synod of St. Petersburg declared in its celebrated decree of March 5, 1839, as follows: "The solemn confession expressed in the synodal act (of the apostate bishops), that the Lord God our Saviour Jesus Christ is alone the true Head of the only and true church, and the promise of dwelling in unanimity with the most holy orthodox patriarchs of the East, and with the most holy Synod, *leaves nothing more to require of the united Greek Church for the veritable and essential union of the faith*, and, for this reason, there remains nothing which can oppose itself to the hierarchical reunion" (*Persécutions et Souffrances*, etc., p. 118). Now, if there existed between the Catholic Church and the Russian Church a veritable doctrinal disagreement with regard to the Procession of the Holy Ghost, the Synod of St. Petersburg, in not requiring of the apostate bishops any retractation on this point, would have been guilty of an inconceivable compromise of the faith. We leave to orthodox Russians the task of defending it.

It has been stated also that there is a disagreement between us and the Russians on the subject of purgatory. We here give what we find in the catechism of the late Mgr. Philarete, in use in the schools. We make use of the French translation, which appeared in Paris, with the concurrence of the Russian government and the Synod.

Q. "What remark remains to be made respecting the souls of those who have died in the faith, but whose repentance has not had time to bear fruit?

A. "That, to obtain for them a happy resurrection, the prayers of those who are yet on this earth may be to them a great assistance, especially when joined to the unbloody sacrifice of the Mass and to the works of mercy, done in faith and in memory of the departed" (*Catéchisme détaillé de l'Eglise Catholique orthodoxe d'Orient, examiné et approuvé par le Saint Synode de Russie.* Paris: Klinsiock, 1851. On the eleventh article [of the Nicene Creed], p. 89).

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the heresy of Calvin was for a moment seated on the patriarchal throne of Constantinople in the person of Cyril-Lucar, and when that patriarch had published his *Orthodox Confession of the Christian Faith*,* which was full of Calvinistic errors, the gravity of the danger to orthodoxy was then sufficiently powerful to render the Greeks far from being disdainful of the support offered to them by Catholics, and even by the Pope himself, for the purpose of guarding in safety the articles of the common faith.

Nothing was found too hard to be said against Catholics and Rome, because of their intervention in the deposition of the heretical patriarch and the condemnation of his doctrine. For their justification we may be permitted to refer the reader to a publication which, upon its appearance, had the importance of a great event, and this is No. 42 of the *Tracts for the Times*, which, in England, opened the way to the Catholic faith.†

This historical precedent will not, we hope, remain without its consequences in history. Already Catholic theologians unconsciously afford a solid support to orthodoxy, with regard to the defence of the dogmas which are common to us with the Russians. Our theological works find entrance into Russia, and are there studied and quoted; whilst it is rarely, if ever, that we find modern authors of the Greek Church quoted, unless it be to draw from them arguments against the primacy of the Pope, and to perpetuate the misunderstandings relating to the Procession of the Holy Ghost and to purgatory.

From the time of Peter the Great orthodoxy has done nothing but lose ground in Russia; neither the patriarchs of the East nor the other heads of the various branches of the Orthodox Church appear to be solely occupied with it. One might say that any heresy inspires them with less horror than the Catholic doctrine about the Pope, and that they consider the rejection of this doctrine a sufficient proof of a healthy orthodoxy. But the day will come when every Russian who loves orthodoxy above all else will no longer regard with so much horror as now a church which is far better calculated than the Greek Church to furnish him with arms wherewith to defend the divinity of Jesus Christ, the Real Presence, the sacraments, the veneration of Mary and the saints. The same horror with which we Catholics still inspire many orthodox Russians we formerly inspired Anglicans. Relations with us, and *study*, have disabused many credulous minds; in Russia, moreover, the double sentiment will operate in our favor of the danger to which orthodoxy will be exposed, and the insufficiency of the succor which can arrive to it from any quarter except the Catholic Church alone.

* Ανατολικὴ Ομολογία τῆς χριστιανικῆς πίστεως. The first edition appeared in Latin, at Geneva, in 1629; the second, four years later, in Greek and Latin. The *Confession* of Cyril-Lucar was inserted by Kimmel in his work *Libri Symbolici Ecclesiæ Orientalis*. Jenæ, 1843. (Second ed. under the title of *Monumenta Fidei Ecclesiæ Orientalis*. Jenæ, 1850.)

† The title of this tract is, *Protestantism and Churches in the East*. The cause of its appearance was the pretension of the Church of England—which, not without analogy with the Russian Church, recognized the sovereign of the country as its head, after Jesus Christ—in giving to the East a bishop invested by a mandate of Queen Victoria, with a jurisdiction embracing the whole of Syria, Chaldæa, Egypt, and Abyssinia. Finally, its object is to examine the formula, "No peace with Rome, but union and agreement *at any price* with the Syrians, the Abyssinians, and the *Greeks*," and to prove the absolute impossibility of the Anglican and the Orthodox Churches being able honestly to agree together in point of doctrine.

If it be true that, in consequence of the marriage of the Duke of Edinburgh, a great sympathy with the Anglican Church has taken possession of the aristocracy of St. Petersburg, No. 42 of the *Tracts for the Times* ought to be reprinted in English, translated and printed in Russian, and widely disseminated in the two languages. It is the honesty itself of the two churches which is at stake.

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But Protestants, rationalists, Jews, Mahometans, and Raskolniks are not the only adversaries which the Russian Church must prepare to combat, and against whom she will find no help more efficacious than that which Catholics can afford. Among her adversaries she may reckon the government, atheism in the legislation, obstacles of every kind created against the propaganda of orthodoxy, compulsory irreligious instruction, unbelief and materialism "crowned" by the academies—in a word, all the constituted authorities upon which the people depend. Can the Russian Church promise herself that she will be able successfully to contend against such adversaries? No one will maintain that the past history of this church offers a certain guarantee that she will; her existence, especially since Peter the Great, has been too monotonous, and has had a sphere of action too circumscribed, to allow her to make trial of her strength. Alas! there is something more; however monotonous may have been her existence, it nevertheless offers one characteristic feature, and this is, the facility with which she has permitted the czars to impose their laws upon her, and to obtain from her that which nothing would have forced from the great doctors and fathers of the Greek Church. Now, if the Russian Church has been so feeble in presence of the czars, is it very certain that she would instantaneously recover her energy, were she to find herself face to face with a government inspired by principles the most hostile to Christianity, and the declared enemy, no longer of the whole Christian church only, but of Jesus Christ himself? We are no prophet; but, after all, it is not absolutely impossible that, at a period more or less distant, some Russian socialist may find himself seated in the place of the czars.

Thus the past history of the Russian Church is far from being a sure warranty that she will know how to wrestle with impious governments. What succor, in fact, can she expect from churches which, in presence of the sultan, and of the sovereigns of the other countries where they are established, have shown themselves fully as feeble as the Russian Church has been in presence of the czars? The sultan—to speak of him only—has not he himself settled the Bulgarian question? And, besides, will not these churches have enough to do to defend themselves at a time when political importance decides everything? What influence in the religious affairs of Russia can be exercised by little states occupying scarcely the third or fourth rank among the states of Europe?

Should the Russian Church accept the aid of the Catholic Church, it will be a very different matter. In the same way that history shows us the latter as having already had to deal, on doctrinal ground, with every sort of error, and of having fought against it, thus offering, with the weight of her experience, the aid of a science as vast as the variety of errors against which it has combated; so also has the Catholic Church already encountered, on practical ground, every sort of obstacle, and has passed through storms and tempests which would a thousand times over have submerged her were she not divine. The number, variety, and gravity of the struggles she has maintained also against governments and nations give her the right to repeat with a calm security, each time that the signs of a fresh persecution appear: *Alios vidi ventos aliasque procellas*—"Other tempestuous winds and other storms have I seen."

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She possesses institutions born of these struggles and adapted to those of the future, which will also create new ones in their turn. Her missionaries and her priests present us with the spectacle of an army as numerous as it is varied, answering to all the needs of war and to all the possible eventualities of the field of battle. Still more: in the existence of the church warfare is, so to speak, the normal condition, and peace the exception; it thus follows that the powers of the Catholic Church are kept in continual exercise, and that the science of the means of victory is never reduced to simple memories.

This, from the history of the past, is what may be with certainty foreseen, whether with regard to the inefficiency of the help which the Russian Church may promise herself from the various branches of the orthodox communion, in a struggle against unbelief and impious governments, or with regard to the solid support which, in this case, she would find from the Catholic Church. But this prevision is not only justified by history. History has done nothing more than throw light upon that which had been foretold to us by a terrible declaration of Jesus Christ; and it is in this declaration that lies the deep reason and the true explanation of that which history causes to pass before our eyes. *Omne regnum in seipsum divisum desolabitur*—"Every kingdom divided against itself shall be brought to desolation" (S. Luke xi. 17), Our Lord has said.

The Orthodox Church is a divided kingdom—divided into as many branches as there are states in which she counts her adherents; divided to such a degree that, without the consent of sovereigns, no communication is possible between these divers branches; so divided that it is also the will of sovereigns which regulates and measures the relations which the bishops of the eparchies (dioceses) of one self-same state may hold among themselves. The Orthodox Church is a kingdom divided against itself—so divided that nowhere is there to be found an authority which, being itself the source of jurisdiction, can terminate the litigations about jurisdiction without appeal; so divided that a little boldness and obstinacy sufficed to enable Greece to withdraw herself from the jurisdiction of the Patriarch of Constantinople; that a little boldness and obstinacy sufficed to gain the cause for Bulgaria, when, not long ago, she also shook off the authority of the same patriarch; and that a little boldness and obstinacy always suffice to enable the revolted definitively to shake off the yoke of their pastors.*

* The reader will not take it amiss if he should find here several points already developed in our former essay, *The Pope of Rome and the Popes of the Oriental Orthodox Church*. (London: Longmans, 1871.) It is almost impossible, in touching upon the same subject, entirely to avoid repetition; and, besides, there are certain ideas which require to be put forward pretty frequently, if they are sufficiently to arrest public attention.

Well, then, there is one idea, which we would willingly call the "providential idea" of the times, of so decisive a tendency does it appear to us for hastening the end of the schism and the return of the Græco-Russian Church to Catholic unity. It is the idea to which we now return, and which forms the subject of the entire third chapter of the essay just mentioned. We live in a century of revolutions; now, whilst the Catholic Church, in presence of the general overturning of thrones, dynasties, and political constitutions, only strengthens, with her marvellous unity, the powers of her government, the Orthodox Eastern Church is given up defenceless to all the chances of political revolutions, and condemned, in her various branches, to submit to the form of government which these revolutions impose upon her. This fact alone is of a nature to lead back a goodly number of our separated brethren. We have not here to discuss lofty and abstract matters; we have to reflect whether Jesus Christ could thus have given up his church to the mercy of political revolutions. The man of the people, the illiterate, the workman, whose every moment is precious because he must live by the labor of his hands, can decide this question as easily as the theologian, the philosopher, and the statesman. It is a reflection which requires neither study nor any form of reasoning, nor even time; it is an argument self-evident to all—the "popular argument," which

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Alas! it is not even here that the desolation of this kingdom ends. Of the Orthodox Church it may be truly said that the desolation has no bounds. It has no bounds because already the principle has been established that the church of each state ought to be independent, and that each separate nation also ought to have its distinct and independent church. It is endless because to these principles—subversive of all order and all stability, and which make ecclesiastical jurisdiction depend no longer upon the laws and customs of the church, but on the chances of war, the valor of conquerors, and the craftiness of conspirators—the Orthodox Church can oppose nothing but vain protestations; it is endless because the very bishops themselves of the Orthodox Church take the lead in upholding these principles, and are the first to treat with contempt the complaints of those of their brethren whose jurisdiction is injured.

And, in fact, it was by invoking its political independence that the recently-formed kingdom of Greece declared itself, in 1833, freed from the jurisdiction of the Patriarch of Constantinople. This declaration was made and carried by *all* the bishops of the kingdom, assembled at Nauplia; not a single voice appears to have been raised to require that the patriarch should at least be first consulted. The patriarch appealed to the canons of the church, and protested—and they let him protest. For seventeen years he went on protesting, until at last, in 1850, his successor recognized the accomplished fact; had he not done so, he would have been allowed to protest to an indefinite period, as long as he might be inclined. It was by appealing to the principle of nationality (*phyletism*) that the Bulgarians shook off the authority of the same patriarch. Their bishops nominated an exarch, and long before the sultan had definitely settled this affair they gave no more heed to the patriarch's protestations than for seventeen years had been given by the bishops of the Hellenic kingdom. In the hope of leading back the Bulgarians to obedience, the patriarch, in 1872, convoked a great council in the Church of S. George at Constantinople. He made his complaints against his rebellious children, and without apparently considering the effect which might be produced by the publicity given to his words, he there related that, having summoned the recalcitrant bishops to return to obedience, one of them had answered him, *by the telegraph*, that he should go and receive the reply from the exarch.

The council thereupon proceeded to excommunicate the Bulgarians, who had already so willingly excommunicated themselves, sure beforehand that they would none the less continue to be considered members of the Orthodox Church—a certainty which could not fail to be realized. The example of Greece had borne its fruit. Besides, this council was not œcumenical; amongst others, the Russian bishops did not sit there at all; a letter of the Synod had the mission of representing them, probably unknown to themselves, and certainly without their permission. By what right, then, could the council separate the Bulgarian nation from *the whole* church? By what right did it speak in the name of *the whole* church? It had so much the less

must decide between the Catholic Church and the Orthodox Eastern Communion.

After this our repetitions will be treated with indulgence, as will also our inability to make any promise not to recur, even more than once, to this same subject—in short, our desire will be found legitimate that the *religious press of every country* should make the idea which we have just expressed its own; that it should develop and popularize it, and make it really "the providential idea of the times."

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right, also, from the fact that the Patriarch of Jerusalem, Cyril, who happened to be then at Constantinople, determinedly refused, for reasons which gave evidence of more than unwillingness, to appear at its sittings.*

Will it be said that the Bulgarians were excommunicated by virtue of the canons of the church; that the council applied to them an anathema already decreed by the fathers and the œcumenical councils against those who violated the canons? We have some acquaintance with these canons; and, if they are to be taken literally, we would not take upon ourselves to prove that the whole Orthodox Church has not long ago fallen under some excommunication pronounced by her own canons; such, at any rate, would be the case with regard to the Russian Church, which forms its principal portion. To escape this somewhat embarrassing conclusion, it becomes necessary to admit that the canons must be understood, as it is commonly expressed, *cum grano salis*, and that they are susceptible of a mild interpretation. It is this which the Bulgarians believe themselves to have done. They have found in the past history of their church *several* examples authorizing an interpretation of the canons conformable to their wishes; amongst others, that of Peter the Great, who, *without ever ceasing to be considered orthodox*, abolished the patriarchate of Moscow, instituted the Synod, made it the principal authority of the Russian Church, and declared himself to be the "Supreme Judge" thereof; after which he informed the Oriental patriarchs of what had happened, and demanded of them an approbation which he was fully determined to do without, in case it should be refused. The crime of the Bulgarians consisted in interpreting the canons as they had been interpreted by the numerous bishops who had not on that account been, by any means, expelled from the church; and if the letter of the Russian Synod, the mandatory of the Russian episcopate at the council of 1872, blamed them, besides that, in their revolt, they were sustained by Russia.* The Bulgarians called to mind that it was Russia, too, which had the most strenuously labored to induce the Patriarch of Constantinople to recognize the independence of the Church of the Hellenic kingdom as an accomplished fact. With memories such as these, the anathema of the Council of Constantinople of 1872 could scarcely disquiet the Bulgarians.

And this is not all. This council made a decision which is, in truth, a *doctrinal* decision by declaring that the exterior constitution of the church is independent of the principle of nationality, and in condemning the application of this principle to the church, as being contrary to the Scriptures and to the Fathers. By what right did this council, not being ecumenical, make a decision of this kind, and what value could it possess? Will it be said that this council did nothing more than define and affirm what was contained in the Scriptures and the Fathers? It was precisely this to which the Bulgarians would not agree, and of which the Patriarch of Jerusalem—to mention him only—was by no means convinced; in short, that which only a truly ecumenical council could *authoritatively* decide. In presence of a merely nominal doctrinal authority, it was perfectly natural that

* This patriarch was afterwards deposed *on account of his refusal to sign the declaration of the council*, and the Sublime Porte was obliged to nominate a successor.

* Scarcely was the Patriarch of Jerusalem, Cyril, arrested and imprisoned, before Russia began to take reprisals against the Greek Church.



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the Bulgarians should keep their own view of the matter.

But still more embarrassing by far would be the consequences resulting to the Orthodox Church if it were admitted that this council possessed a really doctrinal authority, and that its decisions were obligatory on the consciences of the orthodox faithful. In this case the Orthodox Church would have added yet another definition to those already recorded in the seven Ecumenical Councils allowed by her. This church has always boasted of having *added nothing* to the doctrine expressed in the seven Ecumenical Councils, in which, according to her, the Holy Ghost has deposited, *once for all*,* whatever it is necessary to believe. She is so persuaded that nothing can be added to them that she takes pleasure in recognizing in these councils the seven pillars of wisdom, the seven mysterious seals, spoken of by S. John—pillars and seals which will eternally remain seven in number, without any possible chance of reaching even to the number eight. Therefore it is that she throws in our faces our western councils and their definitions, and therefore that she reproaches us with *new dogmas*. But the Immaculate Conception of Mary and the doctrinal Infallibility of the Pope—these two dogmas which the church has found in the Scriptures and in the Fathers—were they newer in the eyes of the Bulgarians than the dogma defined at the Council of Constantinople in 1872, that "the church, in her exterior constitution, is independent of the principle of nationality"—a dogma condemned, implicitly at least, by the previous practice of a large portion of the Orthodox Church?

Finally, why should the Bulgarians have submitted to the decision of a particular council—a decision, carried by the Greeks *judices in causâ propriâ*, when the Russian Church, as all the world knew, thought so lightly of the doctrine and practice of the whole Greek Church in a matter of far greater importance, *the validity of baptism?* Baptism by infusion is in fact recognized at St. Petersburg and Moscow as valid, while at Constantinople it is null and void. A Protestant or a Catholic baptized by infusion, who should ask to be received into the Orthodox Church, would be accepted unconditionally in Russia: but at Constantinople he would be required to be rebaptized. A Christian in the dominions of the czar, he would become a pagan at Constantinople; and yet this is one and the same church!*

* Expression of the manifesto of the Synod of St. Petersburg, *On the Reunion of the Uniates with the Orthodox Church in the Russian Empire, printed by order of the Most Holy Synod of St. Petersburg*. Synodal Press, 1839. See *Persécutions et Souffrances*, etc., pp. 157–166.

* From what we have been able to ascertain, the conduct of the Russian Church upon this point is not so invariably uniform as to make it impossible to quote some exceptions to what we have just mentioned. It is very certain, however, that these exceptions do not regard great personages, who are always dispensed from submitting to baptism by immersion. To mention a recent example: the Princess Dagmar was admitted into the Russian Church without being required to receive a second baptism. The same thing was done in the last century. Voltaire having shown himself persuaded that the Russian Church baptized Protestants, baptized by infusion, was reproved by Catherine II. in the following terms: "As head of the Greek Church, I cannot honestly leave you unrebuked in your error. The Greek Church does not rebaptize at all. The Grand Duchess, etc." (Vide *Hist. Eccles.*, p. 86, *note.*) What Catherine here calls the Greek Church is the Russian. Besides, Catherine herself had been received into the Russian Church without being rebaptized, and it was of this example that William Frederick Lütiens, the Lutheran author of the *Dissertatio de Religione Ruthenorum Hodierna*, did not fail to avail himself, in maintaining that upon this point also the Russians were in agreement with the Lutherans. "If the Russians of former days" (*Rutheni veteres*), writes Lütiens, "did not recognize as valid the baptism (by infusion) of our church, it cannot be attributed solely to their belief in the necessity of their ceremonies, but also to the hatred which, from the calumnies of the Romanists, they nourished against our Lutheran Church . . ." (*Dissert.*, etc., pp. 86, 7).

Besides, we find the following in the *Russian*

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Yes, the shock has been given. The Council of Constantinople of 1872 has not been able to hinder the defection of the Bulgarians, but it has attracted the attention of the Christian world to the fact that the Orthodox Church has no authority which can force consciences to reject as heretical the application to the exterior constitution of the church, either of the principle of nationality, or any other principle upon which might be based the political constitution of nations. And further, the acts of the Council of Constantinople of 1872 give evidence of the hesitation and uncertainty existing among the representatives of the orthodox faith* with regard to a question so momentous, and which concerns the very life of that church. The shock has been given. Error has a terrible logic. Where will the divisions, the sub-divisions, and the parcellings-out of the orthodox communion end? And what consequences may result from the want of exterior unity, not only for the independence, but also for the faith, of the church, we have just glanced at; but it will be revealed by the *Ecclesiastical Regulation* in a manner more convincing and more sad.

Assuredly the future had not been foreseen when, in the *Confession of the Orthodox Faith*, the great catechism of the whole Oriental Church, it was considered sufficient to explain as follows the unity of the church:

"The church is one, . . . according to the teaching of the apostle: *For I have espoused you to one husband, that I may present you as a chaste virgin to Christ* (2 Cor. xi. 2). For even as there is but one Christ, even so his spouse can be but one; as it is written in the fourth chapter of the Epistle of S. Paul to the Ephesians (iv. 5, 6): *One Lord, one faith, one baptism: there is but one God, the Father of all.*†

Nor was the future any more foreseen when, in the catechism of Mgr. Philarete, the unity of the church was defined:

"Q. Why is the church one?

"A. Because she represents one *spiritual* body, animated by one sole and only divine Spirit, and having one head only, who is Christ."

Let us now turn away our gaze from the Orthodox Church, in which the terrible declaration of Jesus Christ finds only too fully its accomplishment. Another church appears before us. She is not a divided kingdom: on the contrary, if there be one characteristic mark by which she may be at once recognized by

*Clergy* of Father Gagarin: "The *Ecclesiastical Talk* (Doukhovnafa Beseda) of Sept. 17, 1866, was seeking for a means of reconciling on this point the Greek and Russian Churches. Nothing is stranger than the idea it has entertained. If we are to believe the *Ecclesiastical Talk*, the Greek Church fully admits the validity of baptism otherwise than by immersion, but has been obliged to exact a new baptism from those Latins seeking admission into her bosom, *in order to draw a deeper line of demarcation between Greeks and Latins, from fear of a reconciliation*, and to this end has attempted nothing less than *to make the Greeks believe* that the Latins were not Christians. We should never dare to attribute to the Greek Church such a proceeding. Lying, calumny, profanation of a sacrament that cannot be repeated—all this, according to the *Ecclesiastical Talk*, the Greek Church would knowingly and willingly do! Reading this, we cannot believe our eyes. And this journal is published by the Ecclesiastical Academy of St. Petersburg, under the eye and with the approbation of the Synod!" (*The Russian Clergy, translated from the French of Father Gagarin, S.J.*, by Ch. Du Gard Makepeace, M.A. London: Burns and Oates, 1872; p. 272.)

* The Council of Constantinople of 1872 has been acknowledged by one portion of the Orthodox Church, and rejected by the other. The church of the Hellenic kingdom maintains the authority of the council; a portion of the Russian Church rejects it. The Orthodox Church is thus divided into two camps; and, according to the tenor of the acts of the Council of 1872, all that portion of the Russian Church which does not admit the authority of the council is, therefore, at this present time excommunicate.

* *Confessio Orthodoxa Fidei, Catholicæ et Apostolicæ Ecclesiæ Orientalis.* Quæst. lxxxiii. in Kimmel's work, *Libri Symbolici Ecclesiæ Orientalis*, p. 153.

† *Catéchisme Détaillé.* On the ninth article, p. 95.

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all who seek for her, it is the imposing unity of her exterior organization. The pope forms this unity. Let us ask of history what the pope has done for the church.

And history answers: The pope has saved the church. The pope alone has been able to hinder this church from breaking up, as the Orthodox Church has done, into so many national churches, at first under the protection, then under the authority, and finally under the rod, of sovereigns who were at first kings, then presidents of a republic, sometimes Robespierres. It is the pope, and the pope only, who has maintained, not merely the vague notion, but the living sentiment of Catholic fraternity—a sentiment which inspires the adversaries of the church with a fear which, in spite of themselves, they betray. It is the pope, and the pope alone, who has caused the sap of Christian piety to circulate in the whole Catholic world, by the honors of the altars accorded to the saints of every land, and by those institutions which, originating in one country, belong to all countries, as powerful, in the realization of their vast aspirations, as zeal and charity themselves. It is the pope who makes the treasures of virtue and learning which he discovers in any particular locality the common property of the world—in a word, it is the pope who causes the church always to survive, not only the enemies who desire her death, not only the false prophets who, for centuries past, have gone on announcing this death as imminent, but all kingdoms and all empires, their institutions, and even their remembrance. This is what the pope is for the Catholic Church.

Thus we see, on the one side, division, and, as its consequence, the dissolution foretold by Jesus Christ; on the other side, unity, and, with unity, victory and strength. This is the signification of the church having or not having a pope. Besides, the unity of government is so necessary to arrest the indefinite parcelling out of one church into a number of independent churches, and as a safeguard to the common faith, that each separate branch of the Orthodox Eastern Church has not been able to maintain its integrity without the aid of a supreme and central authority. Instead of the pope, this is a patriarch, or it is a synod, or it is the sovereign of the country, but everywhere and always the very adversaries of the Papacy themselves render an involuntary homage to the Catholic dogma which declares a visible head, a pope, necessary to the church.

Yes, a pope is necessary for the church—necessary to her existence, and necessary for the fulfilment of her mission.

Let us consider it with regard to the most powerful of the various branches of the orthodox communion—the Russian Church. Even could this church (by hypothesis) maintain herself alone, and could she continue her work without the operation of the laws; could she alone combat unbelief, and alone make head against impious governments, the pope would be none the less necessary for her. And why? Because the Russian Church calls herself *Catholic;* that is, *universal.* Now, it is not enough for a church which calls itself Catholic, and the one church of the Saviour of all, to be able to maintain her ground in that part of the world in which she is now enclosed; it is not enough that she should combat unbelief in the empire of the czars, nor that she should be able to resist an impious government which may succeed to theirs.

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If she is Catholic, she ought, the Russian Church herself, to be equal to penetrating *everywhere*, and everywhere to maintain herself; to combat *everywhere* heresy and unbelief, and everywhere to sustain collision with the government. If she is Catholic, let her issue from the limits of the country of the czars, and at least *attempt* the conquest of Italy, Germany, France, England, all Europe; America, the whole world; let her, in the name of Jesus Christ, utter words of authority to the conquerors of the earth, brave the hatred which the consciousness of her rights would draw upon her, and dare to declare to crowned heads that all Christians belong to her; let her not confine herself to raising in capital cities Russian temples for the use of the Russian embassies, but let her require every government to recognize the orthodox worship; let her missionaries penetrate, whether welcomed or repelled, into all the countries of the earth with the sole credentials of the apostles, and, strong in this single right, let them return whither they are driven out, and sprinkle with their blood the soil wherein they sow the seed of orthodoxy. Then, and only then, will the Russian Church show herself Catholic; that is to say, universal; that is to say, the church of the Saviour of all. Until then in vain may she call herself Catholic while the title is denied by the fact.

But these things the Russian Church will never be able to accomplish without a pope.

From whom, in fact, will her priests hold their commission? To whom will they recur for counsel, protection, and support? In whose name will they speak to governments and kings? To whom will they refer the latter to authenticate the validity of their mission, to propose objections, or to lodge complaints? If we except Russia, Turkey, the Hellenic kingdom, Roumania, Servia, and some provinces of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, the rest of the world is missionary ground for the Orthodox Church, just as much as is China for the Catholic Church. Let us suppose the Russian Church wishing only to undertake the conversion of France. Paris already possesses a Russian temple; it is now the Synod, in concert with the government, which nominates the persons attached to this temple. When the official church shall have fallen, and all the Russian bishops shall be canonically equal, or at least independent of each other, t which among them will the charge of this mission belong?

Paris is a place to stimulate the zeal of many bishops. It is allowable to believe that a settlement will not be very quickly made. Let us suppose it made, however, and moreover that even there is established a college *De Propaganda Fide Orthodoxâ* at St. Petersburg or Moscow. What would be the attitude of the Greek Church of Constantinople? Will the latter possess, or will she not possess, the right to evangelize France, and there to exercise ecclesiastical jurisdiction? If it be allowed that she has this right, the same question presents itself also for the three patriarchates of Antioch, Alexandria, and Jerusalem; it also presents itself for the Greek Church of the Hellenic kingdom, for the Church of Roumania, for that of Servia, for the Orthodox Church of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, and even for that of Montenegro. Here is already an accumulation and intermingling of jurisdictions liable to give rise to numerous contests. Who shall decide amongst them? Will they come to a mutual agreement? But an agreement will be everlastingly impossible between the Greek and

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Russian Churches, at least so long as the question of the validity of baptism by infusion remains undecided. We will say Catholics are to be "converted" to orthodoxy: the Russian ministers will not rebaptize them. The Greek Church knows it—this church, as we have just said, which regards baptism by infusion as null. If the Greek Church consents that the Russian missionaries shall evangelize France, it declares, by that consent, that baptism is no longer necessary for belonging to the church. If, however, she opposes their so doing, who is to decide between them? And the simple ones who had previously let themselves be incorporated into the Russian Church—would they be very certain that they really belonged to the church? Which, then, will be the true missionaries?

We confine ourselves to this example. Let us apply ourselves carefully to realize, in imagination, what would be the situation of a church attempting to do without a pope that which must be done by a church believing herself divine, and invested by God with a commission to convert the world—wishing to do, without a pope, what is done by the Catholic Church every day. Then it will be easy to understand whether there can be a divine church without a pope.

And this pope, without which the Russian Church will never be the universal church of Jesus Christ nor fulfil the mission of that church—where would she seek him? Would she, on account of the needs created by her new situation, confer upon one of the bishops all the authority which is now concentrated in the hands of the Synod? Will she say to him, Help me to fulfil the mission of converting the world? But this charge, this part, would it not with greater right belong to the Patriarch of Constantinople, who, so powerful is the need of unity, has already declared, upon one solemn occasion, that on him rests *the care of all the churches?** We are supposing in the Russian Church, and in the other branches of the orthodox communion, enough self-denial to consent to this. But when this great event shall have been accomplished, what will have been done?

It will have been acknowledged before the face of all the world that it is not Rome who made the schism. It will have been confessed that during ten centuries it has been charged as a crime upon the Catholic Church that she has not sacrificed that which, after ten centuries of disasters, the Eastern Church has found it necessary to force herself to regain under pain of ceasing to exist. There will have been rendered to the Catholic Church the most splendid of testimonies, in confessing that she alone possesses the true sense of the words of Jesus Christ, and that the rock on which Jesus Christ has built his church is Peter.

Indeed, from that day forward there will be no more excuse for schism. Between a rock designated by men of the XIXth century, and that rock of which the manifest existence goes back to Jesus Christ himself, and has been pointed out by him, who that but knows how to read and write can hesitate for an instant?

Such, therefore, is the alternative: either the Orthodox Church will be forced to give herself a pope, to show that she is really that which she entitles herself, "Catholic," or universal, and to fulfil the mission imposed by this name, or she will never

* It is thus that Anthimus, the Patriarch of Constantinople, expressed himself in a document concerning the independence of the Orthodox Church of the Hellenic kingdom. See *The Pope of Rome*, etc., p. 142. French ed., p. 227.

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be able to justify her appreciation of this title. What will happen in the former case, we have just said; if, on the contrary, the Orthodox Church delays to give herself a pope, the rapid march of events, and the revolutionary storm from which neither Russia nor the East will by any means be preserved, will, before very long, prove to us that it is not upon the sand that Jesus Christ has built his church.

TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH.

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## BURKE AND THE REVOLUTION.

BACON'S grand testamentary vindication of his life, "bequeathing his name and memory to foreign nations and his own countrymen after some time be passed over," might have been written with even greater justice of himself—because free from any imputation of moral weakness—by the master-mind of the XVIIIth century in England in the domain of political philosophy—Edmund Burke, the illustrious orator and statesman, the author of *Reflections on the Revolution in France*. To-day, when France, "incessantly agitated by a propaganda of the most pernicious doctrines," * still vindicates the sagacity which foresaw the disastrous course of the Revolution, while Egland, which he saved from the same propaganda, uninterruptedly illustrates the "beneficial influence of the regular action of the public powers," it may not be amiss to recall some of the opinions to which he gave utterance at the beginning of the storm. Burke's genius, like Bacon's, was indeed too refulgent not to be acknowledged even in his own day. But the burning questions upon the discussion of which and their solution, so far as human reason can go, he has built up an enduring fame—*monumentum ære perennius*—lighted up passions too gigantic and furious in the tremendous conflict then inaugurated to allow of contemporary justice being done to his labors. Nor did their negatory influence upon his fame end with his death; two allied causes have conspired to partially obscure the clear and immortal flame of his genius, even to our time:

First, the jealousy of the political and literary followers of Charles James Fox.

Second, the inimical spirit of the Revolution.

Burke, as it is well known, had to contend, during his parliamentary career, not only against the Tory prejudices of the country party, represented by such men as William Lord Bagot and Col. Onslow, but also against the ill-concealed jealousy and oligarchical exclusiveness of his nominal allies, the Whig aristocracy. But this influence of caste, which in his lifetime placed over his head his political pupil, Charles Fox, as the representative of the Whig family compacts, has

* Message of Marshal MacMahon to the French Assembly.

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been succeeded since his death by a more acrimonious spirit of personal jealousy in defence of the fame of his younger rival. The partisans of Fox have never been able to forgive Burke's renunciation of his alliance with the eloquent Whig leader; and so large a share of literary and political criticism during the last half-century has come from the pens of that small but popular band of writers who took their inspiration from the traditions of Holland House, that the acknowledgment of Burke's profound and prophetic genius has been unduly circumscribed by the desire of elevating the "great man" of the family. Macaulay and Earl Russell have given expression to this feeling; the former by covertly insinuating a doubt of Burke's judgment, while lavishly extolling the splendor of his imagination; the latter by open denunciation of his course at the outbreak of the Revolution; Earl Russell with unconscious self-satire quoting these lines from La Fontaine:

> L'homme est de feu pour le mensonge
> Il est de glace pour la vérité."

The efforts of a powerful literary and family connection to elevate its idol, Charles Fox, at the expense of Burke, have had, however, but small effect in limiting the measure of the latter's fame, compared with the hostile spirit of revolution animating the current periodical literature of England and America. If the apostles of the Revolution, who steal Burke's thunder without acknowledgment, when it suits their purpose, against the despotism of power, could bury out of sight his protests against that worse despotism of unchained human passions, which is their ideal of liberty, they would gladly place him in their Pantheon. But the mind of the great political philosopher was too grandly comprehensive to be narrowed within the grooves of that fashionable "liberalism" which covers even the basest tyranny, if directed against the Catholic Church. His humanity was too broad and true not to be aroused into flaming denunciation of the abuse of power, whether it assumed the shape of "opulent oppression" in India or democratic priest-slaughter in France. Hence it is that Burke holds but a half-allegiance of the Liberal party; that his fame has been, as it were, truncated, so far as they have been able to effect it; and that his magnificent vindications of the cause of liberty, bounded by no limitations of race, government, or creed, are circumscribed in their minds by his ante-revolutionary labors.

But it is not in the power of any class of critics, least of all of the light artillery of "liberalism," to narrow or permanently diminish Burke's kingdom over human thought. His fame will not be dependent upon the fashion of this or any single age. The *consensus* of humanity has crowned him among the Immortals. When Macaulay and Russell shall have become obscure names, the works of Burke will endure as monuments of our civilization. His place will be with Demosthenes and Cicero, and in the estimation of a more remote posterity he will probably overtop them both.

The long, lean figure, with spectacles on nose, once familiar to the caricaturists of the third George's reign, has faded a good deal from the eyes of the present generation. We now turn over with a smile the prints of the "concealed Jesuit" from S. Omer's, *barrette* on head. and long *soutane* clinging to his heels; or the more portly figure of

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the highwayman, blunderbuss in hand, waylaying, in company with North and Fox, the "savior of India" (Warren Hastings); or the "Watchman" of the constitution, in heavy cloak, lantern in hand, and spectacles on the formidable nose, ferreting out the revolutionary preacher, Dr. Price, in his midnight study. The gravers of Gilray and Sayer have yielded to those of the caricaturists for *Punch*. The figures of Gladstone, Disraeli, and Bright have supplanted those of Pitt, Fox, and Burke. The great orator and statesman has taken his place as a classic on the shelves of all libraries, but is popularly known only by a few rounded extracts from his speeches, or by Macaulay's description of the entrance on the parliamentary stage of Lord Rockingham's young Irish secretary, "who to an eloquence surpassing the eloquence of Pitt, and an industry that shamed the industry of Grenville, united an amplitude of comprehension to which neither Pitt nor Grenville could lay claim." But if Burke has shared the fate of all great writers not strictly popular in being conventionally admired but practically neglected by the general reader, no political author is more diligently studied by the "middlemen" of thought, the makers and leaders of public opinion. He is the private tutor of public teachers; the *vade mecum* of the orator and politician. Most of the questions of political ethics which have been the subjects of discussion during the present century have been profoundly treated of by him. Catholic emancipation, parliamentary reform, the freedom of the press, ministerial responsibility, the relations of church and state, the abolition of the slave trade, the amelioration of the criminal law—all have received from him their most ample and brilliant illustration.

Of all the events of his time, however, the Revolution of 1789 gave the chief exercise to his powers. Born in 1730, he was then at the zenith of his fame, in the full maturity of his massive yet acute intellect. Earl Russell's senile complaint in his life of Fox of "the wreck of his (Burke's) judgment" betrays only the dotage of his own. Advancing age had better fitted him for the contest. His mind had, as Macaulay truly says, bloomed late into flower, although the rhetoric of the essayist has caricatured the sterility of his youth. The giant trunk was now crowned with a luxuriant and graceful foliage, which added to its beauty, while it detracted nothing from its strength. The experience of "his long and laborious life," the accumulated stores of his prodigious industry, furnished him with weapons of finest temper and irresistible force. Thus armed, stepping to the front as the champion of civilization and religion against the Giant Despair which had broken its bonds in Europe, it was with striking appropriateness that his friend, Sir Joshua Reynolds, applied to him, at the moment of his rupture with Fox and the opposition, the lines written under the engraving of 1790 from the portrait of 1775—lines in which Milton describes the faithful Abdiel striding forth, solitary, from amid the rebel host:

"So spake the fervent angel, but his zeal
None seconded: . . . . . .
. . . . . Unmoved,
Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified,
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal;
Nor number nor example with him wrought
To move from truth, or change his constant mind,
Though single. From amidst forth he passed
Long way through hostile scorn, nor of violence
feared aught;
And with retorting scorn, his back he turned
On those proud towers to swift destruction
doomed."

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The efforts of Burke's single mind at this critical moment decided the course of events in England. His speeches in Parliament and the publication of his *Reflections on the Revolution in France* aroused a national feeling that all the efforts of the revolutionary propagandists were unable to stem; which Pitt followed rather than led; and which enabled England to carry on without flinching, to a triumphant close, the long and bloody war in national self-defence into which she was driven by the aggressive spirit of the Revolution. Pitt only gave utterance to the national feeling when he declared at the close of Burke's speech on the Army Estimates, in which he flung down the gauntlet to the Revolution, "that not only the present generation but the latest posterity would revere his name for the decided part he had that day taken."

It was Burke's fortune to witness the temporary triumph, but not the succeeding repulse, of the first outbreak of the Revolution. He died at the full tide of its fury. Yet the tremendous blows he dealt its principles, single-handed, before all that was mortal of him was laid at rest at Beaconsfield, undoubtedly saved England from succumbing to its influence in his own day, and their conservative force is still felt in the government of that country. "This man," said Schlegel, "has been to his own country and to all Europe—and, in a particular manner, to all Germany—a new light of political wisdom and moral experience. He corrected his age when it was at the height of its revolutionary fury; and without maintaining any system of philosophy, he seems to have seen further into the true nature of society, and to have more clearly comprehended the effect of religion in connecting individual security with national welfare, than any philosopher or any system of philosophy of any preceding age." True words, and worthy of attention at this moment, when Germany has entered on a new and dangerous course of political action.

From the first mutterings of the revolutionary storm Burke had distrusted its character and future violence. Alarmed by what he had seen of the undisguised levity and scepticism of Parisian society during his visit to France in 1772, he had taken occasion in one of his speeches, as early as 1773, to point out "this conspiracy of atheism to the watchful eyes of European governments." The outrages in the name of liberty which were simultaneous with its outburst determined his course, although his keen political vision had long before penetrated the hollowness of its professions. The old political gladiator, "in whose breast," as he proudly and truly said of himself, "no anger, durable or vehement, had ever been kindled but by what he considered as tyranny"; whose potent voice had re-echoed across the Western ocean in support of the American colonist, had pleaded for the African slave and Hindoo laborer, and had instilled fresh hope in the broken heart of the Irish "Papist," roused himself now to his last and most powerful effort in defence of the fugitive French "aristocrat" and hunted priest.

"I have struggled," he said, "to the best of my power against two great evils, growing out of the most sacred of all things—liberty and authority. I have struggled against the licentiousness of freedom, I have contended against the tyranny

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of power." Nearly ten years before, in his speech on the Marriage Act, defending himself against the charges of "aristocrat" and "radical" which had been alternately levelled against him, he had predicted his course in these noble words:

"When indeed the smallest rights of the poorest people in the kingdom are in question, I would set my face against any act of pride countenanced by the highest that are in it; and if it should come to the last extremity, and a contest of blood, my course is taken. I would take my fate with the poor, and low, and feeble. But if these people come to turn their liberty into a cloak for mischievousness, and to seek a privilege of exemption, not from power, but from the rules of morality and virtuous discipline, I would join my hand to make them feel the force which a few united in a good cause have over a multitude of the profligate and ferocious."

Burke's theory of true reform, illustrated by the honorable labors of his whole public career, was in fact so radically opposed to that of the French constitution-makers that no standing-ground common to both could be found. He foresaw plainly enough what were the secret aims and aspirations of the revolutionary leaders from the first, whatever might be their humanitarian professions; that whatever their changes of leaders or watchwords, their goal would always be the same—the destruction of existing society; not reparation, but ruin. He would have seen in M. Gambetta's programme of a *nouvelle couche sociale*, enunciated at Grenoble in 1872, only a new reading of M. Marat's schemes of universal confiscation in 1792. Neither would have found more favor in his eyes than in those of any English reformer from S. Thomas à Becket to Hampden. He believed with Bacon that there could be no wise design of reform which did not set out with the determination "to weed, to prune, and to graft, rather than to plough up and plant all afresh." Sixty years afterwards another writer, after an elaborate and prolonged study of the *ancien régime*, and a lifetime's experience of the results of the Revolution, arrived at the point from which Burke started. The writer was Alexis de Tocqueville. Those who are familiar only with the *Democracy in America*, the work of his inexperienced youth, would do well to read his *Memoir and Letters* by De Beaumont. Writing to M. Freslon in 1853, after the events of 1848–51 had pretty well cured him of liberalism, he said:

"When one examines, as I am doing at Tours, the archives of an ancient provincial government, one finds a thousand reasons for hating the *ancien régime*, but few for loving the Revolution; for one sees that the *ancien régime* was rapidly sinking under the weight of years and a gradual change of ideas and manners, so that, with a little patience and good conduct, it might have been reformed without destroying indiscriminately all that was good in it with all that was bad. It is curious to see how different was the government of 1780 from that of 1750. One does not recognize the government or the governed. The Revolution broke out not when evils were at their worst, but when reform was beginning. Halfway down the staircase we threw ourselves out of the window, in order to get sooner to the bottom" (*Memoir and Remains*, vol. ii. pp. 242, 243, Eng. ed.)

Burke had an invincible distrust of the crude theories and rash speculations of the *doctrinaires* of the Revolution. "Follow experience and common sense," he says in a hundred different ways; "these are the arguments of statesmen! Leave the rest to the schools, where only they may be debated with—safety"

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"In politics," he says, "the most fallacious of all things is geometrical demonstration." Again: "The majors make a pompous figure in the battle, but the victory of truth depends upon the little minors of circumstances." He compares the socialist theorist ready to plunge into the volcano of revolutionary experiment to the Sicilian sophist—*ardentem frigidus Ætnam insiluit.* The atrocious principles of the literary and philosophical guides of the Revolution seemed to him almost more portentous than the brutalities of the mob. "Never before this time," he says, "was a set of literary men converted into a gang of robbers and assassins. Never before did a den of bravoes and banditti assume the garb and tone of an academy of philosophers."

Remarkable sayings then, and true of experience anterior to his time. But had Burke lived in our day, he would have witnessed with astonishment the full development of the spirit he denounced, in the terrible spectacle of an aggressive infidel philosophy, and an almost universal infidel press, sometimes truculent, sometimes frivolous, but always shamelessly boastful of its pagan principles. He would have seen a school of pseudo-philosophy professing its open design to destroy the foundations of revealed religion; filled with the spirit of the apostate Julian; as audacious and boastful as he, but destined to meet as shameful an end.

Let us compare, then, Burke's theory of true liberty, and his opinion of what France might have gained by a large and loyal measure of reform, with the desperate counsels and futile outrages which followed the surrender of the movement by the French conservatives into the hands of the Jacobins. "You would," he says, had such a course as he recommended been pursued, "have rendered the cause of liberty venerable in the eyes of every worthy mind in every nation. You would have shamed despotism from the earth by showing that freedom was not only reconcilable, but, as when well disciplined it is, auxiliary to law. You would have had a protected, satisfied, laborious, and obedient people, taught to seek and recognize that happiness is to be found by virtue in all conditions; in which consists the true moral equality of mankind, and not in that monstrous fiction which, by inspiring false ideas and vain expectations into men destined to travel in the obscure walks of laborious life, serves only to aggravate and embitter that real inequality which it never can remove."

Burke's frequent definitions of true liberty are as beautiful as they are true. "You hope, sir," he says, writing to De Menonville, "that I think the French deserving of liberty. I certainly do. I certainly think all men who desire it deserve it. It is not the reward of our merit or the acquisition of our industry. It is our inheritance. It is the birthright of our species. We cannot forfeit our right to it but by what forfeits our title to the privileges of our kind. I mean the abuse or oblivion of our natural faculties, and a ferocious indocility which is prompt to wrong or violence, destroys our social nature, and transforms us into something a little better than a description of wild beast. To men so degraded a state of strong restraint is a sort of necessary substitute for freedom, since, bad as it is, it may deliver them in some measure from the worst of all slavery, that is, the despotism of their own blind and bru-

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tal passions. You have kindly said that you began to love freedom from your intercourse with me. Permit me, then, to continue our conversation, and to tell you what that freedom is that I love. It is not solitary, unconnected, individual, selfish liberty. It is social freedom. It is that state of things in which the liberty of no man and no body of men is in a condition to trespass on the liberty of any person or any description of persons in society. The liberty, the only liberty, I mean, is a liberty connected with order; that not only exists along with virtue and order, but which cannot exist without them."

"Am I," he asks, in answer to the shibboleth of the "rights of man,"—"am I to congratulate a highwayman and murderer, who has broke prison, upon the recovery of his natural rights? This would be to act over again the case of the criminals condemned to the galleys and their heroic deliverer, the knight of the 'sorrowful countenance.'"

If we turn from Burke's satire upon the revolutionary actors to his opinions on its probable onward course and changing fortunes, we shall find a series of the most remarkable political prophecies on record. At a time when Fox and the opposition hailed the Revolution as already accomplished, with nothing before it but a future of ideal progress and happiness; when Pitt and the government seemed lulled into a still more fatal inaction, Burke proclaimed in decisive tones that the contest between socialism and all constituted governments had only begun. We group together a few of these remarkable predictions, which time has so amply verified: "He proposed to prove," he said in his *Appeal from the New to the Old Whigs*, "that the present state of things in France is not a transient evil, productive, as some have too favorably supposed, of a lasting good; but that the present evil is only the means of producing future and, if that were possible, worse evils. That this is not an undigested, imperfect, and crude scheme of liberty, which may be gradually mellowed and ripened into an orderly and social freedom; but that it is so fundamentally wrong as to be incapable of correcting itself by any length of time." Again: "We are not at the end of our struggle or near it. Let us not deceive ourselves; we are at the beginning of great troubles." Predicting the changing features of the Revolution, he said: "In its present form it can hardly remain; but before its final settlement it may have to pass, as one of our poets says, 'through great varieties of untried being,' and in all its transmigrations to be purified by fire and sword." The very spirit of the Commune is thus foreshadowed in a letter to M. de Menonville, 1790: "But if the same ends should hereafter require the same course which had been already pursued, there is no doubt but the same ferocious delight in murder and the same savage cruelty will be again renewed." *Tous les évêques a la lanterne* was the watchword of both outbreaks of the Revolution.

Compare with these sayings the remarks, fifty years later, of another observer, of great acuteness, but moulded in less heroic proportions than Burke. "This day fifty-one years," writes De Tocqueville, the author of *Democracy in America*, "the French Revolution commenced, and, after the destruction of so many men and institutions, we may say it is still going on. Is not this reassuring to the nations that

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are only just beginning theirs?"* De Tocqueville, it is well known, during the early part of his career, was tainted with the prevalent liberal Catholicism of his day in France. He wished to unite the church with the Revolution—chimerical task, of which advancing years and experience convinced him of the sinful folly! Happily for himself, he died a good Catholic in the bosom of the church.

"I scarcely dare hope," he says, "to see a regular government, strong and at the same time liberal, established in our country. This ideal was, as you know, the dream of my youth, and likewise of the portion of my mature age that has passed. Is it possible still to believe in its realization? For a long time I thought (but long before February this belief had been much shaken) that we had been making our way over a stormy sea, on which we were still tossing, but that the port was at hand. Was I not wrong? Are we not on a rolling sea that has no shore? Or is not the land so distant, so unknown, that our lives and those of our children may pass away before it is reached, or, at least, before any settlement is made upon it? . . . I am indeed alarmed at the state of the public mind. It is far from betokening the close of a revolution. At the time it was said, and to this day it is commonly repeated, that the insurgents of June were the dregs of the populace; that they were all outcasts of the basest description, whose only motive was lust for plunder. Such, of course, were many of them. But it is not true that they were all of this kind; would to God that they had been! Such wretches are always a small minority; they never prevail; they are imprisoned or executed, and all is over. In the insurrection of June, besides bad passions, there were, what are far more dangerous, false opinions. Many of the men who attempted to overthrow the most sacred rights were carried away by an erroneous notion of right. They sincerely believed that society was based upon injustice, and they wished to give it another foundation. [Compare Gambetta's *nouvelle couche sociale*.] Our bayonets and our cannon will never destroy this revolutionary fanaticism. It will create for us dangers and embarrassments without end. Finally, I begin to ask myself whether anything solid or durable can be built on the shifting basis of our society? Whether it will support even a despotism, which many people, tired of storms, would, for want of a better, hail as a haven? We did not see this great revolution in human society begin; we shall not see it end. If I had children, I should always be repeating this to them, and should tell them that in this age and in this country one ought to be fit for everything, and prepared for everything, for no one can count on the future." *

A conversation apropos of a Benedictine survivor of 1789, given from Mr. Senior's *Journal* (*Memoir*, vol. ii. p. 1), illustrates the final opinion of the author of *Democracy in America* upon the Revolution. It took place only one year before his death:

"And what effect," I asked, "has the contemplation of seventy years of revolution produced on him (the Benedictine)? Does he look back, like Talleyrand, to the *ancien régime* as a golden age?" "He admits," said Tocqueville, "the material superiority of our own age, but he believes that intellectually and morally we are far inferior to our grandfathers. And I agree with him. These seventy years of revolution have destroyed our courage, our hopefulness, our self-reliance, our public spirit, and, as respects by far the majority of our higher classes, our passions, except the vulgarest and most selfish ones, vanity and covetousness. Even ambition seems extinct. The men who seek power seek it not for itself, not as a means of doing good to their country but as a means of getting money and flatterers." †

What more remarkable testimony to Burke's prophetic vision could be offered?

If any were needed, it would be found in an opposite quarter, in the revelations of Cluseret and his accom-

* Letter to M. Stoffels, Nov. 30, 1841 (*Memoir and Remains of Alexis de Tocqueville*).

* Letter to Stoffels, July 21, 1848.

† Mr. Senior's *Journal*, April 26, 1858.

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plices as to the premeditated burning of Paris and the destruction of the Vendôme Column in 1871, viewed in connection with Burke's positive and reiterated assertions that the worst excesses of 1789 were not the result of sudden passion, nor accidental, "as some believed or pretended to believe, but were systematically designed from the beginning." It is known that among his correspondents in 1789–90 were the notorious Tom Paine and the eccentric cosmopolite, Anacharsis Baron de Clootz, both of whom strove to enlist Burke in the defence of the revolutionary cause before he had decisively pronounced himself. Paine and Clootz, congenial birds of prey, had both flown to Paris (anticipating the course of their disciples in 1871), smelling the approaching carnage afar off; and from them there is reason to believe Burke gathered ample hints of the full measure of the revolutionary programme. Striking also is Burke's remark that the revolutionary subdivision of France would induce a demand for communal or cantonal independence. "These commonwealths," he says, "will not long bear a state of subjection to the republic of Paris"—a prediction wonderfully verified by the attitude of Lyons and Marseilles during the late war and the period of the Commune, as well as by the cantonal programme of the Spanish revolutionists.

Burke's theory of the true basis of government was as moderate and well conceived as the revolutionary schemes were destructive and unsound. "We know," he says, "and, what is better, we feel, that religion is the basis of society and the source of all good and all comfort. A man full of warm, speculative benevolence may wish his society otherwise constituted than as he finds it; but a good patriot and a true politician always considers how he shall make the most of the existing constitution of his country. A disposition to preserve and an ability to improve taken together, would be my standard of a statesman. Everything else is vulgar in the conception, perilous in the execution." His defence of the cause of religion in France, and his glowing tribute to the virtue and learning of the French clergy, then, as now, the mark of the deadliest shafts of the Revolution, are eloquent and inspiring, but too long to quote in this article.

Equally remarkable with Burke's prophetic warnings of the successive crimes and follies of the Revolution and its offspring, the Commune, are his speculations on a supposed restoration of the monarchy. More than a quarter of a century after his death their wisdom was illustrated in the events of the inglorious reign of Charles X. His words are almost startling in their applicability to the present posture of French affairs, the Septennate, and the conflicting aspirations of the Comte de Chambord and the Prince Imperial:

"What difficulties," he says, referring to a Restoration, in his letter on the policy of the allies, "will be met with in a country, exhausted by the taking of its capital, and among a people in a manner trained and actively disciplined to anarchy, rebellion, disorder, and impiety, may be conceived by those who know what Jacobin France is; who may have occupied themselves in revolving in their minds what they were to do if it fell to their lot to re-establish the affairs of France. What support or what limitations the restored monarchy must have may be a doubt, or how it will settle or pitch at last; but one thing I conceive to be far beyond a doubt—that the settlement cannot be immediate, but that it

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must be preceded by some sort of power equal, at least in vigor, vigilance, promptness, and decision, to a military government. For such a preparatory government no slow-paced, methodical, formal, lawyer-like system; still less that of a showy, artificial, trifling, intriguing court, guided by cabals of ladies, or men like ladies; least of all a philosophic, theoretic, disputatious school of sophistry—none of these ever will, or ever can, lay the foundations of an order that will last."

"A judicious, well-tempered, and manly severity in the support of law and order"—this was Burke's advice to princes. He advocated freedom of the press as understood in England; "but they indeed," he said, "who seriously write upon a principle of levelling, ought to be answered by the magistrate, and not by the speculatist." We conclude our quotations by the following portrait of the "Legitimate Prince":

"Whoever," says Burke, "claims a right by birth to govern there, must find in his breast, or conjure up in it, an energy not always to be expected, not always to be wished, in well-ordered states. The lawful prince must have in everything but crime the character of an usurper. He is gone if he imagines himself the quiet possessor of a throne. He is to contend for it as much after an apparent conquest as before. His task is to win it. He must leave posterity to adorn and enjoy it. No velvet cushions for him. He is to be always—I speak nearly to the letter—on horseback. This opinion is the result of much patient thinking on the subject, which I conceive no event is likely to alter."

Burke's tremendous onslaught on the Revolution drew forth swarms of opponents in his own day, most of whom are now forgotten. More than emulating the besotted conceit of those early apologists of anarchy, "liberal" writers are still to be found so infatuated with hostility to the Catholic Church, so purblind to the experience of nearly a hundred years—of the bloody chapters of 1793, of 1830, of 1848, of 1851, of 1871—so unawakened by the ruin the same accursed spirit has wrought in Spain, as to be heard chanting the glories of the Revolution and bewailing the possibility of "a priestly reaction" as the "destruction of all that has been gained by the national agonies of the last century." What has been gained which would not have been gained in the gradual progress of society? What rather has not been lost in national honor and domestic virtue and happiness which would have been retained "if men had not been quite shrunk," as Burke said, "from their natural dimensions by a degrading and sordid philosophy"? Let a witness like De Tocqueville answer!

The great political philosopher's warnings against the real spirit of the Revolution are still worthy the attention of all governments. Time has added to their value, not diminished it. "Against these, their 'rights of men,' let no government," he says, "look for security in the length of its continuance or in the justice and lenity of its administration. They are always at issue with governments, not on a question of abuse, but on a question of competency and a question of title."

His advice is vigorous and plain. "Never," he says, "succumb to the enemy. It is a struggle for your national existence. If you must die, die with the sword in your hand! But I have no fear for the result!"

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## ROBERT CAVELIER DE LA SALLE.

CONCLUDED.

ON the 6th of April La Salle discovered that the river was running through three channels. The following day he divided his company into three parties, of which he led the one that followed the western channel; the Sieur de Tonty, accompanied by Father Membré, took the middle channel, and the Sieur Dautray took the eastern channel. Father Membré relates that these channels appeared to them "beautiful and deep." The water began to get brackish; then two leagues further down it became perfectly salt; and now, O glorious sight!

> "The sea! the sea! the open sea,
> The blue, the fresh, the ever free,"

was spread out before the eager and enchanted eyes of those brave and noble voyagers. Their first impulse was to return thanks to the King of kings for the protecting arm of his providence, that had thus guided them safely to this glorious consummation of their hopes; their second was to honor the King of France for his favor and protection. For these purposes, on the 9th of April, a cross and a column were erected with appropriate ceremonies. The entire company, under arms, joined with the minister of religion in chanting the hymn of the church, *Vexilla Regis*, and the *Te Deum*, and then followed a discharge of their muskets and shouts of "Long live the King!" The column bore the following inscription: "Louis the Great, King of France and Navarre, reigns; the 9th of April, 1682." At the foot of a tree La Salle caused a leaden plate to be buried, bearing the arms of France and a Latin inscription commemorative of the first navigation of the Mississippi, from the Illinois to its mouth, by La Salle, Tonty, Membré, and twenty Frenchmen. An authentic act, in the form of a *procès verbal*, was drawn up by La Metarie, the notary of the expedition, and signed by La Salle, Father Membré, Tonty, and the other principal members of the company. La Salle took formal possession of the country, which he was the first to call Louisiana, for the King of France; also of the natives and people residing therein, the seas, harbors, and all the streams flowing into the Mississippi. The great river itself he called the St. Louis.

In the midst of their rejoicings they were suffering for food. They found some dried meat prepared by the Indians, of which they partook with relish, and, as the good missionary says, "It was very good and delicate." What must have been their feelings when they discovered that they had partaken of human flesh! Scarcity of food compelled them to turn their canoes up-stream. La Salle paid a visit to the hostile Quinipissas, with whom he resorted to his usual address to propitiate their friendship, and, though invited to a banquet, his men partook of it with their guns at their sides. A treacherous treaty of peace was entered into, but was used as a cover for an attack next morning upon the Europeans. But the ever-watchful La Salle was prepared for



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them. The two parties were engaged in a contest of two hours, in which the Quinipissas were worsted, and sustained a loss of ten men killed and many wounded. This is the only occasion in which the hostile dispositions of the natives did not yield to skill and diplomacy. His men, exasperated at the conduct of the treacherous natives, urged him to allow them to burn their village; but he adopted the wiser and more humane policy of refraining from alienating still more by unnecessary cruelty those whom he wished to make devout worshippers of the King of heaven and loyal subjects of the King of France. During the remainder of the return voyage, with the exception of the Koroas, who had now become allies of the Quinipissas, he met with the same hospitable treatment from the tribes on the banks of the river as he had received while going down. They were now regaled on the fresh green corn of the fields. La Salle with two canoes pushed forward from the Arkansas, in advance of his party, as far as Fort Prudhomme. Here he became dangerously ill, and could advance no further, and on the 2d of June was joined by the entire company. His malady became so violent that he was compelled to send Tonty forward to convey early information to the Comte de Frontenac of the great discovery. Father Membré remained with La Salle, doing all in his power to alleviate the sufferings of his cherished leader, whose illness continued forty days. The expedition by slow advances reached the Miami late in September, where they learned of several of Tonty's military expeditions undertaken after he left the main body. Intending to make the voyage of the Mississippi again in the spring, and plant colonies along its shores, La Salle appointed Father Membré his messenger to the king; and this zealous man, accepting the commission with promptness, proceeded to Quebec, and on the 2d of October sailed for France, to lay before the French court accurate information of La Salle's discoveries. During the next ten or twelve months La Salle remained in the Illinois country, cementing his friendly alliances with the Indians, and pushing forward his trading interests. Having seen Fort St. Louis completed, he left Tonty in command of it, and for his plan of colonization he substituted the project of applying to the French government for co-operation in a much more extensive one. He reached Quebec early in November, and sailed for France to render an account of his fulfilment of the royal orders, and to enlist the good offices of the government in his future plans, and landed at Rochelle on the 23d of December, 1683.

The following allusion to La Salle's services to France in extending the province of New France by the exploration of the Mississippi, by Gov. Dongan, of the rival English province of New York, is interesting. Alluding to a map of the country which he was sending home to his superiors, Gov. Dongan writes: "Also, it points out where there's a great river discovered by one Lassal, a Frenchman from Canada, who thereupon went into France, and, as it's reported, brought two or three vessels with people to settle there, which (if true) will prove very inconvenient to us, but to the Spanish also (the river running all along from our lakes by the back of Virginia and Carolina into the Bay of Mexico); and it's believed Nova Mexico cannot be far from the mountains adjoining it, that

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place being in 36° North Latitude. If your lordships thought it fit, I could send a sloop or two from this place to discover that river." *

La Salle now conceived the plan of approaching the mouth of the Mississippi by sea, exploring the country, and founding powerful colonies therein. The evil reports of his enemies had preceded him to France, and these were strengthened by the disparaging representations which De La Barre, Frontenac's successor as Governor of Canada, had been sending home. But the Marquis de Seignelay, the son of the deceased minister Colbert, again favored La Salle's enterprises, and secured for them the favor of the king. The government provided a fleet of four vessels for the expedition: the *Joly*, a royal ship, a frigate of thirty-six tons, commanded by Capt. de Beaujeu, a Norman gentleman, who was also commander of the squadron; the *Belle*, of six tons, a present from the king to La Salle; the *Aimable*, a storeship of three hundred tons burden, on board of which were the goods, implements, and effects of the expedition; and the *St. Francis*, a ketch containing munitions and merchandise for San Domingo. M. de Chevalier d'Aire was lieutenant to Capt. de Beaujeu, and the Sieur de Hamel, a young gentleman full of fire and courage, his ensign. Father Le Clercq, the narrator of the expedition, exclaims: "Would to God the troops and rest of the crew had been as well chosen!"

A new commission was issued to La Salle, by which he was authorized to found colonies in Louisiana, and to govern the vast country and its inhabitants from Lake Michigan to the borders of Mexico. The commander of the squadron was to be subject to his orders, except in navigating the ships at sea—an arrangement which the jealous and sensitive mind of Beaujeu permitted to embitter him against La Salle, and which led to difficulties between them. Besides marines and one hundred soldiers, the company to embark in the expedition amounted to about two hundred and eighty persons, amongst whom were several persons of consideration. The Sieur Moranget, and the Sieur Cavelier, nephews of La Salle, the latter only fourteen years old; Planterose, Thibault, Ory, Joutel, Talon, a Canadian gentleman with his family, and some other families, consisting of men and young women, also joined the expedition as volunteers. One of La Salle's first cares was to provide for the spiritual wants of his followers and colonists and the conversion of the heathen nations he expected to visit. For ten years the zealous Recollect Fathers had seconded and promoted the efforts of La Salle to Christianize the natives of the New World, and he now made it an essential point to obtain some of these holy men to accompany his great expedition. His application to their superior, the Rev. Father Hyacinth le Febvre, was cordially complied with, and accordingly Fathers Zenobe Membré, Anastace Donay, and Maxime Le Clercq were selected from this order for the task. M. Tronçon, superior of the Sulpitians, was not behind the Recollects in zeal for the good work, and accordingly three secular priests, Cavelier, the brother of La Salle, Chefdeville his relative, and Majulle, were chosen. These constituted the ecclesiastical corps of the expedition. Nothing was left undone, either by the superiors of the Recollects or

* *Doc. Hist. N. Y.*, v. i. p. 158.

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of the Sulpitians, nor by the Holy See, for carrying the faith of Christ to those remote and benighted regions. Ample powers and privileges were conferred upon the good missionaries, so as to relieve them from the necessity in emergencies of resorting to the distant ordinary of Quebec.

But in selecting soldiers, artisans, and laborers, the most culpable disregard of duty was chargeable to the agents of La Salle, who, while he was engaged at Paris, filled up the ranks by receiving from the streets of Rochelle worthless vagabonds and beggars, who were wholly ignorant of the trades for which they were chosen. La Salle was only partially able to remedy this evil before sailing. Bancroft thus describes the composition of this part of the expedition: "But the mechanics were poor workmen, ill-versed in their art; the soldiers, though they had for commander Joutel, a man of courage and truth, and afterwards the historian of the grand enterprise, were themselves spiritless vagabonds, without discipline and without experience; the volunteers were restless with indefinite expectations; and, worst of all, the naval commander, Beaujeu, was deficient in judgment, incapable of sympathy with the magnanimous heroism of La Salle, envious, self-willed, and foolishly proud." La Salle arrived at Rochelle on the 28th of May, 1684, and during his stay of some weeks the unhappy misunderstanding between him and the commander of the squadron, which proved so great a drawback on the enterprise, began to manifest itself. The four vessels sailed from Rochelle on the 24th of July, but the breaking of one of the masts of the *Joly* in a storm caused them to put in at Chef-de-Bois, and finally, on the 1st of August, they set sail again, steering for San Domingo. During the voyage to San Domingo, La Salle and Beaujeu could not proceed together with cordiality or harmony, and the former was unfortunate in gaining the ill-will of the subordinate officers and sailors by interfering to protect his own men from what he regarded as an absurd and unnecessary procedure. It was the custom among sailors to require all who had not before crossed the tropic to submit to the penalty of being plunged into a tub of water by their veteran companions for the amusement of others, or pay liberally for a commutation of the penalty. La Salle peremptorily forbade his men being subjected to this alternative; hence the hostility of those who failed to realize the usual fun or fine at their expense. After a prosperous voyage a storm overtook the squadron as they approached San Domingo. It was agreed that the *Joly* should put in at Port de Paix in the north of the island; but Beaujeu changed his course of his own will, and carried her to Petit Gonave, far to the south. In four days the *Belle* and *Aimable*, which had been separated from her by the storm, joined her there. The *St. Francis* was surprised and captured by two Spanish pirogues, which was a serious loss to the expedition and a sore affliction to La Salle.

At Petit Gonave La Salle did all in his power for the relief of the sick. He was, however, stricken down himself by a violent illness that for a while rendered his recovery hopeless. He recovered in time sufficiently to attend to the prosecution of the voyage. He and Fathers Membré and Donay, Cavelier, Chefdeville, and Joutel, were transferred to the *Aimable*,

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and thus the two commanders were happily separated. In their misunderstanding Beaujeu was greatly at fault in accepting a command inferior to that of La Salle, as he well knew it to be, and in embarrassing by his petulant and jealous course an undertaking which his instructions and his obvious duty obliged him to promote. La Salle, too, would have acted more wisely and discreetly in conciliating one whose good-will and co-operation were so necessary to his success. The squadron, now reduced to three vessels, sailed from Petit Gonave on the 25th of November.

After pursuing their course safely along the Cayman Isles, and anchoring at the Isle of Peace (pines), where they stopped to take in water, and at Port San Antonio, in the Island of Cuba, they entered the Gulf of Mexico on the 12th of December. Sailing ten days longer, they descried land at once from the *Belle* and *Aimable*. So utterly unknown was the latitude of the coasts, and so erroneous the sailing information given to them at San Domingo, that no one could tell where they were; but it was conjectured after much consultation that they must be in the Bay of Appalachee, which is nearly three hundred miles east of the Mississippi. On the contrary, they were near Atchafalaya Bay, about one hundred miles west of the main mouth of the Mississippi. Guided by the general opinion as to their locality, they now coasted to the westward, going still further from the object of their search. No information could be obtained from the natives on the shore, and finally, after twenty days' sailing, it was ascertained that they were approaching the borders of Mexico, near Magdalen River and the Bay of Espiritu Santo. The *Joly* now came up, and the unfortunate misunderstanding between La Salle and Beaujeu was renewed, in consequence of the latter charging that he had been designedly left behind. The superior sailing capacity of the *Joly*, and Beaujeu's evident indifference about keeping company with the other vessels, flatly contradicted this irritating charge. All now desired to return in the direction of the Mississippi, except Beaujeu, who would not go without a new supply of provisions. La Salle offered a supply of fifteen days, the best he could do; but Beaujeu rejected the offer as insufficient. In the meantime the vessels proceeded twenty miles along the coast, reaching the outlet of the Bay of St. Bernard, to which La Salle gave the name of St. Louis, now called Matagorda Bay. Joutel and Moranget were sent to explore the bay, and afterwards La Salle joined them at a river they could not cross without a boat. The pilots having reported insufficient depth of water, the *Aimable* was lightened and her captain ordered to run her into the bay. The pilot of the *Belle*, knowing the harbor, was sent to his assistance; but the captain of the *Aimable* refused him admittance on board, saying that he knew how to manage his own ship. The *Aimable* was soon upon a shoal. She bilged, and was a ruin. A portion of the cargo was saved, Beaujeu himself sending his boats to assist, but most of the implements and tools intended for the colony were lost. There was no doubt, says Joutel, of the treachery of the captain of the *Aimable* in this affair. La Salle from the shore had the mortification of seeing all his orders disobeyed, and witnessed this deplorable accident

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to the store-ship. He was embarking, in order to remedy the false movements of his vessels, when over a hundred Indians made their appearance. First putting them to flight, and then offering them the calumet, he made them his friends. He also gave them presents, purchased some of their canoes, and all seemed to promise a lasting friendship, from which great advantages would have resulted to the expedition. But, alas! all upon whom La Salle had to depend did not possess his prudence nor always follow his injunctions. By the imprudence of some of his men a serious difficulty sprang up with the Indians. A bale of blankets from the wreck of the store-ship was thrown ashore and seized by the Indians. La Salle ordered his men to recover it by peaceable means; but they pursued just the opposite course, by demanding its restoration with pointed muskets. They became alarmed and fled, but returned at night, and, finding the sentinel asleep, attacked the camp, killing the Sieurs Ory and Desloges, two of La Salle's most valued friends, two cadets, and dangerously wounding Moranget. This and the numerous other disasters which they encountered caused many a heart that started out full of hope and courage to falter or despond, and many talked of abandoning the enterprise. But La Salle's example of calm determination and unflagging spirit sustained them under the appalling gloom and ill-luck that seemed to hang over the adventure. But Beaujeu, whose hostility to La Salle and his enterprise increased with the misfortunes of the latter, now resolved to return to France. All the cannon-balls were in his vessel, and he refused to deliver them, because it would be necessary to remove a part of his cargo in order to get them out. Thus the cannons were left with the colony, and the balls carried back to France. He took on board the treacherous captain and crew of the *Aimable*, and the 12th of March sailed for France. In the meantime the company left at the fort sustained a severe loss in the death of the Sieur de Gros from the bite of a rattle-snake. Also, a conspiracy was set on foot in the fort, with the design of murdering Joutel, and then escaping with such effects as they could carry off. But the designs of these traitors were discovered in time to be defeated. The colony now consisted of about one hundred and eighty persons besides the crew of the *Belle*, and their own faithful guns were their only means of obtaining food in that vast and distant wild. A temporary fort was erected with the *débris* of the *Aimable* for their protection, and Moranget was left in command of it. La Salle, accompanied by Fathers Membré and Le Clercq, started out with fifty men to explore the shores of the bay, ordering the *Belle* to sail along to make soundings. Anchoring opposite a point—where a post was established, to which Hurier gave his own name (being appointed to the command of it), serving as an intermediate station between the naval camp and that which La Salle intended to establish further on—in their course a large river was discovered, to which La Salle gave the name of Vaches, or Cow River, from the great number of cows he saw on its banks; and here the intended station was erected. Holy Week and Easter intervening, were celebrated with solemnity and fervor by these Christian colonists in the wilder-

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ness, "each one," as Father Membré remarks, "receiving his Creator." About the middle of July the entire colony, with their effects and whatever could be of service, were transferred to this encampment from those of Moranget and Hurier, which were destroyed. Here the men were employed in cultivating the soil and in sowing seeds brought from France, which, however, did not succeed, either because they had been injured by the salt water or because the season was not suitable. They were next engaged in erecting a habitation and fort, which was a work of huge labor and hardship, as the trees for the timber had to be cut three miles off and dragged to the spot, and many of the men sank under the toil. The Sieur de Villeperdy and thirty others were carried off within a few day by disease contracted at San Domingo, and among them was the master-carpenter, whose services could not well be spared. While under these calamities the spirits of all around him were sinking, La Salle remained firm and cheerful. Setting them the example himself, he kept all the healthy men at work. He took the place of architect and chief carpenter upon himself, marked out the beams, tenons, and mortises, and prepared the timbers for the workmen. The fort occupied an advantageous position, was soon finished, mounted with twelve pieces of cannon, and supplied with a magazine under ground. It was called St. Louis, and placed under the command of Joutel. The insolence of the Indians compelled La Salle to give them a proof of his power. For this purpose he waged war upon them, but only with sufficient rigor to make them respect him and his companions. Among the captives was a very young girl, who was baptized, and died a few days afterwards; of whom Father Le Clercq said: "The first-fruits of this mission, and a sure conquest sent to heaven."

Detained some time by the sickness of his brother, La Salle did not resume his exploration of the bay till towards the last of October, when, putting his clothes, papers, and other effects on the *Belle*, he ordered the captain to sail along the western shore in concert with his movements. Wishing to ascertain how near the shore the *Belle* could approach, he sent the pilot and five men to make soundings, with instructions that all should return on board at night. Attracted by the peaceful beauty of the country, and proposing to cook and enjoy the supper on shore, the pilot and five men, leaving their arms and canoe at low water, advanced a gun-shot on the upland. After their supper they fell asleep. La Salle, becoming uneasy at their absence, went in search of them, and to his horror found them all lying on the ground murdered, their bodies half devoured by wild animals, and their arms and canoe destroyed. It was with sad hearts that the survivors paid the last honors to their slaughtered companions; for disasters followed in such quick succession that no one could foresee the time or circumstances of his own fate. Of the colony now described Bancroft remarks: "This is the settlement which made Texas a part of Louisiana. In its sad condition it had yet saved from the wreck a good supply of arms and bars of iron for the forge. Even now this colony possessed from the bounty of Louis XIV., more than was contributed

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by all the English monarchs together for the twelve English colonies on the Atlantic. Its number still exceeded that of Smith in Virginia, or of those who embarked in the *Mayflower*. France took possession of Texas; her arms were carved on its stately forest-trees; and by no treaty or public document, except the general cessions of Louisiana, did she ever after relinquish the right to the province as colonized under her banners, and made still more surely a part of her territory because the colony found there its grave."

La Salle now determined to seek the mouth of the Mississippi by land around the eastern part of the bay. Leaving provisions for six, he set out with his brother, the Sieur Cavelier, and twenty men. He explored in canoes every stream that might prove an outlet of the great river, and was enchanted with the beautiful region which he traversed. But all was in vain. After an absence of four months, and satisfying himself that none of the outlets of the Mississippi emptied into the bay, and after losing twelve or thirteen of his men, he returned in rags to Fort St. Louis. He now sent out a party in search of the *Belle*, whose long absence caused him great uneasiness; for in her were centred all his hopes of reaching the mouth of the Mississippi by sea, of procuring assistance from San Domingo, or of sending information of their forlorn condition to France, or, perhaps, in his extremest necessity, of saving his colony from a horrid death by famine or at the hands of the savages.

La Salle, with his characteristic courage and perseverance, now resolved to undertake a journey to the distant Illinois, in order to obtain relief from the faithful Tonty, whom he had stationed there on departing for France. He selected as his companions on this dangerous and toilsome journey his brother, Cavelier, Father Anastasius Donay, Father Le Clercq, Moranget, Behorel, Hurier, Heins, a German surgeon who joined him at San Domingo, and Nika, the Indian hunter, who was ever at his side, and others, making in all twenty persons. The preparations for this great journey consisted of four pounds of powder, four pounds of lead, two axes, two dozen knives, as many awls, some beads, and two kettles. They first repaired to the chapel, where the Divine Mysteries were celebrated and the blessing of heaven invoked upon their undertaking. Committing the colony left behind to the care of Joutel, La Salle and his companions set out on the 22d of April, 1686, from Fort St. Louis. Their route lay in a northeasterly direction and through a country of immense prairies and mighty rivers, inhabited by various Indian tribes, who were exceedingly friendly and hospitable; even the women, who were usually timid and undemonstrative, coming forward to greet the way-worn, mysterious travellers. In some instances they found that the Indians had had some intercourse with the Spaniards. La Salle and the zealous Father Donay endeavored on every occasion to instil into their minds some knowledge of the one true God. It is supposed by some that La Salle was attracted in this direction by the fame of the rich mines of Santa Barbara, the El Dorado of Northern Mexico. They found large quantities of wild cattle, which supplied them with meat. They crossed numerous rivers, such as

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the Colorado, Brazos, and Trinity, which they knew by different titles, and upon which they bestowed new names in honor of members of the party. They endured incredible exposure, hardship, and toil, and many faltered and gave out under their sufferings. In crossing the Brazos (which they called the river Misfortune) on a raft of canoes, with one-half of his party, including his brother, La Salle and his companions were hurried violently down the current, and almost immediately disappeared from sight. The interval between this and evening was one of intense anxiety to those who witnessed the accident; but at nightfall the raft and its occupants were discovered safely disembarked on the opposite bank, their onward course having been providentially arrested by the branches of a large tree in the river. Those who remained on the other side had to cross over and join La Salle on a raft of canes, the men having to wade into the water and draw the raft ashore. Father Donay says: "I was obliged to put my Breviary in my cowl, because it got wet in my sleeve." He also says: "We had not eaten all day, but Providence provided for us by letting two eaglets fall from a cedar-tree; we were ten at this meal." The manner in which they crossed these mighty rivers was to make one of the men swim to the other side and fell trees across the stream, while those who remained did the same, so that the trees from the opposite sides, meeting in the centre, formed a bridge, upon which they crossed. This was done more than thirty times during their journey. The Indians were in most instances friendly and hospitable, and La Salle's discernment and prudence always enabled him either to conciliate their friendship in the first instance, or to overcome by force of character and courage any hostile feeling they might exhibit. Many of the tribes displayed evidences of civilization in their dress, implements, and dwellings, and in the ease and cordiality with which they received and entertained strangers. Horses were abundant among them, and La Salle procured several, which proved of great service. Among the Coenis Indians they found Spanish dollars and smaller coins, silver spoons, lace, and clothes of European styles. One of the Indians became so enamored with Father Donay's cowl that he offered the father a horse in exchange, but the good religious preferred to walk rather than to part with the cherished habit of S. Francis. After crossing the Trinity River La Salle and his nephew, the Sieur Moranget, were attacked by a violent fever, which brought them very low and greatly retarded their march. Just before this four of the party, unable to endure the fatigues and hardships of the journey, deserted and retired to the Nassonis Indians; another was swallowed by a crocodile while crossing a river; and Behorel was lost. Their powder now began to give out; they had not advanced more than one hundred and fifty leagues in a straight line, and one thousand miles of travel lay before them; sickness, delay, and desertions had impaired their ability to proceed; and they had no food except what the chase afforded. Under these circumstances La Salle resolved to return to Fort St. Louis. The extreme terminus of their travel is supposed to have been midway between the Trinity and Red Rivers, near the head-waters of the Sabine, and fifty or sixty miles northwest of Nacogdoches. On the return the

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party were greatly assisted by the horses procured from the Indians. After a full month's march they arrived on the 17th of October, the feast of S. Bernard, and were welcomed by their friends at the fort with mingled feelings of joy and sadness. Father Donay remarks: "It would be difficult to find in history courage more intrepid or more invincible than that of the Sieur de La Salle; in adversity he was never cast down, and always hoped with the help of heaven to succeed in his enterprises, despite all the obstacles that rose against him."

Sad events awaited La Salle on his return. In a few days he saw to his astonishment a canoe approaching, in which were Chefdeville, Sablonnière, and some others from the *Belle*. In this fact he read the sad story of the vessel's destruction, which was soon confirmed by their own lips. That vessel, his last hope, had, by the negligence of the pilot, stranded on the beach of the southern coast of the bay. The returning men, providentially finding a canoe on the shore, were able to escape. In the *Belle* were lost thirty-six barrels of flour, a quantity of wine, the clothes, trunks, linens, and most of the tools. Among the few things saved were the papers and clothes of La Salle. The good Father Le Clercq closes his narrative of this sad accident, which completely disconcerted all of La Salle's plans, with the remark: "His great courage, even, could not have borne up had not God aided him by the help of extraordinary grace." "Heaven and man," says Bancroft, "seemed his enemies; and, with the giant energy of an indomitable will, having lost his hopes of fortune, his hopes of fame; with his colony reduced to about forty, among whom discontent had given birth to plans of crime; with no Europeans nearer than the river Panuco, no French nearer than Illinois, he resolved to travel on foot to his countrymen at the north, and return from Canada to renew his colony in Texas."

During his absence Joutel had been under the necessity of guarding against savage attacks upon his hunting parties from without, and against disaffection from those within, the fort. The false Duhaut returned to the fort, where he incited the men to mutiny—a task of no great difficulty among men who had endured so many disappointments and hardships. And though Joutel succeeded in suppressing the mutiny, disaffection lurked behind. But the routine of the fort was occasionally relieved by gayety and merriment, as was the case on the marriage of the Sieur Barbier to one of the young women who came out with the expedition. The gentleness, prudence, and experience of Father Membré went far to ameliorate the condition of the company and make easy the duties of Joutel. Before leaving them, La Salle provided for the greater comfort and accommodation of those at the fort. As he was about to depart he was again stricken down with illness, and was retarded ten weeks.

On his recovery La Salle selected from seventeen to twenty companions, amongst whom were Father Donay, Cavelier the priest, young Cavelier the nephew, Joutel, Moranget, Duhaut, Larcheveque, Heins, Liotel, Toten, De Marle, Teissier, Saget, and the Indian hunter Nika. La Salle addressed them in thrilling and encouraging words, and, as Father Donay says, "with that engaging way which was so natural to him," and on the 12th of January,

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1687, their simple preparations being made, it only remained for them to turn their steps northward,

> "And, like some low and mournful spell,
> To whisper but one word—farewell.

As they journeyed on they had to cross many large rivers—resorting to the same means as in their trip towards New Mexico—and to traverse vast prairies, to visit and be entertained by the Indian tribes on the route, to conciliate their friendship, to secure most of their food by hunting, and, in fine, encounter similar scenes and incidents as on their previous excursions. On the 15th of March they arrived at a place where La Salle had caused a quantity of Indian corn and beans to be buried, and he sent Duhaut, Heins, Liotel, Larcheveque, Teissier, Nika, and his footman, Saget, for it. The corn and beans had disappeared, discovered, probably, by the unerring scent of the Indians; but the gun of Nika supplied their place with two buffaloes. They sent Saget to request La Salle to allow them horses to bring the meat, and he accordingly despatched Moranget, De Marle, and Saget with two horses for that purpose. On arriving at the scene Moranget found that the meat, though quite fresh, had been smoked, and that the men had selected certain parts of it and set them aside for their own enjoyment, as was usual with them. In a moment of anger Moranget reproved them, took away both the smoked meat and reserved pieces, and threatened to do as he pleased with it. Duhaut, in whose heart an old grudge against Moranget still survived, became enraged, and adopted the guilty resolve of ridding himself of his enemy. He enticed Liotel and Heins into a conspiracy to murder not only Moranget, but also Saget and Nika, whose faithful gun had so often saved them from famine. Liotel was the willing instrument to do the horrid deed; at night, while they were buried in sleep, he despatched his victims. A blow extinguished the life of Nika; a second that of Saget; but Moranget lingered for two hours, "giving every mark of a death precious in the sight of God, pardoning his murderers, and embracing them," till De Marle, who was not in the plot, was compelled to complete the bloody tragedy.

> "Come, thick night,
> And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell!
> That my keen knife see not the wound it makes;
> Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark
> To cry, Hold! hold!"

The bloodthirsty desperadoes did not, alas! stop at this triple murder; adding treason to their horrid purposes, they resolved upon the death of their commander, the great and good La Salle, who had ever been to them a father no less than a leader. Three days elapsed, and the dark purpose was only the more firmly fixed in their guilty souls. In the meantime La Salle became alarmed for the safety of Moranget, and, as if anticipating what had happened, he asked in the encampment if Duhaut and his associates had not shown signs of disaffection. He resolved at once to go in search of his faithful friend. The remainder of this bloody tragedy we will give in the language of Father Donay, who was an eye-witness of it:

"Asking me to accompany him, he took two Indians and set out. All the way he conversed with me of matters of piety, grace, and predestination; expatiating on all his obligations to God for having saved him from so many dangers during the last twenty years that he had traversed America. He seemed to me particularly penetrated with a sense of God's benefits to him. Suddenly I saw him plunged into a deep melancholy, for

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which he himself could not account; he was so troubled that I did not know him any longer. As this state was far from being usual, I roused him from his lethargy. Two leagues after we found the bloody cravat of his lackey (Saget), he perceived two eagles flying over his head, and at the same time perceived some of his people on the edge of the river, which he approached, asking them what had become of his nephew. They answered us in broken words, showing us where we should find him. We proceeded some steps along the bank to the fatal spot where two of these murderers were hidden in the grass, one on each side, with guns cocked; one missed M. de La Salle, the other at the same time shot him in the head. He died an hour after, on the 19th of March, 1687.

"I expected the same fate; but this danger did not occupy my thoughts, penetrated with grief at so cruel a spectacle. I saw him fall a step from me, with his face all full of blood; I watered it with my tears, exhorting him to the best of my power to die well. He had confessed and fulfilled his devotions just before we started; he had still time to recapitulate a part of his life, and I gave him absolution. During his last moments he elicited all the acts of a good Christian, grasping my hand at every word I suggested, and especially at that of pardoning his enemies. Meanwhile his murderers, as much alarmed as I, began to strike their breasts and detest their blindness. I could not leave the spot where he had expired without having buried him as well as I could, after which I raised a cross over his grave.

"Thus died our wise commander; constant in adversity, intrepid, generous, engaging, dexterous, skilful, capable of everything. He who for twenty years had softened the fierce temper of countless savage tribes was massacred by the hands of his own domestics, whom he had loaded with caresses. He died in the prime of life, in the midst of his course and labors, without having seen their success."

It has not been precisely ascertained where the place of La Salle's death is located; but it is supposed to have been on one of the streams flowing into the Brazos, about forty or fifty miles north of the present town of Washington, in the State of Texas.

As soon as Father Donay re-entered the encampment, the good and apostolical Cavelier, the brother of the deceased, read the sad tragedy in his friend's countenance, and exclaimed: "Oh! my poor brother is dead." The grief of Cavelier, Joutel, and the other faithful companions of La Salle was uncontrollable. When the assassins entered the encampment to plunder the effects of their murdered commander, they found these faithful men on their knees, prepared for death. But the sight of the venerable Cavelier, and perhaps some regret at the deed they had committed, stayed their bloody work; and these were spared, on condition that they would not return to France, though they several times afterwards heard the murderers say among themselves that they must get rid of them, in order to save themselves from the avenging arm of justice. The assassins seized upon the effects of La Salle, elected Duhaut their leader, and resolved to return to the Coenis Indians. During several days they travelled together, these wretches treating the missionaries and friends of La Salle as servants, imposing upon them every hardship in crossing the many rivers they encountered. "Meanwhile," says Father Donay, "the justice of God accomplished the punishment of these men, in default of human punishment." A dispute arose between Duhaut and Heins over the stolen property of La Salle, in which the various guilty members of their party took the one side or the other. Heins, two days afterwards, seizing the opportunity, shot Duhaut through the heart with a pistol in the presence of the whole company. He died upon

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the spot. At the same moment Ruter shot Liotel, the murderer of Moranget, who survived several hours; and, while thus lingering, another fired a blank cartridge near his head, which set fire to his hair and clothes, and he expired amidst the flames. Heins now assumed command, and would have killed Larcheveque, a third member of the band of assassins, but for the intercession of Joutel. On reaching the Coenis camp they found these warriors about to start with a large army against the Kanoatins, and Heins, dressed in the rich mantle of La Salle, to the great disgust of his surviving relatives and friends, went with them to join in fresh deeds of carnage and crime. Father Donay, Cavelier the priest, Cavelier the nephew of La Salle, Joutel, De Marle, Teissier, and a young Parisian named Barthelemy, now took their departure for the Illinois, and, after journeying till the 24th of July, they were greatly relieved at beholding on the opposite side of the river a large cross and log hut, at the junction of the Illinois and Mississippi, and in a few moments they were united with a small detachment stationed there by Tonty. After remaining a few days for rest and refreshment, they started again on the 1st of August, and on the 14th arrived at Fort Crevecœur, where they were led immediately to the chapel, and chanted the *Te Deum*, in thanksgiving for their safe deliverance from so many dangers, to which others had fallen victims. Tonty was absent from the fort on their arrival, on a visit to the Illinois; but on his return he received them with great kindness, and supplied them with every assistance. They concealed from the faithful and devoted Tonty the death of his beloved friend and commander. In the spring of 1688 they left the fort for Quebec, whence they sailed for France in August, arriving there in October.

The fort in St. Bernard's Bay was, after the death of La Salle, attacked by the Indians, and the whole company massacred except three sons and a daughter of Talon and a young Frenchman named Eustace de Breman, who were led into captivity. The Spaniards also, hearing of La Salle's movements and of the presence of Frenchmen among the Coenis Indians, sent out a military force, who captured Larcheveque and Grollet, who were sent to Spain, where for some time they were confined in prison, and afterwards sent to Mexico to work in the mines. The Talons were rescued and sent to Mexico. The two elder brothers entered the Spanish navy, but were afterwards restored to their country by the capture of their vessel. The younger brother and his sister were retained some time in the service of the Viceroy of Mexico, and afterwards accompanied him to Spain. Nothing further is known of Breman and the others who were taken captives by the Indians.

The will of La Salle, bearing date the 11th of August, 1681, leaves his property to his cousin, M. François Plet, in gratitude for his kindness and the assistance he rendered to the great explorer in his expeditions.

The following notice of La Salle is given by a Catholic writer:

"Robert Cavelier de La Salle, the first explorer who navigated Ontario, Erie, Michigan, and Huron, deserves to be enumerated among the great captains. A native of Rouen, early employed in the colonies, he had been instigated by

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the reports of missionaries to seek, through the northern lakes, a passage to the Gulf of Mexico. Building a schooner on the Cayuga Creek, he ascended the lakes in 1679, chanting the *Te Deum Laudamus.* Carrying his boats over land from the Miami to a branch of the Illinois River, he forced or found his way into the upper Mississippi. For many years, with most heroic constancy, this soul of fire and frame of iron was devoted to the task of opening routes between the Gulfs of St. Lawrence and of Mexico, until he perished in his enterprise by the hands of two of his own unworthy followers, on an excursion into Texas, in 1687. The Catholic character of La Salle is marked in every act of his life. He undertook nothing without fortifying himself by religion; he completed nothing without giving the first-fruits of the glory to God. He planted the cross wherever he landed, even for an hour; he made the western desert vocal with songs, hymns of thanksgiving and adoration. He is the worthy compeer of De Soto and Marquette; he stood, sword in hand, under the banner of the cross, the tutelary genius of those great States which stretch away from Lake Ontario to the Rio Grande. Every league of that region he trod on foot, and every league of its water he navigated in frail canoes or crazy schooners. Above his tomb the northern pine should tower; around it the Michigan rose and the southern myrtle should mingle their hues and unite their perfumes." *

In reviewing the history of the last great enterprise of this remarkable man, we can but recognize three principal reasons of its failure: first, the inferior character of the men selected at Rochelle by his agents to accompany the expedition—a cause of disaster which the virtues and capacity of a Tonty, Joutel, and Moranget could not neutralize; second, the hostility and narrow-minded jealousy of Beaujeu, upon whose co-operation so much depended; and, third, the misinformation in regard to the Gulf of Mexico which he received at San Domingo, and the prevailing ignorance of the times of the bearings of the coast and of the latitudes, which caused his expedition to miss the object of its search. Mr. Sparks, while according to him the possession of the highest qualities of mind and soul, considered him wanting in those qualities which are necessary in order to secure the hearty co-operation of men, to win their affections as well as their obedience, and, by yielding a little to their weaknesses, secure the benefit of their faithful services. It may be said, however, that no man ever had more faithful, self-sacrificing, and devoted followers than he, and those who did not sympathize with him were too ignorant and sordid to appreciate his noble character or his magnificent plans. The learned historian at the same time remarks that La Salle labors under the disadvantage of having to be judged from the accounts of others, not all of whom were his friends, and knew little of his plans; for "not a single paper from his own hand, not so much as a private letter or a fragment of his official correspondence, has ever been published, or even consulted by the writers on whose authority alone we must rely for the history of the transactions in which he was concerned."

Mr. Sparks then pays the following well-merited and eloquent tribute to the character and services of the illustrious commander:

"On the other hand, his capacity for large designs and for devising the methods and procuring the resources to carry them forward, has few parallels among the most eminent discoverers. He has been called the Columbus of his age; and if his success had been equal to his ability and the compass of his plans this distinction might justly be awarded to him. As in great battles, so in enterprises, success crowns the commander

* McGee's *Cath. Hist. America.*

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with laurels, defeat covers him with disgrace, and perhaps draws upon him the obloquy of the world, although he might have fought as bravely and manœuvred as adroitly in one case as in the other. Fortune turns the scale and baffles the efforts of human skill and prowess. In some of the higher attributes of character, such as personal courage and endurance, undaunted resolution, patience under trials, and perseverance in contending with obstacles and struggling through embarrassments that might appall the stoutest heart, no man surpassed the Sieur de La Salle. Not a hint appears in any writer that has come under notice that casts a shade upon his integrity or honor. Cool and intrepid at all times, never yielding for a moment to despair, or even to despondency, he bore the heavy burden of his calamities manfully to the end and his hopes expired only with his last breath. To him must be mainly ascribed the discovery of the vast regions of the Mississippi Valley, and the subsequent occupation and settlement of them by the French; and his name justly holds a prominent place among those which adorn the history of civilization in the New World."

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## THE LOG CHAPEL ON THE RAPPAHANNOCK.

ERECTED A.D. 1570—THE FIRST CHRISTIAN SHRINE IN THE OLD DOMINION.

VIRGINIA is proud of her antiquity. She assumes the title of Old Dominion; she was long styled the Mother of Presidents. But really her antiquity is greater than many know. Before the English settlers landed on the shores of the James, Stephen Gomez and other Spanish navigators had entered the waters of the Chesapeake and consecrated that noble sheet of water to the Virgin daughter of David's line, as the Bay of St. Mary, or the Bay of the Mother of God.

The soldier of the cross followed hard on the steps of the explorer. As early as in 1536 St. Mary's Bay is laid down on Spanish maps. Oviedo mentions it in 1537, and from that time pilots ranged the coast, David Glavid, an Irishman, being recorded as one who knew it best. All agree as to its latitude, its two capes, the direction of the bay, and the rivers entering into it, identifying beyond all peradventure our modern Chesapeake with the St. Mary's Bay of the early Spanish explorers. Though his attention was called to it, the latest historian of Virginia, misled by a somewhat careless guide, robs his State of the glory which we claim for her. The sons of S. Dominic first planted the cross on the shores of the Chesapeake, and bore away to civilized shores the brother of the chief of Axacan or Jacan, a district not far from the Potomac. Reaching Mexico, this chief attracted the notice of Don Luis de Velasco, the just, upright, disinterested Viceroy of New Spain—one of those model rulers who, amid a population spurred on by a fierce craving for wealth, never bent the knee to Mammon, but lived so poor that he died actually in debt. This good man had the Virginian chief instructed in the Christian faith, and, when his dispositions seemed to justify the belief in his sincerity and faith, the chieftain of the Rappahannock was baptized, amid all the pomp and splen-

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dor of Mexico, in the cathedral of that city, the viceroy being his god-father, and bestowing upon him his own name, Don Luis de Velasco, by which the Virginia chief is always styled in Spanish annals.

Meanwhile, Coligny's French Huguenots attempted to settle Florida, but their colony, which was doomed to early extinction from its very material and utter want of religious organization or any tie but a mere spirit of adventure, was crushed with ruthless cruelty by Pedro Melendez, a brave but stern Spanish navigator and warrior, in whose eyes every Frenchman on the sea was a pirate. Soon after accomplishing his bloody work, which left Spain in full possession of the southern Atlantic coast, Melendez, who had sent out vessels to explore the coast, began his preparations for occupying St. Mary's Bay. The form of the northern continent was not then known; much indeed of the eastern coast had been explored, but so little was the line of the western coast understood that on maps and globes the Pacific was shown as running nearly into the Atlantic coast, as may be seen in a curious copper globe possessed by the New York Historical Society, but which once belonged to Pope Marcellus II. Believing that the Chesapeake, by the rivers running into it, would easily lead to the western ocean, Melendez spent the winter of 1565 studying out the subject with the aid of Don Luis de Velasco and Father Urdaneta, a missionary just arrived from China by the overland route across Mexico. Combining all the information, he was led to believe that, by ascending for eighty leagues a river flowing into the bay, it was necessary only to cross a mountain range to find two arms of the sea, one leading to the French at Newfoundland, the other to the Pacific. To many this will seem wild; but it is evident that Don Luis referred to the great trail leading from the Huron country through the territory of the Five Nations to the land of the Andastes on the Susquehanna, by which the last-named tribe sold furs on the upper lakes, which went down to the French at Brest on the Gulf of St. Lawrence, while the upper lakes were the arm of the sea stretching westward, as was supposed, to China. An adventurous Frenchman, Stephen Brulé, some few years later followed this trail from the St. Lawrence to the Susquehanna. Melendez, however, misinterpreted it. To his mind the upper waters of the Chesapeake, the Potomac and Susquehanna, then known as the Espiritu Santo and Salado, were to be the great carrying place of eastern trade.

Anxious to secure for his own country so important a pass, Melendez, in 1566, despatched to St. Mary's Bay a vessel bearing thirty soldiers and two Dominican Fathers to begin a station in Axacan or Jacan, near the Chesapeake. These pioneers of the faith were escorted or guided by Don Luis de Velasco. Of these missionaries we seek in vain the names. Perhaps their fellow-religious now laboring on the banks of the Potomac will be stimulated to trace up these early labors of the sons of S. Dominic; though we must admit that Spanish chronicles do not speak of them with praise. In fact, they assert that these missionaries, corrupted by an easy life in Peru, had no taste for a laborious mission in Virginia, though perhaps they learned the real state of affairs in that land, and, taught by Father Cancer's fate, felt that the attempt would be fatal

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to all. Certain it is that the whole party took alarm. They forced the captain to weigh anchor, and, leaving the capes on either hand, steer straight to Spain. The Dominican missions in Spanish Florida, which began with the glorious epic of Father Cancer's devoted heroism, closed with this feeble effort to plant the Gospel on the shores of the Chesapeake; yet they, too, like the earlier discoverers, undoubtedly consecrated to Mary and the Rosary the land which in its names, Virginia and Maryland, yet recalls the Blessed Virgin Mary, to whom the bay was first consecrated.

Four years later saw Melendez himself in Spain, full of his projects, and bent on carrying them out. The sons of S. Ignatius Loyola, full of the early vigor of their institute, were in Florida. The new mission, begun in 1566, had already a martyr in Father Peter Martinez, of Celda, in the Diocese of Saragossa, who was shipwrecked on the coast, and put to death by the Indians not far from St. Augustine. It had its devoted laborers in Father John Rogel, of Pamplona, Father Sedeño, and Brother Villaroel, who sought to win to Christ the Indians near St. Augustine and Port Royal, and who had established an Indian school at Havana to help the great work, Brother Baez being the first to compile a grammar. To extend these missions as far as the Chesapeake was a subject which Melendez laid before S. Francis Borgia, then recently made general of the order, after having acted as commissary of the Spanish missions. A letter of S. Pius V. encouraged Melendez, and with the co-operation of these two saints the projected mission to the Chesapeake took form at last. Perhaps some of the clergy in Maryland and Virginia remember the personal interest of these saints in the field where they are now laboring; but we fear that the fact has been forgotten. Let us trust that more than one church of S. Pius V. will be monuments of his interest in the land where the next pope that bore his name established the first episcopal see on the coast—that of Baltimore—and religion has taken such gigantic steps under the fostering care of Popes Pius VII. and Pius IX.

When the founder of Florida was thus earnestly engaged in Spain in promoting the spiritual welfare of the colony, Don Luis de Velasco, the Virginian chief, was still beyond the Atlantic, a grave, intelligent man of fifty, well versed in Spanish affairs, to all appearance a sincere and correct Christian and a friend of the Spaniards. With every mark of joy he offered to return to his native land of Axacan, and there do all in his power to further the labors of the missionaries who should be sent to instruct his brother's tribe. So powerful a coadjutor was welcomed by all, and ere long Don Luis stood on the deck of a staunch Spanish ship, with a band of Jesuits destined to reinforce those already laboring on the Florida mission. This pious party consisted of Father Luis de Quiros, a native of Xerez de la Frontera, in Andalusia, with Brothers Gabriel Gomez, of Granada, and Sancho de Zevallos, of Medina de Rio Seco, all selected for the great work by S. Francis Borgia himself. In November the vessel anchored before the Spanish fort Santa Elena, which stood on the island of South Carolina's famous Port Royal, that still bears the name of the sainted mother of Constantine.

The Jesuit mission of Florida had been erected into a vice-pro-



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vince under Father John Baptist Segura. This estimable religious was a native of Toledo, who had, while pursuing his theological course of study, entered the Society of Jesus at Alcalà on the 9th of April, 1566. S. Francis, who knew him well, entertained the highest esteem for Segura's virtues and personal merit, and took him from the rectorship of the College of Vallisoleta in 1568 to assume the direction of the vice-province of Florida. For two years had he labored with sad discouragement in the forbidding field among the Floridian tribes, cheered by letters of his superiors rather than by any hope of success that as yet seemed to dawn on his exertions.

He was at Santa Elena when Father Quiros arrived, bearing the instructions for the establishment of the new mission on the shores of the Chesapeake.

That missionary had become discouraged and disheartened. All his labors and those of his associate missionaries among the Calos Indians, on the southern coast of Florida, had proved utterly unavailing. No impression could be made on the flinty hearts of those treacherous and cruel tribes, which, indeed, to the end resisted the calls of divine grace. The labors of the Jesuit missionaries on the coast of South Carolina were scarcely more encouraging. The attempts to civilize and convert found hearers only as long as food and presents were given.

Father Segura resolved for a time to abandon the unpromising field, and turn all their energies to an Indian school at Havana, where children from the Florida tribes could be carefully instructed, so as to form a nucleus for future Christian bands in their native tribes. But the voice of S. Francis recalled him to sterner labors, and he resolved to go in person to the new field opened to them in Axacan, where the influence of Don Luis and the character of the tribes seemed to promise more consoling results. He accordingly directed the experienced Father Rogel to remain at Santa Elena in charge of the missions there, and selected eight associates for his new mission. These were Father Luis de Quiros, Brothers Gabriel Gomez and Sancho Zevallos, already mentioned, with Brother Peter de Linares and John Baptist Mendez, Christopher Redondo, and Gabriel de Solis, who with Alphonsus, destined to be the sole survivor, seem to have been four Indian boys from their school at Havana, and regarded as novices, trained already to mission work as catechists. Such was the missionary party that was to plant the cross in Axacan and open the way for Christianity to China by a new route.

With the influence and support of Don Luis they would need no Spanish aid; and as experience had shown them that soldiers were sometimes a detriment to the mission they were intended to protect, these devoted missionaries determined to trust themselves entirely, alone and unprotected, in the hands of the Indians.

On his side Don Luis made every promise as to the security of the persons of the missionaries confided to his care by the adelantado of Florida. "They shall lack nothing," he declared. "I will always be at hand to aid them."

On the 5th of August, 1570, this little mission colony sailed from Santa Elena, and in that enervating heat must have crept slowly enough along the coast and up the Chesa-

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peake; for it was not till the 10th of September that they reached the country of Don Luis, which is styled in Spanish accounts Axacan or Jacan.

Where was the spot termed "La Madre de Dios de Jacan"?—Our Lady of Axacan (or, as we should write it, Ahacan or Hacan). Precisely where no map or document has yet been found to show. It was evidently near the Susquehanna (Salado) or the Potomac (Espiritu Santo), the two rivers at the head of the bay known to Melendez, and by which he hoped to reach China. That it could not have been the Susquehanna seems clear from the fact that, being to the eastward, it would not naturally be the shortest route; and, moreover, that river was in those days, and till far in the ensuing century, held by a warlike tribe of Huron origin, living in palisaded towns, while the tribe of Don Luis, who dwelt at Axacan, were evidently nomads of the Algonquin race.

We are therefore led to look for it on the Potomac, the Espiritu Santo of the early Spanish navigators. The vessel that bore the devoted Vice-Provincial Father Segura and two other Spanish vessels some time afterwards ascended this river for a considerable distance to a point whence they proceeded to the country of Don Luis, which, as letters show, lay on a river six miles off, and which they might have reached directly by ascending that river, though it was always passed by the pilots, being regarded, apparently, as less navigable and safe. The Rappahannock at once suggests itself as answering the conditions required to explain the Spanish accounts.

On the Potomac there is to this day a spot called Occoquan, which is near enough to the Spanish Axacan to raise a suspicion of their identity. Not far below it the Potomac and Rappahannock, in their sinuous windings, approach so closely as to increase the resemblance to the country described.

The land that met the eyes of the missionary pioneers in the wilderness of Virginia was not one to raise fond hopes or sustain delusions. A long sterility had visited Florida and extended even to the Chesapeake. Its effects were even more striking. Of all that the descriptions of Don Luis had prepared them to find in Axacan there was absolutely nothing to be seen. Just come from Florida and its vicinity, with its rich, luxuriant vegetation, with fruits of spontaneous growth, they beheld a less favored land, bare and parched with a six years' sterility, with the starving remnants of decimated and thrice decimated tribes. The wretched inhabitants looked upon Don Luis, their countryman, as if sent from heaven, and, seeing him treated with honor, they received the Spaniards with every demonstration of goodwill, though they were so destitute that they could not offer the newcomers any fruit or maize.

With the winter fast approaching, it seemed almost madness for Father Segura and his companions to attempt to establish themselves in this unpromising land; but the previous failure of the Dominican Fathers, the almost chiding words of S. Francis Borgia, and the deep interest manifested by Melendez in the success of the attempt, apparently decided the question against all ideas of expediency or mere worldly prudence.

The researches of the late Buckingham Smith in the Spanish archives not only brought to light many

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points tending to fix the position of Axacan, but were also rewarded by finding two letters written at this point by these early apostles of Virginia. The father provincial wrote to the king; his associate, Father Quiros, addressed his letters to Melendez, and Father Segura added a few words, urging prompt relief. These last have fortunately thus reached us. Father Quiros wrote: "Seeing, then, the good-will which this people displayed—although, on the other hand, as I said, they are so famished that all expected to perish of hunger and cold this winter, as many did in preceding winters, because it is very hard for them to find the roots on which they usually sustain themselves—the great snows which fall in this land preventing their search—seeing also the great hope there is of the conversion of this people and the service of our Lord and his Majesty, and a way to the mountains and China, etc., it seemed to the Provincial Father Segura that we should venture to remain with so few ship-stores and provisions, though we ate on the way two of the four barrels of biscuit and the little flour they gave us for the voyage."

They resolved to stay, seeing no danger except that of famine; for they urged speedy relief. "It is very necessary that you should endeavor, if possible, to supply us with all despatch; and if it be impossible to do so in winter, at least it is necessary that in March, or, at the furthest, early in April, a good supply be sent, so as to give all these people wherewith to plant."

The pilot of the vessel, short of provisions from the time lost on reaching Axacan, put the missionaries hastily ashore on the 11th of September, and the next day sailed, "leaving us in this depopulated land with the discomforts already described," say the missionaries.

It was arranged between the missionaries and this pilot that, about the time of his expected return, they would have Indians on the lookout, apparently at the mouth of the river, who were to build signal-fires to attract attention. On seeing these beacons he was to give them a letter for the missionaries.

The little band of Christians beheld the vessel hoist her sail and glide down the river. They stood alone in a wild land, far from aid and sympathy. Two priests, three religious, Don Luis, and four other Indian converts, formed the little Christendom. But their destination was not yet reached. Guided by Don Luis, they took up their march for the river six miles off, Indians bearing some of their scanty supplies, the missionaries themselves carrying their chapel service, books, and other necessaries. After this portage they embarked on the river —which they might have ascended, and which seems evidently the Rappahannock—and thus penetrated some two leagues or more further into the country to the villages of the tribe.

Yet, even before they left the banks of the Potomac they were called upon to commence their ministry. "The cacique, brother of Don Luis, having," says Father Quiros, "a son three years old very sick, who was seven or eight leagues from here, as it seemed to him to be on the point of death, he was instant that we should go to baptize it; wherefore it occurred to the vice-principal to send one of us by night to baptize it, as it was very near death."

The Indians on the Rappahannock did not dwell in palisaded towns, like the Conestogas on the

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Susquehanna, and their kindred, the Five Nations, in New York. From the Spanish accounts they dwelt in scattered bands, each forming a little hamlet of a few cabins, each house in the midst of its rude garden; for they cultivated little ground, depending on the spontaneous productions of the earth: acorns, nuts, berries, and roots. Such were they when Smith described them thirty years later, when Powhatan, residing on the James, ruled over the scattered bands as far as the Rappahannock. It was evidently among that tribe, so well known to us by Smith's descriptions, that Father Segura and his companions began their labors, and Powhatan may well have been a son of the cacique, brother of Don Luis.

The accounts of the subsequent proceedings of the little mission colony are derived from Alphonsus, one of the Indian boys, and are somewhat obscure. They make the journey to the hamlets of the tribe a weary one through wood and desert and marsh, loaded with their baggage, and living on roots, and not the short journey which Father Quiros anticipated. His letter stated that the Indian canoes were all broken; it was probably found impossible to attempt to repair them, and the whole party trudged on by the riverside to their destination.

The hamlet first reached was a wretched one, tenanted only by gaunt and naked savages, who bore the famine imprinted on their whole forms. Here amid the tent-like lodges of the Indians, made of poles bound together and covered with mats and bark, Father Segura and his companions erected a rude house of logs, the first white habitation in that part of America—first church of the living God, first dwelling-place of civilized men; for one end was devoted to their chapel, while the other was their simple dwelling. Here doubtless, before the close of September, 1570, the little community recited their Office together, and, under the tuition of Dŏn Luis, began to study the language. Here, at this modest altar, the Holy Sacrifice was for the first time offered by the two priests. Nowhere on the continent to the northward were the sacred rites then heard, unless, indeed, at Brest, in Canada. Greenland, with its bishop and clergy and convents, was a thing of the past; Cartier's colony, on the St. Lawrence, had been abandoned. The Chapel of the Mother of God, at Jacan, was the church of the frontier, the outpost of the faith.

As Father Segura had foreseen that he must winter there, and might not receive any supplies before March or April, he doubtless began, like his Indian neighbors, to lay up a store of provisions for the long winter. Acorns, walnuts, chestnuts, and chinquapins were regularly gathered by the natives, as well as persimmons and a root like a potato, growing in the swampy lands. Game must have been scarce on that narrow peninsula between two rivers, and they had no means of hunting. Though the rivers of Virginia teemed with fish, we find no indication that the missionaries were supplied with means of deriving any food from that source.

For a time Don Luis remained with them, showing all deference and respect to Father Segura. In his letter to Melendez Father Quiros gives the impression he had made upon them up to that time, and from which it is evident that they had no suspicion of his treachery. "Don Luis," says he, "acts

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well, as was expected of him, and is very obedient to all that the father enjoins on him, with much respect as well for the provincial as for the rest of us that are here, and he commends himself earnestly to your worship, to all his other friends and masters."

This good disposition may have been sincere at first, but, as too often happens in such cases, old habits returned; he became Indian with the Indians, rather than Spanish with the Spaniards. Ere long he abandoned the missionaries altogether, and went off to another hamlet, distant from it a day's journey and a half.

The mission party were not yet sufficiently versed in the language to dispense with the aid of Don Luis as interpreter, and his influence was constantly needed among the lawless natives. Feeling this, Father Segura several times sent one of the young men to urge Don Luis to return, but he put them off constantly with false statements or unmeaning promises. In this way the winter wore away, with gloomy forebodings in the hearts of the pioneer priests in the log chapel on the Rappahannock. The only hope that cheered and sustained them was that the ship would speedily return from Santa Elena with the supplies they needed for themselves and the seed-corn for the natives, whom they hoped to persuade to cultivate more, and depend less on the precarious means of sustenance. Meanwhile, as January, 1571, was drawing to a close, Father Segura resolved to make a last effort to move the heart of the recreant Don Luis. He sent Father Quiros, with Brothers de Solis and Mendez, to the hamlet where he resided, to make a last appeal. The priest, who had so long known him, endeavored to recall him to higher and better feelings. The unhappy man made many excuses for his absence, and continued to beguile the missionary with promises; but his heart was given up to deadly malice. He had renounced Christianity, and doomed its envoys to death. As Father Quiros and his two companions turned sadly away to depart from the place and rejoin their suffering companions, a shower of arrows whizzed through the air. Quiros and his companions fell, pierced by the sharp flinty arrows of the apostate and his followers. Virginia had its first martyrs of Christ. Their bodies were at once stripped and subjected to all the mutilations that savage fancy inspired.

Father Segura, with the three brothers and two other Indian youths, had spent the interval in prayer, anxiety deepening as no sign of Father Quiros appeared. On the fourth day the yells and cries that were borne on the chilly air announced the approach of a large party, and in a short time Don Luis appeared, arrayed in the cassock of Father Quiros, attended by his brother, the cacique, and a war-party armed with clubs and bows. He sternly demanded from the missionaries their knives and axes used for chopping wood, knowing that with them alone could they make any defence. These were surrendered without remonstrance. Father Segura saw that the end was come. The long-delayed ship would be too late. He prepared his companions to die. They doubtless gathered around the altar where the Holy Sacrifice had just been offered. Then the apostate gave a signal, and his warriors rushed upon the defenceless and unresisting mission party, and slaugh-

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tered all but Alphonsus, who was protected by a brother of Don Luis, more humane than that fallen man.

The bodies of his victims, Father Segura, Brothers Gomez, Linares, and Zevallos, and the Indian novice, Christopher Redondo, were then, we are told, buried beneath their chapel-house. The shrine of the Mother of God was doubtless pillaged, perhaps demolished; the lamp of Christian light was extinguished, and pagan darkness again prevailed in the land.

As nearly as could be ascertained, the martyrdom of Father Quiros occurred on Sunday, the 4th of February, 1571; that of Father Segura a few days later.

Why had their countrymen in Florida so cruelly neglected them, in spite of the urgent letters taken back by the pilot? It was probably because, Melendez being absent, the letters were sent to Spain, and the pilot did not fully reveal the destitute condition in which he had left the mission colony. Brother Vincent Gonzalez was urgent to bear relief to the vice-provincial, but he was put off with the pretext that no pilot could be found to run along the coast from Port Royal to the Chesapeake. It was not till spring that the good brother succeeded in getting a vessel and some Spaniards to proceed to the relief of his superior, as to whose welfare great anxiety was now felt. They ran up the Potomac, and reached the spot where Segura had landed. Indian runners had descried the vessel when it entered the river, and, when the Spanish craft came to anchor, Indians were there to meet them, and the garb of the missionaries was seen in the distance. But the treacherous red men failed to lure them ashore with this device, although some came forward, crying, "See the fathers who came to us. We have treated them well; come and see them, and we will treat you likewise."

On the contrary, suspecting treachery from the fact that the pretended fathers did not hasten down to meet them, the Spaniards not only avoided landing, but, seizing two of the treacherous natives, sailed back to Port Royal.

Melendez, soon after returning from Spain, heard their report, and with characteristic energy resolved to punish the crime. Taking a small but staunch and fleet vessel, with a sufficient force, he sailed in person to the Chesapeake in 1572, bearing with him Father Rogel and Brother Villareal. He evidently ran up the Potomac, as the other vessel had done, to the spot already familiar to the pilots. Here he landed the Spanish soldiers, and unfurled the standard of Spain on the soil of Virginia. Marching inland, this determined man soon captured several Indians. They were interrogated, and at once confessed that the whole mission party had been cruelly murdered, but they laid the blame of the terrible crime on the apostate Don Luis. Apparently, by one of them Melendez sent word to the tribe that he would not harm the innocent, but he insisted on their delivering up Don Luis. But that false Christian, on seeing the Spanish vessel, fled with his brother, the cacique, and all attempts to arrest them failed. The brother who had saved the Indian boy Alphonsus, however, came forward to meet Melendez, bringing to him the only survivor of Father Segura's pious band. The adelantado received him with every mark of pleasure.

From this boy was obtained a detailed account of all that had

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happened after the departure of the vessel which left the missionaries on the bank of the Potomac. The statement is, of course, the basis of all the accounts we possess of the fate of the log chapel on the Rappahannock and the little Jesuit community gathered to serve it.

The Spanish commander arrested a number of Indians; and when Alphonsus had pointed out those concerned in the tragedy, Melendez hung eight of them at the yard-arm of his vessel. Father Rogel prepared them all for death, instructing them, we presume, by the aid of the young survivor, and had the consolation of baptizing them.

After this summary act of retributive justice, the founder of St. Augustine, with his mail-clad force, embarked, and the Spanish flag floated for the last time over the land of Axacan.

Father Rogel was loath to leave the country without bearing with him the precious remains of his martyred brethren; but Melendez could not venture so far from his ship, and his force was too small to divide. The Jesuit Father could bear away, as a relic, only a crucifix which had been in the log chapel. Divine vengeance is said to have overtaken those who profaned the sacred vessels, and especially an attempt to injure this crucifix; first one, then two others, having been struck dead. It was subsequently placed by Father Rogel in the College of Guayala.

Some thirty-five years later an English colony entered a river, to which they gave the name of Mary Stuart's son. The Indians from that river to the Rappahannock were ruled by Powhatan; and it is worthy of remark that Raphe Hamor, one of the earliest settlers, states that Powhatan's tribe were driven from their original abode by the Spaniards. They were Algonquins, and did not come from Florida. They were, in all probability, the very tribe among whom Father Segura laid down his life. Powhatan, represented as then a man of sixty, might, at twenty-five, have witnessed or taken part in the martyrdom.

Such is the history of the first community of the Society of Jesus in the Old Dominion, of which they were the first white occupants. Dominicans began the work by converting Don Luis, Jesuits followed it up by actual possession, by erecting a chapel, by instituting a regular community life, by instructing, baptizing, and hallowing the land by the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

The flag of Spain and the flag of England have alike passed away, but on the banks of the Potomac Jesuit and Dominican are laboring side by side three hundred years after the martyrdom of Segura, Quiros, and their companions.

Fredericksburg, which cannot be far from the early Chapel of the Mother of God, revives its name in her Church of St. Mary of the Immaculate Conception; and other churches of the same invocation seem to declare that, as of old, so now we may say, "This is indeed the Blessed Virgin's land."

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## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A LETTER ADDRESSED TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF NORFOLK, ON THE OCCASION OF MR. GLADSTONE'S RECENT EXPOSTULATION. By John Henry Newman, D.D., of the Oratory. New York: The Catholic Publication Society, 9 Warren Street. 1875.

This *Letter* has two aspects. It is a reply on behalf of the Catholics of England to Mr. Gladstone's charge. It is also a polemical pamphlet respecting a domestic controversy with other leaders of the Catholic body in England. In its first aspect it is not only masterly in style and argument, and marked with the evidence of rare learning, as anything from the author's pen is sure to be, but, to a certain point, conclusive and unanswerable. It proves that Mr. Gladstone's appeal to English Catholics to separate themselves from the doctrine and polity of their spiritual sovereign, the Pope, is an arrow shot in the air. It proves that his charge against the Catholic hierarchy of having changed in spirit and principle, in dogma and in action, in attitude and in aims, is baseless and absurd. It refutes the charge that Catholics are intellectually and morally in a state of servile bondage. Several other minor and incidental things are proved, and on the whole it makes an important point in the controversy about the relation of the Catholic religion to civil sovereignty, and the civil rights and duties of the temporal order, as distinct from the spiritual. It does not, and could not be expected to, establish the great fundamental truth opposed to Mr. Gladstone's error, viz., the positive Catholic doctrine of the relation of the church to the state, *in se*, and the firm, immovable basis which that doctrine places for just political sovereignty and corresponding subjection to rest on, while securing the divine rights of the church and her members, and the duties correlative to those rights.

It is Dr. Newman's misfortune that a base and dishonest act of some one of the pestilent set of detectives of the press, or the other sneak-thieves who prowled about the purlieus of the Vatican Council, filching secret information in order to make eligible paragraphs in newspapers, placed him in a position before the world embarrassing both to himself and to many of his warmest friends. The embarrassment of which we speak did not imply any falling away from the faith of a Catholic or the holiness of a religious priest. Yet it left a sentiment of disappointment, which the present pamphlet does not altogether remove, that Dr. Newman failed to add lustre to his arms, instead of merely preserving unstained what he had already acquired.

The fading impression of this disappointment would have been wholly effaced if Dr. Newman had not, in his reply to Mr. Gladstone, renewed it by a certain manner of vague and general expression of discontent with a number of his fellow-Catholics considered by him as extreme or injudicious in their doctrine, or way of expressing it, or their measures for promoting the growth of the Catholic Church. There may, very well, be individuals deserving his severe language. We have occasion in this country to lament at extravagant representations of Catholic doctrines, harsh and unjust censure of persons or opinions, and other excesses on the part of individuals professing to be specially orthodox and devoted to the Holy See. We think, however, that Dr. Newman's language will be understood to apply generally to those persons and those writers for the press in England and Europe who were active and zealous in promoting the definition of infallibility by the Vatican Council. If it is true that it has this extension, we feel bound to express our painful sense of the wrong done to a body of the best and truest advocates of the Catholic cause who are to be found among our ranks.

In respect to the infallibility and supreme authority of the Pope, we consider that Dr. Newman, whose doctrinal soundness was always really unquestionable, has given new and explicit evidence which must satisfy every careful reader of the pamphlet who is competent to judge of theological matters. We have carefully scrutinized every

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phrase and proposition, and find nothing which in our judgment is contrary to Catholic doctrine. In respect to the theological opinions and the tone of argument and expression of the venerable and illustrious author, we think he is sometimes open to criticism, as at least ambiguous, if not inaccurate; and in respect to one point, which does not occur as a direct statement of opinion, but as a record of a doubt in his mind expressed in a letter to a friend written several years ago, viz., the famous question of "moral unanimity," that the position there taken is altogether untenable.

Dr. Newman frankly assumes the *rôle* of a "minimizer," in which his *confrère*, Father Ryder, figured with so much ability in his controversy with Dr. Ward. We have always thought that Father Ryder proved fairly that his own positions, essentially considered, are within the limits of that liberty of opinion which the Catholic doctrine permits. To a certain extent we approve of "minimizing." That is, we approve of not exacting as a test of orthodoxy, and as *per se* obligatory under pain of sin, belief in more than the law *certainly* requires. But we are most cordially hostile to the system of economy in teaching and practice, which inculcates and recommends only the minimum in doctrine, pious opinion, or devotion. We do not attribute the advocacy of such a system to Dr. Newman, yet we think it important to caution the readers of his pamphlet against drawing such an inference from his language.

In speaking of the Syllabus, in particular, we fear that he has spoken in such a way that some readers will infer that they may disregard it altogether. He says it has no dogmatic authority. That it has not, by itself, the quality of a complete and independent dogmatic document, we may concede. It is a supplement to a whole series of doctrinal pronouncements, of the nature of a catalogue of the errors condemned in them. Yet all the errors enumerated are really condemned by virtue of the sentence pronounced against them in the whole series of pontifical acts. It is not lawful for any Catholic to hold any one of them. Their interpretation is to be sought, by those who are competent to do so, in the original doctrinal pronouncements of the Holy Father, and by the rest of the faithful in the explanation of their pastors, and others who explain them under their sanction. So also, although a condemnation of some particular system of mixed education—*e.g.*, in Ireland—does not involve infallibility, but only authority to which obedience is due, yet an *ex cathedrâ* judgment of the Pope defining as a general proposition that mixed education is dangerous, is an infallible judgment on a question of morals.

Moreover, although the condemnation of errors frequently leaves a margin for discussion respecting the full import and extent of the condemned error and the precise limits of the contradictory truth which is affirmed, there is always something positively and certainly decreed, over and above the fact that there is an error of some sort. Frequently, the meaning is obvious; and, at least generally, it is soon settled by the agreement of theologians, so far as its essence is concerned. We cannot criticise in detail every particular statement or expression in this pamphlet which, in our view, falls short of a clear and unmistakable and complete expression of correct theological doctrine. Dr. Newman's particular line has led through so many caveats, exceptions, limitations, so much subtle balancing of opposite weights, and of what he consents to call "minimizing," with which ordinary readers are not familiar, that he leaves the impression that truth, infallible teaching, the authority of the church, even the Catholic faith, is something to be afraid of, to be guarded against, somewhat as Englishmen feel about a standing army. We would prefer that, instead of being apparently so solicitous to assure weak brethren and timid converts that they need not believe so much as they are afraid of being made to, he would speak out with a more clear, ringing, and full note of his own peculiar, unequalled melody, to persuade and encourage them to believe and confide in the church of God and in their prelates, joyously, fearlessly, enthusiastically, with the noble spirit worthy of the children of God. We do not like to hear our enemies call Dr. Newman the head of a party of liberal Catholics in England, and set him over against his archbishop, and pervert his language into a weapon against the Council of the Vatican. We do not like to have to vindicate him from the praise of anti-Catholic writers, and to qualify the approbation which we would like to give to the productions of his sub-

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tile and erudite genius by "minimizing" criticism. He once wrote of himself,

> "Time was, I shrank from what was right,
> For fear of what was wrong."

Something of the same mood seems to have come over his sensitive heart in his seclusion from active, ecclesiastical life, during the Council of the Vatican, and to have not quite withdrawn its penumbra. We are reminded of S. Gregory Nazianzen, complaining of councils and of S. Basil, as he went away weary from Constantinople into retirement; and of S. Colman, gathering up his relics to quit Lindisfarne and escape from S. Wilfrid. These were weaknesses of saints, but still weaknesses, and it was their heroism and not their weakness which made them worthy of our veneration. We trust that Dr. Newman will remember that there are some others to be thought of besides those who are weak in the faith and his own *petite clientelle* in England; and that he will not close his career without one more deed of prowess, which shall discomfit the enemies of the Holy See and the Catholic faith, and show that his pennon still flutters beside those of his fellow-champions.

FATHER EUDES, APOSTOLIC MISSIONARY, AND HIS FOUNDATIONS, 1601–1874. By the Chevalier De Montzey. With a brief of approval from his Holiness Pius IX. Boston: Patrick Donahoe. 1874.

We have read this book with pleasure, and have been glad to learn something of the Congregation of Eudists—one which deserves especial honor for its loyalty to the Holy See and the glorious death of some of its members at the massacre of the *Carmes* in Paris during the French Revolution. The author, who is a grand-nephew of Father Eudes and of the famous historian Mezeray who was his brother, is a soldier by profession, and his style has a freshness and novelty about it quite refreshing in hagiography, and contrasting very favorably with some other specimens, which reflect more credit on the piety than on the literary qualifications of their writers. Father Eudes was originally an Oratorian; but after the death of Father de Condren, when the Oratory became infected with Jansenism, he left it to found a new congregation of priests, living in community without religious vows, and devoted to missions and the instruction of young ecclesiastics in seminaries. He was a truly apostolic man, and his work was crowned with success. Dispersed by the French Revolution, his congregation has been since revived, and appears to be at present chiefly engaged in the work of secular education. The history of the French Oratory is both singular and instructive. An institute formed by Cardinal de Berulle, and including among its members such men as Malebranche, Massillon, Mascaron, Father de Condren, and Father Eudes, would seem to have promised a most complete success. Yet it perished utterly and ignominiously through the deadly contamination of Jansenism. It has been restored within a few years past, and is now as strongly marked by fidelity to the Holy See and to the spirit of its saintly founders as it was by faithlessness to both in the period of its dissolution. Yet its past history will ever remain a grave and warning lesson of the deadly effects of tampering or compromising with unsound doctrines, and deviating into new and dangerous ways. Father Eudes succeeded in accomplishing what the founders of the Oratory attempted but did not carry out, though at the cost of much persecution, and in a way comparatively obscure and humble. His character was an original and admirable one, his institute seems to have been judiciously and solidly organized, and we both trust and desire that his successors may carry out the excellent work which he commenced to the most ample results. We recommend this life particularly to all who are engaged in similar undertakings.

THE RELIGIOUS STATE ACCORDING TO THE DOCTRINE OF S. THOMAS. By Jules Didiot, D.D. Translated from the French. London: Burns & Oates. (New York: Sold by The Catholic Publication Society.)

THE PERFECT LAY-BROTHER. By Felix Cumplido, S.J. Same publishers.

THE MISTRESS OF NOVICES ENLIGHTENED UPON HER DUTIES. By M. L'Abbé Leguay. New York: The Catholic Publication Society. 1875.

The first of these three books, specially intended for religious, needs no other recommendation than its title. The second is considered by the Jesuits to be one of the best of its kind, and is equally useful

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for that most excellent class of religious persons, the Lay-Sisters, as for brothers. The third will be welcome to the ladies in charge of the numerous and crowded novitiates which are the most beautiful feature in our American Catholic Church, and, from the recommendations it has received, we have no doubt will prove satisfactory, though we have not had time even to glance at its contents.

MARGARET ROPER. By Agnes Stewart. London: Burns & Oates. 1874. (New York: Sold by The Catholic Publication Society.)

Miss Stewart is one of our best female writers. The sketch she has given of Margaret Roper, in her usual felicitous style, is in the main historical, with a little fictitious coloring to give it life.

CHARACTERISTICS FROM THE WRITINGS OF JOHN HENRY NEWMAN. Arranged by W. S. Lilly, with the author's approval. New York: Scribner, Welford & Armstrong. 1875.

The American publishers have imported their edition at the retail price of $2.50. It is a London-printed book, which is all that need be said for its typography. The selections are miscellaneous and made with taste and discrimination. The volume must be welcome to thousands of admirers of the matchless writings of a man who is one of the modern glories of English literature, as well as one of the brightest ornaments of religion and the church in the present century. One of the best portraits of Dr. Newman which we have seen, an admirably-executed engraving from a recent photograph, is a welcome addition to the volume.

THE COMPLETE OFFICE OF HOLY WEEK, according to the Roman Missal and Breviary, in Latin and English. New and revised edition. New York: The Catholic Publication Society. 1875.

This little book will be found very useful to those of the laity who have an opportunity of attending the Holy Week services, and it will also be interesting to those who may wish to know what those services are which so occupy the church during the "Great Week," as the work contains all the devotions of Holy Week, with the day and night office. There is an abundance of spiritual reading in the Scripture lessons and prophecies, so that those whose duties prevent them from attending the services may reap much profit by a perusal of the offices at home. Each day is preceded by an Introduction, explaining the meaning of the principal ceremonies. There is also added the ritual for the blessing of the holy oils, which is performed by the bishop on Holy Thursday.

PEACE THROUGH THE TRUTH. SECOND SERIES. PART I. By Rev. J. Harper, S.J. London: Burns, Oates & Co. 1875. (New York: Sold by The Catholic Publication Society.)

This ponderous volume is employed with the topic of the Levitical impediments to matrimony, and its weight of learning and argument is in proportion to its size.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF SPIRITUALISM, AND THE PATHOLOGY AND TREATMENT OF MEDIOMANIA. Two Lectures. By Frederic R. Marvin, M.D., Professor of Psychological Medicine and Medical Jurisprudence in the New York Free Medical College for Women. Read before the New York Liberal Club, March 20 and 27, 1874. New York: Asa K. Butts & Co., Publishers, No. 36 Dey St. 1874.

Asa K. Butts & Co. have published this small book with a long title in a very cheap and economical manner, very well suited to its scientific and literary value. It is decidedly the production of a mediomonomaniac.

ON THE WING: A SOUTHERN FLIGHT. By the Hon. Mrs. Alfred Montgomery, author of *The Bucklyn Shaig*, *Mine Own Familiar Friend*, *The Wrong Man*, etc. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1875.

Those of our readers who enjoyed this "flight" during the summer and autumn in the pages of THE CATHOLIC WORLD will need no assurance from us regarding the pleasure of the trip. To others we will simply say that the volume contains some admirably-told travelling experiences, graphic descriptions of Italian life and scenery, together with romantic episodes in which sundry characters, real or imaginary, pass through a variety of piquant incidents.

ANNOUNCEMENT.—In addition to the new serial already commenced in THE CATHOLIC WORLD, we shall begin in the April number the publication of another story by the author of "Laughing Dick Cranstone," "How George Howard was Cured," etc.

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